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No. 163.

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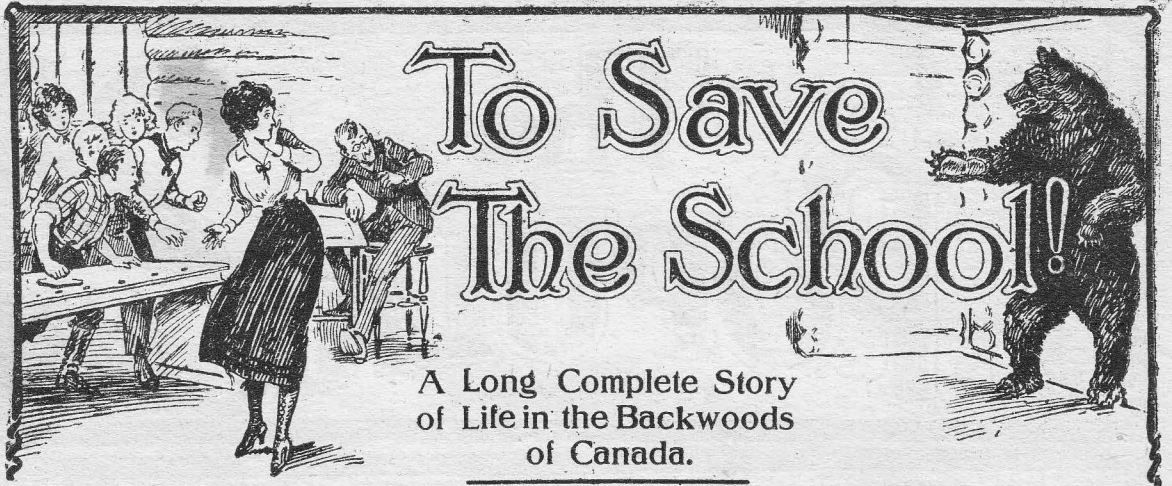
With this Issue!



FRANK RICHARDS' DESPERATE EFFORT TO SAVE THE SCHOOL!

(A sensational episode from the long complete story of the Backwoods School inside.)

A GRAND COMPLETE STORY, IN WHICH FRANK RICHARDS FINDS SOME REAL ADVENTURE!



A Long Complete Story
of Life in the Backwoods
of Canada.

By **MARTIN CLIFFORD,**

Author of the famous tales of Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

"Bear!"

"BY gum!" Bob Lawless stopped suddenly as he uttered that exclamation.

Morning lessons were over at the log school on the bank of Cedar Creek. Frank Richards and his cousin Bob were sauntering along the creek, chatting, when Bob halted, his startled eyes fixed on the grassy bank.

Frank Richards stopped, too, and looked inquiringly at his Canadian cousin.

"What's the row?" he asked.

Bob pointed to a heavy track in the soft earth.

"Do you see that?"

"Yes. What is it?"

Bob drew a quick breath.

"Haven't you ever seen a bear track?" he exclaimed.

"A bear!" Frank started, and looked quickly about him. "By Jove, a bear round the school, Bob?"

Frank could not help feeling startled.

The lumber school was miles from the nearest dwelling, and there were three or four dozen schoolboys and schoolgirls in it, or in the vicinity, waiting for the bell to summon them to afternoon classes.

The only grown-up persons at hand were Miss Meadows, the headmistress, Mr. Slimmey, the assistant master, a negro man-of-all-work, and a Chinese cook—none of them the kind of person to tackle a savage beast.

"You are sure, Bob?" exclaimed Frank Richards breathlessly.

He remembered suddenly his Canadian cousin's propensity for practical jokes. But Bob's face was grave and alarmed.

He stood up, and shouted:

"Look out, you fellows! Bear!"

Chunky Todgers, the fattest fellow at the lumber school, came tearing up the bank.

Chunky's teeth were set in a chunk of maple sugar, and he could hardly speak, but he managed to stutter:

"Bear! Run for it!"

"Run!" yelled Bob.

"Light out!" roared Eben Hacke.

There was a rush towards the log schoolhouse. Bob caught Frank Richards by the arm.

"You're here the quickest!" he panted.

"Cut on and tell Slimmey to get his gun—

—quick, for goodness' sake!"

"Right-ho!" muttered Frank.

He dashed on ahead at top speed, a

speed he had never equalled on the cinder-path in his old days at St. Kit's.

In a couple of minutes he reached the porch of the schoolhouse, and dashed breathlessly in.

The porch was empty, as was the hall within. But in the big school-room he could see Mr. Slimmey, with his glasses and watery eyes, peering over a book. He dashed in, and caught the young man by the arm.

"Quick!" he panted.

Mr. Slimmey started up, his book falling to the door, and his glasses sliding down his thin nose.

"What! What!" he ejaculated.

"Richards, what—"

"It's a bear, sir!" panted Frank.

"Get your gun—quick, sir!"

"Goodness gracious!" stuttered Mr. Slimmey. "I—I cannot fire a gun!

I—A—a gun would be—would be somewhat dangerous in my hands, Richards. Bless my soul!"

Mr. Slimmey looked round wildly for a weapon.

Feeble young gentleman as he was, he had plenty of pluck, as he showed by catching up a pair of large compasses, and rushing forth from the schoolhouse.

How he was going to tackle a bear with a pair of compasses Mr. Slimmey did not stop to think. It was his duty to interpose between his pupils and the danger, and he rushed to do it without thinking.

Frank Richards followed him out breathlessly. There was a shotgun hanging in the hall, and the English boy caught it down. It was not loaded, and it would not have been much use against a bear if it had been, but it was something.

Frank expected to find a scene of wild excitement and terror outside, and boys and girls rushing for shelter and protection at top speed.

But he did not find anything of the sort.

As the tutor with the compasses, and Frank with the shotgun, rushed into the open air, there was a terrific yell of laughter.

Nobody was running. Nobody seemed alarmed.

The pupils of the lumber school were yelling with laughter, Bob Lawless had thrown himself on the ground, and was kicking up his heels in the exuberance of his mirth. Eben Hacke was shrieking with laughter. Chunky Todgers was

nearly suffocating between merriment and maple sugar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Frank stared round him in bewilderment.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Slimmey feebly. "Richards, this is really most inexcusable! How dare you, sir, play such jokes!"

"I—I—I—"

"You are a bad boy, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Slimmey. "I shall report this to Miss Meadows."

And Mr. Slimmey dodged back into the schoolhouse, trying to hide the compasses under his coat as he retreated.

Frank Richards rushed to his cousin, who was still kicking his heels in ecstasy in the grass and yelling. Bob's yell changed a little to crescendo, as Frank grasped him by the ears.

"You silly ass!" shouted Frank.

"You were taking me in!"

"Yow! Leggo!"

"You silly fathead!"

"Yarook!" roared Bob, as Frank Richards bumped his head on the ground.

"Leggo!"

"Richards!"

It was Miss Meadows' clear voice.

"Sorry, ma'am!" gasped Frank.

And he released Bob Lawless, who roared in quite a different way now.

Bob Lawless jumped up, looking very warlike. But he changed his mind, and burst into a chuckle.

"Oh, you blessed tenderfoot!" he exclaimed.

"You cackling duffer!"

"Well, how can a chap help cackling when you are sprinting for cover after seeing a horse-track by the creek?" demanded Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Clang, clang, clang!

Never had the sound of the school-bell been so welcome to Frank Richards. The school trooped in, still grinning, and Frank took his place at his desk with a crimson face.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

From Jest to Earnest.

BOB LAWLESS nudged his cousin as he dropped into his seat beside him.

"Not mad?" he asked.

Frank's grim face relaxed. After all, he knew Bob well enough by this time to take him as he found him. Bob's sense

of humour was liable to get out of hand at any time, in season or out of season.

"No, I'm not waxy, you duffer!" said Frank. "I'm getting a bit tired of your fat-headed jokes, all the same."

"Well, you're so jolly green, you know!" pleaded Bob. "When you know the ropes you'll take a hand in fooling new fellows, you know, just the same. I say, ain't old Slimmey a hero?" He chortled. "Fancy coming out to tackle a bear with a pair of compasses!"

Frank grinned.

"I suppose there aren't any bears in this district?" he remarked.

"I guess not. Plenty of them left up in the Rockies, of course, and in the forests up north," said Bob.

"There was a bear here once," said Chunky Todgers, helping himself to maple sugar from under his desk. "It got away from the hunters up in the hills, and came down on the Sunset Ranch, and the cattlemen killed it. It clawed up a Chinaman there."

"One might come here, then?" said Frank.

Bob chuckled.

"Well, it's possible," he said. "Ask Miss Meadows to shut the door when she comes in, Franky."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Rats!" growled Frank.

"If there should be a b'ar, Richards can be relied on to show him a clean pair of heels!" grinned Hacke.

And there was a fresh outburst of chuckling, which ceased when Miss Meadows came in to take the class.

Miss Meadows gave her class a somewhat severe look. The girl "school-marm" ruled her class with quiet authority; and though the fellows were sometimes cheeky to Mr. Slimmey, they never ventured anything of the kind with the headmistress.

At the lower end of the big school-room Mr. Slimmey was busy with his class. He was a conscientious young man, and his scholastic attainments were far in excess of the requirements of a lumber school. But in other respects Mr. Slimmey was like a fish out of water in a Canadian backwoods school.

The Cedar Creek fellows still related, with great enjoyment, how Mr. Slimmey had asked the black servant to call him a cab in the first days of the school. The boys pulled his leg without limit, though, upon the whole, they rather liked the good-natured and somewhat vacant young man.

His devotion to Miss Meadows, who kept him at a respectful distance, amused the whole school, though Mr. Slimmey was quite unaware that they had observed it.

The "b'ar" joke was soon forgotten as the school settled down to work. It was very pleasant in the great school-room. The big door stood open, letting in the breeze from the hills and the bright Canadian sunshine.

From where he sat Frank Richards could catch a glimpse of the shining creek, and the deep, dark woods beyond.

Frank had found the curriculum at the lumber school somewhat different from that of St. Kit's, in far-off England, and much easier. He had succeeded in pleasing Miss Meadows by working hard in class.

The class was travelling through Canadian history, and were "doing" the last meeting of Wolfe and Montcalm on the Heights of Abraham, when a sudden horrified gasp from Chunky Todgers startled the class.

"Todgers!" said Miss Meadows warningly.

Chunky did not even look at her.

His eyes, round and saucerlike, were fixed in a stare of horror at the big open doorway of the school-room.

The rest followed his glance in wonder, and then there was a shriek.

Miss Meadows whirled round towards the door.

Then her face went white.

For, framed in the open doorway, black against the sunshine beyond, stood the form of a gigantic grizzly bear, raised on his haunches, glaring into the school-room!

For a second, horror held the whole school in its grip.

There was a dead, frozen silence.

The bear, probably as surprised as the school, stood reared on its haunches, as if uncertain, glaring in with red eyes, and open jaws that showed a fearful array of white, sharp teeth.

Frank Richards was the first who moved.

He acted upon impulse, without stopping to think.

With a bound he was out of the class, with another he was at the door, dragging it.

Slam!

The heavy door crashed shut right on the peering nose of the bear, and there was a terrible growl without.

Frank, with lightning quickness, slammed a bar into its place in the iron sockets.

He was only just in time.

The next second there was a heavy crash on the outside of the door, and it shook and groaned under the weight of the grizzly.

But it held fast.

His hands shaking now a little, Frank Richards dropped the other two bars into place.

Crash!

Again the monster flung himself on the door, but the stout pinewood held fast—the thick pine bars did not yield. For the moment, at least, the terrible enemy was baffled.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Grizzly!

THE RE was a babel of voices in the school-room now.

The younger children were shrieking and crying, and every face was white.

Mr. Slimmey stood as if rooted to the floor, his mouth wide open, his eyes staring behind his glasses.

"A—a bear!" Mr. Slimmey was stammering. "A—a bear! A live bear, such as is seen in the Zoological Gardens? Bless my soul!" Mr. Slimmey hardly knew what he was saying. "A—a—a bear—certainly a bear—probably ferocious! Ursus horribilis! Undoubtedly, a grizzly bear! Bless my soul!"

Miss Meadows retained her calmness and her presence of mind.

It was a new experience for her, even in the wildest district she had known; but the Canadian girl did not lose her courage.

"Silence!" she exclaimed; and her voice came clearly through the din. "Calm yourselves! Close the windows at once!"

Some of the fellows were recovering themselves now.

Several rushed to the school-room windows and closed them, and the shutters were fastened.

Then the school gathered in a crowd in the middle of the great room, Miss Meadows succeeding in reducing them to silence at last.

The bear could be heard in the hall without, and there was a sound of crash-

ing and tearing. Doubtless he was wreaking his temper on the hats and cloaks in the hall.

But for Frank Richards' prompt action the fearful beast would have been in the school-room, with living bodies to wreak his fury upon.

For there was nothing to oppose him.

The grizzly bear is capable of killing a buffalo, and carrying off the huge carcass. Poor Mr. Slimmey, the only man present, would not have required more than one sweep of a terrible paw to dispose of him.

Miss Meadows dropped her hand on Frank Richards' shoulder.

"My dear, brave lad!" she said quietly. "You have perhaps saved us all!"

Frank coloured.

"Jerusalem crickets! What's goin' to be done?" muttered Hacke.

"Take your places!" said Miss Meadows calmly. "The bear cannot enter this room, and there is at present no danger."

Frank Richards peered from the slit between the shutters of a window.

Outside, the sun was shining down on the playing-grounds and the silvery creek beyond.

He knew that there were a negro and a Chinaman about the house, and he wondered where they were. And Sally, the negress, too! Where was she? In the school-room they were safe for the moment. But the others?

He approached Miss Meadows.

She gave him a kind glance.

"Well, Richards?"

"What about Black Sam and Sally, ma'am?" said Frank. "And Chu Chung Chow?"

"I was thinking of them, my boy." Miss Meadows' brows were knitted. "We are quite helpless. I must think."

"There's the bear!" muttered Bob Lawless.

There was a rush to look.

A loud whinnying was audible in the distance. The ponies belonging to some of the fellows who come on horseback to school were loose in the field, and they had evidently scented the bear, or he had scented them.

Frank Richards heard a clattering of hoofs in the distance, and the huge form of the grizzly came in sight, lumbering across the field in pursuit, as the horses fled for the wood.

"He's gone!" muttered Chunky Todgers.

"I guess he'll come back," said Eben Hacke. "He won't catch them hosses. They're too spy for him."

Frank ran back to Miss Meadows.

"The bear's gone across the field, Miss Meadows. We can look for Black Sam and Sally now."

Miss Meadows nodded, and Frank began to remove the bars of the door.

"Bless my soul!" murmured Mr. Slimmey helplessly. "Perhaps—perhaps I had better go forth, Miss Meadows and—"

"Remain where you are, please!" said Miss Meadows sharply.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Slimmey feebly.

The door was opened, five or six fellows holding it ready to slam again at a sign of the bear, and others with the bars in their hands ready to replace.

Frank Richards ran out into the hall. "Richards!" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

But Frank turned a deaf ear. He did not intend to leave that risky sortie to the schoolmistress.

He ran to the kitchen, of which the

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NEXT FRIDAY!

MARK LINLEY STANDS FIRM!

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREY FRIARS. :: By FRANK RICHARDS.

door was closed and barred. He hammered on it.

"Loramussy!" came the voice of Sally, in dire terror. "Dere is dat bear, Mr. Chow! Loramussy!"

"Me tinkee me deadee Chinese!" moaned Chu Chung Chow. "Me tinkee me nebber see Canton no moree. Me deadee Chinese."

"Let me in!" shouted Frank.

"Golly!"

The kitchen door was opened. "Get into the school-room—quick!" rapped out Frank. "Sharp's the word! Hook it, do you hear?"

Chu Chung Chow and Sally streaked for the school-room, and bolted in. It was the safest place. As Frank followed them there was a rapid patter of footsteps, and Black Sam, the stableman, burst in from the porch, quaking with terror. His ebony face was thick with perspiration, and his eyes rolled white.

Behind him there was a fearful shuffling sound. Frank Richards knew what that meant.

He grasped the negro by the arm and rushed him to the school-room.

Black Sam staggered in, and Frank Richards followed.

The door was slammed as soon as he was inside—none too soon. As the bars rattled into their places again the grizzly bear was heard shuffling in the hall.

The prisoners of the school-room held their breath as they heard the terrible animal nosing over the outside of the door. There was a sound of scratching, and then a deep growl, and silence.

"My word!" murmured Bob Lawless.

"Thank Heaven all are safe!" said Miss Meadows quietly.

The grizzly had evidently failed to pull down one of the horses. He had returned to the schoolhouse for prey. The animal must have come down from the mountains, and had doubtless been driven by hunger. And hunger held him to the building, where there was food—if he could get at it. And there was no help!

How long would the log walls keep the fearful creature from his prey?

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
A Desperate Venture.

MISS MEADOWS stood, pale but calm, her hand resting on a desk, trying to think.

There was no help at hand.

Such a happening was utterly unlooked-for. It had never occurred before in the history of the school on Cedar Creek. It was years since a stray bear had been killed on the Sunset Ranch, a dozen miles away, and since then none had ever been seen in the section.

What to do in such an emergency was a puzzle. The school, like most Canadian frontier schools, occupied the central spot of a large district, and there were no habitations near at hand. There had never been any thought of danger in the section since the far-off days of Indian risings.

"Hark!" muttered Chunky Todgers.

There was a growling and scratching at one of the windows. The shutters shook and rattled.

All eyes were fixed upon it in deep and painful anxiety.

If it yielded—

There was little doubt that the bear, if it exerted its full strength, could smash in the pinewood shutter. If the animal's intelligence was equal to directing his terrible strength, there was no doubt of the result.

Bob Lawless pressed Frank's arm.

Frank looked at him.

THE POPULAR.—No. 163.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"FLOODED OUT!"

Even Bob's bold, reckless face was pale now.

"If we could only get word to the ranch, or to Cedar Creek Camp!" muttered Bob. "If they only knew—"

"But we can't."

"I guess not."

Crack!

"Good heavens!" muttered Chunky Todgers, with chattering teeth. "It's giving!"

A bar of bright sunlight streamed in at the cracked shutter. A hideous claw groped within.

Frank Richards seized the big compasses from the schoolmistress' desk, the compasses poor Mr. Slimmey had taken on a previous occasion. He ran to the window with the compasses open.

The horrible claw was feeling, groping within a foot of him. With all his strength Frank drove the sharp point of the open compasses into the paw.

There was a terrible howl from the animal without, and the paw was whisked away, the compasses still sticking in it.

"Frank!" panted Bob. "Good man!"

For several minutes there was an incessant howling and roaring from the pain-stricken animal without. The bear was shuffling and rolling outside the window, the compasses still sticking in his paw.

The howling of the great brute died away at last into savage growling. But the claw did not come through the cracked shutter again.

"Oh, begad!" said Mr. Slimmey,

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wiping his brow. "I—I feel that I ought to do something or—other! Yes, I feel that! Miss Meadows, can you suggest something that a fellow could do?"

"We must get help," said Miss Meadows quietly.

Mr. Slimmey brightened.

"You'd like me to dodge out, and run for help?" he exclaimed. "Certainly! I—I think that's a good idea, you know!"

"You could not do it," said Miss Meadows. "Sam!"

"I see here, mum."

"Sam, someone must go for help."

Black Sam shivered.

"I couldn't go out wid de b'ar dar, missy," he mumbled. "Dat black debble, he gobble up poor old Sam!"

The schoolmistress compressed her lips. Black Sam was useless, Chu Chung Chow still more so, and Mr. Slimmey, though willing, was the least capable of the three. Frank Richards came towards the schoolmistress. His face was a little pale, but quite calm, and there was a gleam in his eyes.

"Miss Meadows, let me go!"

"My boy," said Miss Meadows, with a shake of the head, "I cannot. You could not escape the bear. It is impossible!"

"We must have help," said Frank quietly. "The brute will get in sooner or later, ma'am. Help must be fetched. I may be able to get a horse in the wood, or I could tramp it to the ranch—"

"But the bear, my dear boy—"

"Somebody's got to risk it."

"Not you, I guess," said Bob Lawless. "I guess I'm the critter, if anybody goes."

"I cannot allow you to go," said Miss Meadows. "Leave me now. I must think."

Frank Richards exchanged a glance with his cousin, and they drew aside.

"What do you think, Bob?" Frank whispered.

"We've got to have help," said Bob decidedly. "The horrible brute is hungry, and he will force a way in sooner or later. Some of the girls are called for after lessons to be taken home; but their people won't know there's anything wrong here, and won't come armed. They might walk right on to the bear, too, before they see him. Are you really game, Franky, to risk it—you a tender-foot, only just out from home?"

"I'm game," said Frank quietly. "I meant what I said. Bob, I'm going!"

"Not alone," said Bob. "Two's safer than one. And—and if one gets chawed up, the other gets clear, Franky, and takes the alarm to the ranch."

Frank nodded, setting his lips.

"The horses are loose in the wood," he said. "We might get hold of one—"

"Better than that. If we can get clear down to the creek, we can get a canoe out. Hacke's canoe is moored there, and once we reach it—"

Frank's eyes gleamed.

"I hadn't thought of that. I—I'm not a good hand at paddling. But you—"

"That's where I live," said Bob. "The paddles are in the canoe, and once we get off we're all hunky."

There was a scratching and growling at the window again. Mr. Slimmey, determined to do something, seized a pointer and lashed at the paw that came feeling its way through the rift. There was a fierce howl from the grizzly without.

Bob caught Frank's arm, and rushed him to the window on the other side of the log schoolhouse.

"Now's our chance!" he exclaimed.

He tore open the shutter.

"My boys!" exclaimed Miss Meadows, torn between anxiety for the two lads and anxiety for the rest.

"It's all right, ma'am. While he's on that side we'll dodge round on this. Come on, Frank!"

"I cannot allow it! I cannot—"

But the chums did not heed.

The window was open, and Frank Richards was already swinging himself out. He dropped nimbly to the ground.

Bob Lawless followed him with a bound.

Miss Meadows' face, deathly white, looked after them. There were tears in the eyes of the brave Canadian woman.

"Shut the window, ma'am—the shutters!" panted Bob.

"Heaven preserve you, my boys!" faltered Miss Meadows.

"Come on, Bob!"

The shutter closed.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Neck or Nothing!

FRANK RICHARDS felt his heart thumping.

The two boys were in the open playing-ground now, the log schoolhouse between them and their terrible enemy.

As yet the grizzly could not see them. But as soon as they started for the creek he was certain to see them. And then—

Frank drew a deep breath.

"Come on, Bob! It's neck or nothing now!"

A GRAND YARN OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS.
By OWEN CONQUEST.

Side by side the two lads rushed for the bank of the creek, where Eben Hacke's handsome canoe lay on the water, moored to a larch.

They had reached the gate in the fence surrounding the school grounds before the grizzly sighted them.

A savage growl warned them that they were seen, and a heavy shuffling that came nearer and nearer.

They took one swift glance.

Not twenty yards away the huge grizzly was lumbering on their track, with eyes aflame. Huge and heavy as he was, his movements were swift and active.

With thumping hearts, the boys ran for the creek.

Behind them thundered the grizzly in hot pursuit.

The grizzly was gaining; they knew that. His panting breath came nearer and nearer behind. Closer and closer,

water foamed and swirled as the grizzly struggled, half drowned.

Bob had both paddles out, and was paddling swiftly, and the canoe righted, and shot farther out into the creek.

He tossed a paddle to Frank, who caught it. Frank looked back, to see the snout of the grizzly rise from the water behind, with furious eyes above it. He struck with the paddle with all his strength. The force of the blow smashed the paddle, and the grizzly's head went under the stream;

Bob was paddling furiously.

Frank, with the stump of the paddle in his hand, looked back, with throbbing heart. To his intense relief, he saw the grizzly scramble back to the bank, and drag his huge bulk ashore. Dripping, snarling, panting, the great brute loped back to the schoolhouse.

Frank sank down in the canoe, white and almost sick with the reaction.

at top speed, and the canoe was shooting on like an arrow over the shining waters.

Frank Richards watched the bank for a sign of Cedar Creek Camp.

They passed a shack near the shore, the first building of the settlement to come in sight.

Five minutes later he sighted the log walls of the Hotel Continental through the clearings.

"The camp, Bob!" he gasped.

The paddle flashed on.

Cedar Creek town was in full sight now, and a number of cattlemen were staring towards the canoe from the veranda of the hotel. Two or three came running down to the creek.

Among them was Rancher Lawless, who had business in the town that afternoon, but had little dreamed of seeing his son and nephew there.

Bob drove the canoe to the bank, and



Frank Richards looked back, and saw the snout of the grizzly rise from the water behind them. He struck at the great brute with the paddle with all his strength. The force of the blow smashed the paddle clean in two. (See Chapter 5.)

til it seemed as if they felt the terrible jaws snapping on them.

The creek at last!

Bob made a bound into the canoe, and it rocked and sent up a splash of water. Frank Richards was only a second behind him.

"Cast off!" yelled Bob, as he groped for the paddles.

Frank tore at the cord that secured the canoe to the tree, but it was knotted. He tore out his pocket-knife and opened it in a flash, hacking savagely at the cord.

The huge form of the grizzly loomed on the bank. The eyes seemed to flame as he closed in furiously on the school-boys.

Snap!

The cord parted.

Bob drove a paddle against the tree, and the canoe danced out upon the river, rocking wildly.

Splash!

The huge weight of the bear, thrown at the canoe as it moved, just missed the little craft, and the grizzly crashed into the water behind. The grey, savage head went right under, and the

"He's gone, Bob!"

"Gone back?"

"Yes!"

"Heaven send that he don't get into the schoolhouse!" muttered Bob.

Frank Richards echoed that prayer in his heart.

Swift as the canoe was, it seemed slow to Frank. But the trees on the bank were racing by as if past an express train.

There was a roar of waters ahead of the speeding canoe, and Frank Richards gave his cousin a startled look.

"Bob!"

"The rapids!" said Bob, without pausing.

"But—"

"It's all serene!"

The Canadian lad knew what he was about. Bob Lawless had been "in the rapids" on large rivers, and the fall of the creek was nothing to him. The canoe shot onward unharmed.

Frank drew a deep breath when they were past.

Bob Lawless was still paddling away

Frank Richards jumped ashore. Bob followed him more slowly. His strength was spent.

The rancher stared at them in blank amazement.

"You young rascals!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing here? Why are you not in school?"

"Dad," panted Bob, "we—we—"

He gasped for breath, and broke off. He was too exhausted with his efforts to speak.

The rancher caught Frank Richards by the arm.

"What has happened at the school, Frank?" he exclaimed, in alarm.

Frank panted out an explanation. The rancher's tanned face grew pale.

"Good heavens!" he muttered.

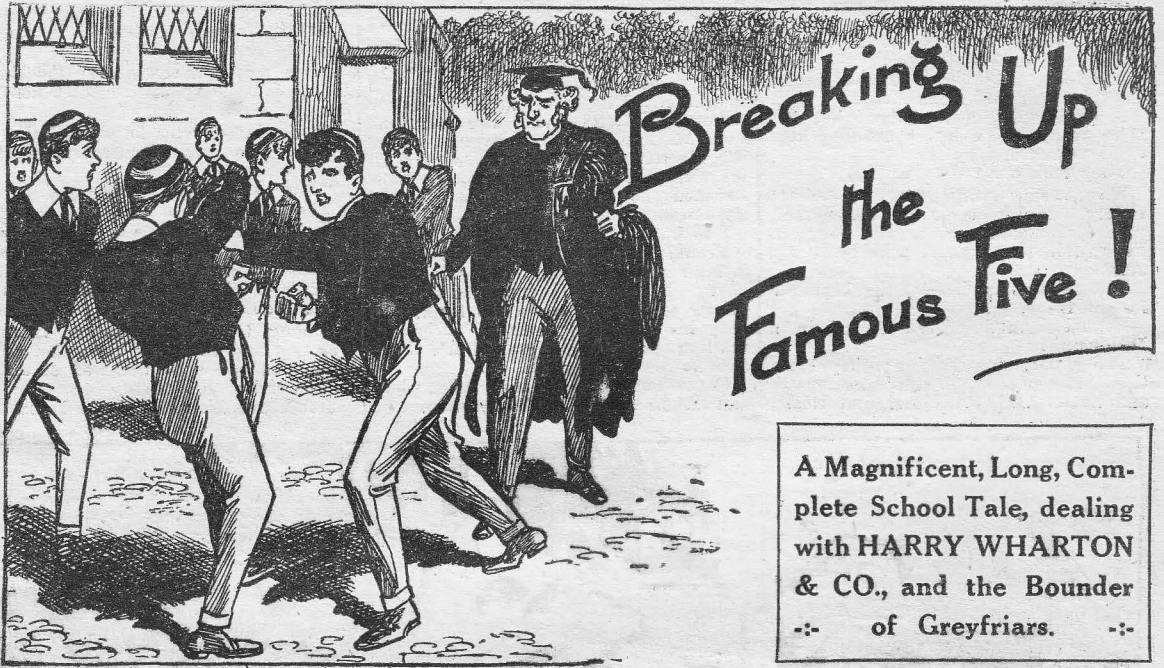
"We came for help!" gasped Bob, finding his voice. "Dad, the brute may have got in, and the girls— Oh, dad—"

But the rancher was already turning away and shouting to the cattlemen. Rancher Lawless was a man of action.

(Continued on page 23.)

THE POPULAR.—No. 163.

A SENSATIONAL STORY OF THE GREAT FEUD AT GREYFRIARS!



Breaking Up
the
Famous Five!

A Magnificent, Long, Complete School Tale, dealing with HARRY WHARTON & CO., and the Bounder of Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS,
Author of the famous Greyfriars stories in the "Magnet" Library.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Ragged by the Form!

"YAH!"
"It was all Wharton's fault!"

"Five to one! Yah!"
Harry Wharton, captain of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, flushed crimson as those cries were shouted from the ropes around Little Side. The Remove had just finished their match against Coker & Co. of the Fifth, and the juniors had lost by five goals to one.

It was hardly Harry Wharton's fault. It was all part of the great scheme of Herbert Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, in his fight against the Famous Five. He had threatened that unless he was played in the Remove team he would drive Harry Wharton & Co. from the school.

Some success had already come his way. Frank Nugent had been sacked from Greyfriars, having fallen into the Bounder's deep-laid plot.

The Remove were very bitter about that defeat on the football field. They looked upon Coker as being champion ass of the Upper School, and to be beaten by the huge margin of five goals to one was very serious, to the Removites way of thinking.

Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Hurree Singh, and Johnny Bull, who had made up the Famous Five with Frank Nugent, blamed Bulstrode. The latter had gone over to the enemy at the last minute, and, bully though Bulstrode undoubtedly was, he knew how to play footer. His loss had been a serious one to Harry Wharton's team, although the junior captain would not have said so for worlds.

The juniors were angry, and, like the prophet of old, they considered that they did well to be angry.

The Form match had been lost, and lost by a margin that made them feel THE POPULAR.—No. 163.

ridiculous. There would have been no disgrace in being beaten by a senior team, but to be beaten by five goals to one was absurd.

Even that could not have been so bad if it could not have been avoided. But all the fellows felt that it could have been avoided.

The Remove would have to put a better team into the field.

There wasn't a fellow in the Form who couldn't have made a better selection, according to his own views.

There was a great deal of sharp criticism of Bulstrode's conduct; and the names of "Cad" and "Turncoat" were freely applied to him.

But most of the fellows held the opinion that Bulstrode's desertion did not count for much in the actual result. If he had played, the margin of defeat would have been narrower. That was all. The Remove would have been defeated all the same. And there was something in Bulstrode's contention that he didn't want to play in a side that was booked for a licking owing to the obstinacy of its skipper.

The excitement on the subject grew, instead of diminishing.

The Fifth crowed over their victory, and crowded in the most unpleasant way. They affected to look on the match as a joke, and they pretended that they had only been humouring the Remove in playing them at all. If they had chosen to exert themselves, they could have piled up twenty goals, instead of five—so they said. Coker was especially eloquent on the subject. As a matter of fact, the Fifth Form score would probably have been larger if Coker had not been playing for them. Coker had certainly spoiled several chances. But it was wonderful to hear Coker holding forth about what would have happened if he had put his beef into it.

Harry Wharton went to his study, and stayed there. Some of the fellows had

taken to hissing him when he appeared in the Close and the passages.

He was in his study, as dusk was falling, when a terrific uproar from the Close drew him to his window.

He looked out.

A crowd of juniors had halted under his window, and were looking up. Some of them were beating on old cans, and some flapping exercise-books together. There was a roar of voices. In the crowd he recognised more than half the defeated eleven.

"There he is!" roared Bolsover major, as Wharton looked out of the window.

The captain of the Remove drew back. There was a yell.

"Yah!"

"Show yourself!"

"He's ashamed to be seen!"

"Yah!"

"Shame!"

Harry Wharton, with crimson face, looked out of the window again.

"What's wanted?" he called out, in a steady voice.

"We've come to give you our opinion of you!" roared Bulstrode.

"Yah!"

"Who threw away the match?"

"Who got his team licked?"

"Who's a disgrace to the Form?"

Then they yelled the answer all together:

"Wharton!"

And a terrific banging of cans and exercise-books followed.

It was evidently a demonstration of the Form. They wanted their skipper to know their opinion of him. There wasn't much doubt about their opinion. The whole of Greyfriars could hear them.

Harry Wharton drew back from the window again. He had expected trouble, but not a ragging like this. His eyes were gleaming with anger. The Removites below the window roared as he drew back from sight.

"Yah!"
 "Show yourself!"
 "Look us in the face!" yelled Bolsover major.
 "He's afraid!"
 "Funk!"
 "Yah!"
 Harry Wharton came to the window again.
 "You'd better clear off, you silly asses!" he exclaimed.
 "Yah!"
 "Who chucked the match away?"
 "Why didn't you play Smitty?"
 "Jealous of him!"
 "Yah!"

Wharton turned away from the window and sat down in the study. The Removites yelled again, but he did not go to the window. As soon as they were tired they would probably depart. But they showed no sign of getting tired yet. They banged and roared and yelled, evidently determined to make their Form-captain show himself again and listen to the opprobrious epithets they had ready for him.

Whiz!
 A cabbage in an advanced state of decay came whirling through the open window, and it dropped upon Wharton's table. A roar of laughter followed.

Wharton started to his feet, red with anger.

Whiz! Whiz! Crash!
 It was a stone this time, and a pane of the window flew into fragments.

The Remove had tasted blood, as it were, and they were getting into a dangerous state of excitement.

Whiz! Whiz! Crash! Bang!
 The glass of the study bookcase went into atoms.

Wharton ran to the window.
 "Stop it, you duffers!" he shouted down to the crowd. "Do you want to get the prefects here, and get a licking all round?"

"Yah!"
 "Funk!"

"Who chucked the match away?"
 "Let's go and have him out!" roared Bolsover major. "Give him the frog's-march round the Close!"

"Hurrah!"
 "Have him out!"
 Wharton gritted his teeth.

"You're welcome to come up, if you like!" he exclaimed. "As many of you as you like! Go and eat coke!"

Crash!
 Another pane of glass went, the stone narrowly missing Wharton's head. The stone came from the hand of Bulstrode.

There was a swaying in the crowd as Johnny Bull forced his way through, and he sprang to Bulstrode and grasped him by the shoulder and swung him round.

"Stop that!" he said.
 Bulstrode glared at him.

"Mind your own business!" he exclaimed savagely.

"Kick him out!" roared Bolsover major. "He's one of them—he helped to chuck the game away! Throw him out on his neck!"

"I'll ask you to step into the gym with me, Bulstrode," said Johnny Bull, between his teeth. "You lost us the match by playing traitor at the last minute!"

"Yah!"
 "That's a lie!" said Bulstrode promptly. "The match was lost before it was started, and you know it jolly well!"

"Yes, rather!"
 "Will you come into the gym?" roared Johnny Bull.

"No, I won't!" said Bulstrode.
 "Well, if you'd rather have your licking here, I'll give it to you here," said Johnny Bull, releasing Bulstrode,

and pushing back his cuffs. "Come on!"

"Go and eat coke!"
 "Clear out, Bull!" shouted Bolsover major. "You're interrupting the proceedings! We're ragging our rotten Form-captain!"

"Bulstrode's going to take a licking!"
 "Kick him out!" roared Snoop, keeping behind Bolsover major, however, as he gave that valiant advice. "Throw him out on his neck!"
 "Chuck him out!"
 "Frog's-march him as well as Wharton!"

The excited juniors crowded round Johnny Bull threateningly.
 Bull took no notice of them.
 Bulstrode was his game, and he kept to Bulstrode. But Bulstrode was not feeling inclined to face the sturdy junior in a fight. He had felt the weight of Johnny Bull's powerful arm before, and he did not want to feel it again.

"Will you come on, Bulstrode?" shouted Bull.

"No, I won't! This is a ragging, not a fight, and you're not going to interrupt it!" said Bulstrode.

"Shove him out!"
 "Roll him over!"

Johnny Bull was shoved and hustled by Bolsover & Co. on all sides. He made a rush through them, and hurled himself at Bulstrode.

Bulstrode gave a yell as Bull's heavy fists crashed upon his face.

"Now will you come on, you rotten funk?" shouted Bull.

Bulstrode clenched his hands furiously. But before he could speak or act the sharp voice of Dr. Locke, the Head of Greyfriars, broke in:

"Bull! How dare you! Boys, cease this instantly."

And the roar of voices died away at once as the Head strode upon the scene.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.
The Head's Menace!

DR. LOCKE surveyed the scene with a grim look.

He was very angry. His usually kind face was frowning, and there was a gleam in his eyes.

The juniors stood silent and scared.

"Now," said the Head, "what does this disgraceful disturbance mean?"

There was no reply.

The Removites looked at one another, but none of them seemed to want to take upon himself the office of spokesman.

"I am waiting for an answer!" said the Head.

"Ahem—" stammered Bolsover.
 "H'm!" murmured Bulstrode.

"You—you see, sir—" said Snoop.
 "What is this disturbance about?" exclaimed the Head angrily. "The noise could be heard all over Greyfriars!"

"We—we were serenading Wharton, sir," stammered Bolsover major.

The Head stared.
 "Serenading Wharton!" he ejaculated.

"Ye-es, sir!"
 "What do you mean?"

"We—we wanted to show him what we thought of him, sir," said Snoop. "He's lost a match to-day, through playing his own friends in the eleven instead of a good team."

"Yes, rather!"
 "That's it, sir!"

"Indeed!" said the Head. "Well, if you are displeased with Wharton, you must show it in a more orderly manner. Bull was attacking Bulstrode when I arrived."

"Oh, Bull wasn't in it, sir," said Bolsover major. "He was interrupting us. He's going to hammer Bulstrode on Wharton's account."

"Indeed! Is that so, Bull?"
 Johnny Bull turned red.

"You rotten sneak, Bolsover!" he muttered.

"Well, the Head asked me," said Bolsover major. "If you'd spoken up for yourself I shouldn't have had to sneak."

"That is quite true," said the Head.
 "Why were you attacking Bulstrode, Bull?"

"I was going to lick him, sir."
 "And why?"

"Because he deserted the side just before the match, and got us licked by the Fifth," said Johnny Bull.

"I suppose Bulstrode had a right to please himself whether he played or not, Bull?" said the Head severely.

"Oh, yes, sir. But it wasn't playing the game."

"And you have taken it upon yourself to judge him, and to administer punishment, Bull?" said the Head.

Johnny Bull turned crimson.

"Well," he stammered, "I—I—"

"Do the other boys consider that Bulstrode acted very badly in leaving the team?" asked Dr. Locke, looking round.

There was a shout from Bolsover & Co. at once.

"No, sir!"
 "He did quite right, sir!"

"It was a proper protest, sir," said Snoop. "The whole Form backs up Bulstrode in what he did, sir. Russell acted in the same way."

"So did Morgan, sir!"

"All the team were against Wharton, sir."

"All excepting Bull, sir, and now he wants to hammer Bulstrode because he wouldn't let Wharton ride the high horse over him."

"That will do," said the Head, frowning. "Bull, it appears that the rest of the Remove do not share your views."

"They're a set of asses, sir—I—I mean, they're talking through their hats, sir—that is to say—"

"Kindly be more careful what language you use in speaking to me, Bull," said Dr. Locke severely.

"Ye-e-es, sir."

"It seems that Bulstrode's conduct is generally approved, and that only you find fault with it. You are forcing Bulstrode to fight you when he does not want to do so. You are acting like a ruffian, Bull."

"Oh, sir!" said poor Johnny Bull. "I—I—"

"There has been too much disturbance in the Remove of late," said the Head.

"The Form is the most unruly in the school. I really think that you give more trouble than the rest of the Lower School together."

"I'm sure, sir—" began Snoop meekly.

"I will have no more of this!" said the Head sharply. "Half the boys in the Remove show signs on their faces of recent conflict." Some of the fellows began instinctively to rub swollen noses and bruised eyes.

"Bulstrode, to judge by his appearance, has been doing more than sufficient fighting lately," said the Head.

"If you please, sir—" murmured Bulstrode.

"Whom have you been fighting with, Bulstrode?"

"Bull, sir."

"Indeed! And now Bull wishes to fight with you again?"

"Yes, sir."

"You must learn to curb your temper, Bull."

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A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREY-FRIARS. :: :: BY FRANK RICHARDS.

"He's a rotten cad!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Bull!"

"Sorry, sir! But—"

"Listen to me!" said the Head sternly. "I am determined that order shall be kept in the Remove, if I have to flog or expel half the Form!"

"Oh, sir!" gasped the Removites.

"When there is a disturbance again I shall make an example of the offenders," said Dr. Locke. "I have been too lenient, I think."

"We'll be more careful, if you please, sir," said Snoop.

"Take care, Bull. I shall not allow you to fight Bulstrode. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, sir," said Johnny Bull, between his teeth.

"You hear me, too, Bulstrode?"

"I will do as you say, sir," said Bulstrode very meekly. He was only too pleased to enter into that engagement.

"Very well! If there is any further aggression I shall punish the aggressor," said the Head. "And if the case merits it, I shall expel the aggressor from Greyfriars."

"Oh, sir!"

"I warn you, therefore, to be careful. I shall keep my eye on you, Bull. If you do not wish to be sent home, you had better be careful!"

Johnny Bull bit his lip almost till the blood came. He felt that it was unfair that he should be picked upon in this way, when all the trouble was started from the other side. But the Head could only judge by what he saw, and from what he had seen, Johnny Bull was certainly the aggressor.

"Bear that in mind!" said the Head.

"There shall be no more of this, which I can only characterise as hooliganism. There is to be no more fighting. The next boy found fighting in the Remove will be flogged—and if it is you, Bull, you will be expelled. So take care, all of you!"

And the Head rustled away. He left the silence of dismay behind him.

"My only hat!" said Bolsover major at last. "The Head has come down heavy this time! Perhaps we were kicking up rather a row!"

"Perhaps we were!" grinned Stott.

"We shall have to mind our p's and q's for a bit," said Snoop. "Johnny Bull has got his comb out, anyway. You can go and boil your head, Bull!"

Johnny Bull made a movement towards the sneak of the Remove. Snoop stood his ground. At any other time Snoop would as soon have encountered a Red Indian on the warpath as Johnny Bull when he was angry. But he felt secure now.

And Johnny Bull realised it, and his hands dropped to his sides.

"You cad!" he exclaimed. "You know you're safe, after what the Head has said!"

Snoop sniggered.

"Well, you wanted keeping in order," he remarked. "You're a bit too fond of asking fellows to step into the gym."

"Yes, rather!" said Trevor. "You can sing small for a bit, Johnny Bull. You'd better buzz off, and shut up!"

"Yes, clear out, Bull!" said Bulstrode aggressively. "You're not wanted here! Buzz off!"

Johnny Bull clenched his hands till the nails dug into the palms. But he made no reply to Bulstrode's taunt.

He turned and strode away, and a yell of mocking laughter followed him. Johnny Bull's ears burned as he walked away. Dr. Locke would keep his word.

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he knew that, if there were any further trouble before the affair had had time to blow over. Fellows like Snoop and Bunter would be able to cheek him now, and, with the menace of expulsion hanging over his head, he would not be able to retort. Johnny Bull's brow was very gloomy as he went into the School House;

THE THIRD CHAPTER. The Sword of Damocles!

SNOOP burst into his irritating chuckle when the Remove were in the dormitory that night. Johnny Bull was sitting on his bed, taking his boots off, and he was greatly inclined to hurl one of them at Snoop. He knew that he was the object of Snoop's merriment.

"I've thought of a good idea," Snoop remarked. "A play for the next performance of the Remove Dramatic Society, you know."

"What, then?" asked Bolsover major. "The Taming of the Shrew? He, he, he!"

Vernon-Smith & Co. chuckled.

Johnny Bull looked up with a glare, and then looked down again. Even Snoop could cheek him now. The Head's menace was like the sword of Damocles over his head. Johnny Bull was not a shrew, but he had been tamed.

"Shut up, Snoop!" said Bob Cherry. "The Head hasn't threatened to sack me if I lick a rotten cad, so mind your giddy eye!"

"Any chap fighting is going to be flogged, till further orders," said Bolsover major.

"I've thought of a conundrum," said Snoop.

"Mercy!" said Bob Cherry.

"When is a bull like a stamp?" demanded Snoop.

"Give it up."

"When it's licked," said Snoop.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The joke was poor enough, but the expression on Johnny Bull's face was enough to make the juniors roar.

"I've not been licked, you rotten cad!" said Johnny Bull.

"You'll be sacked pretty soon, I fancy," said Bolsover major, with a chuckle. "I never saw the Head in such a wax. He meant every word he said."

"Every giddy syllable," said Bulstrode. "Johnny Bull will have to sing small now. A flogging for anybody else, and the sack for Johnny! We shall be having awfully quiet times in the Remove till this blows over."

"Give us a chance to recover from our deadly wounds," said Russell, rubbing his eye.

"Prevents us from ragging our rotten footer captain!" growled Stott.

Wharton coloured, but he affected not to hear. He turned in, and the juniors got into bed one after another. Johnny Bull was one of the last.

"Buck up, Bull," said Vernon-Smith, "and don't drop your other boot! The first one sounded like an earthquake."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, shut up!" said Johnny Bull. "I don't want to have to lay hands on you, Smitty. If I do, you will get hurt!"

"Not so much as you will!" grinned the Bounder. "It will mean the sack, my boy. Not that that would matter much. I don't think there would be a wet eye in the Remove if you got the boot. Go and eat coke!"

"You rotten cad—"

"Cad yourself!"

Johnny Bull clenched his fists and rushed at the Bounder. He knew that Vernon-Smith was deliberately trying to

provoke him into a fresh breach of the peace, but he was too angry to consider. There was a sharp voice at the door:

"Bull!"

Johnny Bull stopped dead.

"Oh, my hat!" he muttered. "Just my luck! The Head!"

The Head strode into the dormitory. He fixed the sternest of glances upon the abashed Johnny Bull. Bull stood with his hands dropped to his sides, overwhelmed with confusion. The Head seldom visited the dormitories, leaving the duty of seeing lights out to the prefects; and no one had expected him there, unless, perhaps, the Bounder had had an inkling of his intention.

Dr. Locke was evidently determined to keep an eye on the Lower Fourth.

"Bull," thundered the Head, "you were about to attack Vernon-Smith!"

Johnny Bull was silent.

"After what I said to you this afternoon, Bull—" said the Head.

"I—I—"

"I warned you, Bull, that if you were the aggressor in a fight again, I should expel you from the school. You are the aggressor here. Vernon-Smith was sitting quite quietly upon his bed. It is fortunate for you, Bull, that you had not reached him when I entered the dormitory. Had I found you fighting, I should have expelled you. I will put a stop to this endless disorder in the Remove."

"I am sorry, sir."

"Very well. I will take your word that you are sorry; but let this be a warning to you, Bull. You will take two hundred lines, and otherwise I shall overlook your intended offence. But be careful. I mean what I have said to you, as you will find. Now go to bed."

Johnny Bull went to bed without a word.

Dr. Locke turned the light out and left the Remove dormitory, closing the door behind him. There was a buzz of voices as soon as he was gone.

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry. "I never saw the Head so ratty. These rows in the Remove are getting on his nerves."

"He's looking out for a big offender to make an example of," chuckled Bolsover major. "I fancy Bull will get it in the neck, sooner or later."

"Oh, go to sleep!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Oh, you go and chop chips!" said Bolsover insolently. "You're an ass! You're a silly chump! I could knock you into a cocked hat with one hand! Fat-head!"

Johnny Bull breathed hard through his nose with rage, but he made no reply. He was not to be drawn a second time.

"Johnny will have to lie low for a bit now!" chuckled Bulstrode. "Johnny, you'll have to learn to hold your tongue. You're an ass!"

"You're a silly chump, Johnny Bull!" said Stott.

"And a frabjous fathead!" said Snoop. "And a burbling duffer!" said Billy Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And all the rival Co. found something unpleasant to say to Johnny Bull, and Johnny Bull lay quiet and made no reply. He was quivering with rage. But the sword of Damocles was over his head, and he had to bear it, even if he did not grin.

The Remove fell asleep at last, and Johnny Bull was left in peace.

But when the rising-bell rang out in the dim winter morning, the persecution of Johnny Bull started afresh. Snoop sat up in bed and called to him.

"Now then, Bull, up you get! Do

you want me to come over there to you?"

The juniors chuckled at the idea of Snoop going over to Johnny Bull. The sturdy junior could have damaged Snoop very considerably with a tap of his heavy hand. Johnny Bull made no reply, and turned out of bed in moody silence.

"That's right," said Snoop. "Obey orders! I'm not having any more of your nonsense, Johnny Bull! Buck up! And mind you wash your neck!"

Johnny Bull breathed fury, but he did not speak. But Bob Cherry dipped a sponge in water, and strode over to Snoop's bed. The sneak of the Remove saw him coming, and squirmed out of bed on the other side, but not quite in time to escape. Bob Cherry got a grip on his hair with his left hand, and squeezed the sponge down the back of his neck with the right.

"Here we go!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "If washing necks is the game, I'm on! How do you like it done, Snoopy?"

"Ow—ow! Grooch! Hoooo-oooh!"

"Blest if I understand him!" said Bob Cherry, dabbing the wet sponge over Snoop's face. "Is he talking Russian, or Chinese?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gerrrooohohohohhhoo!"

"My hat! It must be Hindustani!" said Bob Cherry, dabbing away.

"Answer him in the same language, Inky!"

"Yow! Leggo!" shrieked Snoop. "Ow! Leggo, you beast!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! He's got back to English at last!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Did you say let go, Snoopy?"

"Ow! Yow! Yes! Ow!"

"Is your neck washed enough?"

"Grooch! Ow! Yes!"

"Well, you haven't thanked me yet," said Bob Cherry, pinning the struggling Snoop down among the bedclothes, and squeezing the sponge into his ears.

"Ow! Ow! Groo-hoo!"

"Go it! I'm going to leave off when you've thanked me," explained Bob.

"Until then I shall keep on. I'm not at all tired, and I like obliging chaps."

"Groo-hoo! Thank you!"

"Do you thank me kindly?"

"Ow! Yow! Thank you kindly! Groo!"

"All serene," said Bob Cherry, releasing the sneak of the Remove. "If you jaw any more to Johnny Bull, Snoopy, I'll give you another wash!"

And no more aggressive remarks were addressed to Johnny Bull just then.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. The Blow Falls!

JOHNNY BULL found Mr. Quelch's eyes very much upon him in the Form-room that morning. The junior gave an inward groan. He knew that the Head must have spoken about him to Mr. Quelch. He was getting a bad reputation, and he was getting into bad odour with masters and prefects. After morning lessons, when the Remove went out, Wingate spoke to Johnny Bull in the Close. Wingate's brow was stern, but his tone was kindly.

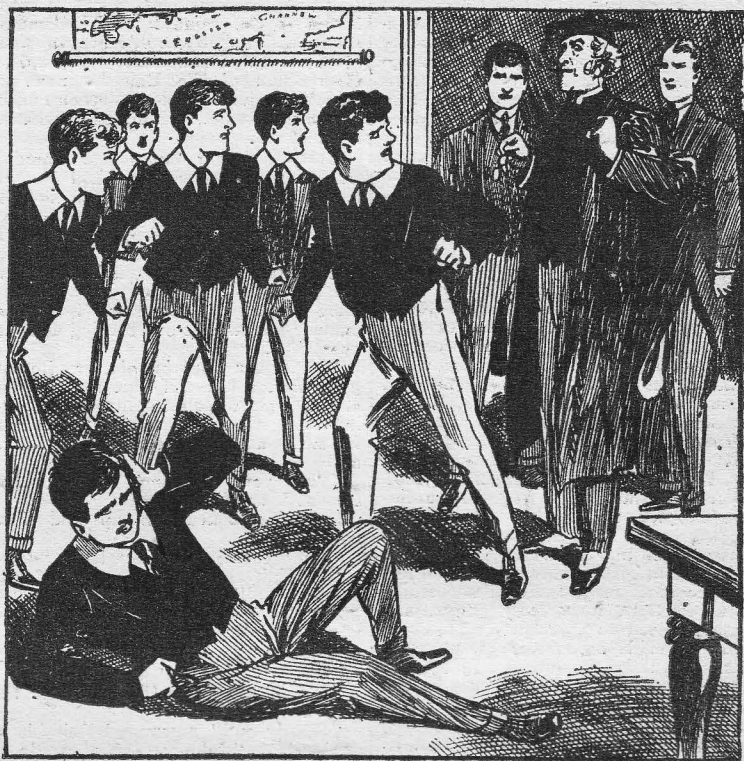
"You've got to keep your eyes open, young Bull," he said. "I hear that you're growing to be a regular young firebrand, and it's impossible to keep you from fighting. The prefects have been told to keep an eye on you."

Johnny Bull grunted.

"I can't help it," he said; "it's not my fault."

"You can help fighting, I suppose?" said Wingate.

"Not if a chap goes for me."



"I warned you," said the Head, "what your punishment would be! You have disobeyed me, Bull. You will leave Greyfriars by the first train in the morning, and I hope this example will be a lesson to the rest of the Form!" (See Chapter 4.)

"It seems to be you that goes for other chaps," said the captain of Greyfriars sharply. "The Remove have been giving too much trouble lately. The other day, I hear, Mr. Quelch gave impositions to the whole Form for it. I don't object to a fight every now and then, especially with the gloves on; but you kids can't expect to be allowed to turn the giddy school into a bear-garden. You'd better be careful."

And Wingate shook his finger at Johnny Bull, and walked away.

Bull thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and strode under the elms. His brows were darkly knitted, and anger and indignation were struggling in his breast. Harry Wharton joined him under the trees. Some of the Remove fellows hissed Wharton as he passed them, but the Remove captain took no notice of the demonstration.

"I want to speak to you, Johnny, old man," he said. "Has Wingate been at you? I saw him jawing you at the door."

"Only warning me to be careful!" growled Johnny Bull. "I'm careful enough. But how is a chap to stand being talked to as Snoop talks to me, for instance?"

"It's rotten!" said Harry.

"It's worse than rotten!" snorted Johnny Bull. "Every cad who wouldn't dare to stand up to me at any other time is getting on his hind legs now to have a fling! I shall jolly soon get fed up with it!"

"That's what I want to speak to you about, kid," said Wharton seriously. "You will have to be careful until this blows over. It's the Bouncer's game to get you sacked. You remember what he told us before Nugent went—unless we

give in and knuckle under, he's going to get us all sacked, one after another, somehow."

Johnny Bull whistled.

"He can't do it!" he said.

"Nugent's gone!" said Harry, with a gloomy brow.

"But—but was that the Bouncer's work?" hesitated Johnny Bull.

"I know it was. Poor old Franky fell into the trap, and the Bouncer scored," said Wharton. "And if the Bouncer can work it, you'll get mixed up in a fight with somebody under the Head's eye, so that he won't have any choice, excepting to sack you or go back on his word. And you know which he'll do!"

"Sack me," said Bull, with a grimace.

"Exactly."

"And you think the Bouncer will push them on to rag me," said Johnny Bull thoughtfully, "to make me break out?"

"I'm certain that's his little game."

Bull gritted his teeth.

"Well, it won't succeed," he said. "Only, supposing one of them goes so far as to tap me on the nose, I can't stand that!"

"You must stand anything, Johnny, old man, rather than let the Bouncer get you expelled," said Harry. "It's only for a time; and you can lick them afterwards."

"I know. But—"

"You must, Johnny. It's a jolly serious thing to be sent down."

"All right," said Bull, with a gulp. "I'll do my best."

"That's all right."

Johnny Bull did do his best. With the Damocles sword of expulsion hanging over his head, he developed a gift of patience that the other fellows had never

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suspected him of possessing. Snoop made insolent remarks—when Bob Cherry was not near—and even Billy Bunter ventured to show the cloven foot. Bolsover major was more overbearing and bullying in his manner than ever, which is saying a great deal. But Johnny Bull wrapped himself up in patience as in a garment, and declined to be drawn.

But the Bounder knew him—knew him better than he knew himself. Inside his cloak of patience, Johnny Bull was simmering with wrath, and sooner or later there was certain to be an explosion.

The peace and order in the Remove that day astonished the prefects. The Remove were the most unruly Form at Greyfriars, and prided themselves upon the fact. But that day there were no noisy meetings in the Rag, no deafening larks in the Remove passage, no rags in the passages. The Removites were showing a lamb-like tameness that was as suspicious as it was astonishing.

It came as a relief to Harry Wharton, for certainly the disappointed footballers had intended to rag their unfortunate captain a great deal more, and all ragging was stopped now. It also caused to be put off the suggestion of a new election for Form-captain which had been mooted in the Bounder's study. Form elections were noisy affairs, and frequently led to personal encounters. And personal encounters were taboo now. Until the Head had had time to get over the "wax" he was now in, the Removites did not want any more rags.

In the junior Common-room, after tea, Temple of the Fourth declared that he hardly knew the place, the fags were so quiet.

The Removites who heard the remark glared at Temple. At any other time the Fourth-Former would not have described the Lower Fourth as fags without having trouble on his hands immediately. But just now he was able to do so with impunity.

"Oh rather!" remarked Dabney. "Troublesome beasts, these fags!"

"Rotten!" said Fry. "I've thought several times that we ought to pass a rule, keeping 'em out of this room. Why can't they stick in their Form-room, like the Third and the Second?"

"Jolly good idea!" said Temple. "If they ever start their old tricks again, we'll turn 'em out, and make a rule that they sha'n't be in the Common-room at all!"

"You couldn't do it!" roared Bob Cherry, jumping up.

Temple waved his hand at Bob Cherry in a soothing manner, which, so far from soothing Bob Cherry, had a most exasperating effect upon him. Bob started towards the captain of the Fourth, but Harry Wharton caught his arm.

"Quiet, Bob!"

"Are we going to let those giddy worms cheek us?" roared Bob Cherry.

"Just at present—yes."

Bob Cherry snorted.

"Greyfriars is coming to something when the Remove allow themselves to be cheeked by a weedy worm like that!" he exclaimed.

"Faith, and ye're right!" said Micky Desmond. "Sure, if it wasn't for the Head, Temple, it's a thick ear ye'd be after getting!"

"Quiet, you fags!" said Temple loftily.

"Oh, tare an' 'ounds—"

"Cheese it, Micky!" said Mark Linley. "Remember the order. Scrapping's barred now."

"Sure, and it's rotten intoirely!"

Temple & Co. chuckled as they moved away. They were rather enjoying the

situation. The fighting Form of Greyfriars had been suddenly tamed. Vernon-Smith & Co. came into the Common-room, and Johnny Bull's eyes gleamed at the sight of Bulstrode. Bulstrode, a close chum of the Bounder now, and evidently quite under Vernon-Smith's influence, seemed a different Bulstrode from of old.

Until Bolsover major had come to Greyfriars, Bulstrode had had the distinction of being the bully of the Remove. He had been so decent of late that fellows who remembered what he had been said they hardly knew him. But under the Bounder's influence all the old bad qualities were reappearing more offensively than ever. Bulstrode's manner now was as overbearing as it had ever been.

The former captain of the Remove gave Bull a scornful look as he passed him, and muttered something to Bolsover in which the word "funk" was very distinctly audible. Johnny Bull started up.

"Are you speaking of me, Bulstrode?" he demanded.

Bulstrode looked him up and down offensively.

"Mind your own business!" he replied.

"I think that is my business," said Johnny Bull. "As for funking, you know you wouldn't come into the gym when I asked you yesterday. And if it wasn't for the Head's order, I'd wipe up the floor with you this-minute!"

"Words are cheap!" remarked Bulstrode.

"Steady on!" murmured Bob Cherry anxiously. "Johnny, old man, do be quiet! Can't you see he's trying to draw you?"

Bull shook off Bob's detaining hand, and made a step towards Bulstrode. Bulstrode put up his hands.

"If you're looking for trouble, you'll find me ready!" he said. "Mind, I'm not picking a quarrel with you, but if you want a thick ear—"

"You—you cad!" exclaimed Johnny Bull, trembling with anger. "You know I can't go for you, because the Head has—"

Bulstrode burst into a contemptuous laugh.

"Any reason's better than none, I suppose!" he said.

"Why, you rotter!" roared Johnny Bull. "You know perfectly well—"

"Oh rats!"

That was enough for Johnny Bull. The words were hardly out of Bulstrode's mouth when he was rolling on the floor under a heavy right-hander.

"Shut the door!" exclaimed Wharton hurriedly, as Bulstrode leaped up, red with rage, and rushed at his enemy.

The door was slammed, and two or three juniors posed themselves against it. It was clear that there must be a fight now, and the juniors were anxious to keep the prefects out.

Bulstrode and Johnny Bull were at it now hammer and tongs.

They closed, and whirled round the room, crashing into the other fellows and the chairs and the table. Chairs went flying, and books rolled on the floor, and the table rocked and reeled.

"Go it, Bulstrode!" roared the Bounder & Co., with the full force of their lungs.

Crash!

Bulstrode went heavily to the floor, the crimson streaming from his nose. He lay gasping, and Johnny Bull stood over him, with heaving chest and flashing eyes.

At the same moment the handle of the door was triped. Micky Desmond had his

foot against the door, and it did not open.

"Open the door at once!"

"Faith, it's the Head!"

Micky Desmond sprang away from the door, as if it had suddenly become red-hot. The door was flung open, and Dr. Locke strode into the room. Two or three prefects were following him. The din in the common-room had been heard far and wide, as the Bounder & Co. fully intended that it should.

Johnny Bull turned round, and his face went pale. Bulstrode was still lying at his feet, gasping and groaning.

Dr. Locke fixed his eyes upon Bull.

"So you have chosen to disobey me?" he exclaimed sternly. "You have deliberately disobeyed my commands, Bull!"

Johnny Bull drew a quivering breath. He had no defence to make. He could not even say that Bulstrode had started the row. He had nothing to say, and he knew, by the Head's expression, that nothing he could say would avail him.

Dr. Locke raised his hand.

There was a hush in the room.

"Bull, you have disobeyed my direct command! You have defied the authority of your headmaster! You know the penalty!"

Johnny Bull panted.

"I warned you," said the Head, "what your punishment would be! I warned you a second time, and pardoned you. It is impossible to pardon you again, Bull! You will leave Greyfriars by the first train in the morning. And I hope this example will be a lesson to the rest of the Form! I think they need it! Wingate, you will see Bull to the station immediately after breakfast to-morrow morning!"

"Yes, sir," said Wingate.

The Head strode away. He left a hush as of death in the room behind him. Bulstrode staggered to his feet. There was a scared look in his face.

"Bull," he muttered, "I—I—I never meant that. I—I swear I didn't! I'm sorry!"

John Bull did not reply. He turned and walked to the door. His face was white and set. The blow that had fallen upon him was too heavy to leave room in his breast for any feeling of anger against Bulstrode, or even against the Bounder. With white, set face, the condemned junior walked from the room in grim silence, and he left silence behind him.

Harry Wharton & Co. hoped against hope that the Head would relent at the last moment. But the Head did not relent. Kindest of men as he usually was, he could be stern when he felt that sternness was called for, and he believed that it was called for now.

In the dim March morning, Johnny Bull said farewell to Greyfriars, and turned his back upon the old school and his old chums there. With heavy hearts Harry Wharton & Co. watched him go—the second of the famous Co. to fall a victim to the Bounder. Vernon-Smith had triumphed again, and time alone could tell whether his triumph was to last!

THE END.

(Next Friday's splendid, long, complete school tale of the Rivals of Greyfriars is entitled "Mark Linley Stands Firm!" By Frank Richards. Our next issue will also contain another grand engine plate. A big demand is certain, so readers should not fail to order their copies in advance.)

Read the Story of the Mysterious Disappearance of Towser, the Famous Bulldog.



TRACKING DOWN TOWSER!

A New Long Complete School Story of
TOM MERRY & CO. at St. Jim's.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Disappearance of Towser!

"WHO says a run round before brekker?"

Jack Blake, leader of the Fourth Form at St. Jim's, sat up in bed in the Fourth Form dormitory as he asked the question.

The sun streamed in at the high windows, from which a vista of green playing-fields could be seen, gleaming with dew in the brightness of the fine March morning.

A sleepy grunt or two was the only answer Jack Blake received.

He sprang out of bed, and grasped the shoulder of the fellow in the next bed to him.

"Wake up, Dig, you slacker! Seven o'clock, and a grand morning!"

"Oh, lemme alone, Blake!" grunted Digby, one of Blake's special chums. "Yaw-aw!"

Jack Blake shook him more vigorously than ever.

"Rats! Turn out, or I'll squeeze a sponge down your neck!"

This threat had the desired effect, and the sleepy Digby slowly turned over and then sat up in bed.

"Yaw-aw! What a nuisance you are, Blake!"

"Scat! You don't want to slack in bed on a morning like this! You're coming for a run round before brekker!"

Dig stretched. "Oh, all right! Anything for a quiet life. What about Gussy?"

"Oh, I'm just going to attend to him! He's coming, too, but he doesn't know it yet! I'm just going to wake him!"

There was a squelching sound as Blake dipped a large bath-sponge in a basin of water, and Digby chuckled as he slipped out of bed.

Then from the other end of the dormitory came a voice.

"Pway don't bwing that beastly sponge neah me, Blake!"

There was a note of dignified severity in the aristocratic tones of the Hon. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

Blake grinned. "Then get up, Gussy!"

"Pway don't wowwy me, Blake! I shall be gettin' up pvesentlay!"

"Not good enough!" said Blake, poisoning the dripping sponge. "Where will you have it, Gussy?"

"Keep off!" shrieked Arthur Augustus, suddenly abandoning his languid pose and sitting up in bed, like a jack-in-the-box. "Keep that sponge away, Blake, you wottah!"

"That's better," said Blake calmly. "Signs of life at last. We're going for a run round the quad before brekker, Gussy."

D'Arcy sniffed.

"I have not yet decided whethah I should accompany you, Blake!"

Blake glanced at his wrist-watch.

"It is now five past seven. At six minutes past, I squeeze this sponge down the back of your neck, Gussy! Digby will hold you down while I refill the sponge and repeat the dose."

"Oh, don't be an ass, Blake!" said Arthur Augustus, stepping quickly out of bed.

A quarter of an hour later the three Fourth Form chums slipped out of the dormitory and gained the sunlit quadrangle.

"What about taking Towser for a run?" said Digby. "Since poor old Herries has been laid up in the sanny with the 'flu he hasn't been out much."

Towser was a bulldog belonging to George Herries, who was the fourth member of Blake & Co., the study-mates of Study No. 6. Herries thought the world of Towser; the somewhat uncertain-tempered bulldog was the apple of his eye. With the rest of St. Jim's Towser was not exactly popular, and during that week Herries had been confined to the sanatorium, so it was probable that Towser had not come in for overmuch attention. Hence Digby's good-natured suggestion.

Blake looked thoughtful for a moment.

"It's not much fun taking that brute out, as a matter of fact," he remarked.

"He nearly pulls one's arms off, and he's always trying to bite Gussy!"

"Yaas, wathah! I wufuse to go out with Towsah!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy emphatically. "The beast has no respect for a fellah's twousahs!"

Blake grinned.

"Well, we'll go round and see what sort of temper Towser's in!" he decided.

"If he doesn't look too fierce, we'll give him a run. It'll please old Herries when we tell him, anyway."

"I shall wufuse to accompany you if you take that beast Towsah, Blake!" said D'Arcy firmly.

Nevertheless, he accompanied his chums round to the yard by the Head's stables, where the St. Jim's fellows kept their pets, and where Towser's kennel was situated.

"Towser's not up yet, it seems," said Blake, glancing at the kennel. "Here, Towsey, Towsey!"

He bent down and peered in at the door of the kennel—not standing too close, though, in case the uncertain-tempered dog came out with a rush.

"Towser! Towser!" But there was no movement within.

Blake went nearer, and finally put his head right inside the kennel.

"Pway be careful, Blake, deah boy!" exclaimed D'Arcy, in agitated tones.

Blake straightened up, and turned a dismayed face to his chums.

"He's not there!" he said. "Look here—here's his chain! He can't have slipped his collar, as it's not on the chain. Someone must have deliberately loosed him!"

"Perhaps someone else has taken him for a walk," suggested Digby hopefully.

Blake shook his head.

"Who would?" he said. "I'm sure none of the fellows would, and Taggles won't come near him if he can help it."

"Suahdy Towsah cannot be lost, Blake?"

"Looks like it!" said Blake seriously.

"No one but Herries ever takes him out that I know of. Perhaps he has been stolen!"

"Good gwacious! But who on earth would want to steal Towsah?" exclaimed Arthur Augustus, in the liveliest astonishment.

"Well, I don't know, but I believe he was quite a well-bred dog," said Blake.

"Poor old Herries! Goodness knows what he'll say if Towser really is lost."

"He'll go right off his chump!" said Digby seriously. "He thinks more of Towser than he does of himself!"

"Yaas, wathah! I should not be sowwy to lose Towser myself," said D'Arcy.

"But I feah poor old Hewwies will be feahfully cut up!"

"No need to tell him at present," said Blake. "It would only worry him fearfully, him being in the sanny, and the dog may turn up again somehow. We must hunt for him."

"What about Lumley?" said Digby suddenly. "Isn't he rather a pal of Towser's?"

"By Jove, yes!" exclaimed Blake. "He is! I remember Herries getting fed up with him once for taking Towser out without permission. Perhaps he has done so again, knowing Herries is laid up. Let's go and look for Lumley."

The three chums ran into Lumley just coming out of the School House.

He heard their tale with surprise, and shook his head when Blake asked if he had taken the dog out.

"I guess someone let him loose, and he's boited," he said. "Perhaps someone who has a grudge against Herries. Poor old Towser! He was in his kennel all right about four yesterday afternoon, because I took him round some biscuits then."

Blake looked curiously at the fellow who used to be called the Outsider of St. Jim's.

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley of the Shell had had a hard life, passed mostly in the slums of New York and London, before his father, now a millionaire, had made his "pile." When he first came to St. Jim's he had been an outsider indeed, though he was now a reformed character. Yet even in his worst days Lumley had

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"THE GOLFING CRAZE AT ST. JIM'S!"

A GRAND TALE OF TOM MERRY & CO.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

always had a kindly feeling for animals, and a mutual sympathy especially seemed to exist between him and the fierce bulldog. Many of the fellows had noticed that Lumley seemed to have more influence over Towser than even Herries, his master, had, though Herries himself would never admit it.

"I guess I'm with you all the time in trying to get Towser back, Blake," said Lumley-Lumley. "If it's possible to do it, we'll find him before Herries gets out of the sanny. It would break his heart if he thought the poor old dog was gone for good."

"Yes, rather!" said Blake, though not very hopefully. "We must get him back somehow. Poor old Herries!"

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.
Blake Does Not Tell Herries!**

IMMEDIATELY after breakfast Blake cut across to the sanatorium to see how his chum Herries was.

At the door he was met by Marie Rivers, the pretty school nurse, who was a great friend of all the juniors.

"How's Herries this morning, Miss Marie?" asked Blake, raising his cap.

"Much better!" said Marie, with a bright smile. "He will be getting up soon, and I have half a mind to let him out for half an hour, as it's a glorious day!"

"Good!" said Blake heartily, though his heart sank at the thought of the discovery Herries would make. He would be certain to go and visit Towser's kennel directly he was allowed out.

"May I see him a moment?" he added. "Certainly! There's no fear of you catching anything from him now. But

you've only got a few minutes before morning school."

"Oh, I'll just pop in and see him, thanks!" said Blake.

Half a minute later he was at his chum's bedside.

"How goes it, old man?"

"Ripping!" said Herries. "I'm going to get up!"

"So Miss Marie told me."

"It's topping! I'm looking forward to giving Towser a run out. By the by, how is he this morning?"

Blake's heart quailed.

"How is he?" he stammered. "How—whom do you mean, Herries?"

Herries stared.

"Why, Towser, of course!"

"Tut—Towser? Oh!" stammered Blake.

"As a matter of fact, old man, I haven't seen Towser this morning!"

Herries grunted rather discontentedly.

"Well, I must say I think you might have given poor old Towser a thought while I was ill!" he said. "The poor old dog will feel fearfully neglected. I must say I thought you chaps would have looked after him a bit for me!"

"We—we have, old man!" said Blake desperately. "He was all right yesterday afternoon. Lumley-Lumley gave him some biscuits then."

Herries gave another grunt.

"Oh, did he—did he? I wonder what sort they were? Towser's a bit particular about what sort of biscuits he eats!"

"I—I don't know what sort they were!" gasped Blake.

"Well, never mind, I shall be able to look after him myself to-morrow—to-day, perhaps, as Miss Marie says I may go out for a bit this afternoon. You must

bunk, Blake! It's nearly time for morning lessons!"

"Right-ho! Ta-ta for the present!" said Blake, beating a hurried retreat.

Once outside the sanny, he mopped the perspiration from his brow, and groaned. What on earth Herries would do when he found out that his beloved pet had disappeared Blake did not dare even to conjecture.

Lumley-Lumley was in the quad as Blake hurried across. He was evidently waiting for the Fourth-Former, for he came up to him at once.

"Seen Herries?" he asked.

Blake groaned.

"Yes, but—"

"You haven't told him?"

"No fear! It's awful!"

"Oh, don't fret about it yet! When's Herries coming out?"

"Perhaps this afternoon, and what he'll say—"

"Then I'll have to hurry! So-long!"

"Where are you going?" said Blake, in astonishment, as Lumley turned away in the direction of the school gates.

"Going to look for Towser!" replied Lumley coolly.

"But—but what about school, you ass!" exclaimed Blake. "You'll get in a fearful row if you cut Linton's classes!"

Lumley shrugged his shoulders.

"Can't help that!" he said tersely. "I believe the dog's been stolen, and I'm going down to Rycombe to look round in one or two likely quarters. You know I used to have a pretty extensive acquaintance with some of the shady characters in the village at one time,"

and Lumley smiled grimly. "I guess there's no time to waste!"

And the Shell fellow turned away again.

"Hold on!" called Blake, starting after him. "I guess I can risk a row as well as you! I'll come, too!"

"No good you coming; it's a one-man job!" said Lumley over his shoulder.

"You stay here and have a good look round the school directly after morning classes, there's a good chap!"

And Lumley-Lumley, without waiting for a reply, cut off towards the gates.

Blake stopped, and slowly turned his footsteps towards the School House. He realised that there was some sense in what Lumley said. There was no point in both of them risking serious trouble, and, after all, there had as yet been no thorough search of the school and all the out-buildings and sheds round the main buildings. Such a search might easily bring some trace of the missing bulldog to light in time to avert the awful necessity of leaving Herries to make the discovery that his pet was missing.

"Lumley's a reckless ass, as he always was, but he's a good chap, all the same!" reflected the Fourth-Former, as he slipped into his place in the class-room a couple of seconds before little Mr. Lathom, his Form-master.

"Where on earth that beastly dog has got to, goodness only knows! If it weren't for poor old Herries, I should be jolly glad to see the last of him! Bless Towser!"

"Blake, kindly make haste, and set out your books!" exclaimed Mr. Lathom, quite tartly. "Kindly come into your class-room a little more punctually in future, Blake!"

"Yes, sir!" said Blake meekly.

And, feeling that the little Form-master's eye was upon him, Jack Blake had perforce to turn his thoughts from Towser to the immortal works of one Julius Cæsar.

(Continued on page 17.)

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

A GRAND TALE OF TOM MERRY & CO.

FRIDAY: "THE GOLFING CRAZE AT ST. JIM'S!"


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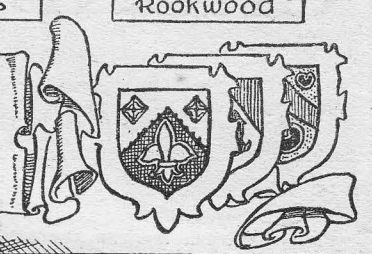
"It's Towser!" shrieked Herries. The bulldog raised his big head and gave one look across the footlights at the juniors. Then, with a deep, full-throated growl, he jerked his chain from the actor's grasp, and took a flying leap over the footlights. (See Chapter 4.)



BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY

Sr. Jim's
Greyfriars
Rookwood

Edited by W. G. BUNTER of Greyfriars, assisted by SAMMY BUNTER of Greyfriars, BAGGY TRIMBLE and FATTY WYNN of St. Jim's, and TUBBY MUFFIN of Rookwood.



: IN YOUR : EDITOR'S DEN!

By **BILLY BUNTER.**

My Dear Readers,—There have been ructions at Rookwood Skool on the subjeckt of boiled puddings.

All I hope is that the trubble duzzent spread to Greyfriars!

They actually tried to do away with boiled puddings at Rookwood! Did you ever hear of such a monstruss injustiss?

Boiled puddings, as Tubby Muffin trooly remarks, are the staff of life. We could not live without them—I couldn't anyway! Life would be a howling wilderness if there were no boiled jam roly-polies, or soet-pudding with sirrup.

I was chatting to Docter Short, of Frairdale, on the toppick. He told me that boiled puddings were not only harmless, but Benny Fishul.

"They kontain vitter-meens, my dear Bunter," he said.

"What are vitter-meens, dockter?" I asked.

"Well, I can't quite eggspain, but they are—er—well, in a nutshell, they are—er vitter-meens! They help to nurrish the boddy!"

"So you reelly recommend boiled puddings, dockter?"

"Of corse! I eat a hole boiled pudding myself every day of my life. I find it nurrishing, invigorating, stimulating, and refreshing. In fact, I very often prescribe boiled puddings to patients who suffer from dispepsia. Sum people say that puddings lay on their chests, but that is a fallericy."

I'm jolly glad I had that conversation with Dockter Short. Bekavse, if the Head takes it into his napper to abolish boiled puddings, I shall be able to oppose his decision on meddical grounds.

This is a subjeckt I have very dearly at hart, and I trussed you will forgive me for devoting so much space to it.

Long live the boiled pudding! It is one of the few things that make life worth living.

For the prezzant, dear readers, fair-well!

Your plump pal,

Your Editor.

THE SORROWS OF SAMMY!

(A Further Instalment.)

By **DICK PENFOLD.**

Who comes into my dorm at six,
And gets the bedclothes in a mix?
Who tans my hide with hockey-sticks?
My major!

Who makes me keep his sanctum clean,
And works me like a dashed machine?
(No wonder I am getting lean!)
My major!

Who cuffs me soundly when I slack?
Who dislocates my blessed back,
And makes my joints and sinews crack?
My major!

Who says I am a perfect pig,
And that my ways are infra dig?
Who is an upstart and a prig?
My major!

Who makes me write all sorts of rot
For his wild "rag," yet pays me not?
Who soon will drive me off my dot?
My major!

Man wants but little here below,
But I should dearly love, you know,
To pulverise that hated foe,
My major!

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE!

By **George Kerr.**



PETER TODD.

MY JOO-JITSOO LESSON!

By **SAMMY BUNTER.**

You all no what joo-jitsoo is, of corse? it isn't boxing, and it isn't restling. It's a tricky sort of bizziness by which you can overpower a fellow ten times your strength.

Joo-jitsoo comes from Japan, I believe. But the Chinks—the Chineeze, you no—are pretty good at it as well. At any rate, Wun Lung of the Remove is.

Wun Lung very kindly offered to give me a lesson in joo-jitsoo for nicks.

"Bunter minor, come with me to the Jim," he said, "and me teachee him all about it."

Well, I went along to the Jim, and Wun Lung gave me a terribul time. He through me over his sholder, and he slung me about as if I was as lite as a feather.

Wun Lung then instructed me what to do if a fellow ever attacked me.

"You grippee him by the wrist—so!" he said. "Then he is helpless. If he attempts to move he brake his wrist. It's a knack, you see."

"Oh, good! Could I overpower a reelly big fellow like this?"

Wun Lung nodded.
"Try to get away from my grippee," he said, "and see what happens."

I struggled to get my arm free, and I felt my wrist cracking, so I gave it up. "This is a very wonderful science," I said.

About an hour later, my abilities as a joo-jitsoo eggspert were called into action.

I was in the act of raiding the cubber in Coker's studdy when Coker himself came on the seen.

The burly Fifth-Former rushed towards me with a roar like that of an angry bool.

"You yung welp!" he cride. "I'll teech you to raid my grubb!"

As Coker came towards me I grabbed at his wrist, and held it tite.

"Har, har!" I eggscclaimed triumphantly. "I have you at my mersy!"

But what do you think, dear readers? Coker gave one sharp rench, and he broke away without any trubble at all. Then he picked up a cricket-stump, and gave me a terribul lamming.

My joo-jitsoo trick had failed hopelessly.

That beest Wun Lung had been pulling my leg! I'll never forgive him—never! The memmery of that rotten trick he played on me will horn't me all my days!

GRUNDY KEEPS GOAL!

A Short Humorous Story of St. Jim's.

By JACK BLAKE (of the Fourth Form).

THE referee blew a shrill blast on his whistle.

"Hands, there!" he exclaimed.

"Grundy, you champion chump!" said Tom Merry. "That's the third time you've handled the ball! What's the matter with you, man? Are your wits wool-gathering, or what?"

"Sorry!" said George Alfred Grundy, mopping his heated brow. "I keep forgetting. Before I came to St. Jim's I used to play Rugby a good deal. And I've never been able to get out of the habit of handling the ball."

A practice match was in progress on Little Side.

Grundy, being such a hopeless duffer at footer—and pretty nearly everything else—seldom figured in a real match. But as it was merely a practice game, Tom Merry had permitted him to play.

Harry Noble put in a fine run on the wing, and then he lobbed the ball across to Tom Merry, who was standing unmarked near goal.

Before the ball could reach the captain of the Shell, however, Grundy sprang at it.

Although the ball was travelling hard and high, Grundy, by some miraculous means, got his hand to it. And the referee again blew his whistle for the infringement.

"Well, I'm dashed!" gasped Tom Merry. "The frabjous idiot has messed up another gilt-edged chance for us!"

Monty Lowther gave a joyous chuckle.

Tom Merry spun round irritably upon his chum.

"Blest if I can see anything to cackle at, Monty!" he said.

"Tommy, my son, I've made a discovery—a perfectly priceless discovery!" said Lowther.

keeper!" he almost shouted. "Put him between the posts, and he'd stop everything that came his way. I tell you, Tommy, he'd bring off some wonderful saves!"

"My hat!" ejaculated Tom Merry. "Now I see what you're driving at. By Jove, Monty, I believe you're right!"

"Of course I'm right! Grundy, with his amazing knack of leaping and clutching at the ball would prove himself the most brilliant goalie that ever happened! Test him, and see. He may come in jolly useful in the event of anything happening to Fatty Wynn, our regular goalie."

Monty Lowther's words gave Tom Merry food for thought.

He watched Grundy closely as the game went on.

Time after time the forgetful George Alfred handled the ball. And sometimes he had to take a flying leap, and twist himself into all sorts of contortions, in order to reach his objective. But he always managed to do it.

Talbot's team proved victorious by three goals to one. But Tom Merry's anger had melted now. He was immensely pleased at the discovery that Monty Lowther had made.

Judging by the way he had played that afternoon, Grundy had the makings of a splendid goalie.

The next real match was against Rookwood.

As ill-luck would have it, Fatty Wynn was taken queer on the eve of the match. He said he had an internal chill; but the majority of us suspected, and not without reason, that he had been overfeeding.

Anyway, Fatty was unable to turn out against Rookwood.

Tom Merry, remembering what had happened at the practice match, approached Grundy.

"Would you care to keep goal for us tomorrow, Grundy?" he asked.

Grundy beamed.

"Love to!" he said.

"All serene, then. If you play in goal like you played at inside-right the other day, you'll stop every shot that comes your way."

Grundy was hugely elated at the honour which had been conferred upon him.

When he told his two study-mates, Wilkins and Gunn, that he had been selected to play against Rookwood they flatly refused to believe him.

"You're rotting!" said Wilkins.

"You're romancing!" said Gunn.

"Look here," said Grundy, "if you don't believe me, come and see for yourselves, you Doubting Thomases! My name's on the list pinned to the notice-board."

And so it was.

The official announcement ran thus:

"ST. JIM'S V. ROOKWOOD.

The St. Jim's team has been definitely selected as follows:

Lowther, Figgins, Kerr, Levison, Redfern, Grundy, D'Arcy, Blake, Merry, Talbot, and Noble.

(Signed) TOM MERRY,
Captain."

Wilkins called upon his only Aunt Sempronia. Gunn implored somebody to carry him home to die.

"It—it's staggering!" said Wilkins.

(Continued on the next page.)



Although the ball was travelling hard and high, Grundy, by some miraculous means managed to catch it. "Well, I'm dashed!" gasped Tom Merry. "The idiot has messed up another gilt-edged chance for us!"

Tom Merry skipped one side, and Talbot the other. And Tom Merry had the misfortune to have Grundy in his eleven.

Grundy was playing at inside-right, and he had spoilt three promising movements by leaping at the ball and clutching it whilst it was in the air. He could not seem to get it into his head that he was playing Soccer, not Rugby.

Tom Merry's team, on the run of the play, should have been leading by at least two goals. But, thanks to Grundy's absurd blundering, the boot was on the other foot, and Talbot's eleven were leading 2-0.

Tom Merry was furious. And his fury increased as the game went on.

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"Did you notice how Grundy got to the ball just now? It was travelling yards out of his reach, but he managed to grab it. I think it was wonderful!"

"Wonderful?" hooted Tom Merry. "You call that wonderful? It was the most idiotic thing that could have happened!"

Monty Lowther's eyes were gleaming with excitement.

"It's brought out one of Grundy's hidden talents!" he exclaimed. "Don't you understand?"

"Blowed if I do!" said Tom Merry rudely.

Lowther gripped his chum by the arm.

"Grundy would make a tip-top goal-

GRUNDY KEEPS GOAL!

(Continued from previous page.)

"It fairly takes a fellow's breath away!" gasped Gunn.

"But it's there, in black and white," said Grundy triumphantly. "It's a fact. I'm to keep goal for St. Jim's!"

Those who had not been present at the practice match declared that Tom Merry was not in his right senses. But those who had witnessed Grundy's handling feats were satisfied that the captain of the Shell could not have chosen a better substitute for Fatty Wynn.

On the afternoon of the match George Alfred Grundy strutted on to the field, resplendent in a fancy sweater in which all the colours of the rainbow seemed to be mingled.

There was a loud roar, partly sincere, partly ironical.

"Play up, Grundy!"

"Keep 'em out, old man!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood were surprised to see Grundy in the St. Jim's goal. Goal-getting with Grundy between the posts was going to be an easy matter, they reflected.

Right from the start the Rookwood forwards became dangerous.

They swept down the field like a human cyclone.

A dozen yards from goal Jimmy Silver paused, with the ball at his feet, and fired in a ground shot.

It was a shot which any goalkeeper could have saved by stooping and gathering the ball in his arms.

Did Grundy do this?

Not a bit of it!

Those wonderful hands of his, which had been so much in evidence a few days before, were now idle.

Grundy rushed at the ball, with the intention of kicking it clear. It had a spin on it, and it curled off his boot and entered the net.

"Goal!"

Figgins turned angrily upon the goalie. "You ass! You frightful imbecile!" he roared. "Why didn't you use your hands?"

Grundy, very red in the face, fished the ball out of the net and punted it to the centre of the field.

Rookwood were already one up. And it was not long before they added to their score.

Grundy's ideas of goalkeeping were extraordinary. He did not appear to understand that he was allowed to use his hands.

"You called me names the other day, Tom Merry, when I handled the ball," he said.

"Of course I did! You're not supposed to handle it when you're playing at inside-right!" roared Tom Merry. "But you're keeping goal now. You can use your hands as often as you like."

But the slow-witted Grundy was unable to cotton on to Tom Merry's meaning.

He continued to keep his hands out of action. Sometimes he managed to save shots with his feet, but not often.

Jimmy Silver & Co. ran riot, scoring goal after goal—reaping quite a rich harvest of goals because of Grundy's refusal to use his hands.

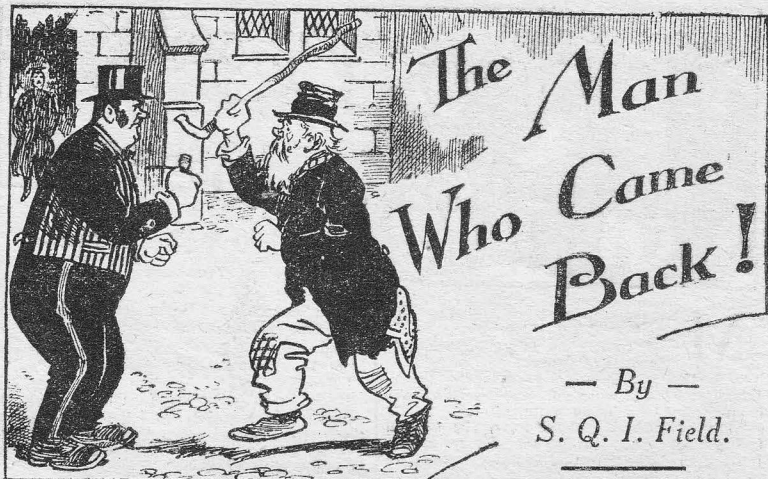
The result of that match was very painful to the St. Jim's fellows.

Rookwood won by seven goals to two. And all through Grundy!

Although George Alfred had refrained from using his hands, Tom Merry & Co. didn't refrain from using theirs when the match was over.

They gave Grundy the bumping of his life. And Tom Merry won't ask him to keep goal for St. Jim's again in a hurry!

THE END.



"GET hout!" grunted Gosling, the porter.

The remark was addressed to a strange-looking creature who came shuffling through the gateway of Greyfriars.

"Strange-looking" is an inadequate term. The creature in question was a man of about seventy summers. He was dreadfully shabby. He had a long white, unkempt beard, and he walked with the aid of a stout stick. On his head was perched a hat which, some fifty years ago, might have been a "topper." In its present state it resembled a battered concertina.

Gosling glared at the poor wretch. "Get hout!" he repeated. "Wot I says is this 'ere—tramps ain't allowed to poke their noses inside this 'ere seat of learnin'."

"I refuse to get out!" croaked the old man, with a certain dignity. "I belonged to this school years before you came. I was here in 1866."

"My heye!" gasped Gosling. "Tryin' to pass yerself off as a Hold Boy, are yer? None of yer bluff, young feller-me-lad!"

"I resent being addressed in that way," said the old stager. "I am seventy years of age."

Gosling snorted. "The work'uss is the proper place for you, my man," he said.

"I've tried to get there," said the ancient stranger, "but it happens to be full up."

"Well, you can 'op it!" said Gosling. "D'ye hear? This ain't no work'uss, nor yet a charitable institootion. It's a school for the sons of gen'lemen, as ever was!"

The stranger leaned upon his stick. "You needn't give me any information about this place," he said, in his croaking voice. "I know it well. Didn't I just tell you that I belonged to this school years before you came. I'm going in."

"You're goin' hout!" said Gosling, with decision. "If I 'ave to soil me 'ands by 'eavin' you hout into the roadway, you're goin' hout!"

The old man pulled at his shaggy beard. There was an appeal in the glance which he directed at Gosling.

"I'm starving," he said simply. Gosling gave a grunt.

"Which I've 'eard them tales afore!" he said.

"This is no fairy-tale. Look at me! Can't you see that I've been without nourishment for days? I've tried to beg a meal on the road, but my luck's dead out."

"Well, you ain't goin' to start beggin' no meals 'ere!" said Gosling. "Which I've 'ad instructions from the 'Ead to send beggars an' tramps about their business."

The old man leaped earnestly towards Gosling.

"Go to the Head," he said, "and tell him that Joe Jagers is here."

"I won't do nothin' of the sort!" growled Gosling.

"In that case, I must do so myself."

Gosling advanced threateningly towards the old man.

"Comin' 'ere with yer tales about bein' a Hold Boy!" he said wrathfully. "Get hout! That's wot I'm tellin' yer. Houtside you go—an' sharp's the word!"

The man who had given the name of Joe Jagers stood his ground. He raised his stick threateningly. There was desperation in his eyes—the desperation born of extreme hunger.

Gosling shuffled towards the old man, and there were all the makings of a lively scene when Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, came hurrying to the spot.

"What is this?" he demanded. "Who is this person, Gosling?"

"A himpostor, sir, that's wot he is! Says he used to belong to this school. Settin' 'isself up as a Hold Boy, sir! Did you ever 'ear of sich himpertinence?"

The strange old man lowered his stick and faced Mr. Quelch.

"My name is Jagers, sir," he said—"Joe Jagers."

Mr. Quelch gave a start. "Can you prove that?" he asked quickly.

The old man produced from an inner pocket a very grubby document. He handed it to Mr. Quelch, who examined it intently.

"I am satisfied as to your identity," he said at length. "And I know all about you, Jagers. You were here many years ago in the capacity of school page."

"That's so, sir."

"Come in, Jagers—come in! Can I do anything for you?"

"I want food," said the old man. "And you shall have it!" said Mr. Quelch. "I can see that you are in desperate straits. You shall have a good meal, and money to take you on your way."

At this Gosling fairly exploded. "Why are you a-fussin' an' a-slobberin' over 'im like this 'ere, sir?" he demanded. "He's a tramp, that's wot he is—a common wagrant!"

Mr. Quelch frowned.

"I will tell you a little story about Mr. Jagers, Gosling," he said. "It happens to be a true story. Many years ago, when Dr. Sterndale was headmaster here, Mr. Jagers was employed as a page. On one memorable night in the year 1866 the school caught fire. Mr. Jagers performed an act of great heroism on that occasion. At the risk of his life, he saved the lives of two boys who were at the time confined to the punishment-room."

"My heye!" gasped Gosling.

"Full details of the event have been incorporated in my 'History of Greyfriars,'" said Mr. Quelch. "The story has been handed down, and I had it amongst my notes. Come with me, Mr. Jagers. I am sorry Gosling has treated you so rudely. Of course, he did not know who you were. The name Jagers conveyed nothing to him. He was ignorant of the gallant action you performed many years ago."

Gosling turned to Mr. Joe Jagers. Humbly he held out his hand.

"Which I'm sorry!" he said gruffly, but with undoubted sincerity.

"That's all right," said Mr. Jagers, with a weary smile.

And then, under the escort of Mr. Quelch, he disappeared in the direction of the school kitchen.

Mr. Jagers did not leave Greyfriars until next day. And when he left he had something in his pockets which would keep him from experiencing the pangs of hunger for many a long day. His gallantry of many years before had stood him in good stead. And when he passed out of the school gateway he no longer leaned heavily upon his stick. Despite his threescore years and ten, he swung it gaily in the air!

LOOK OUT FOR

A special number of
"Billy Bunter's Weekly"
 NEXT WEEK!



Baggy the Borrower!

By Reginald Talbot.

(Shell-form of St. Jims.)

"MY penknife's been missing for months!" said Tom Merry. "So has my dictionary!" growled Manners.

"Likewise my book of puns," said Monty Lowther. "And lots of other fellows are complaining of missing articles."

"The question is, where have the blessed things got to?" said Tom Merry rather irritably. "They couldn't have walked of their own accord."

"We shall have to investigate, deah boys," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "I myself have lost a new song that I was learnin'—"

"Hooray!" exclaimed Monty Lowther.

Arthur Augustus glared through his monocle at the humorist of the Shell.

"Weally, Lowthah, I fail to undahstand the weason for your hilawity—" he began.

"Oh, dry up, Gussy!" snapped Jack Blake. "Something's got to be done about all these things that are missing. Manners says his dictionary's disappeared. So has mine."

"Mine, too, dear mau," drawled Cardew.

"I was beginning to think," said Tom Merry, "that all these things could be traced to Trimble. But then there seems to have been an epidemic of dictionary-stealing; and what does an ignorant duffer like Baggy Trimble want with dictionaries?"

"Don't you see?" said Jack Blake, with a sudden flash of inspiration. "Baggy has to depend on dictionaries to write his stuff for 'Billy Bunter's Weekly.' He can't spell for monkey-nuts. And for weeks past his articles have been beyond reproach in the matter of spelling. What does that signify? Why, that he's had the help of dictionaries, of course! He's had my dictionary and Manners' dictionary and probably others."

Tom Merry looked grim.

"I think we'll go along and make a search of Trimble's study," he said. "Some interesting things may come to light."

The juniors moved off in a body, and proceeded to Baggy Trimble's study in the Fourth Form passage.

Baggy was seated at the table, scribbling away industriously. He looked up in some alarm as the invaders streamed in.

Jack Blake made a sudden grab at a bulky volume which lay open on the table.

"My dictionary!" he roared.

"And mine as well!" shouted Manners.

"Trimble, you fat thief—"

"Oh, really, Manners—"

"Do you deny that this is my dictionary?" hooted Manners.

"Nunno! But I borrowed it, if you remember, a few weeks—or it might have been months—ago. You gave me full permission to take it."

"I did nothing of the sort!" snapped Manners.

"What you call borrowing is merely another name for stealing!" said Tom Merry sternly. "Turn out your pockets!"

Baggy Trimble quaked with alarm.

"I—I say—" he protested.

"Turn 'em out!" thundered Jack Blake.

Baggy reluctantly obeyed. And then some startling revelations were made.

Tom Merry's penknife came to light. So did Monty Lowther's pocket edition of a book of puns.

There was also Cardew's dictionary—a tiny book that fitted into the waistcoat-pocket. And there were at least a dozen other articles, which were promptly pronounced upon by their respective owners.

A babel of voices arose.

"My fountain-pen!"

"My silver pencil!"

"My mouth-organ, by Jove!"

"And my electric-torch!"

There was a wild scramble for possession of the various articles.

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Tom Merry fixed upon Baggy Trimble a look which ought to have shrivelled him up.

"So you've 'borrowed' all these things from time to time?" he said sarcastically. "Yes."

"Well, it's one thing to borrow with the consent of the owners, and it's quite another thing to borrow without their knowledge. You're a fat burglar, and you're going to be dealt with as such!"

Baggy Trimble made a wild dash for the door. Manners and Lowther and Jack Blake stood with their backs to it, effectually barring the fat junior's exit.

"There's no escape," said Jack Blake.

"You're jolly well going through the mill!"

"Heave him across the table!" commanded Tom Merry.

The juniors accomplished this feat with difficulty, for Baggy was no light weight.

As soon as the fat junior was in a convenient position to receive chastisement,



"Turn out your pockets," said Tom Merry. Baggy Trimble reluctantly obeyed. And then some startling revelations were made.

Tom Merry picked up a cricket stump and proceeded to put in a spell of carpet-beating, with Baggy Trimble as the carpet.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yaroooooh!"

Jack Blake then administered three blows. Then Manners administered three, and, finally, Monty Lowther took a turn, making a dozen blows in all.

Baggy Trimble's yells of anguish fairly awakened the echoes.

When the ordeal was over, he slipped from the table on to the floor, and lay there groaning.

"That will teach you to stop tampering with other fellows' property!" said Tom Merry grimly. "If you collar my penknife again, you'll know what to expect!"

"You'll be a case for the stretcher-bearers next time!" said Manners.

The avengers, having recovered their property, quitted the study.

As for Baggy Trimble, he was left to bemoan the fact that in future he would have to do his work for "Billy Bunter's Weekly" without the aid of dictionaries.

His spelling would suffer in consequence. I expect it will suffer in this very issue.

And for some considerable time, at any rate, Baggy Trimble will carefully distinguish between meum and tuum, and will not borrow other fellows' property without first getting permission!

My Trubbles and Tribbulations!

By BAGGY TRIMBLE.

(Subb-Editor.)

As you will see by Talbot's artikle, dear readers, I have fallen fowl of Tom Merry & Co.

They gave me a terribul time! I have been biffed and broozed and bumped and beeten, and I am feeling soar all over.

And simply bekwase I borroed one or two dickshunaries, so that I could write my kontributions for "Billy Bunter's Weekly" without making any spelling mistakes!

I have come to the konklusion that this is a harsh and unsimperthetick world.

I fail to see any harm in borrowing. It isn't a crime. Their is no kommandment which says: "Thou shalt not borrow." Their is one which says: "Thou shalt not steel," but that's a very different thing. To steel a thing is an offense against the law; but their's nuthing krimminal in borrowing.

If I am working in the Form-room, and my pen goes wrong, I promptly borrow my nayber's.

If I want to go over to Wayland, and I have no bike of my own, I borrow sumbody else's.

If I am not kwite sure how a certain word should be spelt, I borrow a dickshunary.

All this is kwite in order—to my mind, at any rate. But Tom Merry & Co. have taken offense at it.

They took my studdy by storm the other day, and maid me turn out my pockitts. They also went threw my desk—in fact, they maid a komplete serch, as if they were detektiffs sent down from Scotland Yard.

Manners reclaimed his dickshunary. So did Jack Blake. So did Cardew.

The rezult is that I've got to write this artikle without the help of a dickshunary.

It is possibel you may find one or two spelling mistaiks hear and their. You won't find menny—perraps about three in the hole of this artikle. But even this is very annoying, and I must appolergize to my readers for any discreppancies which may arise.

I have been ordered by Tom Merry not to borrow anything in future. This is utterly abserd. How does he suppoze I'm going to live?

If I happen to be hungry, and haven't any jam-tarts of my own, I shall natcherally want to borrow some from anther studdy. But according to Tom Merry this is not aloud, so I shall have to bare it in silense.

I feel absolutely lost without a dickshunary. It's sumthing like the old days when I first started to write for the "Weekly," and my spelling was forty—or it is faulty? I keep on getting in a fix over any word which has more than four letters.

So I must carry on as best I can. It's a wunder that an artikle of mine should figger in the paper at all this week, bekwase I have been so badly nocked about by my Percy Cuters that I hardly no weather I am on my head or my heels!

Be kind to me, dear readers, and simpertize with me in my grate sorrol!

[Supplement IV.]

Tracking Down Towser!

(Continued from page 12.)

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.
Lumley-Lumley Gets Busy!**

IMMEDIATELY school was over Blake, with Digby and D'Arcy, made a thorough search of St. Jim's, inside and out. But no trace of Towser did they discover, nor anything that threw the faintest gleam of light upon his disappearance.

On their way in to dinner, feeling worried and dispirited, they passed Marie Rivers in the passage.

"Herries been out yet, Miss Marie?" queried Blake anxiously.

"Not yet," answered Marie, with a smile. "Perhaps I'll let him out this afternoon for a little while. You can take him for a walk!"

"Oh, help!"

"Jimmy!" groaned Digby.

"It's wreally most distressin', deah boys!" said D'Arcy dismally.

Miss Marie raised her eyebrows.

"Why, what ever is the matter with you all?" she exclaimed, much puzzled.

"Oh—er—nothing much!" said Blake.

"Are you sure Herries is really well enough to go out to-day?"

"Oh, yes, I think so!"

"Oh crumbs!"

And the three Fourth-Formers, still groaning, walked on, leaving Marie more puzzled than ever.

During dinner Blake heard inquiries being made as to Lumley-Lumley's absence, but, needless to say, he said nothing.

Directly dinner was over the three Fourth Form chums gathered in the quad for a council-of-war.

"It's getting desperate!" said Jack Blake. "It's a half-holiday, but none of us feels inclined for footer, I suppose?"

"Wathah not!"

"And unless something like a miracle happens in half an hour we shall have to go to the sanny and call for Herries!"

"And he will come straight out and go round to Towser's kennel!" said Digby.

"And then the fat will be in the fish, deah boys!" finished Arthur Augustus lugubriously.

"Hallo, young shaver? Whom are you looking for?" said Blake suddenly, as a smart telegraph-messenger bore down upon them.

"Name of Blake!" said the boy. "If you can tell me where to find 'im amongst all these 'ere young gentlemen I shall be werry grateful."

"I'm him!" said Blake, tersely and ungrammatically. "Hand over the loot!"

"'Ere you are, sir!" said the messenger-boy grinning.

Jack Blake tore open the telegram eagerly, and scanned it rapidly. He gave a long whistle of sheer surprise.

"Whew-w-w!"

"What is it?" exclaimed Digby and D'Arcy in a breath.

"Hold on a minute!" said Blake rapidly. "Here, young chappie, did you happen to notice a motor-car at the gates as you came into the school grounds?"

"Yessir! A big closed car was waiting there."

"Oh, good! Here you are, chappie! No answer!"

Jack Blake pressed a shilling into the boy's palm, and the lad went off with a delighted "Thank you, sir!"

"Now listen!" said Blake, with repressed excitement. "Come over here

behind the beeches, and I'll read you this wire."

Having moved to a more secluded spot, Blake read out the telegram.

"Wayland, 11.30 a.m. On the track. Come to matinee performance Wayland Theatre Royal 2.30 this afternoon. Bring Herries. Sending car St. Jim's two o'clock. Urgent.—Lumley." What do you think of that?" demanded Blake, ail in a breath.

"My hat!" gasped Digby. "Lumley's a hustler, if you like! Bless if I can see what he's driving at, though!"

"It's feahfully excitin', deah boys!"

"Well, this is what I make of it," said Blake, speaking rapidly. "Lumley-Lumley's got on Towser's track somehow, and it's led him to Wayland, though what the theatre has to do with it I'm blest if I know. But, anyway, he wants Herries over there, perhaps, to identify Towser. He knows he wouldn't be allowed to go by train, as he's just been ill, so he's sent a car. It's not two yet, but the car's here already. Good old Lumley!"

"Yaas, wathah! Lumley's a jollay good sport!"

"Well, it's evidently important to get Herries along, so we must do it somehow," said Dig. "Miss Marie will let him take a little run in a closed car, surely. It's only five miles to Wayland."

"Oh, we'll wangle it somehow!" said Blake confidently. "We must keep it dark from Herries why we are going to Wayland, of course."

"What-ho!"

"Then come on!"

"Pway wait a moment, deah boys!" said Arthur Augustus. "I must just wun in and get my best toppah! I sha'n't be moah than a quartah of an hour!"

"You—you dummy!" roared Blake. "Do you think we're going to wait a second for you or your silly topper? Kim on!"

"Imposs, deah boy!"

"Bring him along, Dig!"

With his chums holding him by either arm, Arthur Augustus had to come on, though not without protest. But his protests were, as usual, vain.

"Pway release me, you wottahs!"

"Rats!"

"You are throwin' me into a fluttah!"

"More rats!"

And Arthur Augustus gave it up.

Arriving at the sanny, the three chums interviewed Miss Marie, and not without some difficulty, managed, in Blake's elegant phrase, to "wangle" it.

By a quarter-past two the four Fourth-Formers, Herries well wrapped up in rugs and coats, were speeding down the road in the direction of the country town of Wayland in the big closed car.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
Towser Claims His Master!**

BLAKE gave a sigh of relief as he leaned back in the car. Whether they were on a wild-goose chase or not he did not know. But he felt that he had done his part. The knowledge that his pet was missing had so far been successfully concealed from Herries, though with great difficulty.

Herries had insisted that he must see Towser first, before he would start for Wayland. But partly by force, and partly by the argument that it would make them too late for the Wayland show if he did, they had at length overcome his resistance. All Herries knew was that they were going to Wayland to meet Lumley, who had got tickets for the matinee at the Theatre Royal.

Needless to say, the juniors had not thought it necessary to mention to Miss Marie that they were taking her patient to the theatre!

As the car ran down Wayland High Street towards the theatre, Blake hung out of the window. Yes, there was Lumley, waiting anxiously outside the theatre. He threw Blake a questioning glance as the car drew up.

"All serene?" he whispered.

"Yes."

"Good!" Lumley threw open the door of the car. "Glad to see you chaps, especially you, Herries! Feeling better?"

"Yes, thanks!"

"Top-hole!" said Lumley heartily. "Now, I've got five stalls in the front row. I want to sit next to Herries."

He marshalled them in. Blake's eye took in a huge poster on the wall, advertising the piece that was on. It was called "Bulldog Bannister, the Dauntless Detective," and the picture showed a square-jawed, gentleman, revolver in hand, pursuing a couple of obvious criminals. But that was not all. The square-jawed gentleman was accompanied by a very large and ferocious-looking bulldog!

Blake stared at the picture hard—and particularly at the bulldog.

"I—I wonder!" he murmured to himself.

He caught Lumley's eye upon him. And Lumley was smiling grimly. But he said nothing, and Blake had no opportunity of putting to him the question that was on the tip of his tongue.

Once settled in the theatre, the juniors had time to look around them. They were in the middle of the very front row of the stalls, and the orchestra was playing vigorously just the other side of the rail, in the narrow space between the footlights and the stalls. In a seat just behind them Blake noticed the burly form of the local inspector of police. The theatre was fairly well filled by the usual type of country-town audience.

Suddenly the orchestra stopped playing in the middle of a bar, and the curtain was rung up. And from that moment events moved rapidly.

The curtain disclosed an empty stage, set as a street scene. There was a footstep, the clank of a chain, and a snuffling sound. And on to the stage walked Bulldog Bannister, with a huge and quite

THE POPULAR.—No. 163.

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ferocious-looking bulldog tugging at a chain, the end of which the dauntless detective—with some difficulty—held in his hand.

As the first few hand-claps of the usual round of applause rang out, Herries sprang up in his seat as if he had received an electric shock.

"Towser!" he shrieked. "It's—it's Towser! Towser, old man!"

The bulldog raised his big head and gave one look across the footlights at the juniors. Then, with a deep, full-throated growl, he jerked his chain from the actor's grasp and took a flying leap over the footlights and the heads of the astounded orchestra, straight into Herries' arms!

"Towser—Towsy, old man!" repeated Herries, in a trembling voice, his eyes flashing fire as he glared round him, bewildered by the amazing turn of events. "What are they doing to you, dear old dog!"

And the great beast slobbered and struggled in the junior's arms in an ecstasy of joy.

The excitement was terrific.

Most of the women in the audience shrieked, under the impression that the boy in the audience had been attacked by the savage dog.

The men stood up and yelled, while Blake & Co. gasped in surprise. For once the dauntless detective himself seemed quite at a loss, and stood in the centre of the stage, literally gaping with surprise.

Only Lumley seemed perfectly calm. One would almost have said that he had expected this very thing to happen.

He grasped Herries by the arm. "Come on!" he said tersely. "Get Towser out of here, quick as you can!"

Mechanically, Herries followed the Outsider from the auditorium, surrounded by half a dozen theatre attendants, who had rushed to the spot. None of them laid a hand on him, however. Towser was in his arms, and Towser had a dangerous gleam in his eye.

The other juniors, utterly astounded, hurried out after Herries, and with them went the burly inspector of police.

In the foyer an enraged and excited manager barred the way, shaking a furious fist at Lumley and Herries, and almost dancing in his excitement.

Herries just kept tight hold of Towser, and said nothing. It was Jerrold Lumley-Lumley who had the situation in hand.

"Oh, quit your raving!" he said grimly, to the dancing manager. "I told you this morning the dog was stolen, but you didn't choose to believe me. So I brought the owner along to prove it—and I guess he's proved it all right."

"But—but I paid five pounds for the dog!" shrieked the manager. "I tell you—"

"More fool you!" said Lumley coolly. "You might have known he was stolen. I told my friend, Inspector Harrison, just how it was, and got him to come along and see for himself. You can settle matters with him—here he is!"

"There's no doubt at all that this young gentleman is the dog's real owner," said the inspector, who appeared at that moment. "It's all right, Foskett; you'll have to let the dog go! I'll see you about the matter later. In the meantime, you'd better get your show going again, hadn't you, or there may be a riot!"

And the distracted manager dashed off to restart the "Dauntless Detective"—this time without his bulldog!

The juniors, with the rescued Towser, piled into the big car and drove off back to St. Jim's. On the way the bewildered Herries learnt the story of his pet's disappearance for the first time, and Lumley-Lumley told how he had made inquiries in certain disreputable haunts in Rylcombe, as a result of which he had got on to Towser's track.

"There's a loafer called 'Lurcher' Bates whom I—I used to know," Lumley coloured slightly. "He is usually to be found lounging about the Green Man public-house. He is mixed up in every case of dog-stealing in Sussex, if the truth were known, and when I ran across him I guessed I'd got the truth, for I know more about Mr. Lurcher Bates than he'd like the police to know."

"He had Towser all right, of course. The manager of the theatre company at Wayland was rushing up and down the place offering any price for a suitable dog for his show, as the original one had

just died. The Lurcher heard of it, of course, and thought he knew where he could get the right dog—and that was Towser! He got him at night, by putting a sack over his head when he was asleep—and got five pounds for him. I tore off to see the manager, and told him the dog was stolen. He wouldn't believe me, so I thought of this dodge. He does now!"

"And what a fine old mix-up it was!" chuckled Blake. "There was pretty nearly a riot on when we left!"

The juniors chortled joyously. Tracking down Towser had been exciting while it lasted, and it had been crowned with success. And what more could one expect of any adventure?

"By the by," said Lumley, "I told the Lurcher that he would hear no more of this if he put me on the right track—and he did!"

"Oh, I don't want to punish the beggar, though he is a scoundrel, as long as I've got old Towser back," said Herries.

"We shall have to go in a deputation to Linton to get Lumley off a licking," said Blake. "Otherwise, he'll get it hot!"

"Oh, rats!" said Lumley, laughing.

"That we jolly well will, old man!" said Blake. "It's entirely owing to you that Herries got poor old Towser back. We're not going to have you punished for it, if we can help it!"

"No fear!"

"I—I don't know how to thank you, Lumley!" said Herries, and there was a suspicious moisture in his eyes which made the other juniors turn their heads away. "You—you're a brick! And Towser would say the same if the poor old chap could speak!"

"Oh, rats!" said Lumley-Lumley, rather huskily.

"I agree with my friend Hewies!" said Arthur Augustus in his stately way. "Lumley-Lumley is a bwick! And," added the swell of St. Jim's nobly, "I must say that I am weally pleased to see old Towsah back, although he weally has no respect whatevah for a fellah's twousah's!"

"Gr-r-r!" said the unrepentant Towser!

THE END.

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NEXT FRIDAY!

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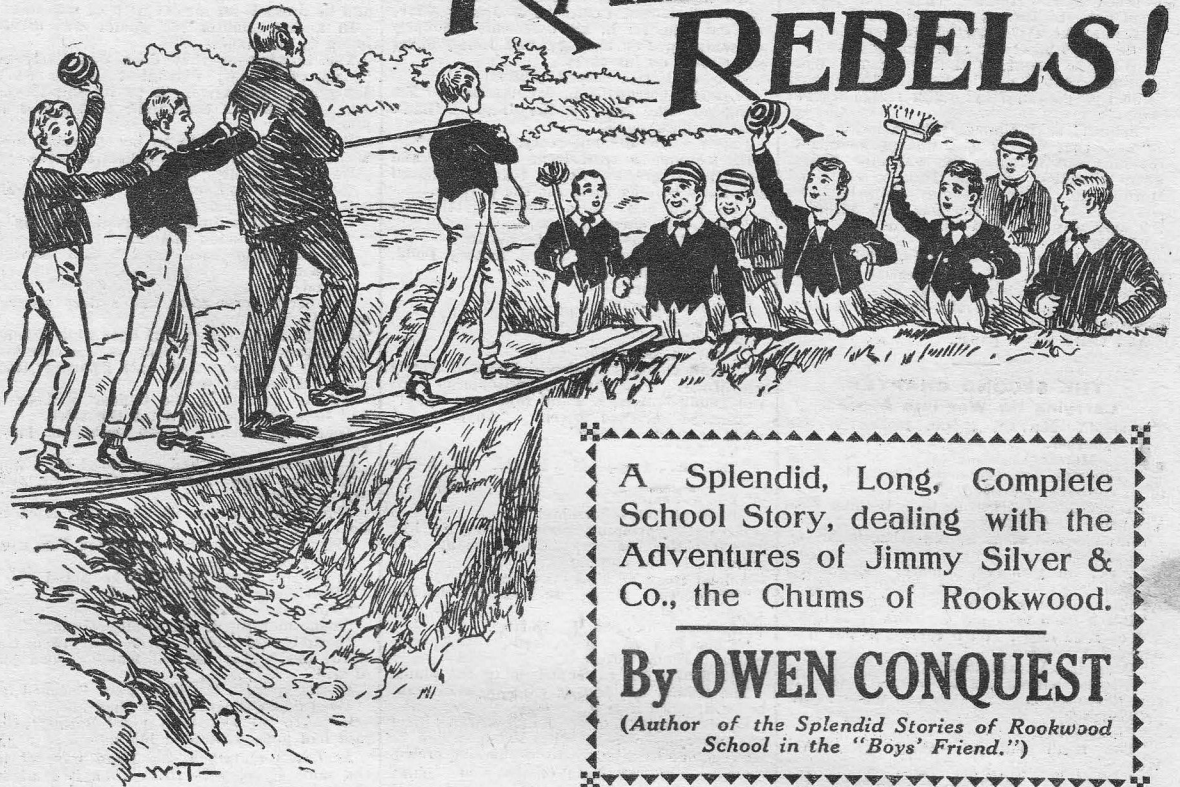
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(Author of the Splendid Stories of Rookwood School in the "Boys' Friend.")

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Slow!

"JIMMY!"

"Hullo!"
"This is getting slow!"
"Rats!"

Jimmy Silver spoke quite crustily. As a matter of fact, there was truth in the remark of Arthur Edward Lovell. Things were getting a little "slow" in the schoolboy camp.

Lovell was the last to say so, but a good many others of the rebels of Rookwood had made the remark.

Jimmy Silver was seated on the banked-up parapet of the rebel camp, overlooking the deep trench that surrounded it.

A wintry sun was shining down upon the camp, and the school allotments, in the midst of which it stood, and the school buildings in the distance.

In the School House the rest of Rookwood was at lessons.

In the camp on the allotments the Fourth Form were in garrison.

The Rookwood barraging-out had lasted for days now.

Jimmy Silver, a born general, had laid his plans well.

The entrenched camp was too strong to be taken; the rebels had defended it well.

Jimmy had foreseen that, and he had been right.

What the Head would do when he found that the rebel Form could not be reduced by force was a puzzle to the rebels themselves.

The first flush of victory over the rebels were not quite so satisfied with the position of things.

At first they had rejoiced in their freedom and the unaccustomed absence of restraint and lessons.

But time began to hang on their hands. They could not venture out of the camp,

for there was a watch set, and stragglers were likely to be caught, and hauled before the Head—for severe punishment.

Another attack by the prefects would have been very welcome; but the prefects did not approach the camp, save to keep the rest of Rookwood from communication with the rebels.

Townsend and Topham, and the rest of the nuts, who had joined up unwillingly, were loud in their grumbles.

The nuts did not matter so much; they grumbled anyway.

But the more reliable part of the garrison was growing bored.

The "moral" of the Fourth was suffering. Jimmy Silver & Co. were thinking out that problem as they sat on the parapet.

"Slow," remarked George Raby thoughtfully, "isn't the word! Crawling, I should say. Yaw-aw!"

Jimmy Silver snorted.

"I never thought I'd want to go in to lessons," remarked Newcome, "but I'm blessed if I wouldn't like to grind Latin with Bootles again for a change!"

Another snort from Jimmy Silver.

"Why don't the Head buck up?" growled Tommy Dodd the Modern junior. "He ought to be trying to rout us out!"

"And giving us something to do!" grunted Lovell. "I've done nothing this morning except punch Towny's nose!"

"Yaw-aw-aw!" murmured Raby.

"Look here!" said Jimmy Silver hotly. "Shut up yawning, and think of setting an example to the rest!"

"Yaw-aw-aw-aw!"

"We've got to stick it out, haven't we?" demanded Jimmy.

"We shall never sheathe the sword—" began Lovell.

"Oh, don't give us that over again!" implored Tommy Dodd. "It's bad enough, without that!"

"You Modern ass!"

"You Classical fathead!" retorted Tommy Dodd.

"Do you want to be chucked into the trench?" demanded Lovell warmly.

"Yes, if you can chuck me!"

"I'll jolly soon—"
"Bow-wow!"

Lovell jumped up

"Let's give the Moderns a jolly good licking all round!" he exclaimed. "That would be a bit of exercise, anyway!"

"More exercise than would be good for you, I fancy!" grinned Tommy Dodd.

"Look here—"
"Rats!"

"Shut up!" roared Jimmy Silver, in exasperation. "No scrapping here, you silly chumps! Suppose the enemy rushed us while you're scrapping, you silly burlbers!"

Lovell sat down again with a grunt.

"They won't rush us!" he snapped. "The Head's left us to stew in our own juice. He knows we shall get fed up with the barraging-out at this rate."

"I'm not fed up!" snapped Jimmy.

"Everybody else is!"

"Blow everybody else!"

"Blow you, if you come to that?"

"Look here!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"You know we've got to stick it. We started a barraging-out, to last till the Head consented to expel Lattrey from Rookwood. Lattrey's still hanging on. If we surrender we're beaten, and we've got to stand that cad in the school—the fellow who blinded Mornington! Are we going to stand that?"

"Never!"

"Well, then, what's the good of grousing?"

"It lets off steam," said Lovell.

"Br-r-r!"

"Lend me a hand, Erroll!" It was Mornington's voice.

Erroll helped his blind chum, and Mornington sat on the parapet.

His face was genial and cheerful.

"You fellows holdin' a council of war?" he asked.

"No; it's a yawning-match!" replied Jimmy Silver, with great sarcasm.

Mornington laughed.

"I've got a suggestion to make, if you'd care to hear it," he remarked.

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NEXT FRIDAY!

"FLOODED OUT!"

A GRAND YARN OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

"Anything to liven things up?" asked Lovell hopefully.

"Yaas."

"Then go ahead, for goodness' sake!"

"Yes, pile in, Mornny!" said Jimmy Silver cordially.

"The chaps seem to be gettin' fed up," observed Mornnington. "That's the Head's game now—to tire us out—Isn't it?"

"Looks like it!" grunted Tommy Dodd.

"He won't succeed," said Jimmy Silver.

"Well, he might in the long run. War-weariness, you know," grinned Mornnington. "But I've got an idea! You remember old Scipio."

"Scipio!" said Jimmy, with a stare.

"Yes, that cheery old Roman merchant. His idea was to carry the war into Africa, when Hannibal was in Italy," explained Mornnington. "Hit the enemy where he lives, you know. Carryin' the war into Africa is the only way of gettin' things done."

"Well?"

"Well, carry the war into Africa, like merry old Scipio," said Mornnington. "If the Head won't attack us, let us attack him!"

"Oh!" exclaimed all the juniors together, in astonishment.

And there was a pause.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Carrying the War into Africa!

JIMMY SILVER & Co. looked at one another.

Mornnington's suggestion was startling enough, but the more Jimmy thought of it the better he liked it.

The reckless idea was quite in keeping with Valentine Mornnington's character.

Blindness had made no difference to Mornny in that respect.

"What do you say, Jimmy?" asked Kit Erroll.

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"It's a good scheme," he said. "Mornny's full of good ideas. We'll carry the war into Africa."

"Hear, hear!" said Conroy.

"All the fellows are at classes now," resumed Jimmy Silver. "We can make a surprise attack."

"Oh crumbs!"

"The Head will be taking the Sixth. We—"

"You're not thinking of handling the Head?" exclaimed Newcome.

Jimmy grinned.

"Not exactly; we haven't come to that. I'm thinking of screwing him up in the Sixth Form room, and screwing in the Fifth, and then ragging the place."

"Oh, good egg!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd.

"Oh, all right!" exclaimed Lovell. "If we come to close quarters with the Sixth, though—"

"Who's afraid of the Sixth?" demanded Tommy Dodd.

"If you think I am, you Modern worm—"

"Order!" rapped out Jimmy Silver. "No rags now! I want a dozen fellows to come with me—volunteers."

There was a buzz of excitement in the Fourth Form camp when the new "offensive" was made known.

Towny & Co. simply gasped at the idea, and certainly they had no intention of volunteering.

But the Nuts were not alone in that; a good many of the fellows shook their heads over such a hairbrained scheme.

But a dozen volunteers were found easily enough.

The Fistical Four and the Three Tommies and the three Colonials made ten. Towle and Flynn made up the dozen.

Kit Erroll would gladly have joined up, but Jimmy wanted him to remain in command of the camp.

Mornny would have jumped at the chance of an adventure, especially a risky one, but his blindness condemned him to inactivity.

Never had the dandy of Rookwood felt his misfortune so keenly as at that moment, though he said no word.

In a very short time the raiders were ready.

The whole garrison lined the parapet to watch them set out.

They crossed the trench by a plank to the outer parapet, and ran down the slope to the ground.

As they started towards the School House Sergeant Kettle came whisking round a corner of the building.

He rushed at the juniors at once.

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"Got you at last!" he grinned, as his heavy hand dropped on Jimmy Silver's shoulder. "You come with me to the 'Ead, Master Silver!"

"Sock in to him!" shouted Conroy.

There was a swarm upon the sergeant at once.

Mr. Kettle said that he had "got" Jimmy Silver. It looked rather as if Jimmy Silver had got him, for in three seconds the burly old soldier was on his back, and Jimmy Silver was sitting on his chest.

Sergeant Kettle gasped wildly.

"Lemme gerrup!" he spluttered. "I'm going to take you to the 'Ead! 'Ead's horders, blow you!"

Jimmy Silver did not reply.

He whipped a cord from his pocket and tied the sergeant's wrists together, Lovell and Raby holding them for the purpose.

"Up with him!" said Jimmy, getting off the sergeant's chest at last.

Mr. Kettle was whisked to his feet.

"What's the game?" asked Tommy Dodd.

"Take him into camp."

"Wha-a-at for?"

"Prisoner of war."

"Oh, good!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on, sergeant!"

"I ain't coming!" bellowed Sergeant Kettle wrathfully. "I'd give you prisoner of war, you young raskils, if I had my 'ands loose!"

"March!" grinned Lovell. "Anybody got a pin to stick in him?"

"Ha, ha!"

"Old on!" gasped Mr. Kettle. "I—I—I'll go!"

"You'd better!"

"Back up, old sidersides!"

With the grinning juniors grasping him on all sides, the captured sergeant was marched to the camp.

A loud cheer greeted his arrival there.

"Walk the plank, sergeant!" chortled Tommy Dodd.

"I won't!" howled Mr. Kettle.

"Pitch him into the trench, then!" commanded Jimmy Silver.

Mr. Kettle fairly jumped on to the plank. The trench was too deep for him to want to be dropped into it.

Erroll, laughing, drew him over the inner parapet and down into the camp, where he was surrounded at once by a cheering crowd.

"Take care of him!" called out Jimmy Silver. "Don't let him eat his head off in idleness, either. Prisoners of war have to work these days."

"He can do the camp chores!" grinned Conroy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Leave him to us!" grinned Oswald. "We'll make him work!"

"You young raskils!" bellowed the sergeant. "Oh, my 'at! Stop lungin' at my back, young Higgs! Oh, you young rapscaillons! Yow-ow!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. chortled as they left the camp again, much elated by their easy victory over the sergeant.

Ragging Mr. Kettle furnished a harmless and necessary amusement for the garrison while they were gone.

There was no doubt that the unfortunate sergeant would be made to work.

In a very cheery mood Jimmy Silver & Co. marched into the deserted quadrangle, and thence into the School House.

Tupper, the House-page, met them with a staring face.

"Cut off, Buttons," said Jimmy Silver, "and not a word about seeing us, or I'll cut off all your buttons and make you eat them!"

"My 'at!" grinned Tupper. "I won't say nothing, Master Silver!"

Tupper vanished below stairs.

"Come on!" said Jimmy.

And on tiptoe the raiders proceeded to the attack.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. The Offensive!

JIMMY SILVER stopped outside the door of the Sixth Form room.

There was a murmur of voices within. The Head of Rookwood was taking the top Form in Greek.

Certainly he had not the slightest suspicion that the rebels were on the warpath, and were "carrying" the war into Africa, like Scipio of old.

Jimmy produced a strong gimlet from his pocket.

Quietly, steadily, he drove it into the door at an angle towards the doorpost.

He had oiled it, and it penetrated swiftly and made no sound.

It was hard work as the gimlet was more and more deeply embedded in the tough wood.

But Jimmy's fingers and wrists were strong, and he drove it on almost without a pause.

In a few minutes the gimlet was driven in up to the handle.

The opening of that door was likely to be an exceedingly difficult task, for when the gimlet was driven in to its full length Jimmy twisted off the handle with a pair of pliers.

How the gimlet was to be extracted now was a problem he left to others to solve.

He had done his "bit."

He left the spot on tiptoe and joined his comrades in the passage.

Lovell came in from the quad, grinning.

"Well?" whispered Jimmy.

"It was jolly hard work!" said Lovell.

"It's done."

"Good!"

The Sixth Form room had a door opening on to the quadrangle.

Lovell had gimletted that door while Jimmy was engaged with the door on the corridor. Conroy and Raby came back grinning; they also had been at work.

All the gimlets in the juniors' tool-chests had been commandeered for the work.

There was a door at each end of the Fifth Form room.

Conroy and Raby had accounted for them. The two senior Forms of Rookwood were prisoners now.

They would discover it when they tried to leave their quarters.

"What about the Shell?" grinned Van Ryn. Jimmy considered.

"Got any more gimlets?" he asked.

"Here's one."

"And here's another!"

"Some more up in the studies, Jimmy."

"Good!" said Jimmy Silver. "Screw in the Shell, too! May as well make a good job of it."

In ten minutes the Shell were fastened in. The raiders chuckled over their success.

Hitherto all had been plane sailing; the raid had gone without a hitch.

As Lovell remarked, the Head was not in the same street with them when it came to generalship!

"Where next, O king?" asked Pons.

"Look for Lattrey!"

"Oh, good!"

"Most likely in the Form-room," said Lovell.

The raiders looked into the Form-room.

Lattrey and Tubby Muffin, the only two members of the Fourth who were not in rebellion, were there.

Mr. Bootles, the Form-master, was not bothering himself to take a Form of two members.

He had set Lattrey and Muffin tasks, and retired to his study.

Tubby Muffin stared and grinned at the sight of the raiders.

He was devoting more attention to a chunk of toffee than to his work.

Mark Lattrey started to his feet in alarm. The cad of Rookwood had a gloomy look.

The rebellion of the Fourth was entirely on his account.

Although he knew that his father had some strong influence over the Head, Lattrey did not feel at all certain how the matter might turn out, and he was apprehensive.

His apprehension became very keen at the sight of Jimmy Silver & Co.

The rebels were swarming into the room, grinning.

Lattrey clenched his hands.

"So here you are, you worm!" said Lovell. "I'll yell for the Head if you lay a finger on me!" snarled Lattrey.

"Yell away, dear boy—the Head can't come!"

"Collar him!" said Jimmy Silver. "Lattrey's going to leave Rookwood. We've kicked him out once, and he's come back. This time we'll tar and feather him before we kick him out."

"Hear, hear!"

Lattrey made a wild rush to the door.

The grinning juniors collared him on all sides.

But fear lent the cad of the Fourth an unaccustomed energy. He wrenched himself free, and bolted out of the doorway like a deer.

"My hat! Collar him, you duffers!"

"After him!"
Like a pack of hounds after a fox the rebels rushed in hot pursuit of the fleeing outcast of Rookwood.

Lattrey fled for the Sixth Form-room to obtain the protection of the Head.

He reached it, and tore at the door; but the door did not open.

The rebels were whooping behind, and the outcast darted away in search of another refuge.

He dodged in the passages, and gained the Head's study, breathless and panting. Jimmy Silver's outstretched hand was close behind him when Lattrey bolted headlong into that sacred apartment, and slammed the door after him.

Click!
The key turned in the lock as Jimmy's hand grasped at the door.

Jimmy hurled himself on the door, but it did not open.

Inside he could hear Lattrey's thick panting.

"Locked in!" growled Jimmy, in disgust.

"Blow him!"

"Open this door, Lattrey, you cad!" roared Lovell. "We're going to tar and feather you! Open the door, you worm!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lattrey was really not likely to accept that invitation under the circumstances.

The door remained locked. "Never mind! We'll screw him in!" grinned Conroy.

"Good egg!"

A gimlet was produced, and driven in through the door and the post.

Jimmy Silver wrenched off the handle.

"Lattrey won't find it so easy to get out as to get in!" he remarked.

There was a sound of angry knocking from the Sixth Form room.

Jimmy Silver & Co. proceeded cheerfully in that direction.

The voice of Dr. Chisholm was heard within:

"Someone is holding the door outside, I think, Bulkeley."

"It seems to be fastened, sir."

"The key is inside, Bulkeley."

"Yes, sir; but—"

Knock, knock!

"Who is there?" came the angry tones of the Head. "Release this door at once! How dare you play such a trick!"

"Hallo, sir!" sang out Jimmy Silver.

"Silver!" exclaimed the Head.

"Yes, sir! We've screwed you in!"

"What!"

"I'm afraid you'll find it rather difficult to get out, sir. Sorry!"

"You shall be expelled from Rookwood for this, Silver!" said the Head, in a grinding voice.

"You've told me that before, sir!" answered Jimmy Silver. "Are you going to expel me twice over?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you—" On the other side of the door the Head was spluttering with wrath.

"You— Bless my soul! Bulkeley, what are you laughing at?"

"I—I wasn't laughing, sir!"

"You were smiling, Bulkeley!"

"W-w-w-was I, sir?"

"You were!" thundered the Head. "This is not a laughing matter, Bulkeley! The insolence of this insubordinate junior is not a matter for merriment—not in the least!"

"Your mistake, sir!" struck in Jimmy Silver.

"Silver! You—you insolent young ruffian!"

"Bow-wow!"

"Bless my soul!" murmured the Head, quite dazed.

"If you want us to let you out, sir, you've only got to make terms. We're open for peace by negotiation."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you agree to sack Lattrey, sir—"

"Silence!" thundered the Head.

"Oh, all serene! Ta-ta!"

No Rookwooder had ever said "Ta-ta!" to the Head before.

Dr. Chisholm wondered whether he was dreaming. He rapped angrily at the door, but there was no further reply.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were gone.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
The Victors.

"HERE they come!"

"Hurrah!"

The garrison lined the parapet of the rebel camp to greet the raiders on their return.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Besides, we want a waiter," said Conroy. "I vote that we make the sergeant serve the dinner."

"Hear, hear!"

"You young raskil!" roared Mr. Kettle wrathfully.

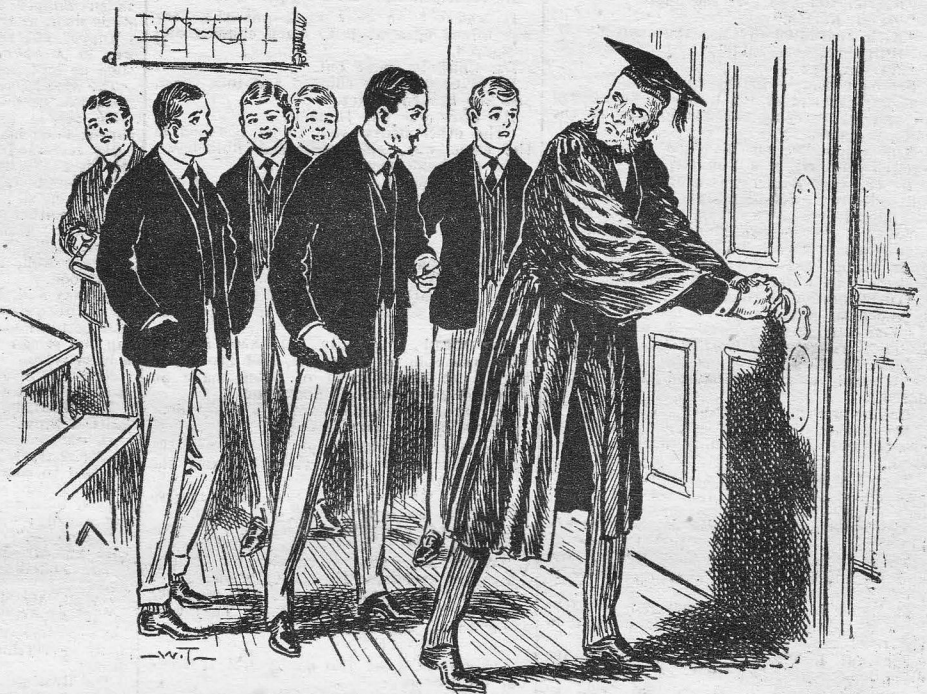
Jimmy Silver held up a warning finger. "Discipline, Mr. Kettle!" he said sternly.

"Better language, please! You're a prisoner of war, and prisoners of war have to earn their bread in these hard times. You are hereby appointed waiter to the camp."

"I—I—I—" spluttered the sergeant.

"Are you going to obey orders?"

"No!" roared Mr. Kettle. "I ain't!"



The Head grasped the handle of the Form-room door and gave it a tug. But it remained fastened: "It must be screwed, sir!" said Bulkeley. "Screwed, screwed?" repeated the Head. "The door must be opened somehow, Bulkeley!" (See Chapter 5.)

Jimmy Silver & Co. marched back to their base unmolested. And they did not come empty-handed.

They were, in fact, heavily laden. They bore dishes laden with joints and vegetables, cooked and steaming hot.

Dinner was prepared in the School House by the time the raid was over; but that dinner was destined never to be eaten in the House.

The raid had ended in the kitchen, where the staff had found themselves quite helpless to deal with the raiders.

The grinning raiders crossed the plank over the trench, and bore their plunder into the camp, where it was greeted with great satisfaction.

This was an improvement upon a diet of potatoes and tinned meat.

"My hat!" exclaimed Erroll. "You've raided the larder!"

"Hurrah!"

Jimmy Silver chuckled.

"Everything nearly that was being got for dinner," he answered. "Cookey was rather waxy; but we persuaded her to let us take the lot."

"How did you persuade her?" asked Erroll.

"Well, she was afraid we would pour the gravy on her head."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, my eye!" murmured Sergeant Kettle.

"What goesings hon! Oh, my eye!"

"Hallo, sergeant! Would you like a cut from the joint?" smiled Jimmy Silver.

"I'd like to get out of this 'ere!" growled the sergeant.

"Can't be did! Prisoners are not to be released till the end of the war."

"Discipline will be enforced," said Jimmy Silver sternly. "I'm surprised at you, sergeant—an old soldier, and a non-commissioned officer, refusing to obey orders. This requires Field Punishment No. 1."

"You—you—"

"Collar the sergeant!"

"'Ands off!" roared the sergeant belligerently. "I'll 'it out, and so I warn yer!"

But the sergeant was overwhelmed.

Hands grasped him on all sides, and the indignant old military gentleman was soon reduced to order.

"Bump him!" commanded Jimmy.

"You bet!"

"Oh! I—I— Yaroooh!" roared Mr. Kettle, as he smote the ground. "'Ands off, you young raskils! Oh crumbs!"

"Are you going to obey orders?"

"No!" gasped Mr. Kettle.

Bump!

"Yaroooh! I—I— Yes!" stammered the sergeant at last. "Ow! I'll do anything you like, you young raskils! Yow!"

"Good! Release the prisoner," said Jimmy Silver.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The sergeant staggered to his feet. He was feeling ruffled and furious, but he did not argue any further.

He certainly had a strong conscientious objection to serving as a waiter in the rebel camp, but Field Punishment No. 1 was too much for him.

Dinner—a dinner of unaccustomed plenty—was spread in the open air in the sunshine, and Sergeant Kettle had to attend to his new duties.

THE POPULAR.—No. 163.

A GRAND YARN OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS.
By OWEN CONQUEST.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"FLOODED OUT!"

The first objection was met with a merciless application of field-punishment, and the military gentleman raised no further objections.

He had too many aches as it was. He was kept very busy. It was quite useful to have a prisoner of war as a waiter, and it was highly entertaining to watch the sergeant's face as he did the waiting.

"Pepper, sergeant!"
 "Bring me a clean plate, Kettle!"
 "Hurry up, old sobersides!"
 "Keep your thumb out of the gravy, Kettle!"
 "Throw something at that fool of a waiter and wake him up!"
 "Kettle, you ass, give me another cut!"
 "Plates, Kettle!"
 "Kick that fool Kettle, somebody!"
 "Hurry up, sergeant!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

Sergeant Kettle hardly knew whether he was on his head or his heels, as he hurried to and fro carrying out the bidding of the hungry diners.

The expression on his face would have excited the envy of a Von Tirpitz.

By the time dinner was over, the sergeant was feeling considerably fatigued and bewildered.

"Well done, sergeant!" said Jimmy Silver approvingly. "Keep on, and learn to keep your thumb out of the gravy, and you'll make a good waiter in the long run."
 "Oh!" murmured the sergeant. "This 'ere is a dream. Oh!"

"You can have a peck at what's left, Kettle. After you've washed up, of course."
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Washed hup!" murmured Mr. Kettle dazedly.

But he was past resistance. He gathered up the huge quantity of crocks, and they were duly washed in the shed.

Then the sergeant was allowed to have his own dinner; it was felt that he had earned it.

The sergeant looked quite dazed as he ate his dinner.

These "goings-on" quite flabbergasted him, and he felt that it was time for the skies to fall.

It was evident that he was not going to have a happy time as prisoner of war in the rebel camp.

Sergeant Kettle was a great stickler for discipline—applied to others, of course.

Applied to himself, it did not seem to possess such eminent advantages. But he was in for it—and he was booked for stern discipline so long as the rebellion at Rookwood lasted.

And the sergeant wondered dazedly how long that would be.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
A Peck of Troubles.

MUST be screwed outside, sir!" It was Bulkeley who spoke. Morning lessons were not quite at an end, or would not have been under other circumstances.

But the discovery that the door was fastened outside had quite taken the Head's thoughts off lessons.

Dr. Chisholm's face was a study. In the presence of the Sixth he could not give expression to the wrath that flamed in his breast.

He had his dignity to consider. But it was difficult to exercise self-restraint at such a time.

It had seemed to Dr. Chisholm that there was only one way of dealing with the rebels. He had tried every other way and failed, and he had resolved, though with bitter anger, to leave the Fourth Form to tire of their peculiar adventure.

It had certainly not occurred to him that the schoolboy mutineers would dream of passing from the defensive to the offensive.

But they had done it! His feelings were almost too deep for words, and even words had to be restrained in the presence of the Form.

"Screwed!" he repeated. "Screwed outside! This is—is incredible! The—the door must be opened somehow, Bulkeley."
 "I'll try again, sir!"

Bulkeley and Neville grasped the door-handle together, and tugged. But naturally they could not move it.

THE POPULAR.—No. 163.

They gave it up at last, panting a little. Knowles and Carthew were tugging at the door, but with the same result.

The Sixth were looking very serious, though some of them were inclined to grin.

The terrific "check" of the juniors tickled some of the seniors.

There was a long pause. The Head was utterly at a loss. The previous situation had been difficult to deal with. The present situation was worse.

"I could climb out of the window, sir," said Bulkeley at last. "I can get tools outside, and open the door somehow."

"Pray do, Bulkeley!" gasped the Head. Bulkeley went in search of tools.

He returned, and started work on the door. It was not an easy task, but the door was forced open at last, much chipped and disfigured.

Dr. Chisholm came out. He glanced at the chipped and torn wood, and the broken gimlet.

His brow was like thunder. "The other doors seem to be fastened in the same way, sir," remarked Bulkeley.

Dr. Chisholm breathed very hard. "Open them, if you can, Bulkeley. I will send for a carpenter to make good the damage."

"Yes, sir." Bulkeley set to work, and the Head, in a state of considerable agitation, rushed away to his study.

He was rather anxious not to meet the eyes of the school just then, if it could be avoided.

The Head was fully conscious of the ridiculous side of the affair, and his cheeks burned at the thought of being made an object of ridicule to all Rookwood.

He turned the handle of his study door savagely, but it did not open.

His eyes fairly blazed as he discerned the gimlet driven in up to the hilt, with the handle gone.

"Is—is that you, sir?" came a quivering voice from inside the study.

"Lattrey!" exclaimed the Head. "Ye-es, sir!"

"What are you doing in my study, Lattrey?" exclaimed Dr. Chisholm angrily.

"They—they were after me, sir," mumbled Lattrey. "I—I locked myself in. They were going to tar and feather me, sir!"

"Bless my soul!" Lattrey unlocked the door. But it could not be opened.

The Head stood nonplussed. The situation was almost too much for him. He rustled down the passage, and called to a fag of the Third.

"Fetch the sergeant here!"
 "Yes, sir," said Algy Silver.

The Head's expression was not amiable; he did not feel kindly towards any member of the Silver family at that moment.

Algy grinned as soon as he was out of sight of the Head.

Although he did not pull with his Cousin Jimmy, he was quite at one with Jimmy Silver in the rebellion, and he would gladly have taken his stand with the rebels in the camp, if the Fourth had admitted fag recruits.

He strolled away to the school shop, but the sergeant was not there.

Then he looked in the direction of the rebel camp.

Jimmy Silver hailed him over the trench. "Hallo, Algy!"

Algy came up, grinning. "Seen anything of the sergeant?" he asked.

"His nibs wants him."
 "Ha, ha! He's here!"
 "Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Algy.

"Show yourself, sergeant!" called out Jimmy Silver.

The sergeant had finished washing up, and two or three juniors rushed him to the parapet and hoisted him up.

He turned a purple face to the grinning fag across the trench.

"You can tell the Head he's here," said Jimmy Silver. "Tell him Kettle is a prisoner of war, and we've made him camp waiter."

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Algy. He scuttled back to the School House, chortling.

But his face was quite grave when he came up to the Head, who was waiting impatiently in the corridor.

"Well," said Dr. Chisholm, frowning, "have you told the sergeant?"
 "He can't come, sir."

"What?"
 "He's a prisoner, sir," said Algy demurely. "They've taken him prisoner, and made him camp waiter, sir."

The Head breathed hard. "Do you mean to say, boy, that Sergeant Kettle is detained by—the Fourth Form?"

"Yes, sir; they've made him waiter."
 "Enough! You may go!"

Algy Silver went, and in a few minutes he had told the story to all the Third.

The discovery that the school sergeant had become general waiter in the rebel camp tickled those young gentlemen immensely.

Dr. Chisholm could hear yells of laughter in the distance, and he did not need telling the cause.

He strode away, after some thought, and called Tupper to the task of forcing the study door, as the sergeant was not available.

Tupper got the door open at last, and it was in a somewhat battered state by the time he had finished.

The Head affected not to notice that the page was grinning as he went away.

He strode into the study, and Lattrey shrank from his frowning look.

He retreated towards the door, with the Head's angry eye upon him.

"Lattrey!" rapped out the Head. "Ye-es, sir!"

"On another occasion, kindly do not enter my study. I shall punish you most severely if you do!"

"Very well, sir," faltered the outcast of Rookwood.

"I may add, Lattrey, that your father will be at Rookwood this evening, and that you had better make your preparations for leaving the school with him," said the Head in a hard voice.

Lattrey's eyes glittered, but he left the study without making a reply.

The Head, left alone, paced the room with knitted brow.

It was several days since he had written to Mr. Lattrey, but that gentleman had not deigned to come to Rookwood yet.

The Head's grim reflections were interrupted by a tap at the door, and he rapped out angrily:

"Come in!"
 It was Mr. Bootles who entered.

The Fourth Form master had a worried look.

"Well, Mr. Bootles?"
 "It appears, sir, that the—the juniors have—ahem!—raided the kitchen, and taken away everything that was prepared for dinner."

The Head sank into a chair. "Is—is—is it possible?" he said feebly.

"Apparently, yes, sir."
 "Bless my soul!"

"Mrs. Maloney is in a difficulty, sir, and the cook appears to be somewhat excited, and—and—"

"Really, Mr. Bootles! Bless my soul! The boys must be satisfied with bread and cheese for once. Tell Mrs. Maloney to do the best she can. Bless my soul! Tell her and—the cook that I regret exceedingly— This —this is unexampled! However, it cannot be helped. Pray do not consult me further in the matter, Mr. Bootles."

Mr. Bootles left the study.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
Algy's Warning.

MR. LATTREY!" Dr. Chisholm rose, with a harassed look, to greet his visitor, as Mr. Lattrey was shown into the room.

Lucas Lattrey looked at him curiously. The signs of worry in the Head's usually calm face could not escape the keen eyes of the inquiry agent.

"I am glad you have come," said the Head in a low voice. "Kindly take a chair. I—I expected you before."

"I have been unable to come before, as I am a very busy man," answered Mr. Lattrey calmly. "Neither do I quite understand why you wish to see me again so soon. However, I am at your service."

"I—I wish—"

"One word, sir! I met my son as I came in, and he informed me that you had bidden him prepare to leave the school with me. Does that mean that you intend to break our agreement?"

"It means that I think of making a final appeal to you to take your son away from Rookwood, in spite of the treacherous power you have over me," said the Head.

"That matter is settled and closed."
 "Circumstances have changed since you were last here, Mr. Lattrey. The Form to which your son belongs is in revolt."

Mr. Lattrey raised his eyebrows.
 "That is extraordinary news," he said.
 "They refuse to submit to order until your son is sent away from Rookwood. Apart from the question of discipline, I cannot blame them; they do not wish to associate with a young ruffian. They know nothing of the fact that you have used your knowledge of a family secret to force me to keep the boy here," added the Head bitterly. "There is a barring-out in the school, sir, and entirely upon your son's account."

"That is your business, sir, and not mine," said Mr. Lattrey, unmoved. "I should say that it is a headmaster's duty to maintain discipline."

"This is not an ordinary case. The whole Form are in revolt, and they have entrenched themselves upon the school allotments, and refuse to submit. Force has been used unavailingly. The school, sir, is in a state that I had never before dreamed to be possible. I make a final appeal to you, sir, to take your son away from Rookwood."

"That is quite impossible," said Mr. Lattrey coldly. "I do not intend to have my son turned out of school in disgrace on account of a set of unruly boys. If they will not submit to law and order, coercion is necessary."

"Coercion has been tried, and has failed."

Mr. Lattrey nodded.
 "The rebellion should be put down," he said. "In the hands of a practical man—like myself, for instance—it would not be a difficult task."

"You are very welcome to try!" snapped the Head.

"I am quite ready to try," said Mr. Lattrey. "If you place the matter in my hands, I will remain here this night and deal with them in the morning. I have not the slightest doubt that I shall be successful."

Dr. Chisholm's eyes glistened.
 But it was borne in upon his mind, nevertheless, that the hard, cold man of practical affairs was perhaps right.

He was more fitted to deal with such an extraordinary situation than the scholarly Head of Rookwood.

"There was a pause. The Head spoke at last.

"I accept your offer, Mr. Lattrey."
 "I am quite at your service, sir."

When the moon rose over Rookwood Mr. Lattrey sauntered round to the allotments to look at the position.

He returned to the School House with a thoughtful shade on his brow.

Dr. Chisholm met him in the doorway.
 "Well?" he said.

Mr. Lattrey smiled slightly.

"To-morrow morning, sir, I will take the matter in hand, and I undertake to place the camp in your hands in a few hours."

He went with the Head to his study, and a minute later Algy Silver came out of the window reeling, grinning.

Algy slipped out of the house and scuttled away to the allotments.

"Jimmy!" he called over the trench.
 Jimmy Silver's head appeared above the parapet.

"Hallo! Is that you, Algy?"

"You bet! I say, Jimmy, old Lattrey's down here now!"

"Has he come to take Lattrey away?"

"No jolly fear!" answered Algy, with a chuckle. "I just heard him speak to the Head. He's going to take you in hand!"

"My hat!"

"He's undertaken to bounce you out of that show in a few hours to-morrow morning. I heard him say so. I came to give you the tip. He looks a regular cunning old fox. Keep your eyes peeled."

Algy vanished into the shadows.
 "My only hat!" said Jimmy Silver.

Algy's warning had caused some excitement in the school camp.

And all the entrenched rebels looked forward with keen anticipation, and perhaps a little uneasiness, to the morrow.

THE END.

(Next week's grand story is entitled "Flooded Out!" by Owen Conquest. You must order your copy in advance! There will be another Grand Engine Plate, remember!)

NEXT FRIDAY!

"FLOODED OUT!"

TO SAVE THE SCHOOL!

(Continued from page 5.)

There was no time for words.

There was mounting in hot haste in Cedar Creek. In five minutes a dozen men were in the saddle, with rifles on their backs, riding like the wind for the lumber school, with the rancher at their head.

Frank Richards and Bob Lawless, breathless but determined, were riding after them. The canoe, forgotten, was left on the creek. Fast and faster they rode over rough prairie trail and under the boughs of the forest trees, silent save for the panting of the horses and the ceaseless clatter of the hoofs.

Fast and faster, till they came in sight of the lumber school, standing black against the sky reddened by the setting sun, with set faces and beating hearts. Had they arrived in time?

There was deathly stillness in the log schoolhouse. After the two boys had gone all had listened with tense hearts. But there had been no cry. They could only hope that the chums had got clear. And soon they heard the grizzly snuffing round the log walls again. The brute was hungry and savage.

"The boys are safe!" said Mr. Slimmey at last. "They are quite safe, Miss Meadows!"

The schoolmistress nodded. She could not speak.

In deathly silence the school waited.

The silence was suddenly broken. Hoof-beats came muffled from the distance—louder, clearer, the beat of many galloping hoofs upon the earth.

Then came a sudden, deafening burst of rifle-fire.

Crack-ack-ack-ack-ack!

It rang and echoed and re-echoed, and there was a general intake of breath as the welcome sound was heard. Help had come at last.

It seemed as if pandemonium followed that sudden burst of firing. Growling, snarling, yelling, and savage howlings that woke every echo of the woods—the sounds of the fury of the great, savage animal surrounded by the hunters. Crack on crack from the rifles, till the howlings died down, and then silence once more, broken by a loud cheer.

A heavy knock sounded at the door.
 "All safe now!" It was Mr. Lawless' voice. "You can open the door."

Miss Meadows removed the bars, her face white, but still calm. The door swung open, and the red sunset streamed into the log schoolhouse.

"The boys?" panted Miss Meadows.

"All serene, ma'am!" sang out Bob Lawless' cheery voice.

And Frank Richards' voice echoed:
 "All right, Miss Meadows!"

"Thank Heaven!"

The whole school crowded out, to gather in awe round the body of the grizzly, riddled with bullets, but terrible in death.

Frank Richards and Bob Lawless were the heroes of the hour. Mr. Slimmey congratulated them, Miss Meadows thanked them in sweet, quiet tones, and boys and girls gathered round them, till the fuss that was made of them made them glad to mount again and ride home to the ranch in the sunset with Mr. Lawless.

THE END.

(There will be another great story of Frank Richards & Co. in next Friday's POPULAR. It is entitled "The Remittance Man's Son!"

All about the Famous Engine which forms the subject of Our Free Plate.

SCOTLAND'S
 "TRUE LINE" AND
 ITS BIG ENGINES.

By A RAILWAY EXPERT.

THE Caledonian Railway is regarded far more favourably "over the Border" than is any line south of the Tweed. Its fine Central Station at Glasgow is as big as most of the London termini, and also is equal to many of them in the number of trains dealt with in twice around the clock. Punctuality is now a feature of the Caledonian Railway's train services. It has taken to itself the attractive appellation of the "True Line"—"True to Time" is the alliterative explanation.

For modern trains to run to time powerful locomotives are absolutely necessary. To the Caledonian Railway belongs the kudos of introducing the modern powerful engine.

On its main line from Carlisle (where it takes over from the L. & N.W.R. the West Coast Anglo-Scottish expresses) to Edinburgh and Glasgow there has to be climbed the severe and long Beattock bank. This is almost ten miles long, mostly at 1 in 75. When the race to Aberdeen was on—near the end of the nineteenth century—the Caledonian Railway found the formidable Beattock bank a severe tax on their engines, and although the West Coast came out top in the race, it was decided that more powerful engines were necessary.

As a result some twenty-five years ago the Caledonian Railway built the "Dunalastairs" with 1,490 square feet of heating surface, when 1,100 or 1,200 square feet was considered big. These engines set the fashion for big locomotives, and other railways at once followed suit, and exceeded the "Dunalastairs" in the dimensions of their engines.

The Caledonian Railway, however, would not take second place, and soon brought out more powerful locomotives than those other lines. This competition in locomotive building was all to the good, as in a few years most of the railways were equipped with powerful engines.

By 1912 the Caledonian Railway had express passenger engines with 2,330 square feet of superheating surface.

By superheating the steam the pressure was reduced from 200lb. per square inch to 175lb.

Since the end of the war the Caledonian Railway has advanced still further in the matter of big, powerful engines, the latest design being illustrated in the coloured plate presented with this issue. No. 1956 is of the 4-6-0 type of express locomotives, and has three cylinders each 18½in. diameter by 26in. stroke. In this engine the total heating surface has increased to 2,640 square feet, whilst the weight of the engine is 81 tons.

In pre-war days the trains between London and Aberdeen ran the 150½ miles between Carlisle and Perth without a stop, and immense tenders to carry a huge supply of coal and water are necessary.

The tender of No. 1956 takes 4,500 gallons of water full, which also holds 5½ tons of coal, the total weight, loaded, being 48 tons—with the engine, the scale is turned at 129 tons.

Although speed is not yet back to the high level of the pre-war days, the Caledonian Railway is making efforts to regain its former position. It used to be second in the list of fastest runs—Forfar to Perth (32½ miles) in 32 minutes start to stop, this speed being only 0.6 miles an hour less than the fastest. At the present time only 34 minutes, or 57.4 miles an hour, are required for this run. As a matter of fact, the time had been extended to 34 minutes prior to the war.

The longest non-stop run on the Caledonian Railway at present is 102 miles (from Carlisle to Glasgow) in 2 hours 20 minutes, or at a speed of 43.8 miles an hour. This journey includes the climb of the Beattock bank, and the trains—the West Coast London-Scottish expresses—are usually exceptionally heavy.

THE POPULAR.—No. 163.

A GRAND YARN OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS.
 BY OWEN CONQUEST.

JUST A GAME—BUT WITH MONEY PRIZES FOR SKILL!

It was the Editor's intention to present this jigsaw puzzle to readers solely for their amusement. However, he asked the artist to make a number of mistakes in the picture, and that has been done. So, to see how observant and skilful are readers of this paper, the Editor offers a Prize of FIVE POUNDS for the correct—or nearest correct—number of mistakes which appear in this, the two succeeding pictures, and in the first of the series, which appeared in the issue dated February 25th. There will also be awarded TEN PRIZES OF TEN SHILLINGS EACH to the next nearest solutions.

Paste the sketch on a piece of cardboard, let it dry, carefully cut out the pieces, and fit them together to make a picture of an incident in Harry Wharton's study. Then look at it, and see how many mistakes you can discover in the picture. Sign the coupon at the bottom of the page, attach it to your solution, and KEEP THE SOLUTION by you until you have instructions where and when to send it.

There will be two more pictures, remember. Points will be awarded, and the prizes go to the readers who earn the most points. Thus, if you find 24 mistakes in the first picture, you will get 24 points for the list. This picture might show you only 15 mistakes, so you score 39 points, and so on.

SOLVE THE JIGSAW PUZZLE, AND FIND OUT ALL THE MISTAKES!

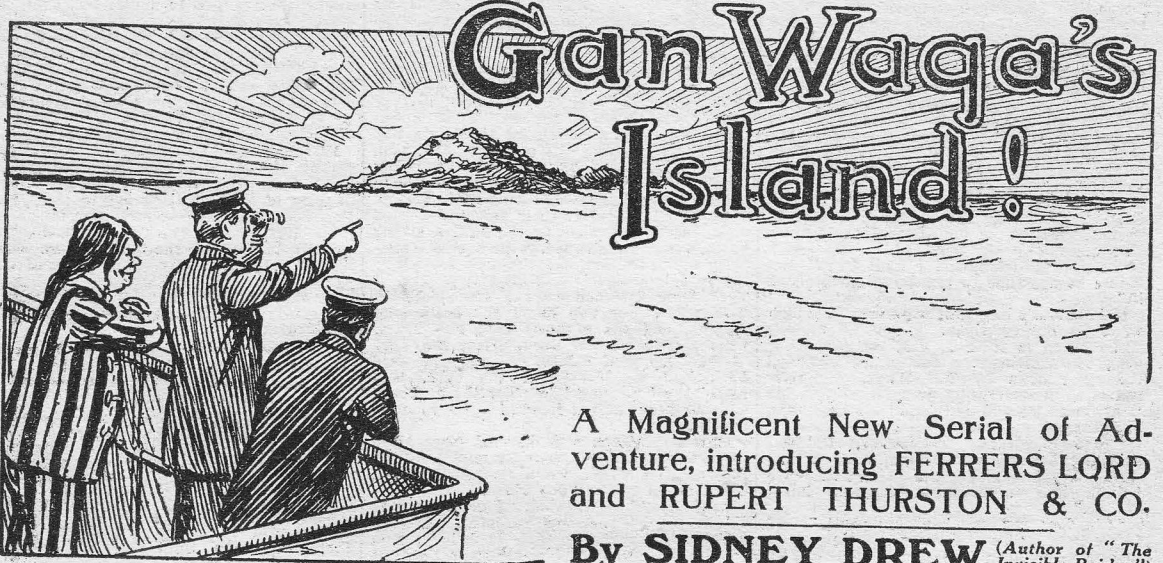


(Fill in this Form before sending in.)

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A POWERFUL SERIAL OF THE MOST FAMOUS ADVENTURERS IN THE WORLD!



A Magnificent New Serial of Adventure, introducing FERRERS LORD and RUPERT THURSTON & CO.

By SIDNEY DREW (Author of "The Invisible Raider.")

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

FERRERS LORD, having cleared up the mystery of the great German treasure trove, decides to make tracks south for an island he has bought from the Portuguese Government. The island is named Desolatia, and the millionaire adventurer puts it up for sale between his friends, PRINCE CHING LUNG, RUPERT THURSTON, HAL HONOUR (his engineer), and GAN WAGA, a fat Eskimo attached to the crew of the Lord of the Deep.

The money from the four friends is given to Rupert Thurston's little hospital, and they agree to play "Put and Take" for the ownership of Desolatia. After once tying with Ching Lung, Gan Waga has the great luck to win the island.

On the way south, the yacht is overtaken by a terrific storm. They are swept far out of their course and the yacht runs foul of a gigantic iceberg in the intense darkness. The ship crashes through the side of the hollow berg and the entrance freezes up, imprisoning them. Ferrers Lord and Honour are out investigating the crystal cavern when a shout from the yacht causes them to look round, and they see a great curtain of weed bearing down on them.

(Now read on.)

A Way Out!

BARRY O'ROONEY'S warning had come too late, for there was no time to turn the boat or to back away out of danger. The curtain of weed had begun to shake from top to bottom, as if blown by a whirlwind. The yacht's searchlight was shining on it. Near the top it bulged and sagged, and a great, slanting gap appeared in it, showing the blue-white gleam of ice beyond. Hal Honour and the millionaire dived headlong overboard into the chill, weed-choked water. At the same moment Gan Waga dived from the yacht. Terrified eyes watched the tearing curtain and the two swimming men who were trying to fight their way through the entangling weed. Prout was on the bridge. He sent a message below, and grasped the wheel with his bandaged hand.

To their horror, they saw the engineer throw up his arms and sink. Swimming like a seal, the Eskimo passed Ferrers Lord. The millionaire shrieked to him to go back. Perhaps Gan Waga did not hear, but if he did he disobeyed the millionaire for the first time in his life. He dived and vanished.

The tear had widened. Ferrers Lord had swum clear. Suddenly he realised that the engineer was not with him. Frenzied voices shrieked to him to come on, and O'Rooney was swinging a coil of rope round his head ready to throw it. With a splitting sound like the tearing of thousands of sheets of calico, the curtain ripped across, the whole mass fell, and a great wave of displaced water came boiling and hissing down the cavern.

Prout's hands were sore and stiff, but his eyes were clear and his nerves were steady. Had the wave caught him unprepared, the yacht might have been swept against one of those iron-hard walls of ice. But he was ready. He met the shock bow-on. On the crest of the surge three human figures showed momentarily as they were swept past into the gloom astern. While the yacht still pitched, and the echoes flung back the seeth and roar of water, they hurried to lower the last boat.

The searchlight was already sweeping aft, but the funnel was in the way. The operator tilted the reflector, and as the blinding rays struck the icy roof at a slant they were reflected outwards and downwards, turning the frozen cavern into a fairyland of spark-

ling beauty. Every point of ice shimmered and sparkled, and the water gushing over the ice-peak fell like twin streams of molten silver, and the oars dripped silver and pearls each time they rose.

A cheer came from the deck as Rupert Thurston stooped and grasped the collar of one of the swimming men. It was the millionaire. Strong hands dragged Ferrers Lord aboard. His teeth were chattering. The argent lake showed nothing else human—nothing but the floating weed, twisting and swaying like brown-green snakes.

"They went past me just before some of the weed got knotted round my ankles and dragged me under," said the millionaire, catching his breath. "I think Gan Waga was holding Honour. I trust so, for Honour generally goes about heavily weighted, and he may have been unable to empty his pockets. Do you see them?"

No one answered. It was true that the engineer's bulky pockets were always heavily lined. It was his habit to carry quite a collection of useful tools with him.

He was a strong swimmer, but the fierce chill of the water might have numbed him, or the merciless weed might have wrapped itself round his legs and arms in bonds that even his enormous strength could not burst apart. But where was Gan Waga, the human seal? The Eskimo was proof against cold that would have frozen an ordinary man stiff. As a swimmer, Gan was peerless, and no weed could hold him down for long, unless it had closed round his throat and strangled him.

A black, shining head bobbed up, an arm waved, and then the head vanished, and they saw a gleam of naked feet, as the Eskimo dived again. Before the prince's outstretched arm could restrain him, Ferrers Lord was overboard again. He fought his way down. O'Rooney seized the electric torch and thrust it under water. Its streaming rays revealed struggling forms, human, but strangely distorted, grotesque, and shadowy—ghosts of men who seemed to be battling with the ghosts of huge water-snakes.

"A rope there—a rope!" cried Ching Lung. Gripping the rope, he dived straight down. It was like plunging into a bath of chipped ice. His wide-open eyes came within a few inches of a human face, and a feeble hand caught at his shoulder. The prince found

the arm to which the hand belonged, knotted the rope round it, and tugged to the eager men above. A dark object slid over him, moving upwards, and, kicking aside the weed, the prince made for the surface with bursting lungs. Beside him was Gan Waga, a gleaming knife between his teeth. They were lifting Hal Honour into the boat. Gan Waga shut the knife, and blew like a tired grampus, the breath coming from his pursed lips like puffs of steam.

"I hopes poor old Hal not deaded, Chingy!" he said, between the puffs. "I losted my knives, Chingy, and it a longness times before I got Hal's out of his pockets. He gotted alls wrapped in that awfulest brown stuffs. Dears, dears! I couldn't stick down no longness, but had to come up fo' some breff. A rottenness times, Chingy!"

Ferrers Lord was clinging to the side of the boat. He gave the Eskimo a slight nod.

"Not badly done, Gan Waga!" he said. "Get in quickly, and pull your best. A man needs to be a Polar bear to stand the temperature of this water!"

The engineer was limp and unconscious when he was lifted on deck and carried below. And the first thing the extraordinary Eskimo did was to produce from some mysterious waterproof hiding-place a perfectly dry cigar and an equally dry box of matches. He bit off the end of the cigar, and swallowed a mouthful of smoke.

"That better, Ben!" he remarked to the bos'un, as the smoke trickled out of his nostrils. "It warm my insides butterful! How yo' getting on, hunk, old, deary?"

Instead of scowling, or saying something rude, for the Eskimo and the bos'un were usually at daggers drawn, Mr. Benjamin Maddox extended a big red hand.

"Souise me, blubber-biter, to look at you is enough to give me pains all over," he growled, "and you make life a misery for every decent soul aboard this boat, but you aren't such a dead wrong 'un as that thing you call a face marks you down to be! If our dear messmate goes under, I reckon you done your best to save him. I'll forgive a lot for what you just done, blubber-biter, so get hold of that fin, my lad, and shake it! Grip it, you snub-nosed weevil, you!"

There were anxious moments down in the engineer's cabin. Luckily Honour was a man

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of abnormal strength and vitality. Brandy was forced between his teeth, and Rupert Thurston and Ching Lung massaged his half-frozen limbs, and then wrapped him in warm blankets. Ferrers Lord bent over him, and saw life coming slowly back.

"I'll get you a draught that will keep him quiet for an hour or two," he said. "Don't hint what it is, but make him take it, Ching, for the moment he's fully conscious he'll want to get up and do something to help us out of this corner. You can camouflage the stuff with brandy, for if he gets the odour of the drug he'll be suspicious and refuse to take it."

"I'll be cautious, Chief, for I know exactly how pig-headed he can be when he thinks there's work to be done," said the prince. "Be quick with the dope, Chief. He seems to be pulling round, and I want to get him before he has time to remember much about it."

Hal Honour's blue eyes were vacant enough when he opened them. Before intelligence had dawned in them he had swallowed the drug unprotestingly. The prince imparted the good news to Gan Waga, who was squatting unconcernedly, so far as discomfort went, in an ice-cold puddle outside the cabin, and smoking his waterproof cigar.

"That mostful satchisfactory, Chingy," said the Eskimo, who seldom tried a long word without making a dash of it. "We gotted into a niceness tangles, hunk, Chingy."

"I believe you, my bouncing youth," said Ching Lung. "I don't know how we got in, or how we're going to get out. Come and do a bit of w-w-work. I-for I'm f-f-freezing!"

Gan Waga rubbed the prince with a rough towel till his skin tingled. Fortunately Ching Lung had an ample wardrobe. He changed again, and went on deck. Ferrers Lord was there already. The falling curtain of weed had laid bare a jagged archway. The piled weed that lay between rose several feet above the yacht's water-line.

"If we tried to walk across that we'd drop through and it's too thick for a boat," said the millionaire. "What there is beyond the arch we can't tell. It may end in another solid wall of ice. Until we can clear a passage for the boat I'm afraid we shall not learn the secret, and I don't want to drive the men, for they are tired."

"I've noticed that since the news went round that Honour is in no danger they look splendidly cheerful," said Ching Lung.

"Oh, you know my men!" said the millionaire. "You will find none better wherever you search. We have been in queer corners before together, but this is one of the queerest."

"Yes, we seem to have got ourselves packed away in a glass case," said the prince. "The glass is a lot too thick to smash, and unless the key of the way out of it is in that archway, we look like staying here. Would it be possible to thaw a way through using our steam? We'd have to thaw a mighty big hole to squeeze the yacht through."

"And it would freeze almost as fast as we thawed it. No, Ching, we haven't enough coal to waste on a doubtful experiment like that. For all we know, this berg may be thousands of feet thick. A second or third bog—I thought this was two when I made my dash—seems to have floated up behind us, and frozen fast. If there is no way

through there," he added, nodding towards the arch, "we must try to blast or cut our way out at the other end. It will be a drastic and desperate method, for ice is treacherous stuff to experiment on with explosives. The first shot might bring down the whole roof."

Double grog was served. Except for a little straining, the machinery seemed intact. Some of the boilers were rather slinky in their beds after such a buffeting, but they had already been packed with quick-hardening cement. Three of the boats had gone beyond recall; but one remained, and, in addition, there was the yacht's petrol launch, a fast and seaworthy craft, that had not been launched since leaving home waters.

An hour later, after their grog and a good meal, the boat called up the men. A strong boom was fixed forward, with a steel cross-piece and two claw-like grappels forged by the yacht's armourer and his two assistants. They were fastened to the cross-piece by wire ropes. For two hours the boom kept dipping, and the grappels kept clawing up huge masses of the weed. Then the Lord of the Deep went astern, dragging the weed back into the centre of the cave. Men rowed the boat round to clear the grappels, and the yacht moved forward again to make another bite.

It was monotonous work, work more fitted for a nimble-like tug than for such a powerfully engined vessel. Prout grumbled volubly, but declined to leave the wheel.

"By honey," he growled, "I never thought I'd live to be a blessed gardener, and earn a living by shifting weeds! Look here, Ben, my lad, give those rubbish-rakers in the boat a chi-ike, and tell 'em to sling the stuff clear of my propellers, for if I get fouled in it I'll pussyfoot the whole gang, and stop their tots of rum for the next six months!"

"Let 'em alone, for they're doing their best, souse me," said Maddock. "If you don't want your propeller decorated with brown ribbons, dodge it, that's all."

The only idle person was Gan Waga. The Eskimo could work as well as anybody if it was the sort of work that suited him. This kind of labour did not suit him at all. Presently the toil became easier. There was less strain, and the weed followed the clutching grappels in larger masses. The boat pulled almost below the crown of the arch. There was plenty of water, more than O'Rooney could fathom with his boat-hook. On the sill of the arch he hammered at the weed without causing a splash.

"Bedad, ut's packed tight enough here to hold the weight of a man or an elephant!" he said. "Piled right up from the bottom ut must be, the filthy stuff, and frozen on the top as tough as the crust of a newly-married wife's first pie-crust. Steady, sor, and take a grip. Though ut's hard, ut may be as slippy as methed butter."

Ignoring the Irishman's hand, Ferrers Lord stepped out of the boat, and Prince Ching Lung sprang after him.

"Give me the automatic pistol out of the locker, O'Rooney," he said, "and put a new battery in the electric torch. Then row back for two thick overcoats and warm gloves."

There was a draught now. As they waited for the boat to return, the millionaire lighted a cigarette, and the blue smoke went curling away inwards. Thurston came back with the boat. Probably the gloomy recess at the back of the arch was a mere cul-de-sac, but

Thurston was anxious to go with them. Ferrers Lord shook his head.

"If Honour had been fit and well and awake I'd ask you to come; but as it is I must leave you in charge," said the millionaire. "Sorry, Rupert! We may not be away five minutes, for all we know. At the wildest estimate, if we do not return within two hours, send O'Rooney and half a dozen men to look for us. Don't waken Honour."

"Very good, Chief. Best of luck to you, Ching, old lad!" said Rupert Thurston.

Ferrers Lord and the prince crossed the carpet of frozen weed. Here great icicles hung from the roof, tremendous crystal daggers of such amazing length and weight that it was astounding how they found support. Beyond that the torch flashed on the smooth surface of the naked berg. There was no outlet that way. The carpet of weed ended there, too, for the ice was beneath their feet. It was the riddle of the seaweed Ferrers Lord wished to solve. How had it come there?

"Move away to the left, Ching. Keep close, and look out for pitfalls," he said. "A crevice in the ice here might be hundreds of feet deep. Keep prodding."

Ching Lung had brought the boat-hook. He dug at the weed, but it seemed solid enough. At one spot it was piled in a great heap. They climbed it, and the light flashed forward. It revealed a sloping tunnel almost as smooth and polished as the barrel of a gun, except where portions of the weed had frozen hard to it. It was down this icy chute that the weed had slid into the cavern. The weed gave them a grip, but it was not easy climbing, although the ascent was not very steep.

"Better go back and have some spiked nails knocked into our boots, Chief," said Ching Lung. "Safety first, you know, as it's no distance. A tumble from the top, or even half-way up, would put an unfair strain on a fellow's neck. Our present outfit isn't up to this kind of Alpine climbing."

Half an hour later, with business-like nails in their boots, and ice axes in their hands, Ching Lung and Ferrers Lord made their way up the shaft. It was perfectly straight, and so lofty that the millionaire could not touch the roof with his upraised hand. A screen of weed, frozen to the consistency of brittle wood, closed the entrance. Quickly the axes hacked a way through, and they looked out.

"Great wriggling snakes from Iceland where there aren't any!" said Ching Lung, in a tense, amazed whisper. "What have we struck?"

Island or Ice-Floe?

IT was a scene of utter desolation. The hurricane seemed to have blown itself out, though ragged black clouds were still scurrying across a sky of dull green, and on their right the sea was frothing white against the low, rugged shore. All the rest was brown sprinkled with grey. Nothing but brown stretching away into the dim night until it blended with the mist. It was not completely flat, for rounded dunes rose here and there—dunes, not of sand, but of seaweed.

"A ghastly-looking place!" said the millionaire. "I have been as far South as most

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NEXT FRIDAY!

"THE REMITTANCE MAN'S SON!"

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men, Ching, but I never came here before. This is something new."

"Then give me the old, Chief," said the prince. "Do you mean that it's new to you, or something absolutely fresh? Is it something the earthquake has thrown up from the bottom of the sea? A horrible hole! You misnamed Gan Waga's Island when you called it Desolatia. There's only one Desolatia, and this is the identical spot."

They were glad of their warm coats, for the breeze, though light, had a keen sting in it. When the surf broke, tossing up the long fronds of weed, thousands of water-snakes seemed to be engaged in some fierce battle, or fantastic dance. By the stars, Ferrers Lord knew that they were looking to the north-east.

If this was a new island lifted out of the ocean-bed by the earthquake, the weed had frozen swiftly, for it was firm enough to bear their weight.

"As we can't teach the yacht to climb up that tunnel, there's no way out for her in this direction," said Ching Lung. "Let us see what's behind us."

They went into the open. Out of the piled brown weed rose the gleaming, shoulders of the iceberg, in whose heart the Lord of the Deep lay imprisoned. It did not rise sheer, but in a series of terraces. They began to climb. Strange lights were flickering in the sky behind the berg, and a dark cloud passing overhead sent down a flurry of snow-flakes. They gained a ledge, and here the climb seemed to end, unless they cut steps in the sheer face of the ice.

"We have a much greater chance of breaking our necks here than in the tunnel, Ching," said Ferrers Lord. "I prefer to tackle this in daylight, and let Gan Waga deputise for me. Possibly there is an easier way than this. Keep along your side of the ledge and prospect. Go cautiously, for everything has had a big shaking."

Presently Ching Lung's voice hailed the millionaire. He had found a flaw in the berg, a rugged gash that led upwards. It was steep and narrow, but by digging the pointed ends of their axes into the ice they managed to mount slowly. The crevasse gave an abrupt twist, and as they emerged they found themselves in a cup-shaped hollow. The crest of the berg was still eighty feet above them, but there was nothing to obscure their view.

A pale aurora formed an arch across the southern sky. They looked down upon a sea choked with icebergs. The berg on which they stood bore a strange resemblance to a prehistoric monster, to one of those terrific lizard creatures, the saurians of a long dead past. The rounded portion below them that hid the yacht formed its body, and the upright spur on which they stood its neck. By some fantastic freak of Nature the crest of the berg jutted out to form a pair of pointed jaws. The whole had a grotesque likeness to a tremendous crystal statue of a plesiosaurus carved in ice by some giant sculptor.

The millionaire took out a pair of field-glasses and looked steadily at the dreary scene. He pushed them back into their case, and stood, with knitted forehead, watching the arched aurora and its changing, spectral hues. A squall of wind came whistling over the bergs, and beat against their faces with an icy chill.

"Let us go," he said at last. "This is something to make a man put on his thinking-cap, Ching. It is a problem that will take some working out."

They made their way down safely. Again they paused to gaze over the brown grey waste—desolate, dreary, abominable.

"It's impossible to know how far we ran at the head of the hurricane until I take the bearings to-morrow," said Ferrers Lord; "but those icebergs must be hundreds of miles out of their latitude." He laughed quietly. "Unless you wish to be charitable, you had better recover your money from Thurston if you have already paid him. I was quite honest when I offered Desolatia for sale. It did exist, and it ought to be somewhere here, but I could not find it with my glasses."

"Perhaps it blew up," said Ching Lung. "Anyhow, if it has gone, it is Gan Waga's Island, and Gan is not difficult to satisfy. Present him with a good feed and a box of cigars, and he won't worry much about his missing Desolatia. As a consolation you might offer him this place—and he's heartily welcome to it."

Ferrers Lord shrugged his shoulders as he led the way into the tunnel.

"It would scarcely be a fair exchange," he said. "Desolatia was fairly solid. It was

ancient and substantial, and I scarcely think we can say the same of this fellow. To shoot all that weed down here, it must have been playing acrobatic tricks, almost standing on its head."

"Big seas washing over it might have done that, Chief."

"Possibly!" said Ferrers Lord. "But I'm of opinion, Ching, that there is no great solidity about it, but that it is only a huge ice-floe; so save us from a strong gale from the north. I believe this big berg is holding the whole thing up and keeping it from drifting. A big wind might exert pressure enough to push it over."

"Well, it's good to be cheered up," said the prince. "It seems to me, Chief, that a gale from the south wouldn't do us much good either if it drifted some of those other bergs down on us. The only useful sort of weather should be hard frost, so let it freeze. While it freezes it isn't likely that the roof will fall in."

tine walls, however thick they might be; but only a maniac would have used such methods. The arch of the roof was perilously wide. He rested his chin on his gloved hands and pondered. Then he grasped the oars, and pulled swiftly back to the yacht.

"Ask Mr. Thurston to dress your hands for you again, and then turn in, Prout," he said. "Let the men rest. I'll keep watch."

"Ay, ay, sir!" said Prout, saluting with one bandaged hand. "I've noticed that she's inclined to swing to port, sir, and, by honey, that's been puzzling me, for it looks dead still!"

He saluted again and went below, and Ferrers Lord paced up and down the deserted, cinder-strewn deck of his yacht. It was intensely still. As he turned he saw Ching Lung, who was muffled up to the ear-tips in a fur-lined overcoat. They fell into stride, but it was some time before either of them spoke.

"I haven't been able to celebrate any



Ching Lung's voice hailed the millionaire. He had found a flaw in the berg—a rugged gash that led a way upwards. It was steep and narrow, but by digging the pointed ends of their axes into the ice they managed to mount slowly. (See this page.)

They were seen the moment they appeared in the mouth of the arch, and the boat put off. Prout had got a couple of anchors out fore and aft, for, though there was no perceptible current, he had found the yacht inclined to drift a little. Both had caught in the weed or in some crevices, and they held firmly.

Rupert Thurston looked grave when Ching Lung gave him an account of their trip to the island of ice and frozen seaweed.

"Everything isn't broken or busted yet," said the prince. "If we can't dig the Lord of the Deep out of her prison, and the whole bag of tricks threatens to collapse on us, we can drag the petrol launch and the boat up the tunnel. We have our wireless, and plenty of stores. And it's a lovely island for a camping-out holiday, my lad—a perfect gem!"

The millionaire had gone in to look at Hal Honour, and he found the engineer sleeping soundly and peacefully. He went on deck again, and sprang into the boat alone and pulled away. Not a trickle of water was entering the cavern. Two cascades of ice hung over the spur. Ferrers Lord sat in the boat, with the electric torch between his knees, whistling thoughtfully to himself. Had he dared to use explosives, he could quickly have hacked a hole in those adaman-

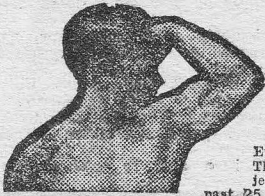
brilliant scheme of campaign as yet, Ching," said Ferrers Lord at last. "There's a keen frost, and that is in our favour. While it holds, we are safe. We must not rely on that, for the weather seems in a crazy state, and a warm wind may spring up, and, solid as the ice seems, a warm wind would soon make it as rotten as a decayed apple. To-morrow, we'll get the launch and the boat up the tunnel, and see what we can do about a camp."

"Ugh!" grunted the prince, with a shiver. "It likes me not, chief, but I presume it must be done. And must we abandon the dear old Lord of the Deep?"

"I don't know; but my men come first. I'll gamble with my yacht, but not with the lives of my men. When we have built our camp we can make some drastic experiments. If we cannot cut a way out from the inside, we may be able to force a way in from the outside. The jutting portion of the berg is the greatest danger. We must try to get rid of that little by little. If we can level that I would risk the rest, win or lose, by blowing out the sea end of this cavern."

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