

"THE RIVAL SPORTSMEN!" (A Magnificent New Serial of Foot-
ball, Sport, and Adventure Inside.)

Week Ending
October 14th,
1922.

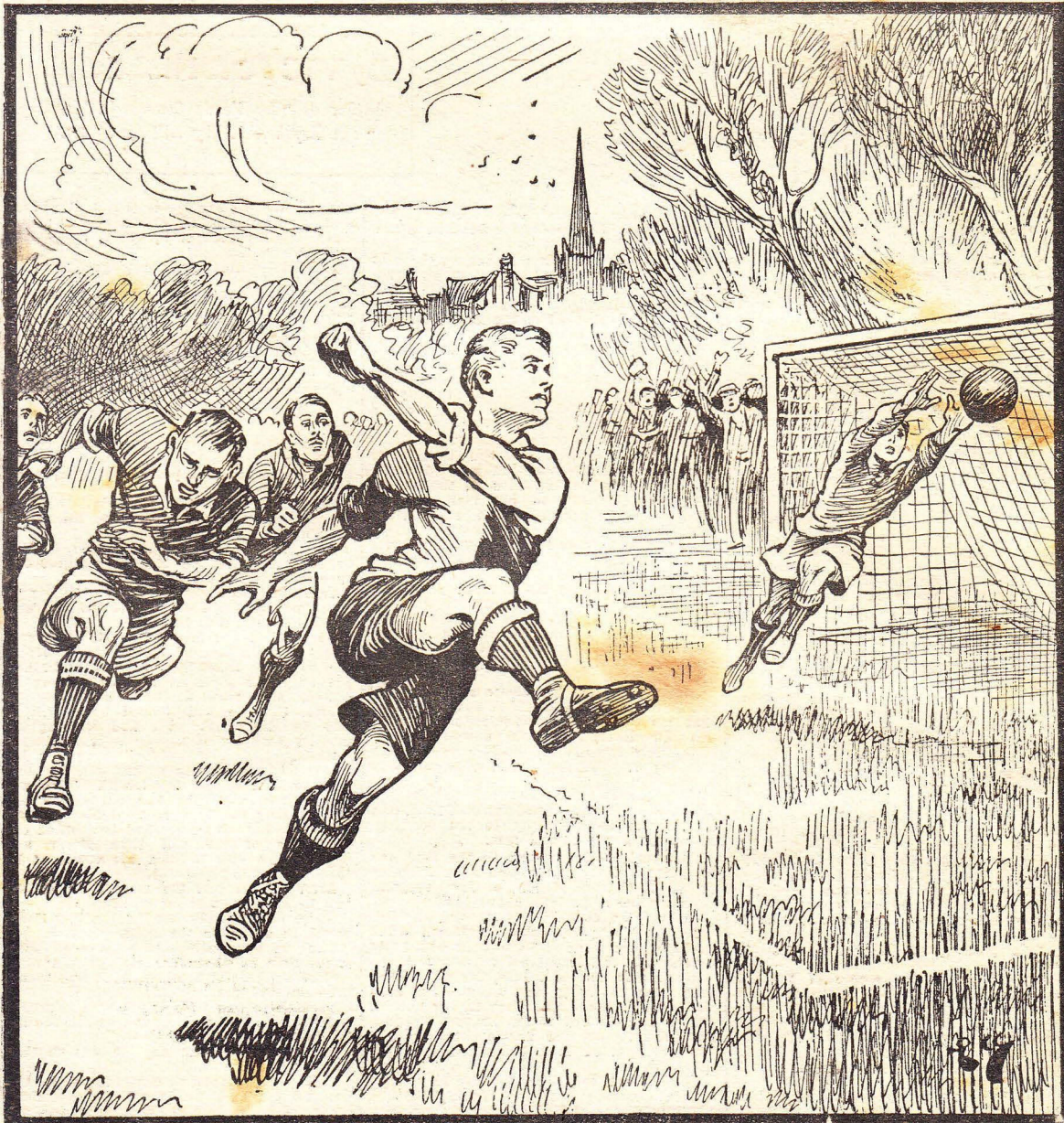
New
Series.

No.
195.

28
Pages.

The POPULAR 2d

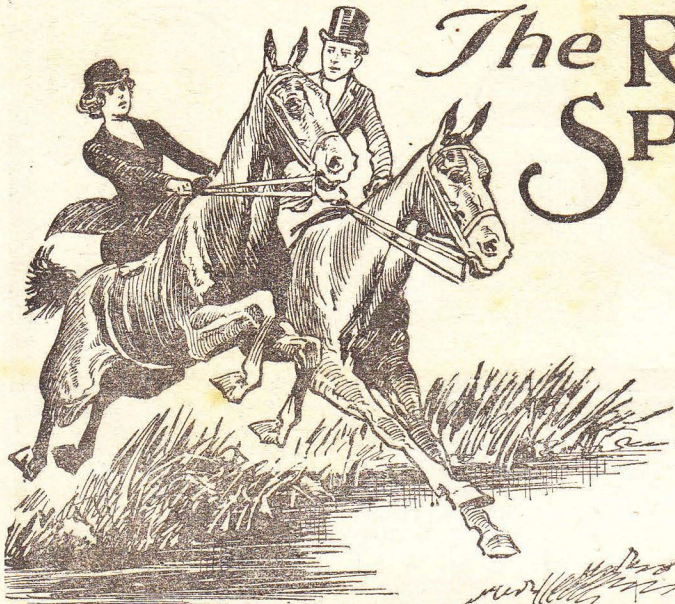
SPECIAL
SUPPLEMENT
INSIDE.



SCORING A POINT AGAINST HIS RIVAL!

(A Thrilling Incident in the Grand New Serial in this Issue.)

THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF AN AMAZING NEW SERIAL OF FOOTBALL, SPORT, AND ADVENTURE!



The RIVAL SPORTSMEN!

A Grand New Story, full of excitement and thrill, introducing HARRY LESTRADE and AUSTIN COURTNEY, and dealing with their extraordinary fight, on the field of sport, for the Lestrade Fortune.

By VICTOR NELSON.

(Author of "By Nero's Command!" and "The Boy With Fifty Millions!" etc.)

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

By the terms of the late Sir Charles Lestrade's will, Harry Lestrade and his cousin, Austin Courtney, must fight for possession of the Lestrade fortune on the field of sport. The one who distinguishes himself most becomes owner of a vast amount of wealth. Harry Lestrade receives the first opportunity to distinguish himself in a local football match, for which club he hopes to get "signed on." Courtney is an envious spectator.

Now read on.

LESTRADE'S appearance gave Austin a shock. Although Harry's face wore a look of sadness, he appeared radiant with health and vigour, and his boyish figure had thickened out surprisingly.

In his blue and white footer shirt and shorts he looked every inch an athlete, and Austin Courtney knew that, if he were to win the great contest that lay between them, he would have to put up a hard fight.

Harry was playing for a place in the professional team, and putting "all in." There was nothing sluggish about him to-day.

His dash was superb, and combined with it was a skill that left his adversaries guessing.

Through the opposing forwards he had gone, and, with a neat rush and a touch of very pretty trickery, he baffled the halves so completely that there was a general laugh from those who looked on.

The backs came at him as one, evidently meaning to overwhelm him by sheer weight, for they were both hefty fellows. But, though it was only by inches that he avoided being jammed between them, he darted by, and now, from a difficult angle, he took a long shot for the net.

The goalie saved with a tremendous punch, but he had reckoned without the youngster to whom success meant so much.

Harry had dashed in, and was there to meet the leather before the discomfited backs could hope to reach him.

With a quick spring, he got his head to it, and—

Thud! It lay in the corner of the net before the goalkeeper could move hand or foot to make a second save.

"Goal! G-o-a-l!"

"Well played, youngster!" came the cries from all sides. "Well played, Master Harry!" from the villagers who knew him. "Oh, beautiful, sir!"

As Austin Courtney raised his hand to jerk at his moustache his fingers shook visibly.

If the boy went on like this, somehow, he would have to be put out of the running, he thought. For he had got to beat him by fair means or foul!

THE POPULAR—NO. 195.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Signed On!—A Condition a Dead Man had Forgotten!

THE ball was sent whizzing up the field from a rueful kick from an Air Force back.

A moment later it had been centred, and the Air Force centre-forward had set it in motion again.

"That piece of brilliant play of Harry's might have been a flash in the pan," Austin Courtney thought, as he watched. "He may not be so good, after all, and I may be getting frightened needlessly. Ah! He was not so smart that time, anyway!"

The play had become gruelling. Fleet-footed and experienced though he was, the referee was finding no little difficulty in keeping up with it, though, by clinging stubbornly to his task, he was always near enough to watch every move that was made.

He was as fair as he was firm, and twice he sharply cautioned an Air Force forward for questionable play.

There was nothing really to be gained on either side, it being purely a friendly match; but the Air Force team, although Austin Courtney was not aware of the fact, had had three goals scored against them to one, and were feeling a trifle sore and desperate.

Courtney did not trouble to ascertain how the scores stood, or he might have been told that his cousin, Harry Lestrade—really he was Sir Harry Lestrade now—had been responsible for another goal in addition to the one he—Courtney—had witnessed him score.

Without either side having netted the ball again, the whistle shrilled for half-time, and the players dashed away to the dressing-rooms for a well-earned rest.

The local band came on to the field and set going a lively march, and after listening to it mechanically for a few seconds, Courtney began to look about him.

Suddenly he checked a start and scowled. Over in the by-no-means magnificent stand was Marjorie Randall. Courtney hated her because of her friendship for his cousin.

Nestling in her sable furs, the girl looked even more charming than usual. The keen air had lent a delicate flush to her cheeks, and as she chatted to Sir Travers Randall, her father, who was beside her, her red lips were parted in a smile and her eyes sparkling.

"So she's here to watch him play—eh?" Austin Courtney mused inwardly, chewing savagely at the end of a cigar he had been about to light when he had caught sight of the girl.

He shrugged. "The great thing is to beat the young cub in this big contest his old fool of a father

has set us. As she is his friend, it will be a blow to her, too, if I can make him penniless! Yes, by hook or by crook, I have got to beat him!"

The band ceased, and the players returned to the field.

No sooner had the Air Force kicked off than it started rushing tactics, seeking to carry all before it by sheer dash and weight.

But the Wanderers were a clever team, and it was not long before they had their opponent's measure.

Harry Lestrade was ever on the watch for yet another chance to distinguish himself.

Apart from the love he was finding in the game for the game's sake, he wanted badly to be signed on as a professional player for the Wanderers.

Harry had felt at first that his father had been hard upon him in making his extraordinary will.

Then, as he thought matters over, he had begun to see that the old man's object had been entirely for his good.

There had come recollection to the boy of the morning of the day his father had met his death after the hunt.

He recalled the fine old sportsman's contempt for his lack of energy—remembered, too, Marjorie Randall's remark that he had not improved since he had been away to school, and realised, with a feeling of shame, that he had indeed been drifting into an idle, useless life and allowing his muscles to grow soft.

He experienced no ill-feeling against his cousin, Austin Courtney, because he had been given a chance equal with his to win the fortune and the fine old castle and estates that could be counted his by right of birth. But no sooner had he learned the conditions of the will than Harry had registered a vow to beat his cousin if he found it humanly possible.

After all, he had the more right of the two to all that winning meant.

To be signed on by the Wessex Wanderers would be a step in the right direction.

Thus he was anxious to achieve all—even more—than had been expected of him when he had applied for a trial, and it had to-day been granted him.

Then there was a big hurdle-race he meant to win on a horse he owned called Tearing Haste II., and after that—

But that was later on. It was football that mattered now.

Ah! The Wessex centre-forward had trapped the ball, and now he was making away with it. Harry kept him covered, side-stepping an opposing forward who made to charge and check him.

The Wessex centre had beaten the Air Force forwards and was now approaching the halves.

Thud! As Harry had half expected might be the case, the ball left the Wessex man's toe and was slammed over to the right wing.

Harry was a little disappointed; but he kept going and waited, knowing that a good deal of passing could happen in dashing play such as this, and that the leather might still find its way to him before they were much nearer the Air Force goal.

Joyson, the man playing inside on the Wessex right wing, found a half rushing at him and purposely missed the ball in his stride.

The half was cheated, and the ball careered almost to the toes of the outside-right, who was momentarily unmarked.

Away he went like an arrow suddenly released from a bow. People held their breath as they watched his pretty dribbling as he dashed along just inside the touch-line.

In a matter of seconds he was nearing the Air Force goal, and the backs bore towards him. He waited calmly until the first of them was almost upon him, then passed to his partner on the inside.

The latter trapped the leather like lightning. The other back fairly threw himself at him in a mighty shoulder charge, but it got home only as the wing-man tapped the ball smartly to Codling, the Wessex centre-forward.

It was just at that moment that Codling's foot slipped on the wet grass.

It had been raining the night before the match and the ground was consequently treacherous in places. Codling made a desperate attempt to save himself, but failed.

Losing his balance, he sat down with more force than comfort, and but for Harry Lestrade, the ball would have been lost there and then and sent far down the field.

The halves had sprinted up. Two men of the Air Force sprang for the leather, but just by inches, Harry Lestrade reached it first. There was no time to dribble closer, and with all his strength behind the kick, Harry took a long shot for goal.

The custodian leapt for it, and, catching it, cleared; but there were several pairs of eyes who had not failed to take note of the fine try Harry had made.

"You saw that, Sir Travers," whispered the manager of the Wessex club to Marjorie's father, who, although he resided some distance from its headquarters, was a director of the team. "By Jove, sir, that youngster can play! We've a coming crack in him, mark my words!"

"Yes, he is as quick as they make them, Groves," Sir Travers agreed, nodding.

"I think he's perfectly splendid!" Marjorie declared, her cheeks flushed and her voice enthusiastic; and, watching her, Austin Courtney scowled unpleasantly.

For a while the ball went in and out of touch with a monotony that began to rile the spectators. Supporters of both sides began to shout to their men to "get a move on," and presently the Wanderers seemed to take the advice.

The Air Force, anxious to make matters more equal before the final whistle went, were galvanised into life, too, as they faced attack after attack.

Hard knocks were taken and given without the referee being able to detect anything really wrong. Codling, the Wessex centre-forward, who was now showing all the dash and skill for which he was noted, was especially marked.

With one of their swift attacks, in which they showed a splendid combination, the Air Force swept the play almost into the Wessex goal-mouth, and, as a beautiful centre was put in by the man on the left wing, the Airmen's centre-forward drove a hard shot for the corner of the net.

Wills, the Wessex goalie, leapt for it, and, tipping the ball over the bar, conceded a corner.

Amidst tense excitement this was taken, but a Wessex back cleared to well up the field, and now it was the professional team's turn to attack.

Harry Lestrade had seen the referee glance at his watch, and knew that it was now or never if he was to score again.

The ball was slammed to him, right over from the other wing. He charged a half-back who dashed at it and grassed him. Then, with a lightning rush that fairly dazzled the onlookers, Harry pounced upon the ball, and, before he could be stopped, he was making for the Air Force goal.

For a few yards the latter team's centre-half was seen to be flying along almost beside him, and the spectators caught and held their breath in excitement. Then, as Harry left his man behind, hopelessly out-sprinted:

"Go on, Lestrade! Go it, Master Harry!" came encouragingly from townspeople and others alike.

Harry's swerve, as he passed a back, was like that of a Rugby player. The back's partner sprinted hard, but was too far away to render assistance. On towards the goal went Harry, not pausing until he reached the penalty-line.

"Shoot!" the Wessex supporters and the lad's friends among the crowd yelled frantically, as the goalie, who was dancing about in his excitement, looked like rushing out.

But Harry Lestrade was as cool as a cucumber, and knew what he was about.

Just for a moment he steadied himself; then the sphere flashed at the net, and the goalkeeper might just as well have tried to stop a cannon-ball.

As he jumped for it, his outstretched fingers grazed the ball and deflected it slightly, but, for all that, it whizzed into the net.

Phoop! Before the ball had ceased spinning in the mud in the goal the referee blew a shrill blast on his whistle.

The match was over. Wessex Wanderers had beaten the Air Force by four goals to one, and out of those four goals Harry Lestrade, the player who had been on trial, had scored three.

People streamed on to the field, and Harry's arm positively ached long before he had finished shaking the eager hands that were thrust out to him.

Whilst his cousin, Austin Courtney, had never made himself popular with his uncle's tenants and the townspeople, Harry, with his complete lack of "side" and sunny nature, was beloved by them all.

Just recently the sporting papers had given endless publicity to the strange will left by the lad's father, and everyone in this

part of the country who knew him wanted Harry, and not Austin Courtney, to prove the winner of the contest, and remain at Lestrade Castle as its master.

"Harry, they are going to sign you on! I am so glad!"

Harry Lestrade swung round as he heard Marjorie's voice; but he had little more than time to take her hand and smile down into her radiant face ere his arm was seized by Tony Wagg, the Wanderer's trainer.

Tony, who had been a professional boxer in his younger days, as a broken nose and bulldog jaw, Herculean build, and leg-of-mutton-like fists went far towards signifying, was grinning from ear to ear.

"Come on! Come an' sign that there form, sonny!" he urged. "Mr. Groves, our manager, is waiting for you in the dressing-room, and it's all ready for you!"

"I satisfied him, then?" Harry asked, suppressing a gasp of pain at the good-natured, but all-too-muscular grip on his arm.

"I should say. But don't you go gettin' a swelled 'ead, or I'll knock it off, even if you are a 'Sir', for that spoils the best of us!"

"Oh, don't worry about that, Tony!" laughed Harry, who was quick to size up a man, and felt that under Wagg's rough exterior was a heart of gold. "I just did my best, and to-day it wasn't professional football, was it?"

"No; but those flying johnnies could play, an' don't you forget it, Sir Harry. If you do as well against Brentford when we meet 'em next Saturday, we sha'n't grumble. We're going to play you right away, my lad, for we want new blood."

With a quick farewell and a wave of the hand to Marjorie, who had now been joined by her father, Harry Lestrade hurried away with the trainer to sign on for the Wanderers.

Watching him go, Austin Courtney bit his lip, for he guessed that his cousin was to be taken on.

With his face very pale and thoughtful, he returned to the town and made his way to



"NOBLING" THE FAVOURITE!—One moment horse and rider were in mid-air, the picture of grace and strength. The next they had crashed down in a huddled heap beside the obstacle! (See page 4.)

4 Greyfriars Stories in the "Magnet"—Rookwood in the "Boys' Friend"!

the residence of Mr. Charteris, his late uncle's solicitor.

"I am sorry to trouble you again with business, Charteris," the young man said, "but I want to know exactly how I stand. Is it possible for me to see my uncle's will?" "I can show you a copy, if you wish it—in fact, can let you have one to take away with you," returned the lawyer, who was just about to sit down to his dinner, and wanted to get rid of him.

"Ah, I'll take it, thanks!" Courtney answered, nodding; and a few moments later he quitted the lawyer's office with a typewritten carbon copy of the all-important document in his pocket.

He walked swiftly out of the town, and, seating himself on a stile in a deserted country lane, drew out the copy of the will and began to peruse it with an eager gleam in his eyes.

Austin Courtney read it through from beginning to end, and, as he came to the last word, he broke into a soft, triumphant laugh.

"As I thought!" he exclaimed, under his breath. "My uncle was too simple himself to dream that anyone else in this wicked world of ours might think half a million and many thousands a year worth winning by fair means or foul. There is no clause—no mention whatever of the one of us who does not fight fairly being disqualified!"

He laughed again, his face setting harshly and an evil light creeping into his eyes.

"That means that, without fear, I can do what I like to stop my cousin winning," he muttered. "Of course, I must keep clear of the law, for my own sake, but—well, there are others I know who will laugh at the law if they are paid well enough!"

Jerry the Limper—A Dastardly Conspiracy!

BOTH the cousins, by the terms of the late Sir Charles Lestrade's will, were at liberty to reside at the castle and make what use they pleased of anything that was there in the carrying out of the great sporting contest.

Also, each was supplied with a sum of £10,000, upon which to maintain themselves and pay the expenses they were bound to meet with in their struggle.

Sir Charles' hurdle-racers and steeplechasers had been divided between them as equitably as possible, with due consideration being taken of the man and the boy's respective riding weights.

During the fortnight that had now elapsed since Austin Courtney's return to England, both had applied and been granted riding licenses under National Hunt Rules, and both were to compete in the Grand Military Hurdle Race, an event of two miles over twelve flights of hurdles, due to run three weeks' hence at Kempton Park.

Whilst Harry was to be astride Tearing Haste II., a horse that had always been a favourite of his, and ready to do almost anything in his hands, Austin Courtney would be up on a horse his uncle had allotted to him called Ugly Bird.

Both were comparatively young for hurdlers. They were both six-year-olds, and although Courtney's candidate possessed an uninviting name, it was a splendid animal and a fine jumper, and there was little to choose between the merits of the two horses.

Harry had another of his string also entered, an old horse named Warrior, who could still hop it to a merry tune at exercise, but who was not quite up to winning such a race as the Grand Military, in the opinion of the late Sir Charles' trainer.

Harry had duly turned out against Brentford with Wessex Wanderers, and although he had not in this match actually scored, he had played a game that had well satisfied Tony Wagg and others concerned, and been instrumental in the Wanderers being returned the winners by a narrow margin.

On the following Saturday the team had received Brentford at home and drawn with them; but as Harry had been lamed soon after the kick-off, he had had little chance to increase his list of sporting honours on this occasion.

THE POPULAR.—No. 195.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"THE RIVAL SPORTSMEN!"

ANOTHER GRAND INSTALMENT OF VICTOR NELSON'S BRILLIANT SERIAL.

His hurt had been but temporary. After the match Wagg had practically rubbed it away with oils—it had been a damaged ankle—and it was now quite well again.

Harry had seen little of his cousin Austin, and had wondered curiously what he was doing towards competing for their centest other than riding his horse in the forthcoming race.

Had he known, he would have been surprised, and warned of the danger that was dawning near him.

Although he had always managed to keep the fact secret from his late uncle, Courtney had from an early age mixed with a very questionable, so-called sporting set on race-courses and elsewhere, and during his wanderings in this class he had fallen in with one, Jerry Murker, more commonly known to his intimates as "Jerry the Limper."

At soon after six o'clock one morning Austin Courtney might have been seen in company with this doubtful acquaintance, standing behind a belt of trees on the training-grounds adjoining the Lestrade private stables.

Jerry the Limper was a stout little man of uncertain age, with grizzled hair and an ill-shaven red face, lit with small, shifty, black eyes.

He had sustained the limp which had given him his nickname when, some years ago, he had attempted to "welsh" on a racecourse, had been caught by the crowd, and almost beaten to death.

He had been many things since then—tout, tipster, and it was whispered in certain quarters, burglar—and certainly he was open to do any kind of work, no matter how dastardly and underhanded it was, as long as there was good pay attached to it.

"Well, then, that's a barg'in, guv'ner!" he was saying now, his ferrety little eyes fixed on Austin Courtney's face. "I'm to get at him just as often as I can, bringin' in the other boys to help me when necessary. And, in any case, I gets something to be going along with every now and then, as I 'as to-day. And if you wins the old fellow's money an' the castle, Jerry 'as five thousand quid!"

Austin Courtney nodded, his eyes a little disgusted as they dwelt upon the fagged and dirty suit of "loud" checks Jerry Murker was wearing, his soiled cravat and horse-shoe pin.

"You have it, my friend," he answered. "Now, try to begin earning your reward by getting that horse, if you can, this morning. If you don't, it will very likely beat mine in the race, and that will be another

step forward for him, hang him, and another backwards for me! I'll be getting back to the castle. I must not be out when it happens, or suspicion may veer round to me!"

"Jest a minute, guv'ner!" the tout said, laying a grimy and detaining hand upon his sleeve. "Supposing, when he comes down, he gets injured—injured serious?"

"So much the better!" Austin Courtney snarled, with a vicious look. "It need not trouble you, as long as you get away afterwards."

"Phew!" The little scoundrel whistled as Courtney turned and hurried away. "Some boy him!" he muttered.

Courtney's figure had hardly crossed the exercise-ground and disappeared from view when Jerry the Limper gave a start, and, diving his hand amongst a clump of bushes, snatched out a repeating rifle.

Before him, away through the trees, lay the hurdles over which the late Sir Charles Lestrade's jumpers had been accustomed to be schooled; and into view, riding from the distant training-stables, had flashed a boyish figure on horseback.

It belonged to Harry Lestrade, and he was riding his horse, Tearing Haste II. Harry was giving him a sound preparation for the approaching race at Kempton, and every morning had him stripped and rode him at exercise.

It was for this reason that Jerry the Limper was there.

The fat little tout dropped on one knee behind the bushes whence he had taken the gun, and through them he thrust the barrel of the weapon.

Nearer and nearer came Harry Lestrade, his horse rising to the first of the schooling hurdles and clearing it with the grace of a bird.

He was all unconscious of his peril, and enjoying the brisk gallop in the cold morning air. He was looking towards the spot where the tout lay with the gun; for often Marjorie, who loved an early gallop, would join him and watch him exercising his horse. And it was in this direction that her home stood.

But Jerry the Limper was too well hidden for Harry to see him, whilst the bushes hid, but concealed the gun. The tout was running his evil little eye along the barrel now and taking steady aim at the unfortunate hurdler.

Hurdle after hurdle the animal had taken, and now it was only some hundred yards distant and nearing the last of the obstacles—so near indeed that Jerry the Limper could see the early sunshine gleaming upon its glossy coat.

So intent was he on his dastardly work that Jerry Murker failed to hear the sounds of an approaching horse at his back, and just as Tearing Haste II. was breasting the last hurdle, the stout little scoundrel pulled the trigger.

One moment horse and rider were in mid-air, the picture of grace, health, and strength. The next they had crashed down in a huddled heap on the other side of the obstacle, and a gasp of horror broke from Jerry the Limper as he saw that the horse lay partially across the ominously still figure of the boy.

Dropping the gun, he bounded to his feet, with the intention of hurriedly limping away. But a startling surprise awaited him.

As he swung round he found himself face to face with a young and pretty girl who held the bridle of a superb black horse and wore a neat riding-habit—Marjorie Randall. "You scoundrel! What have you done?" the girl cried, her face white to the lips. "Stop! You shall not run away!"

Quick as thought, she had leapt forward and caught him by the shoulder, and girl though she was, she clung to him and for the moment withstood all his desperate efforts to shake her off.

"Let go, or I'll hit yer!" the tout snarled in terror.

But the girl paid no heed, and avoiding the brutal punch he aimed at her face, she struck back hard and painfully with her riding-whip, leaving a red weal across his unshaven cheek.

"Help, help!" she cried.

(A further long instalment of our amazing serial of Football, Sport, and Adventure in next week's bumper issue.)

A GRAND ::

New

Football

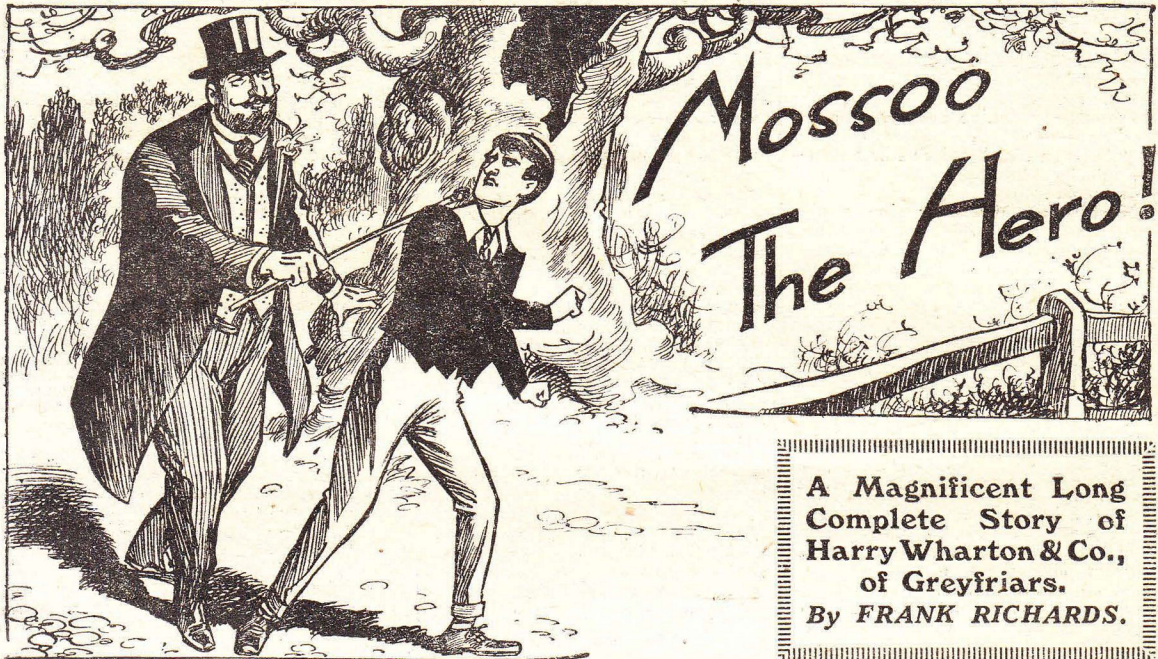
Competition

FOR BIG MONEY PRIZES

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

DON'T MISS IT.

FISHER T. FISH THINKS HE IS A DETECTIVE. IT IS HIS SUSPECT WHO PROVES A HERO!



A Magnificent Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Very Funny!

NOW for some fun!" Bob Cherry, of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, chuckled as he climbed out of bed and yawned. Bob Cherry chuckled again. "Your fellows shouldn't keep late nights," he said. "Let's wake Fishy." Fisher T. Fish, the American junior of the Remove Form, was sleeping peacefully—and heavily. Fish had shown considerable concern of late in consequence of the many burglaries carried out in neighbouring houses. Fish wanted to emulate detectives in fiction, and solve the mystery in a few minutes. He found he could not, but Fisher T. Fish was on the track. Monsieur Charpentier, otherwise known as Mossoo—had been out several times during the last few days, and Fisher T. Fish fixed upon him as the burglar. Nothing could shake his belief in that, although Harry Wharton & Co. had compiled a little note, and Fish had found it, as they expected him to. Thus Fish had broken bounds the evening before, and had been set upon by three masked ruffians, who had taken his coat, collar, and tie, and watch and chain. Convinced that the "gang" had set about him, Fish had gone back to the Remove dormitory, a sadder if not wiser youth. Bob Cherry gently shook him. Fish woke up, and stared about him; still half-asleep. "Slept well?" asked Bob Cherry solicitously. Bob Cherry was standing by his bed, with a grin on his face, and he had asked the question. Fish rubbed his sleepy eyes. He was feeling the effects of the loss of a night's rest. "Yep! I guess so!" he mumbled. "Not disturbed at all in the night?" asked Bob blandly. "Nope." "Slept like a top ever since you went to bed—eh?"

"Yep." Fisher T. Fish had no intention of confessing his miserable failure. He was surprised by the roar of laughter that greeted his reply. All the Removites were up, or were sitting up in bed, and they were all laughing. Fish sat up in bed, too, and blinked round him in surprise. He did not see the cause of the laughter. "What's the joke?" he demanded. "Ha, ha, ha!" "You are!" explained Harry Wharton. And there was a fresh burst of laughter. "Have you lost your watch and chain, Fish?" inquired Nugent. "Nope." "Or your coat?" "My coat? Nope." "Or your collar and tie?" Fish stared at him blankly, too amazed to answer. The questions showed him that the Remove fellows must know something of his previous night's adventure; though how they knew was a mystery to him. "Quite sure you didn't lose them in the wood last night?" howled Johnny Bull. "What!" "Well, if he did, somebody's brought them home for him," grinned Bob Cherry. Fish gaped in astonishment. There, beside his bed, lay the articles of which the masked ruffians had deprived him the night before, by the lightning-riven oak in Friardale Wood. His coat, his cap, his collar and tie, and his watch and chain! It was astounding! Fisher T. Fish stared at them with his eyes bulging from his head, and the expression of his face made the juniors shriek. "Ha, ha, ha!" "I—I say, how did those things get here?" stammered Fish. "They were brought here by three masked ruffians," Wharton explained. "Gee-whiz!" "They'd taken off their masks before they came in, though," said Bob Cherry. "You see, you can't go to bed in a mask."

"Ha, ha, ha!" Fisher T. Fish's eyes looked as if they would really leave his head entirely as Bob Cherry held up three black crape masks for inspection. The Yankee junior began to understand. "You—you jays!" he yelled. "It was you!" "Us!" grinned Wharton. "C'etait nous! How did you like our Lower Fourth French? Lucky you didn't get the business end of the couteau, wasn't it?" "Oh, you jays! You slab-sided mugs!" "Ha, ha, ha!" "Swear!" yelled Bob Cherry. "By the hatchet of George Washington and the tinned horses of Chicago—" "Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Removites. Fisher T. Fish shook a bony fist at the hilarious juniors. "You jays! You silly scallywags! Do you know what you've done?" he shrieked. "Yes, rather. We've made a bigger fool of you than you were born!" said Bob Cherry. "And that's saying a great deal." "The foolfulness of the worthy Fish is terrific!" chuckled Hurree Singh. "But he is very fortunate not to be slaughtered couteaufully." "You've helped the cracksmen gang to escape, you blithering jays! Do you know what I was there for, you mug-wumps? I was there to see Mossoo consulting with the rest of the gang!" roared Fish. "You've spoiled it all!" "At onze heures, wasn't it?" gasped Bob Cherry. "Close by the vieux chene foudroye." "Wha-a-at!" "Il faut finer et filer!" shrieked Nugent. "Parceque les policiers sont sur nos traces!" roared Wharton. "Ha, ha, ha!" Fish gazed at them in stupefaction. How did they know about the letter—that priceless letter that had never left the inmost recess of his pocket? Yet they

NEXT TUESDAY!

"THE MOTOR BANDITS!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE POPULAR.—NO. 195.

certainly knew—they were repeating it word for word.

"Did they settle the affair de l'ecole?" howled Johnny Bull.

"Did they aller to prendre conseil?" roared Peter Todd.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gee-whiz! You've been reading my letter, you—"

"More than that," grinned Wharton—"we've been writing it!"

"Wha-a-at!"

"Next time you want a clue, you've only got to mention it," said Wharton. "I don't mind writing another letter, and Todd will get another old envelope out of the dustbin, and drop it under your desk in the Form-room."

"Certainly!" said Peter. "With pleasure, Fishy!"

"My hat! Oh, gee-whiz!" groaned Fish. "You—you villains! You planted that letter on me! Do you mean to say that it wasn't sent to Mossoo at all?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Removites were almost in convulsions. They roared and howled with laughter as they dressed themselves. Fisher T. Fish crawled out of bed, feeling as if life were not worth living for an amateur detective in the midst of unsympathetic scoffers.

And he was not allowed to forget the matter, either. The joke was too good to keep, and the Removites told it to fellows in the other Forms. The fags caught it, and they chanted at Fish in the Close after breakfast:

"Il faut filer!"

"Les policiers sont sur nos traces!"

"Meet me at onze heures by the lightning-riven chene!"

"Mercy! Mercy!"

"By the hatchet of George Washington and the tinned horses of Chicago!"

There was no escape from it. Before the fellows allowed the matter to drop, Fisher T. Fish was wishing heartily that he had never dreamed of becoming an amateur detective, and tracking the French master down to his doom.

When he took his place in the Form-room he found scrawled across his exercise-book: "Il faut filer!"

When he opened his Latin grammar there was a sheet inserted between the leaves that caught his eye at once: "Nous allons prendre conseil!"

Fisher T. Fish was more than fed up. But that evening, when grinning juniors asked him if he had given up the amateur detective business, he shook his head obstinately.

"I guess I'm going to put her through," he said.

"Il faut filer!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish snorted and walked away. He was the laughing-stock of the Lower School at present; and only one thing could save his face—the proof that his theories were correct, and the arrest of the unfortunate Monsieur Charpentier. But exactly how that was to be brought about Fisher T. Fish had to confess to himself that he did not quite know.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Fish Discovers the Secret!

MONSIEUR CHARPENTIER came out of the School House a day or two later, arrayed in his best. His frock-coat was open to show all the glories of a fancy waistcoat that would have put Joseph's celebrated coat quite into the shade. The silk hat on his well-oiled locks gleamed as if it would outshine the sun. There was an orchid in his coat. There was a gold-

THE POPULAR.—No. 195.

headed cane—rolled-gold-headed, as a matter of fact. There was a happy smile upon his face.

Monsieur Charpentier was evidently in high feather.

Even Fisher T. Fish, as he spotted the French master coming out, could not believe that he was going to keep a burglarious appointment, arrayed as he was like Solomon in all his glory.

But he fell into the French master's wake as he strutted away towards the gates. It was a half-holiday at Greyfriars, and Harry Wharton & Co. were playing footer; so the amateur detective had no interference to look for at their hands. Fisher T. Fish intended to shadow Monsieur Charpentier. In spite of himself, his suspicions were waning. And yet Mossoo's mysterious conduct at Hardinge House had never been explained. Even Harry Wharton & Co., while they laughed at his theories concerning Mossoo, had never been able to explain why Mossoo was hanging round Hardinge House the night before the burglary there, and why he had bolted when they came along. So long as that was not explained, Fish felt that he was quite right to keep Cher Henri under surveillance. He was sure that that was just what Sherlock Holmes, Sexton Blake, or Hank Hogback would have done.

Monsieur Charpentier certainly looked as if he were going to meet a friend—and very probably a lady friend, to judge by the orchid. But it might only be his extremely deep artfulness to divert suspicion. And Fisher Tarleton Fish was not to be taken in—not he!

Mossoo did not seem to have the slightest suspicion that he was being shadowed. For a desperate criminal leading a double life he was remarkably unsuspecting.

He walked down the lane with an air strut, and on his track went Fisher T. Fish. At the cross-roads monsieur halted and glanced about him; and then he could not help seeing Fish in the lane. Fish dodged behind a tree at once. But the French master had seen him, and he could still see one of Fish's boots.

Mossoo looked puzzled.

He came back along the lane towards the tree by the roadside, where the understudy of Hank Hogback had taken cover. Fish was wondering whether he had stopped looking back, when he was tapped lightly on the shoulder by the French master's cane. He jumped, and stared round at Mossoo with bulging eyes.

"Vat for you hide viz yourself?" asked Monsieur Charpentier.

"Hide, sir?" stammered Fish.

"Oui, oui! You hide behind zat tree!"

"Oh, no, sir!" said Fish, regaining his confidence. "I guess I was looking for caterpillars, sir. I—I've taken up the study of natural history, Monsieur Charpentier."

"You are not out of bounds, hein?" asked Mossoo suspiciously. "You did not hide behind zat tree because zat I see you?"

"Nope, sir."

"It is not zat you are detain?"

"Oh, nope!"

"Zen you are a very queer garcon," said Monsieur Charpentier. "It is not zat you follow me, hein?"

"Follow you, sir! Certainly not!"

"It would be a very silly zing to do!" said Monsieur Charpentier. "Vell, if you say zat you not follow me, I say no more; I take your word, isn't it?"

And, with a nod, Monsieur Charpentier walked away. Fish's heart smote him for a moment. He did not like tell-

ing falsehoods; but he comforted himself with the reflection that Hank Hogback, in "Police Bits," never hesitated at the biggest whoppers when he was on the track of a desperado. He stood in the lane until Monsieur Charpentier had turned into the cross-road and disappeared from sight.

After all, why should Mossoo suspect him of following him—unless he had a secret to keep? That reflection cheered Fisher T. Fish. He decided at once upon his plan of action. He made his way through a gap in the hedge, and cut across the field adjoining the cross-road. There was a hedge along that road, too, and from that hedge Fish meant to spot the French master again without showing himself.

But Mossoo was suspicious now. Fisher T. Fish had no sooner put his head through the hedge into the cross-road than it was spotted by the Frenchman, who was looking about him.

Mossoo made a rapid stride towards him, caught him by the ear, and jerked him out into the lane.

"You vicked boy!"

"Ow!" gasped Fish.

"It is zat you are follow me!"

"I, sir?" groaned Fish. "Leggo my ear! I—I was looking for—for newts, sir, for my collection."

"Zat is vun story!" said Monsieur Charpentier angrily. "I do not know vy you follow me, but it is zat you do follow me viz yourself, isn't it?"

"Ow!"

Monsieur compressed his fingers and thumb until Fisher T. Fish felt that his ear was in a vice, and yelled with anguish.

"Now you run away viz yourself," said the French master, shaking his cane at the unfortunate junior. "You are vicked to play ze spy. You vish to make a joke viz ze ozzers about your master, n'est-ce-pas, you bad boy? Go-away!"

Fisher T. Fish was only too glad to go.

But he did not go far.

He halted in the cover of the hedge, and stood there rubbing his ear ruefully. His ear felt as if it were scorching. But while he rubbed it, he watched through the hedge to see which direction the French master took.

Monsieur Charpentier turned into a footpath through the wood, and a little later left the footpath, and followed a track among the trees.

Fish dodged about among the trees after him.

He could guess now where the Frenchman was going, and he did not need to keep him in sight. That track through the wood led to the lightning-riven oak, the scene of his unfortunate adventure with the masked ruffians. Monsieur Charpentier was going to the oak, and he could only have one possible motive for going there—he was going to keep an appointment.

With whom?

Not with masked ruffians, certainly, in the broad daylight, but doubtless with some member of the cracksmen gang. Fisher T. Fish made a detour through the wood, to keep out of sight, and arrived near the stricken oak on the opposite side of the glade. He peered into the glade.

Yes, there was Mossoo!

He was standing by the dead oak, and looking at his watch. Evidently he was there to keep an appointment, and the other party was late. Fisher T. Fish rubbed his hands and grinned with satisfaction. There was Mossoo himself, waiting at the rendezvous—for whom? Fish was soon to know.

He was standing by the dead oak, and looking at his watch. Evidently he was there to keep an appointment, and the other party was late. Fisher T. Fish rubbed his hands and grinned with satisfaction. There was Mossoo himself, waiting at the rendezvous—for whom? Fish was soon to know.

The Frenchman gave a sudden start, and a beatific smile overspread his face.

A female form was advancing through the trees towards the dead oak.

It was Mademoiselle Finette, the governess from Hardinge House. Fisher T. Fish knew her by sight, and his eyes gleamed. Already he suspected mademoiselle of being an accomplice of the French master in his nefarious schemes. And if his suspicion was not well founded, what did this mysterious meeting mean at the dead oak?

Monsieur Charpentier raised his shining silk topper with Parisian grace as mademoiselle came up the glade.

The lady greeted him with a charming smile, and extended a gloved hand, which Mossoo promptly carried to his lips.

"He knows her, anyway!" muttered Fish. "Nothing's been said at Greyfriars about his knowing her; he's kept it a secret." It did not occur to Fish for the moment that Monsieur Charpentier was really not likely to take the Lower Fourth Form into his confidence on the subject. "Very likely she writes him those letters; I spotted that they were in a female fist. I'm getting to the facts at last."

He was—although they were not precisely the facts he surmised.

"Mon ange!" murmured Monsieur Charpentier. "At last I see you! And it is zat you are completely recover?"

"Oui, oui, mon cher Henri!"

"I have been so anxious about my little-lofe!" said monsieur, with a sigh. "While zat my Finette have ze cruel cold I am on ze tenterhooks."

"Pauvre Henri!"

"I zink of my darling—zat she suffair—zat she sneeze viz ze cold!" said Monsieur Charpentier pathetically.

"While zat is it so, I come to see ze light in ze window of my darling; I vatch him for long time."

"Foolish, Henri!" murmured mademoiselle.

"Ven zat ve are in lofe ve are all foolish, isn't it?" said monsieur. "I come to Hardinge House every evening—I vatch ze light in my darling's window. I zink—zere is my Finette—perhaps at zis moment she sneeze viz ze cruel cold, and I suffair."

The lady smiled, and replied in French. Fisher T. Fish did not catch it all, for mademoiselle, like most Frenchwomen, spoke at express speed. But he understood the drift of her remarks, to the effect that she hoped that Mossoo had not been observed lurking about looking at the light in her window, as her employer at Hardinge House would certainly not be pleased if he should hear of it.

But Mossoo shook his head.

"Is it zat I risk zat my Finette shall be talk about?" he exclaimed. "Nevair! I keep out of sight all ze time, and if somevun come along I run—I run!"

"Cher Henri!"

"Chere Finette!"

And Monsieur Charpentier, remembering that he was not in Greyfriars now, and forced to speak a barbarous language, dropped his English and plunged into rapid French—comparing Mademoiselle Finette to an angel, her eyes to stars, and her lips to cherries, at a faster rate than the quickest shorthand writer could possibly have taken down.

Fisher T. Fish felt inclined to kick himself.

The mystery was explained.

Monsieur Charpentier had been hanging about Hardinge House, the night when Wharton and Bob Cherry had seen him, simply because his lady-love had a cold, and could not come out to see him.

Monsieur Charpentier was not without romance, simply because he was a middle-aged gentleman teaching French in a school. He had his little romance—and Mademoiselle Finette was the heroine of it. He had hung about Hardinge House looking for the light in her window, and when the light went out he smoked his cigar and dreamed dreams of La Belle France, and Mademoiselle Finette, and a little house in the suburbs of Paris. Fisher T. Fish understood now, and he became almost green with disappointment.

Mademoiselle Finette suddenly interrupted the effusive outpourings of Monsieur Charpentier. She was looking suspiciously towards the thicket where the eavesdropper was hidden. She spoke rapidly to Mossoo in French, and the little Frenchman, with a frowning brow, made a sudden rush into the thicket. He almost stumbled over the crouching Fish. "Ah, zen it is you again!" shouted monsieur.

"I—I guess—"

"Come out viz you!"

With his grasp upon Fish's collar, monsieur yanked the amateur detective out of the thicket, and landed him in the grass. Then he flourished his cane.

"Pig of a boy!" he exclaimed.

"Rascal! You spy on me, isn't it? You vish zat you make a joke viz ze ozzers! Imbecile! I thrash you, n'est-ce pas!"

And Monsieur Charpentier suited the action to the word.

He was really angry; and he had reason to be, supposing that Fish had watched him for the sake of spying on his meeting with mademoiselle. His cane rose and fell rapidly, and Fisher T. Fish squirmed and howled under the lashes.

"Ow, ow, ow! Yow! Let up! Leave off! I won't do it any more!" yell the unhappy detective.

"Beast! Spy!"
Whack, whack, whack, whack!
"Yaroo! Help!"

Mademoiselle Finette looked on cheerfully. It was evidently her opinion also that Fisher T. Fish deserved a thrashing for playing the spy. The little Frenchman did not leave off till he was tired. Then he pointed with the cane.

"Allez vous en! Get out, wretch—bad boy—mauvais garcon! Go!"

And Fisher T. Fish was only too glad to go. He picked himself up and limped away, and simply crawled down the lane to Greyfriars.

And he did not shadow Monsieur Charpentier any more.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Mossoo the Hero!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. met Fish as he came in at the school gates.

Wharton was frowning, but at the sight of the limping, dusty junior his brow relaxed.

Fish had evidently been "through" it, and did not want any more.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What have you done with Mossoo?"

Fisher T. Fish groaned. "I guess you'd better ask what he's done with me. Ow!"

"Ogilvy saw you sneaking after Mossoo," said Wharton sternly. "If we hadn't been playing footer we'd have followed you and ducked you. We were going to give you a bumping when you came in—"

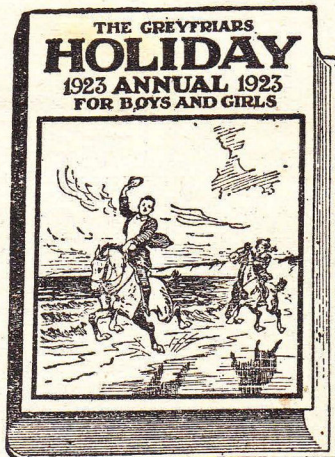
"You needn't trouble," groaned Fish. "I've had enough already. I never knew Froggy was such an athlete. The way he laid into me with that cane was a

THE STORY BOOK YOU ARE LOOKING FOR!

THE MOST FAMOUS STORY BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS IN THE WORLD—A WONDERFUL BARGAIN.

Packed full of
Stirring Tales
of School Life,
Sport and Ad-
venture.

Many fine fea-
tures and wonder-
ful Coloured
Plates.



Get it To-day
before it is too
late!

Now
ON
SALE
at ALL NEWS-
AGENTS!

A Priceless Book for
Six Shillings!

miracle. I never knew he had it in him, and I wish he hadn't. Ow!"

"He's licked you?" grinned the juniors.

"Ow! Yep!"

"Did he catch you spying?" asked Frank Nugent.

"He found me pursuing my investigations, I guess."

"Same thing! Serve you jolly well right!"

"Ow, ow!" groaned Fish. "All the same, I'm going to nab him some day. I've found out that he's making love to the old French girl at Hardinge House, and he goes around watching the light in her window of a night when she's got a cold in the nose."

"My hat! That's what he was doing when we spotted him the night we walked back from Latchford, then!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Yep. But that doesn't clear him. I guess it's up against him, and I'm going to—"

"Rats!"

Fish limped away into the School House. He was feeling very downhearted. Not only had he been discovered in the midst of his investigations and thrashed by the object of his suspicion, but his theory itself had received a very rude shock. It was in fact, only sheer obstinacy that made Fish cling to the theory that Monsieur Charpentier had anything to do with the burglaries. All his clues had been explained away, and he had nothing left to build theories upon. But Fisher T. Fish would not admit that he was beaten. He clung, as it were, to a lingering hope that Mossoo might prove to be a desperado.

For some days nothing had been heard of the cracksmen who had been troubling the neighbourhood. The folk on the countryside were hoping that the county police, even if they could not catch them, had succeeded in frightening them away.

So far the police clues had led to nothing. The burglar, or burglars, had not been discovered, and the loot had not been traced.

The police, like Fisher T. Fish, were looking for a cracksmen who spoke French; and with a clue like that they should have had a good chance of tracking him down, if he was still in the neighbourhood. But they had no luck.

Under the circumstances, extra precautions were now taken at Greyfriars of a night. There was a great deal of valuable silver in the school, and articles in the school museum worth a large sum of money. Every night a mastiff was turned loose in the Close, and all doors and windows were carefully examined by a master. It was quite possible that the cracksmen might come that way. Greyfriars offered him a rich booty if he succeeded in "cracking the crib."

According to Fisher T. Fish's lingering belief, the cracksmen already had his quarters inside the school, and only needed to admit his associates. Fish thought of staying awake at night and keeping watch, in case Mossoo broke out. But that was scarcely possible. He could not very well remain awake twenty-four hours a day, and certainly he could not sleep in the daytime. More than ever Fisher T. Fish felt the need of a Dr. Watson or a faithful Tinker.

While the burglar scare lasted some of the fellows dropped into the habit of taking cricket-stumps into the dormitories of a night, though it was not really likely that the burglar, if he came, would try to burgle a dormitory. He would not make a very rich haul if he came after trousers and jackets, as Peter Todd pointed out. But the fellows felt safer

THE POPULAR.—No. 195.

with a cricket-stump or bat or an Indian club near at hand. Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, who was a great sportsman, was seen cleaning his guns with great energy. Guns and hunting trophies galore adorned the walls of Mr. Prout's study, and he often showed favoured pupils the rifle with which he shot a grizzly bear in the Rocky Mountains in '85, and explained to them how he had done it. He hadn't the bear's skin, the animal having fallen over the cliff after being shot. Potter of the Fifth was privately of the opinion that the bear had jumped over the cliff, and that Mr. Prout hadn't shot it at all; and some of the Fifth-Formers averred that it wasn't Mr. Prout's gun, but Mr. Prout's face that had made the bear jump over the cliff. But, of course, they did not say that to Mr. Prout. Mr. Prout was really in hopes that the cracksmen would come to Greyfriars. He confided to Mr. Quelch, with quite a blood-thirsty look, that he had never had an opportunity of "winging" a man. He had winged, potted, and drilled various animals of all sorts, but never a biped of the human species. He was not going to kill the cracksmen—if he came—but to "wing" him, and then hand him to the police. That was the idea! And Mr. Prout was with difficulty persuaded from keeping his arsenal ready loaded.

bark of the mastiff in the Close. He started up in bed.

There was another sharp bark, and then silence—silence so far as the dog was concerned. The wind howled on, but there was no sound from the mastiff borne upon it.

Wharton shivered a little, and drew the blankets round him. The night was very cold.

The dog did not bark again, though he listened for ten minutes or more.

He wondered! Had the dog barked at some shadow, and gone to sleep again, or had the faithful animal been silenced by some cruel blow? Did it mean that the cracksmen had come at last?

In the dead darkness and eeriness of midnight, it seemed only too likely. Wharton reached out his hand instinctively for the cricket-stump beside his bed.

Should he get up and call the fellows because the dog had barked? If it turned out to be a false alarm it would lead to trouble. The Head was not likely to be pleased at the Removites turning out of their dormitory in the middle of the night.

Wharton hesitated some time, but the thought that the cracksmen might even then be creeping upon his plunder decided him. He slipped out of bed, and put on his clothes, and mounted on a chair to look out of the window. There was a gleam of cold starlight in the Close, and he could see the bare branches of the trees swaying in the wind. But nothing else was stirring. Had the dog gone back to his kennel? Was it nothing after all? It was only too likely, but—

"Hallo, hallo hallo!" came a sleepy voice from Bob Cherry's bed. "What's up?"

"I am," said Harry. "I say, Bob, I can't help thinking there's something wrong. Cæsar was barking, and he suddenly left off, and he hasn't made a sound since."

Bob yawned.

"Might have spotted Loder coming back from a night out," he murmured.

"He wouldn't bark at Loder."

Bob Cherry groaned.

"I know what you mean. You want me to get up, and it's c-c-cold," he mumbled. "Well, here goes."

Bob turned out of bed, and dressed quickly.

"We can go down and have a look round," said Wharton, in a whisper. "It won't do any harm. Bring your bat. The safe is in the Head's study, and we'll just take a squint at it. At the study, I mean. The door's locked of a night, so we can't get in."

"Right-ho!"

The two juniors left the dormitory quietly without awakening the other fellows. They tiptoed downstairs. It was an hour past midnight, and the whole school was wrapped in slumber. But as they passed the French master's room the juniors thought they heard a sound. Was monsieur stirring? They paused. In spite of themselves, Fisher T. Fish's suspicions of the French master rushed into their minds at that moment. Yes, he was stirring, there was no doubt about that. They heard a queer clicking in his room, and they knew that it was Mossoo's teeth chattering with cold.

Bob Cherry caught his comrade's arm.

"He's up!" murmured Bob.

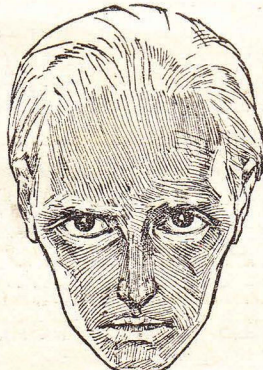
"Might have heard the mastiff, same as I did!" whispered Wharton.

"Of course." Bob Cherry gave a sigh of relief. "Of course that's it."

"Come on!"

They descended the stairs quietly. As they came into the passage upon which

WHO IS RIVINGTON SPEED?



Rivington Speed—the Master—mysterious, all-powerful—in outward seeming a little dealer in antiques with a knack of reviving the lustre in "sick" pearls—is the baffling character who dominates unseen every situation in the remarkable new serial story "Helen of London" which is shortly to begin in "ANSWERS."

Considering how ready the whole school was for him, it was really a pity that the cracksmen did not come. Mr. Prout remarked with an air of disappointment that he was afraid the rascal had left the neighbourhood. Fisher T. Fish was beginning to think so, too, though he still kept a suspicious eye upon Monsieur Charpentier.

It was some days after Fish's adventure with Mossoo in the wood, when one dark, windy night Harry Wharton awoke suddenly in the Remove dormitory. The wind from the sea was growling and groaning round the old roofs and chimney-stacks of Greyfriars, and windows were rattling, and the leafless branches in the Close groaned and creaked. But through the clamour of the wind Wharton heard the loud, sharp

They came into the passage upon which

They came into the passage upon which

They came into the passage upon which

They came into the passage upon which

the Head's study opened, Wharton caught his breath.

Under the door was a glimmer of light.

That Dr. Locke had gone to bed long ago, they knew. What did the light in his study mean—that faint glimmer just enough to show a cracksmen to his work? Was the man there?

"M-m-my hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. "I—I say—"

"He must be there, Bob."

"Head might have left his light burning."

"He never does."
"True enough."

They stood in the darkness of the passage, staring in a fascinated way at the glimmer of light under the door.

For some moments they did not move, and then Wharton stole silently forward, straining his ears to listen. From within the study came a low, faint, grinding sound. Then he could have no further doubt. The cracksmen was there, and he was at work upon the safe.

Harry Wharton's heart beat hard. He knew that the cracksmen was desperate. One of Sir Hilton Popper's gamekeepers had been badly hurt in trying to seize him. Wharton was not afraid, but it would be a serious thing to come upon a ruffian armed with a jemmy or some still deadlier weapon. He stole back along the passage to where Bob was waiting.

It was pitchy dark in the passage, and he had to grope his way, and he bumped against Bob in the dark. There was a slight sound; but, slight as it was, it was sufficient to reach the keen ears of the man in the study. The grinding instantly ceased, and the light that glimmered under the door vanished.

Wharton's heart thumped.

"He's heard us, Bob!"

They heard the study door stealthily open. In the black darkness, someone was straining his eyes in their direction—they knew it—and their hearts beat so hard they were afraid the man would hear them. He made no sound. Was he creeping towards them in the dark?

Wharton's hand had groped to a switch of the electric light. With a touch of his finger he could flood the passage with light, and he was tempted to do it to end the horrible suspense.

There was a sound in the darkness—the sound of hurried, suppressed breathing—and it was close. The man was stealing down the passage to investigate—probably with some weapon in his hand—the weapon that had silenced the mastiff. And if they moved he would hear them, and the blow would come.

Wharton could stand no more.

He pressed the switch, and the electric light blazed out suddenly in the passage. The juniors grasped the stump and bat tightly to defend themselves. Within six feet of them, blinking in the sudden light, was a burly man, with a jemmy in his hand, and a band of crape swathed over his face to mask it.

He stared at the two juniors, blinking. They stared at him in horrible fascination. For a single, tense moment there was no sound, save the wail of the wind outside.

Then he sprang forward.

"Help!" shouted Wharton.

"Help!" roared Bob Cherry.

Then a familiar voice rang behind him:

"Stand back, you zief! Anozzer step, and I pull ze trigger!"

The ruffian halted in his rush.

"Stand aside, mes garçons!"

It was Monsieur Charpentier.

Wharton and Bob Cherry swung half round in amazement and relief. Mon-

sieur Charpentier, half-dressed, wild-eyed with excitement, but brave as a lion, stood there; and Mr. Prout's gun was at his shoulder, the muzzle bearing full upon the broad chest of the burglar.

The man's eyes blazed with rage, but he halted. The muzzle of the gun was within seven feet of his breast; and Mossoo, wildly excited as he was, did not tremble; his hand was firm, and his eye gleamed steadily along the levelled barrel.

"Zief and rascal!" went on Mossoo. "Drop zat zing—zat shemmy! At vunce, or I blow out ze brains, isn't it?"

Clang!

The steel jemmy rang on the floor.

The cracksmen backed away, evidently intending to flee; but the French master's voice rang out again in sharp command:

"Stand still! If you run, I pull ze trigger!"

And the man halted. By this time there were footsteps and voices on all sides. The juniors' shouts had alarmed the whole school. Fellows poured downstairs, calling to one another, and the passage was soon crowded. The cracksmen cast a furious glance round him. Some of the fellows were in the passage behind him, and his retreat was cut off, even if he could have escaped the threatening rifle.

"Seize ze ruffian!" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier. "Seize him, zen! Tie his hands viz somezing!"

Wingate of the Sixth and several other seniors collared the cracksmen. As Mossoo could not have fired now without risk of hitting them, the man began to struggle; but he had no chance. The sturdy seniors had him down in a twinkling, and fellows brought cord and ropes on all sides. Fisher T. Fish, who was down with the rest, was struck with a brilliant idea, and he dashed away to the Remove room, and brought back the handcuffs that had reposed so long inside Mr. Quelch's desk.

"I guess I'll put the bracelets on him," said Fish importantly.

And the handcuffs clicked upon the burglar's wrists.

The mask was taken from his face, disclosing a dark, bearded face convulsed with fury. With the handcuffs on, and something like twenty yards of rope bound round him, the cracksmen lay helpless on the floor.

Monsieur Charpentier dropped the butt of the rifle to the floor. He was gasping and shaking now with the reaction, after the thrilling excitement of the capture. Dr. Locke had come down in his dressing-gown, and he caught the French master's hand and squeezed it.

"Monsieur Charpentier, many thanks for your courage! This is the man who has been terrorising the neighbourhood; and, thanks to you, sir, he is caught!"

"Gee-whiz!" murmured Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I was on the wrong track, somehow! This lets me out!"

"I am zankful zat I come down!" gasped Monsieur Charpentier. "Zese juniors give ze alarm, too. I find zeum down here—"

"We found the burglar, sir," said Harry Wharton, with a shiver. "But I don't know what would have happened if Mossoo hadn't come with Mr. Prout's gun!"

"Zat is so!" said Mossoo, with a tremulous smile. "And I, myself, I do not know vat would have happen if ze burglar have known zat ze gun was not loaded!"

There was a yell.

"Not loaded!"

"Non," confessed Mossoo. "I do not know how to load ze gun; and, besides, zere was no time. I seize ze gun, and rush here—zat is all. But ze burglar, he do not know zat he is not loaded, so zat is vat you call all serene—a bit of all right, as you say in English!"

"Oh, monsieur," exclaimed the Head, greatly moved, "you have faced that ruffian with an unloaded gun! What might have happened?"

"But he did not happen, sir, so zat is all right, n'est-ce-pas!"

"Three cheers for Mossoo, the giddy hero!" yelled Bob Cherry.

And the silent house was awakened to its last echo by the cheers.

Mossoo was a hero from that night. But the good little man bore his blushing honours thick upon him with becoming modesty.

The cracksmen he had captured, when handed over to the police, was identified as a well-known and dangerous criminal, and a great part of the proceeds of his various robberies was recovered. There was some surprise that he did not turn out to be a Frenchman; but that was soon explained. He had had no companions in his depredations, and to call out a pretended warning to them in French was a trick to throw the police off his track.

His French exclamations were faithfully reported to the detectives by those who heard them, and gave the police the same impression that they had given to the amateur detective of Greyfriars—that they had a French criminal to deal with. It was a cunning trick, and it had served his purpose; but his trickery was at an end now for the next seven years.

While Mossoo was made much of, Fisher T. Fish was mercilessly chipped by the Remove.

He had suspected Mossoo of being the cracksmen, and Mossoo had captured the cracksmen!

It was the completest answer that could have been given to Fish's amazing theories, and for some days even the bumptious Fish "sang small."

THE END.

(Don't miss next week's story of the Chums of Greyfriars School.)

THE POPULAR.—No. 125.

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS By FRANK RICHARDS.



FIFTY YEARS ON THE TRAIL

BOYS! This is the life-story of Roger Pocock—Buffalo Bill's friend—and it is the most wonderful and thrilling story ever written of the great Wild West. It tells of mining camps, police work, Mexican rebels, and nights spent among thieves and outlaws. Don't miss it! Read the first instalment TO-DAY in this week's issue of the

PICTORIAL MAGAZINE

On Sale Every Tuesday

NEXT TUESDAY! "THE MOTOR BANDITS!"

LIKE THE VERY GOOD FELLOW HE IS, ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY COMES TO THE AID OF THE WAYLAND UNEMPLOYED.



THE SCHOOLBOY SHOWMEN!

A Splendid Long Complete School Tale of TOM MERRY & CO., The Chums of St. Jim's.

By
MARTIN CLIFFORD.

(Author of the famous stories of St. Jim's appearing in the "Gem.")

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

For the Good of the Cause!

"I WISH to speak to you fellahs," Arthur Augustus D'Arcy came into the junior Common-room at St. Jim's, looking very thoughtful. Tom Merry & Co., who were engaged in filling up coupons for a football competition, looked up at once. "Speak up, my little man!" said Monty Lowther. "Say what you've got to say, and then quit. We're busy." "Weally, Lowthah! The fact is, deah boys, I've hit upon a wippin' wheeze." Snort from Tom Merry. Grunt from Manners. Cackle from Monty Lowther. Arthur Augustus' "wheezes" seldom found favour in the sight of his school-fellows.

What Gussy believed to be brilliant, Tom Merry & Co. regarded as feeble. Arthur Augustus eyed the Terrible Three through his monocle.

"There's a feahful amount of unemployment in Wayland—" he began. "Go hon!"

"The papah-mills have closed down, hundreds have been thrown out of work, an' the town has been plunged into poverty."

Tom Merry nodded.

"You're not telling us anything new, Gussy," he said. "We were already aware that the paper-mills had closed down, and that there was a lot of distress in Wayland. The mayor has started a relief fund."

"Twue. But contwibutions are comin' in vewy slowly. Only a few pounds have been collected so fah, an' that's a mere drop in the ocean. I have thought of a wheeze whereby we can swell the fund."

The Terrible Three looked really interested at last.

"Expound, Gussy!" said Manners.

"I received an extwemely handsome wemittance this mornin' fwom my patah," said Arthur Augustus.

"And you propose to hand it over to the relief fund?" asked Tom Merry.

"No, deah boy. I will tell you what is in my mind. There is a big fair on Way-

land Common, an' I intend to hire it for one evenin', to come ovah to St. Jim's."

The juniors gasped.

"You—you intend to hire the giddy fair?" stuttered Manners.

"Pwecisely. We'll have the swings, an' the woundabouts, an' all the west of it, wiggid up on the playin' fields. An' we'll invite all the St. Jim's fellahs to wally wound for the good of the cause, an' patwonise the fair. We ought to waise quite a lot of money that way."

For once in a way Tom Merry & Co. did not scoff at D'Arcy's suggestion. They had sufficient imagination to realise that there were big possibilities in it.

If the fair were pitched on the playing fields, the St. Jim's fellows would support it to a man. Quite a lot of money would be taken in connection with the swings and the roundabouts and the coconut-shies, and the other attractions.

Of course, the hiring of the fair would cost a lot of money, even for one evening. But that was D'Arcy's funeral.

"What do you think of my wheeze, deah boys?" asked Arthur Augustus.

"I think it's downright generous of you, Gussy!" said Tom Merry warmly.

"Hear, hear!"

"We ought to rope in the shekels hand-over-fist on behalf of the Wayland unemployed," said Monty Lowther. "You can count on our unanimous support in this stunt, Gussy."

Arthur Augustus beamed.

"I am vewy pleased to think that my ideah has met with such a good weception," he said. "Let's come ovah to Wayland on our bikes, an' fix mattahs up with the pwopwietor of the fair."

"Half a tick," said Tom Merry. "We shall have to get the Head's permission first. Can't take the law into our own hands, you know."

"I'll go an' ask the Head wight away," said Arthur Augustus.

And he proceeded to the Head's study. "Well, D'Arcy?" said Dr. Holmes kindly as the swell of St. Jim's entered.

"I have a wequest to make, sir," said

D'Arcy. "There happens to be a fair on Wayland Common, an' I want to ask if it can be twansferred to St. Jim's for one evenin' only."

"Bless my soul! That is a most singular request to make, D'Arcy!"

"It's for a good cause, sir," said Arthur Augustus. "With your permission, I pwopose to pay for the hire of the fair. An' all the money we take this evenin' will go to swell the Wayland Welief Fund. I pwesume you have heard of the tewwible distwess in the town, sir."

The Head nodded.

"I approve most heartily of your scheme, D'Arcy," he said. "It is an ingenious idea, and the results should be most satisfactory. I give my permission without hesitation."

"Thanks awfully, sir!"

"Where do you propose to pitch the fair?"

"On the playin' fields, sir."

"Excellent! I will allow the school to stay up later than usual this evening, in order to give you an opportunity of collecting as much money as possible for this worthy cause. I need hardly add that this project will have the support of the masters, as well as the boys. I will mention the matter to them, and I have no doubt that they will be pleased to patronise the fair."

The Head summoned the masters without delay, and he outlined D'Arcy's scheme.

The masters—with one exception—warmly approved of it.

The exception was Mr. Horace Ratcliff.

"I cannot see my way to support this proposal, sir," said the sour, ill-humoured Housemaster.

The Head raised his eyebrows.

"And why not, Mr. Ratcliff?" he asked sharply.

"There is something common and vulgar and undignified about a fair," said Mr. Ratcliff. "It will encourage horseplay."

The Head shrugged his shoulders.

"I shall not object to the boys running a bit wild, in the circumstances," he

A NEW LONG TALE OF ST. JIM'S.
:: BY MARTIN CLIFFORD. ::

said. "I have already decided to extend their bed-time beyond the usual hour. I have no doubt that a large sum of money will be raised on behalf of the Wayland unemployed. And that is the main thing."

"But the din will be intolerable!" said Mr. Ratcliff. "Can you imagine three hundred boys running amok? Then there will be the harsh, grating music of the roundabouts. It will get on my nerves!"

"You are not compelled to attend the fair," said the Head coldly. "If you disapprove of it, you may shut yourself up in your study."

"But even there I shall not escape the blatant sounds of revelry," said Mr. Ratcliff. "I repeat, sir, I cannot see my way to support this proposal."

The Head frowned. "I fear you are very much in the minority, Mr. Ratcliff," he said. "Yours is the only dissentient voice. The other masters approve of the scheme, and it shall be carried out forthwith."

Every master present, with the exception of Mr. Ratcliff, nodded his assent.

"We will throw off the cloak of authority for the space of one evening," said Mr. Railton, "and enter into the merry-making with zest!"

"It will be most undignified for a master to be seen in a swing-boat, or on the roundabouts!" snapped Mr. Ratcliff.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Lathom. "An evening's frolic will enable us to recover some of the lost spirit of youth," said Mr. Linton.

And even Mr. Selby, who, as a rule, was as big a killjoy as Mr. Ratcliff, nodded approvingly.

The masters dispersed to their own studies, Mr. Ratcliff fuming as he went.

Meanwhile, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had cycled over to Wayland with the Terrible Three.

They found the proprietor of the fair, Mr. Jem Huggins, standing disconsolately near the coconut stall.

"Cheer up, man!" said Monty Lowther. "You look as if you've lost a tanner, and found a penny with a hole in it."

Mr. Huggins knocked out his pipe, with a rueful countenance.

"Things is bad, young gents," he said. "Crool bad. The roundabouts is at a standstill, 'cos we can't get enough customers. By that same token, the swing-boats is empty. There hasn't been half a dozen people in 'em all day. I'm runnin' this fair at a loss, honestly I am. Nobody's got any money to spend in Wayland, jest at present. Fact is, I'm thinkin' of packin' up this evenin' an' pushin' on to another place."

"Don't do that, deah man," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "I want to know if I can bowwow your fair for the evenin'—hire it, you know."

"By gosh!" gasped Mr. Huggins.

"If you can get your men to shift the whole box of tricks up to St. Jim's, our friend Gussy will make it worth your while," said Tom Merry.

Mr. Huggins brightened up considerably. And when he heard that Gussy's object was to relieve the distress in Wayland he became even more pleased.

"It'll cost you a fiver to have the use of my fair for the evenin', includin' the removal," he said.

Arthur Augustus closed with the offer. And Mr. Huggins summoned his assistants straight away and instructed them to transfer everything to St. Jim's.

Amid much hustle and bustle the removal was carried out.

It was a big job, for everything had to

be dismantled, and re-erected at St. Jim's. But Mr. Jem Huggins and his men were experts in the art of removing and reconstructing their extensive paraphernalia.

By six o'clock that evening everything was in readiness for the fair to commence.

Needless to state, there was tremendous excitement at St. Jim's, especially among the fags.

Everybody rallied round cheerfully, with the double object of enjoying themselves and of swelling the Wayland Relief Fund.

Masters and boys mingled on the playing-fields on terms of friendly equality.

It was to be an evening of revel and dance and song. And there was radiant laughter on every face, save the face of Mr. Horace Ratcliff. That worthy gentleman, like Eugene Aram in the poem, "stood remote from all—a melancholy man." But nobody cared a rap about the killjoy of St. Jim's. They threw themselves heart and soul into the whirl of pleasure and left Mr. Ratcliff to his own devices.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.
A Terrible Ordeal!

THE fun was fast and furious.

Money simply poured into the coffers of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, who assisted Mr. Huggins and his employees to run the show.

The roundabouts were set in motion, and not a horse was riderless. To the tune of "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," the wooden steeds revolved at a dizzy pace.

"This is ripping!" murmured Monty Lowther joyously. "Almost makes me feel young again! Gee up, Black Bess!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My animal's a regular kisser!" said Jack Blake. "I keep getting frightful jabs and jolts. Never mind! It's all in the game!"

The swing-boats were laden with laughing schoolboys.

Some of the boats rose to a breathless height. Wally D'Arcy and Curly Gibson occupied one of them, and they seemed to be trying to propel each other over the top.

"Steady on, young gents!" called Mr. Huggins. "We don't want no broken necks!"

"This is glorious!" sang out Curly Gibson. "Heave-ho, Wally!"

"Time's up, there!" said Mr. Huggins. "Then we'll have another six-penn'orth. Stay in your seat, Wally. I'll shy a tanner down to Mr. Huggins."

The showman caught the coin on his nose, and gave vent to a fiendish yell. "Yarooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was bustle and activity everywhere.

The coconut-shying was going strong. The bottle-shooting and dart-throwing attracted enormous crowds.

One of the biggest attractions was the football. It had to be kicked at the face of a cardboard man, so that he was overturned. And it was not so easy as it looked. Talbot of the Shell accomplished the feat, but most of the other fellows kicked the ball wide of the target.

Hoop-la was another great attraction. And games of all sorts were in progress.

The din was truly deafening.

Mr. Ratcliff hovered on the outskirts of the fair. He was scowling with annoyance.

Not far away a crowd of fags were joining hands and dancing. They had



RATTY'S RIDE!—Mr. Ratcliff clung to the horse's wooden neck, as the roundabout rapidly gathered speed. Tom Merry & Co., mounted on horses behind the Housemaster, simply shrieked with laughter.
(See Chapter 3.)

exhausted all their pocket-money. But were they downhearted? No! They whirled to and fro on nimble feet, chanting the chorus of "The Floral Dance."

"I thought I heard the peculiar tone, Of the cornet, the clarinet, the big trombone, Fiddle, cello, big bass drum, Bassoon, flute, and euphonium. Far away, as in a trance, I heard the sound of the 'Floral Dance.'"

Mr. Ratcliff stopped his ears. "Cease this noisy demonstration!" he shouted.

But the Housemaster's voice was drowned in the uproar. He might as well have addressed the occupants of the Tower of Babel for all the response he got.

"Stop it, I say!" thundered Mr. Ratcliff. "This is sheer hooliganism!"

The dancers went on dancing. The songsters went on singing.

Suddenly there was a tap on Mr. Ratcliff's shoulder. He turned and found Mr. Jem Huggins and another showman confronting him.

"What do you want?" snapped the Housemaster.

"Which you seem rather out of it," said Mr. Huggins. "Why don't you join in the fun with the rest?"

"Fun?" echoed Mr. Ratcliff. "Do you call this fun? It is deplorable; it is monstrous! I have been to my study to try to shut out the hideous sounds, but it is useless. These fairs are the essence of vulgarity!"

Mr. Huggins looked grim. "You ought to be only too pleased to help a good cause," he said. "Ain't that so, Ned?"

Mr. Huggins' assistant was a man of few words.

"Yep!" he said. "Are you aware, sir," continued Mr. Huggins, "that there is hundreds of unemployed in Wayland?"

Mr. Ratcliff shrugged his shoulders. "That is no concern of mine," he said.

"Are you also aware," persisted Mr. Huggins, brandishing his fist in perilous proximity to Mr. Ratcliff's nose, "that if it wasn't for the Relief Fund, all those fellows would starve, an' their dependants into the bargain?"

"It is nothing to me," said Mr. Ratcliff. "Such things are bound to occur in an ill-governed country."

"Then you don't intend to help the fund?" queried Mr. Huggins.

"I do not."

"What shall we do about it, Ned?" asked Mr. Huggins.

"Make 'im!" said the man of few words.

Then, before Mr. Ratcliff could realise what was happening, he was seized by the two showmen and hustled away towards the roundabouts.

"Unhand me!" panted the Housemaster.

"Not jest yet, my beauty!" said Mr. Huggins, who, as has been shown, was no respecter of persons. "I want a tanner, please. Then we'll give you a joy-ride on the roundabouts."

"This—this is outrageous!" spluttered Mr. Ratcliff. "I refuse to part with any money!"

"You'd better, for your own sake!" said Mr. Huggins grimly. "Otherwise, you'll get a rough handlin'. We never stand on ceremony, do we, Ned?"

"Nope!" said the taciturn Ned.

Mr. Ratcliff fumbled in his pocket with some difficulty, and disgorged a sixpence.

Mr. Huggins took the coin. Then he THE POPULAR.—No. 195.

glanced at the roundabouts, which had come to a standstill.

"Help me hoist him on to Tishy's back, Ned!" he said.

Tishy was a painted wooden steed, whose front legs were anything but straight.

Mr. Ratcliff viewed the tationary creature with considerable alarm. Then he tried to break away from his captors, but in vain.

Mr. Huggins, ably assisted by Ned, hoisted the Housemaster on to the horse's back. Scarcely had they done so, when the roundabouts started again.

Mr. Ratcliff clung tenaciously to Tishy's wooden neck as the roundabouts rapidly gathered speed.

Tom Merry & Co. were mounted on horses behind the Housemaster, and they simply shrieked.

"Look at old Ratty!"

"Isn't it priceless!"

"I'll see if I can take a snapshot on the move," murmured Manners, groping for his vest-pocket camera.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Ratcliff was in a sorry plight. His long coat-tails were streaming in the air as Tishy bore him round and round at dizzy speed.

The pace was terrific, and the juniors didn't mind it in the least. In fact, they revelled in it. But Mr. Ratcliff didn't. He felt worse than he had felt when crossing the Channel in a tempest.

"Oh dear!" he muttered in anguished tones. "Will these wretched roundabouts never cease to gyrate? I—I feel positively ill! What is worse, I am being made a laughing-stock of the whole school!"

Fellows had flocked from all directions to see Ratty on the roundabouts. It was a sight they had never experienced before. And they laughed long and loudly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hang on tight, sir!"

"Mind Tishy doesn't bolt!"

The roundabouts stopped at last. And Mr. Ratcliff was in a state of collapse when Mr. Huggins and Ned removed him from the horse.

But the Housemaster's troubles were by no means over. They had only just begun.

As soon as he was sufficiently recovered Mr. Ratcliff was hustled away to the swing-boats.

"This will be another tanner!" said Mr. Huggins.

"Release me at once, you grinning rascal!" fumed Mr. Ratcliff.

"But you've only jest started to enjoy yerself!" said the showman.

Mr. Ratcliff did not look as if he found the proceedings enjoyable. His face was pale, his eyes seemed to be starting from his head, and his hair—what little there was of it—stood up on end.

"I—I will have you arrested for this!" he snarled.

Neither Mr. Huggins nor Ned appeared dismayed at the prospect.

"Leave him to me, Ned," said the former. "I'll give him a nice little jaunt in the swing-boat. He'll think he's bein' rocked off to sleep."

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

Mr. Ratcliff called upon the crowd to liberate him from the clutches of Mr. Huggins.

But the fellows didn't exactly fall over each other in their efforts to release Mr. Ratcliff. They were deaf to the Housemaster's commands and entreaties.

Had Mr. Ratcliff been a good sport it might have been different. But he was a sour-faced killjoy. And the fellows were pleased to see him being put through the hoop.

Mr. Huggins bundled his captive into one of the boats. Then he sprang nimbly into it himself.

"Hang on to that rope an' pull!" commanded the showman. "If you don't, it will be the worse for you!"

"You shall pay dearly for this, my man!" snarled Mr. Ratcliff. "I will give you in charge! I—"

The movements of the swing-boat caused the Housemaster to break off suddenly.

Mr. Ratcliff rose up into the air, clutching at the rope like a drowning man clutching at a straw.

The roundabouts had been bad enough. But the swing-boat was decidedly worse. The sensation robbed Mr. Ratcliff of his breath. He rose higher and higher—too terrified even to shout.

Mr. Huggins was used to the sensation of shooting up in the air and then rushing down again. He puffed calmly at his pipe as he sat in the swing-boat. But his victim was in a state of panic.

The swing-boat soon rose to a very dizzy height. Mr. Ratcliff was mortally afraid that he would be hurled over the crossbar at the top. Never had the St. Jim's fellows seen him look so scared.

After five minutes of incessant swinging, Mr. Huggins desisted. He vaulted nimbly out of the swing-boat. But Mr. Ratcliff crawled out, looking more dead than alive.

Tom Merry tapped Mr. Huggins on the shoulder.

"Don't you think he's had enough, Mr. Huggins?" he said, with a smile.

"No, I don't!" growled the showman. "He showed no sympathy for the Wayland unemployed, and we're not showing any sympathy for him—are we, Ned?"

"Nope!" said Ned.

"The next item on the programme," said Mr. Huggins, "will be coconut-shies. This way, my beauty!"

And Mr. Ratcliff was hustled willy-nilly, towards the coconut booth, with a crowd of hysterical juniors at his heels.

The Housemaster was being forced to take part in the amusements. But they failed to amuse him. The only people who were amused were the spectators, and peal upon peal of laughter rang out on the night air.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Good for Gussy!

"THREE shies a penny!" said Mr. Huggins, handing three wooden balls to Mr. Ratcliff.

"You can have the shies first, and we'll collect the penny afterwards."

Mr. Ratcliff looked daggers at the showman.

"Must you humiliate me further?" he snarled. "You have already covered me with ridicule. I refuse to throw at these coconuts. It is a childish pastime!"

"If you don't pelt them coconuts," said Mr. Huggins cheerfully but ungrammatically, "we'll pelt you!"

Mr. Ratcliff had no alternative but to do the showman's bidding. He hurled one of the balls savagely at the row of coconuts.

Crash!

The ball thudded against the canvas. The coconuts remained intact on their perches.

"A miss!" chortled Monty Lowther. "Tell the umpire to signal a wide!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Ratcliff threw again, and then again. And on each occasion he missed his objective.

"You're a dashed bad marksman!"

(Continued on page 17.)

BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY

Greyfriars

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.

St Jim's

Rookwood

A Boxing Match in the Stone Age!

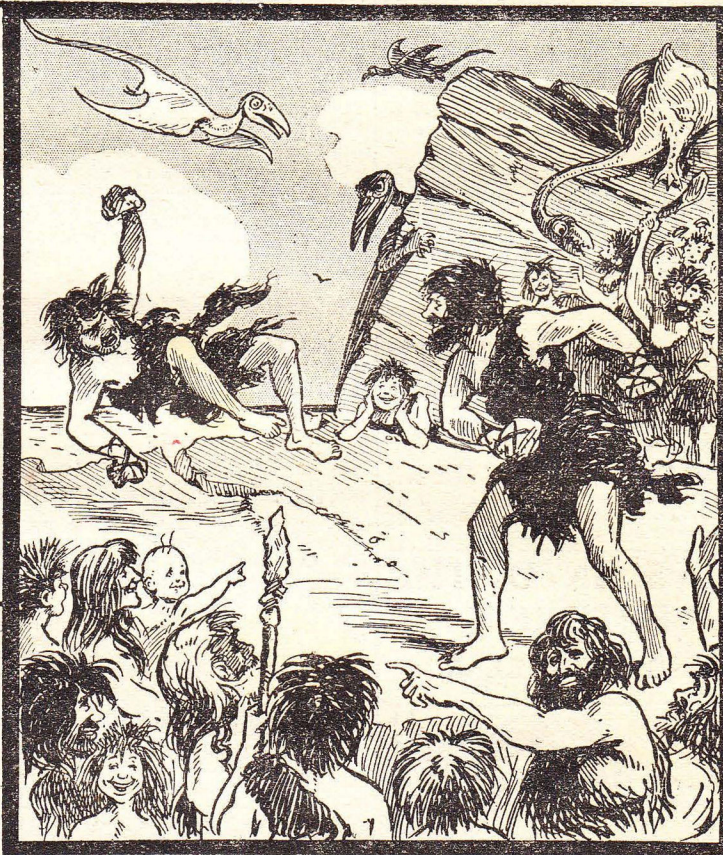
By Monty Lowther

"HAST heard the news?"
 "Nay, brother."
 "Sam the Slogger, who hath his abode in yonder cave, hath challenged Fiery Frank to a scrap."
 "Gadzooks!"
 "At dawn of day they will meet on the cliff-top and pummel each other right merrily."
 "Say not so, brother!"
 "Ay, but 'tis a fact. At crow of cock, they will have each other's gore. Wilt turn out to see the fun?"
 "Yea, verily."

This conversation took place between a couple of Ancient Britons. Both were very excited, and not without reason. For was not Sam the Slogger the finest fighting man in the land. Moreover, Sam was a giant, standing seven-foot-six in his sheepskins.

And was not Fiery Frank, he of the red hair, a holy terror? His iron fists had sent many a mighty man to his doom. When Fiery Frank "saw red," there was trouble in store for somebody.

The news of the forthcoming fight spread rapidly amongst the cave-dwellers. Sam the Slogger and Fiery Frank had been bitter enemies for a long time past. It had been a sort of habit with them to stone each other every morning. Hefty boulders were always flying about between Sam's cave and that of his neighbour.



Of course, this hostility was bound to come to a head. And at last Sam had challenged his fiery neighbour to a boxing-match.

An enormous crowd forthgathered on the cliff-top in order to witness the event.

"Od's bodikins, but I have never beheld such a vast concourse of people since the football cup final betwixt Britain and Gaul!" exclaimed one man.

"On that occasion," said his companion, "the price of admission was two flintstones. But behold, this is a free entertainment."

"Yea, not half! We do not even have to pay amusement tax."

"Will Sam the Slogger win the fight, think you?"

"Of a surety, unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless he loseth it."

"A plague on thee, for making such a sorry

jest. If Sam doth not win, then he is bound to lose."

"Not so, brother. It may be a dead-head!"

"A dead-head? Thou art talking out of the nape of thy neck! How can there be a dead-head in a boxing-match?"

"What I mean is, they may kill each other, in which case 'twill end all square."

"Hush! Here they come!"

Amid a breathless silence, Sam the Slogger and Fiery Frank stepped into the ring, which consisted of a circle of stones.

Sam had painted himself all over in a hideous medley of colours. He was clad in a goatskin, as also was his opponent.

The oldest inhabitant, a toothless patriarch of a hundred and forty or thereabouts, acted as referee.

"Set to, ye scurvy knaves!" he croaked.

THE POPULAR.—No. 125.

Supplement I.]

OUR SPECIAL ZOOLOGICAL NUMBER APPEARS NEXT WEEK!

"There is a purse of fifty flintstones for the winner—if he surviveth."
Sam the Slogger led off with a right swing to the referee's nose."

This caused a slight delay, while the referee was taken away in the ambulance chariot; and a fresh official was appointed.

"On with the fight!" called this worthy, hopping back out of the danger-zone.

Sam the Slogger delivered another right swing, and his stone boxing-glove came with a fearful clump on Fiery Frank's pate. "Yaropski!" howled Frank.

And there was a roar of delight from the onlookers.

"Go it, ye cripples!"

"Maim him, Sam!"

"Make the saucy varlet bedridden for life!"

Sam the Slogger warmed to his work. He possessed no science—merely brute strength. He reduced his opponent's nasal organ to pulp, and otherwise proceeded to disfigure him.

Fiery Frank staggered back under an avalanche of blows.

"Verily, I shall complain to the referee!" he muttered. "Thou art hitting me too hard."

"Ay, and I will hit thee harder yet, thou craven wight!" panted Sam. "I will paste thy countenance so that thy maternal relative will not recognise thee!"

"Mercy!"

"What! Dost thou expect me to show mercy to one who pelteeth me with lumps of rock every morning? Take that, and that, and that!"

Fiery Frank took them. "It is better to give than to receive," runs the old proverb. But Frank didn't seem to think so.

The first blow closed his right optic. The second blow closed his left optic. And the third caught him full in the chest, and sent him a distance of fourteen yards, as the crow flies.

Fiery Frank went whizzing through space. The fourteen yards took him to the edge of the cliff. He tried frantically to check his wild careering, but alas! it was too late.

With a fearful yell, Fiery Frank went over the top.

There was an awful pause, and then a faint splash from far down in the depths signified that his boxing career was ended for ever.

Sam the Slogger picked up a handful of grass and mopped his streaming face.

"Ha, ha! I have put him out of his misery," he cried, in tones of gloating satisfaction. "Peradventure there are others who would like to have the gloves on with me?"

At this, the crowd melted away as if by magic. Nobody was anxious to share the melancholy fate of Fiery Frank.

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE!

By GEORGE KERR.



ALDERMAN FATTY WYNN

(At the Lord Mayors' Banquet).
THE POPULAR.—No. 195.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MODERN AND A CLASSICAL.

By Val Mornington.

CLASSICAL:

"Come, you cheeky Modern ass.
Move aside, and let me pass!"

MODERN:

"Move aside yourself, you dufer!
If you don't, I'll make you suffer!"

CLASSICAL:

"What impertinence! My hat!
Why, you couldn't hurt a goat!"

MODERN:

"Come and meet me in the gym,
And you'll ache in every limb!"

CLASSICAL:

"Not in the gym. We'll come and grapple
Man to man, behind the chapel!"

MODERN:

"Better write your will, old chap,
Ere we start this merry scrap!"

CLASSICAL:

"Let's get busy right away.
Bring some chaps to see fair play."

MODERN:

"Hi, there, Dodd and Doyle and Cook!
There's a scrap on! Come and look!"

CLASSICAL:

"Silver! Lovell! Newcome! Grace!
See me punch this bounder's face!"

MODERN:

"I am spolling for a fight;
Haven't had one since last night!"

CLASSICAL:

"I am yearning for a tussle;
Come and feel my mighty muscle!"
(The procession moves off amid great excitement.)

IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN!

By Billy Bunter.

My dear Readers,—The art of fisticuffs is one which every fellow ought to study. You never know when you are going to be attacked in a dark lair, or pounced upon by blaggards at dead of night.

If you are a first-class fighting-man—like myself—you will be able to take your part in any crisis. You will shoot out your fists, and do tremendous dammdidge. If, on the other hand, you are a weekling, you will get a ruff handling. Hooligans never stand on seremony. They stand on their feet, and nock you off yours—unless you happen to be skilled in the science of fisticuffs.

Personally, I am in grate form with my fists just now. Did I not win the porker-weight championship of the Remove quite resently? Did I not beat Bob Cherry blind-folded, and lick Dick Russell with one hand? Did I not challenge the French champion, Sharpongteay? But there! A recital of my achievements will only weery you.

I have been pressed for a long time (as the trowsers said when they were taken out of the trowser-press) to publish a Special Fisticuff Number of my "Weekly." Far back in the dim and distant past we had a Special Boxing Number, but for sheer fun and eggitement this present issew will beat it hollo!

Last week we had a big boxing tournament at Greyfriars, and it will be described on another page by that harebrained hoomerist, Tom Brown. Browney has seen fit to hold me up to riddikule, but you shouldn't beleave a word he says!

Hoping you are having good weather, dear readers. At Greyfriars the sun is shining in torrents, and rain is flooding the Close with its brilliance!—Yours fistically,

YOUR EDITOR.

BOXING BREVITIES!

By Bob Cherry.

Congratulations to Dick Russell on winning the light-weight championship. It was no easy task to defeat Redfern of St. Jim's, but Russell set about the job in great style, and gained the verdict on points. I may say that I had desigus on the light-weight championship myself, but a sprained wrist put paid to my ambition. Anyway, the honours went to a Greyfriars fellow, and that's all that matters.

Billy Bunter has never stopped crowing since he knocked out Baggy Trimble of St. Jim's. One would imagine, from Bunter's conversation, that he is a sort of White Hope. But Billy wisely keeps his mouth shut concerning his scrap with Fatty Wynn, which resulted in a victory for the latter in the very first minute!

Greyfriars did jolly well in the boxing tournament. But it was a St. Jim's fellow who won the heavy-weights—that strapping prefect Darrel. And what a perfect exhibition of boxing he gave! He even tied old Wingate up in knots; and a fellow who can manage to do that is a giddy marvel!

Mr. Larry Lascelles was a patient and un-tiring referee. And Tom Brown reported the proceedings in his usual breezy style. The gym, of course, was packed, and dozens of fellows were compelled to remain outside, clamouring for admission.

ODE TO A SWOLLEN NOSE!

By Dick Penfold.

Nasal organ,
Punched by Morgan,
You are twice your normal size.

How you're swelling!

Chaps are yelling:

"Penfold's had a rude surprise!"

Swollen double,

You're a trouble

And a nuisance, I declare.

Makes a chappie

Feel unhappy,

Makes him rave, and tear his hair.

Those who see me,

Dazed and dreamy,

Stagger blindly from the gym,

Stand and splutter,

And they mutter:

"Oh, my hat! What's wrong with him?"

Morgan's knuckles,

'Mid loud chuckles,

Smote you hard, and smote you sore.

Down I tumbled,

Crushed and crumbled,

In a heap upon the floor.

Fellows snigger,

"It's a bigger

Nose than Punch himself has got!

Size enormous,

Does inform us

That Dick Penfold caught it hot!"

Nasal organ,

Punched by Morgan,

You have made me look an ass.

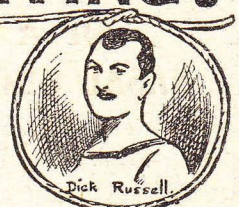
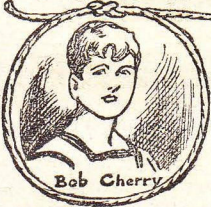
I'm no boxer,

Can't stand shocks, sir.

Next time, I'll keep off the grass!

[Supplement II.]

RUCTIONS IN THE RING!



A Graffick Account of the Grate Boxing Tournament at Greyfriars. By TOM BROWN.

THE Greyfriars gym was packed like an immense sardine-tin when the big boxing tournament opened.

There were Greyfriars fellows and St. Jim's fellows and Highcliffe fellows and Rookwood fellows. And a perfect pandemonium was let loose. The Tower of Babel simply wasn't in it, for din!

Fortunately, a sort of Press-box had been erected for my benefit. I call it a Press-box, but in reality it was little better than a rabbit-hutch. It was attached to the wall, and was perched high over the heads of the spectators, so that I could get a good view of the fighting.

Mr. Larry Lascelles of Greyfriars had charge of the proceedings. He rang a hand-bell to ensure silence.

As soon as the din died away, the ball was set rolling.

The tournament opened with the heavy-weight contests. And they were well worth watching.

Gwynne of Greyfriars was pitted against Darrel of St. Jim's.

Our popular Irish prefect fought gamely, but he hadn't the science and polish of Darrel, who was awarded the verdict on points.

Then we saw Bulkeley of Rookwood try to administer the knock-out to Wingate of Greyfriars. He tried, but that was as far as he got. After three fast and furious rounds, Wingate sent his opponent to the boards, amid loud applause.

Next we had the captain of St. Jim's trying conclusions with the captain of Highcliffe. The former won after a grueling scrap.

And so it went on, until the eight fellows who had entered were thinned down to two.

The finalists were Wingate of Greyfriars and Darrel of St. Jim's. A glorious fight this, with honours fairly even all the way through.

In the last round, however, Darrel broke through Wingate's guard, and floored him with a terrific upper-cut.

Crash!
Wingate lay motionless on the boards, while Mr. Lascelles counted him out.

The captain of Greyfriars tried hard to rise, but it was only to sink back again exhausted.

"Darrel wins!" announced Mr. Lascelles. "Hurrah!"

The Greyfriars fellows joined heartily in the cheering, for Darrel of St. Jim's had certainly lived up to his reputation as the "Fighting Prefect."

After the heavy-weight championship had been decided, there was a brief interval, during which Herries of St. Jim's played cornet selections. Quite a number of the fellows were heard to complain of severe abdominal pains!

We were all jolly relieved when the blare of the cornet died away, and Mr. Lascelles announced that the light-weight contests would commence.

Sixteen fellows had entered, and the first heat resulted as follows:

R. Cherry (Greyfriars) beat F. Courtenay (Highcliffe).

R. Talbot (St. Jim's) beat J. Silver (Rookwood).

T. Dodd (Rookwood) beat R. de Courcy (Highcliffe).

T. Merry (St. Jim's) beat P. Todd (Greyfriars).

H. Wharton (Greyfriars) beat A. E. Lovell (Rookwood).

R. H. Redfern (St. Jim's) beat H. Vernon-Smith (Greyfriars).

T. Doyle (Rookwood) beat J. Blake (St. Jim's).

R. E. Russell (Greyfriars) beat K. Erroll (Rookwood).

The winners of the second heat were Bob Cherry and Dick Russell (Greyfriars) Redfern (St. Jim's) and Doyle (Rookwood).

Then came the semi-finals.

Bob Cherry was pitted against Dick Redfern, and Dick Russell against Tommy Doyle.

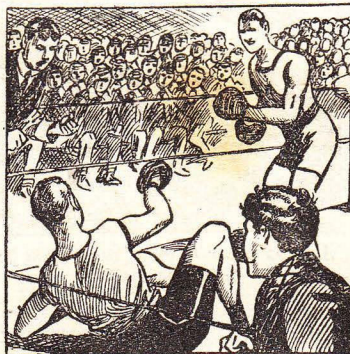
Unfortunately, Bob Cherry, during his previous scrap, had sprained his wrist rather badly. After standing up to Redfern for a couple of rounds, he was compelled to retire, and the St. Jim's fellow got the verdict.

The bout between Dick Russell and Tommy Doyle was a contrast in styles.

Russell was cool and scientific; Doyle was wild and reckless. It was a case of science versus dash, and science won the day, as it usually does.

Russell took things quite coolly, and in the fifth round he disposed of the Rookwood man with a relentless drive, straight from the shoulder.

The spectators were in a state of seething excitement.



In the last round Darrel broke through Wingate's guard and floored him with a terrific upper-cut!

"Redfern and Russell in the final!" came the cry.

"Come along, Greyfriars!"

"Go it, St. Jim's!"

After a decent interval, the finalists stepped into the ring.

"Seconds out!" said Mr. Lascelles. "Time!"

Jove! What a glorious scrap it was! If I live to be a centenarian, I shall never see its like again.

Dick Russell showed us what a really good boxer he is. He found that science was of little use against Redfern, who was equally scientific. So he suddenly changed his tactics, and behaved like a human whirlwind.

Redfern staggered back under an avalanche of blows. He was dazed and bewildered. It had said nothing on the programme about an earthquake, and he was quite unprepared for it. Twice in one round he was sent to the floor. But Redfern is one of those fellows who never knows when he is beaten. On each occasion he scrambled to his feet, and got on with the job.

After a breather at the end of that round Reddy revived. And, then it was hammer-and-tongs.

First Russell seemed to be on top, and then Redfern. But neither would yield to the attacks of the other.

In the last round of all Mr. Lascelles looked half inclined to stop the fight, for both combatants were sadly the worse for wear. One of Russell's eyes was closed and Redfern's face looked as if somebody had belaboured it with a drumstick.

However, the fight was allowed to proceed. Each man tried desperately to administer the knock-out to the other, but without success.

"Russell will get the verdict on points!" I heard somebody exclaim.

And so it proved.

The Greyfriars fellow had certainly done the lion's share of the attacking, and the decision was received with volleys of applause.

As the Editor of this "Weekly" has placed only one page at my disposal, it is impossible for me to describe the rest of the fights in detail. But I simply must tell you about the junior heavy-weights.

There were four entries. Billy Bunter was matched against Baggy Trimble of St. Jim's. And Tubby Muffin was opposed to the redoubtable Fatty Wynn.

Could Bunter lick Trimble? That was the burning question of the moment. If only he could, he would find himself in the final. And Billy Bunter in a boxing final is a sight for gods and men and little fishes.

Well, believe it or not, as you like, but Bunter won his bout with Baggy Trimble.

It wasn't Billy's pluck that gained him the victory. It was Trimble's cowardice.

Instead of standing up to his man, Baggy ran away from him. Billy Bunter chased him round and round the ring, hitting out blindly, sometimes with his right, sometimes with his left, and sometimes with both fists together.

One smashing drive in the ribs, and Baggy Trimble went down, and lay gasping like a deflated tyre.

There was a storm of applause.

"Good old Bunter!"

"He's got into the final!"

The other finalist was Fatty Wynn, who disposed of Tubby Muffin with one mighty punch in the first round.

You ought to have heard the commotion when Billy Bunter and Fatty Wynn stepped into the ring face to face! I doubt if Georges Carpentier and Billy Wells would have received such an ovation!

"Time!" rapped out Mr. Lascelles.

Billy Bunter aimed a fearful blow at his opponent's head. Fatty Wynn ducked, and Bunter's gloved fist smote the empty air.

What followed was like a nightmare to Bunter. He felt as if a brick wall had caved in on top of him. He crashed to the floor like an overturned barrel. His nose felt as if it had been flattened, and the water rushed to his eyes.

Did Bunter get up and renew the combat? No, sir! He had had enough. That one sledgehammer blow of Fatty Wynn's had done his work only too well.

Ten minutes elapsed before Bunter was able to rise. Then he tottered to his feet.

I had enjoyed the boxing tournament no end. Practically all of the contests had been thrilling, and everyone satisfied. I hope there'll be another tournament of the same sort at Greyfriars very soon. What do you say?

THE ADVENTURES OF A NASAL ORGAN!

I BELONG to Tubby Muffin, of Rookwood.

I am not what you would call a handsome nose. If there were a beauty contest for noses, I should be out of the running. I am neither a Grecian nor a Roman nose—just a plain, snub specimen.

I have been with Tubby Muffin for fourteen years. He was born with me, in fact.

I remember Tubby's aunts and uncles crowding round the cradle, and remarking to Tubby's mother, "He'd be an awfully good-looking baby if it wasn't for his nose!" Needless to state, I was fairly squashed by this uncomplimentary remark.

I have always been a nuisance to Tubby Muffin. In winter, I go blue with cold, or else a flaming red. And Tubby's schoolfellows tell him it's a sure sign of indigestion.

In some ways, however, I come in jolly useful. When there's a feed in progress anywhere, I can always smell it afar off; and I guide my owner to the spot.

I also poke myself into other people's private affairs. I am rather a dab at this. But it is an unfortunate habit, which sometimes gets me severely punished.

On an average, I am punched about six times a week. That accounts for my snub and flattened appearance.

Only yesterday I received a terrible punch from Hansom of the Fifth.

I was poking myself into Hansom's cupboard and sniffing at the array of food inside, when Hansom came in unexpectedly, much to Tubby Muffin's dismay.

Hansom is a hefty fellow, and he didn't stand on ceremony. He hit out straight from the shoulder, and his clenched fist smote me with terrific force.

"Yaroooooh!" yelled my owner. And then he pulled out his handkerchief and started to dab me.

To-day, I am swollen to twice my natural size. I am an object of scorn and derision. Fellows point to me and say, "Just look at Muffin's nose! Isn't it a size?"

The worst of it is, directly I heal up and resume my normal size, somebody else will come along and deal me a knock-out blow. Life is just one sledgehammer punch after another. And mine is a sorry lot, I can tell you.

The only time I get any peace is in bed, and even there Tubby Muffin employs me for the purpose of snoring.

One of these days I shall be broken. I'm sure of it.

If only I were Jimmy Silver's nose, or Tommy Dodd's, I shouldn't have half such a bad time then.

But what's the use of wishing? I am doomed to stay with Tubby Muffin all my life, and there are many more misadventures in store for me. I dare say you will read about them from time to time.

Spare a spark of pity for me, dear reader, in my afflictions!

THE POPULAR.—NO. 195.

USEFUL HINTS TO BOXERS!

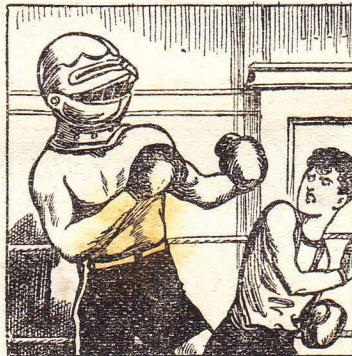
Compiled
by Tubby Muffin.

Never arrange to meet a fellow in the jim unless he happens to be crippled or deformed, or a fellow who is half your own size, age, and weight.

If you receive a challenge from a fellow who you know is your superior in fisticuffs, go and hide in the coal-seller, or some other safe spot, until the affair has blown over.

If you really can't wriggle out of it, and are forced into a fight, insist upon it taking place outside the door of a prefect's study. Then the prefect is bound to come out and stop the fight before much damage has been done.

Always make good use of your left. It is only right to use your left. But you get left if you use your right! But a fellow who duzzent use his left right will have it put out of action, and then he'll only have his right left! You don't want to get left, do you? Very well, then; do as I tell you, and you'll be all right!



Always wear a visor when you go into the ring!

If you want the services of a sparring-partner, don't choose a hefty hooligan like Carthew of the Sixth. Choose an insignificant little puppy from the First or Second Form.

Always wear a visor when you go into the ring. This will protect your ears, your eyes, and your nose from the assaults of the enemy! It is madness to fight unless you are in armor.

If you haven't got a visor, make fearful grimaces at your opponent when you step into the ring. This will scare him out of his wits. I licked a fellow once in the first round simply by making myself look like a grinning gargoyle!

Before a fight starts ask the school porter to turn up with his broom, so that he will be able to sweep up the peaces. Whose peaces? Why, your opponent's, of course!

These hints are given away free, gratis, and for nicks. Store them carefully in your mind, and you will have a prosperous and successful fighting career.

I must now hurriedly finish these notes, and squeeze myself up the chimney. Jimmy Silver has just challenged me to a fight!

BOXING CHALLENGES!

NOTISS! I, GEORGE ALFRED GRUNDY, a mity man of valler, hereby challenge any fellow not more than seven feet in height, and not less than five feet, to meet me in the jim, where I will fight him for a purse of sixpence. Applicant must provide his own stretcher and surgical bandages. The kontest will be one of twenty rounds; but this is merely a matter of form, as the scrap won't last more than one round. I shall smite my opponent on the jore in the first minnit, and put him out of his mizzery. All replies to this challenge to be addressed to me at my studdy in the Shell Passidge.

I will fite anything on two legs! This is not a joak. It is a sollum statement. I will fite anybody at St. Jim's, for a sootable steak.—B. TRIMBLE.

IF any cheeky School House bounders dare to show their ugly mugs in the vicinity of the New House, they will be bumped, bruised, bified, bashed, battered and annihilated! We don't wish to injure anybody's feelings—or nasal organs. This is just a timely warning.—GEORGE FIGGINS, New House.

PROFESSIONAL BULLY wishes to exercise his muscles at the expense of a few small fags. My punching-ball being out of order at the moment, I should like a few fags to take its place. Roll at once, you inky-fingered brats; there's nothing to be nervous about!—GERALD KNOX, Sixth Form.

WALLY D'ARCY, the Fighting Fag, has been without a fight for two hole days. I am simply spoiling for another scrap. Those who would like a jolly good hiding are rekwested to line up in a cue outside the Gym door on Saterdag evening, at seven.

FATTY WYNN regrets to announce that he must decline Aubrey Racke's challenge to a scrap behind the chapel. He is feeling too fat and lazy.

TOM MERRY invites all his pals to a tea-fight in Study No. 10 on Saturday afternoon, immediately after the footer match. This is not exactly a boxing challenge, but tea-fights are infinitely preferable to other fights.

BUY BASHEM'S BOXING-GLOVES AND HAVE THE BEST!—Messrs. Bashem & Bashem, Sports Outfitters, High Street, Wayland.

DICK REDFERN (New House) offers to stand up to any School House fellow of same size and weight, in a six-round contest, not for any purse, but merely for the honour of the House. The first application received will be accepted.

BUY BILLY BUNTER'S BOOK ON BOXING! Now on sail at all noose-agers.

MY dog Towser undertakes to fight any other canine creature within a radius of six miles. Dog-owners, please note!—GEORGE HERRIES, Fourth Form, School House.

[Supplement IV.

INTRODUCE "BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY" TO ALL YOUR FRIENDS!

The Schoolboy Showmen!

(Continued from page 12.)

said Mr. Huggins. "Come an' have a go at Aunt Sally."

Mr. Ratcliff nearly choked.

"I have no desire to see the woman!" he spluttered.

"It ain't a woman; it's a game! Come along, an' let's see how you shape!"

Just as there is no rest for the wicked, so there was no rest for Mr. Ratcliff. He was led away, not like a lamb to the slaughter, but rather like a wolf.

By the time the ordeal was over, Mr. Ratcliff had been compelled to part with the sum of five shillings. He had been forced to play at Aunt Sally, hoop-la, skittles, darts, and many other things. And everywhere that Mr. Ratcliff went, a laughing crowd followed, with the persistence of Mary's little lamb.

Mr. Huggins released the unhappy Housemaster at last.

"Which I trust you've spent an enjoyable evenin'?" he said.

"Villain!" hissed Mr. Ratcliff.

"Better not call me names, or we'll take you for another joy-ride on the roundabouts. Won't we, Ned?"

"Yep!" said Ned.

"I—I will exact full reparation for this outrageous treatment!" spluttered Mr. Ratcliff.

And he staggered away, almost beside himself with rage and chagrin.

Suddenly the Head came into view. He nodded to Mr. Ratcliff.

"I am surprised and pleased to see you at the fair, Mr. Ratcliff," he said. "I am glad you have seen your way to assist this worthy cause, after all!"

"I have been assaulted, sir!" stormed Mr. Ratcliff. "I have been roughly handled, maltreated, bandied about from pillar to post against my wish—"

"Bless my soul!"

"That scoundrel Huggins is responsible for this outrage!" continued Mr. Ratcliff. "He compelled me—me, sir, a gentleman of advanced years and sober habits—to ride on the roundabouts, to swing in the swing-boats, and to indulge in the pernicious pastime known as Aunt Sally!"

The Head found it difficult to repress a smile.

"I can only conclude that you must have said something to upset Mr. Huggins," he said.

"I expressed myself as being out of sympathy with the object to which all this money is to be subscribed—"

"In that event," said the Head, "it is not surprising that you should receive a rough handling. It is useless to come to me for sympathy, Mr. Ratcliff. I have none to offer."

"Will you not take steps to have that rascal placed under arrest?" raved Mr. Ratcliff.

"Certainly not! I consider that you gave Mr. Huggins ample provocation for treating you as he did."

Mr. Ratcliff clenched his hands savagely. He was about to make a sharp retort, but he thought better of it. The Head was not a man who could be abused with impunity.

Without another word, the angry Housemaster turned on his heel, and departed for the solace of his study.

Although he closed the windows and

drew the curtains, he could not shut out the din which came from the playing-fields.

The fair, brilliantly illuminated, was still proceeding merrily. And money continued to pour into the coffers.

The roundabouts revolved, and the swing-boats rose and fell. And ever and anon came a shout of triumph as some skilled marksman captured a coconut.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was tremendously elated. When the festivities at last came to an end, he helped Jem Huggins to reckon up the spoils, and it was found that no less a sum than fifty-five pounds had been taken.

"I'm goin' to add the five that you paid me for the hire of the fair," said Mr. Huggins. "That'll make it a level sixty."

Arthur Augustus wrung the showman's hand.

"I considah you are a weal sport!" he said.

"Not at all," said Mr. Huggins. "I can sympathise with the plight of the unemployed as much as anybody. And this sum will give 'em a jolly good leg-up—won't it, Ned?"

"Ay," said Ned.

The St. Jim's fellows, with a procession of torch-bearers at their head, trooped back to the school building.

It had been an evening of sheer delight—an evening that would not soon fade from the memory.

"I've got a glorious snap of Ratty on the roundabouts!" said Manners. "I shall print it to-morrow, and send it to Ratty anonymously."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's Ratty doing now, I wonder?" murmured Talbot.

"Sitting in his study bemoaning the loss of his five bob!" chuckled Monty Lowther. "Ratty can't bear parting with money. It's like having several teeth out."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors trooped off happily to bed. And long after they had retired, Mr. Ratcliff sat in his study, nursing his grievances. He could hear the showmen raving up their impedimenta on the playing-fields. He could also hear the tuneful voice of Jem Huggins singing "The End of a Perfect Day."

The irony of it made Mr. Ratcliff grind his teeth.

The Wayland Relief Fund was considerably swollen next day by the arrival of sixty pounds from St. Jim's.

The paper-mills were closed down for a month, and the unemployed would have had a sorry time of it but for this timely aid, for which Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was mainly responsible.

Gussy was very modest about it all. He declared that what he had done was "only a fellow's duty, you know." But the St. Jim's fellows, knowing Gussy's bigness of heart, one and all voted him a jolly good fellow!

THE END.

.....
 ••••• Another long complete story of Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's, entitled:—

"Fallen Amongst Foes!"

••••• By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

••••• in next week's issue. Be sure you do not miss it!

•••••

Result of the "LABELS" Competition.

In this competition one competitor sent in a correct solution of all the pictures. The first prize of £10 has therefore been awarded to:

HERBERT DAVIES,

1, Lee Street,

St. Thomas, Swansea.

The second prize of £5 has been divided among the following three competitors, whose solutions contained one error each—Percy Lynch, 8, Greenhough St., Ancoats, Manchester; P. K. Read, Shelfanger, Diss, Norfolk; Stanley Mitchell, 52, Underhill Rd., Dulwich, S.E. 22.

The third prize of £2 10s. and the forty prizes of 5s. each have been added together and divided among the fifty competitors whose solutions came next in order of merit:

- Richard Spencer, Le Nid, Letchworth Rd., Leicestershire; Alfred Thrush, 3, Nightingale Rd., Carshalton, Surrey; A. Wickison, 14, Thorncliffe Rd., Oxford; Jack Rose, 82 Darwin St., Waltham, S.E. 17; Ernest W. Bristol, 50, Upper Sandhurst Rd., Brislington, Ford; Bertram F. Atfield, 28, Barrington Rd., Horsham, Sussex; B. Clark, 7, Treasillian Crescent, Brockley, S.E.; Albert E. Juquemet, 12, Bullington Rd., Oxford; A. A. Port, Rose Villa, 2, Harold Rd., Sittingbourne, Kent; N. D. Chapman, 8, Redstone Rd., Hornsey, N. 8; G. Avery, Ham Farm Cottage, North Preston, Faversham; Howard H. Morris, 35, Windsor Rd., Newport, Mon; Sydney Hughes, 3, Victoria Terrace, Dudley, Wores; Alice Buckland, St. Katherine, Mulgrave Rd., Sutton, Surrey; Jack Neil, 8, Shelley St., Stoke, Ipswich; Sydney Loe, 42, Moresby Rd., Upper Clapton, E. 5; Ethel E. Tribblek, 78, Bevois Valley Rd., Southampton; John Fitzgibbons, 5, Secker St., Waterloo Rd., Lambeth, S.E. 1; E. M. Rogerson, 53, Palmer Park Avenue, Reading; Kenneth Arnold, Rockwood, Hendon Avenue, Church End, Finchley, N. 3; Reginald Cope, 1, Kingscourt Rd., Streatham; Thomas H. Bryant, 3, Prospect Terrace, Grove Rd., Ventnor, I.O.W.; J. W. Letts, 76, Harold Rd., Cliftonville, Margate; Charlotte Mann, 38, Mounmouth Rd., Westbourne Grove, Bayswater, W. 2; Freda W. Hellings, 20, High St., Ipswich; Frank W. Dew, 7, First Avenue, Mortlake, S.W. 14; Patrick R. Deacon, 10, Hardy Rd., Wimbledon, S.W. 19; F. J. Spiller, 100, Chamberlayne Wood Rd., N.W. 10; Alfred G. Bennett, 30, Waverley Rd., Wood St., Walthamstow, E. 17; George Ansell, 2, Trevor Rd., Hitchin, Herts; Leslie R. Care, 46, Birkhall Rd., Catford, S.E. 6; V. Glanvill, 95, Macdonald Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea; C. M. Hurrell, 11, Whitegate Rd., Southend-on-Sea; T. Scott, Nottage House, Glenview, Port Erin, I.O.W.; A. J. Barham, Stortford Rd., Dunmow, Essex; N. Nadin, Fernlea House, The Lawn, Dawlish, S. Devon; Fred H. Lewis, 43, Baysham St., Hereford; Thomas G. Manser, 10, St. John's Rd., Caversham, Reading, Berks; Ronald Wildsmith, 18, Elton Avenue, Levenshulme, Manchester; L. M. Seaman, 15, Victoria Barracks, M.Q., Windsor, Berks; E. L. Saunders, St. Mark's Home for Boys, Natland, nr. Kendal; Ernest Thompson, 21, Rostle Top Rd., Earby, via Colne; Harold Derbyshire, Derbyshire San., Walton, nr. Chesterfield; R. C. Swain, Belle Vue, Midford, nr. Bath; Eric Godwin, 9, The Grove, South Avenue, Southend-on-Sea; Wilbert McLean, Bawdoo, Lostwithiel, Cornwall; L. C. Budd, 54, Stoneham Rd., Hove, Sussex; Percy Woolnough, 18, London Rd., Saffron Walden, Essex; Charles C. Howes, Newton Kyme, Tadcaster, Yorks; J. G. Banks, 13, St. Paul's Rd., Colchester, Essex.

SOLUTION.

- No. 1.
 1. Brighton. 2. Ramsgate. 3. Bognor.
 4. Scarborough. 5. Southend. 6. Yarmouth.
 No. 2.
 7. Clacton. 8. Torquay. 9. Hastings.
 10. Worthing. 11. Edinburgh. 12. Harrow.
 No. 3.
 13. Ipswich. 14. Llandudno. 15. Dawlish.
 16. Sandown. 17. Blackford. 18. Enfield.
 No. 4.
 19. Bristol. 20. Exeter. 21. Halifax.
 22. Hatfield. 23. Ventor. 24. Bacton.
 No. 5.
 25. Dundee. 26. Berwick. 27. Hereford.
 28. Swansea. 29. Lincoln. 30. Bosham.
 No. 6.
 31. Rugby. 32. Salford. 33. Reading.
 34. Malvern. 35. Staines. 36. Dorking.

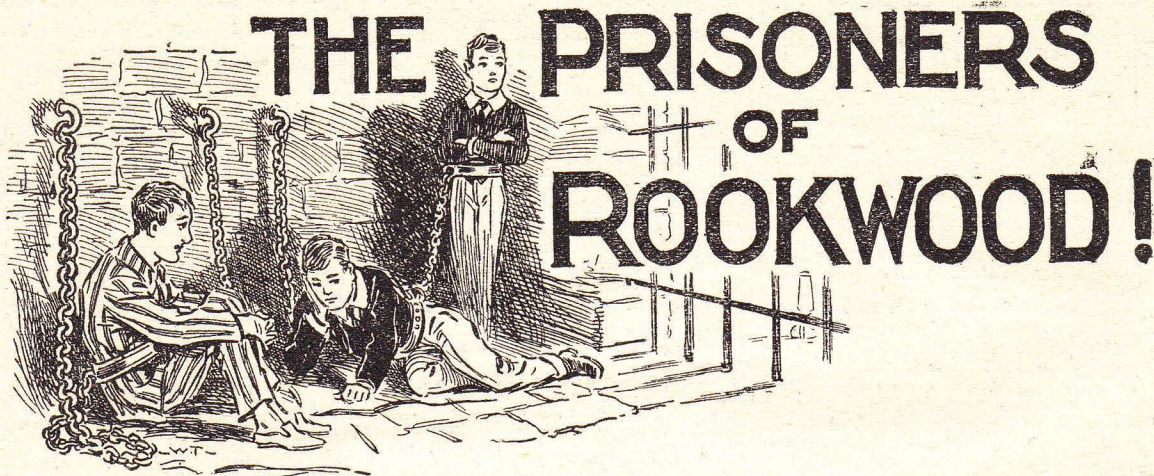
THE POPULAR.—No. 195.

A NEW LONG TALE OF ST. JIM'S.
 By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"FALLEN AMONGST FOES!"

JIMMY SILVER AND VAL MORNINGTON CANNOT UNDERSTAND WHY CAPTAIN LAGDEN SHOWS A SUDDEN INTEREST IN THE CLASSICAL CAPTAIN!



A Magnificent Long complete Story of the Amazing Mystery at Rookwood School.

By OWEN CONQUEST

(Stories of Rookwood appear every Monday in the "Boys' Friend.")

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Tubby Sees it All.

HERE was a buzz of voices, mingled with laughter, in the Fourth Form passage.

In the end study Jimmy Silver, the captain of the Fourth, was pacing to and fro with a moody brow.

It was past the hour for prep, but Jimmy Silver had not even thought of prep.

His usually sunny face was gloomy and preoccupied, and he moved restlessly to and fro in the study as if unable to keep still.

He was alone in the end study. His chums, Lovell and Raby and Newcome, were—where?

Jimmy Silver did not know. No one knew.

The disappearance of the three juniors had caused a sensation at Rookwood School, and many were the surmises on the subject.

For days now they had been missing, and no tidings had come of them.

Jimmy Silver was thinking of the strange problem. He seldom thought of anything else now.

He was striving to solve the mystery of the juniors' disappearance, but he knew that he could not solve it.

It puzzled him, as it puzzled all others. He heard without heeding the buzz in the passage outside. He was in no mood for a rag.

But the voice of Tubby Muffin of the Classical Fourth caught his ear suddenly, and he stopped his pacing.

"I tell you I know where they are, you fellows!"

"Rats!" came the reply in many voices. "You can cackle," went on Tubby Muffin, "but I can tell you I know all about it! Captain Lagden thinks the same. I heard him say so to Bootles."

Jimmy Silver stepped to the study door and opened it.

The mention of Captain Lagden's name interested him.

Basil Lagden, the new football coach at Rookwood, had offered Jimmy his help in seeking his missing chums, and, though it had led to no result, Jimmy was grateful, and he had a good deal of faith in the captain.

Jimmy looked out into the passage.

A short distance from the end study a crowd of the Fourth were gathered round Tubby Muffin, whose rotund figure was conspicuous, mounted upon a chair.

Tubby was evidently addressing a meeting, and it was evident that the meeting was not taking him very seriously.

"Now, you fellows, listen to me!" said THE POPULAR.—NO. 195.

Tubby. "This is important, you know. You all know what has happened—"

"No need for you to tell us, then!" remarked Mornington.

"First there was Lovell," pursued Tubby. "You know he went down from the dormitory one night to play a trick on Captain Lagden in his quarters. He never came back."

"Go hon!"

"Just vanished!" said Tubby. "Then there was Raby. Just after speaking to Captain Lagden at the door of his room—the Oak Room—Raby disappeared."

"Well, what are you drivin' at?" demanded Mornington. "We know all that!"

"Then there was Newcome," continued Tubby, unheeding. "It appears that Newcome had arranged with Jimmy Silver to call on the captain in his room one evening, and Jimmy Silver was called to fag for Carthew. Newcome seemed to have gone to the captain's quarters, and disappeared on the way."

"Well, ass," said Oswald politely, "is that all you've got to say?"

"Not by long chalks!" said Tubby emphatically. "That's how the facts stand. Now, what does it look like?"

"Sure, it looks as if the captain is a cannibal, and has eaten them up intirely!" remarked Flynn. "Is that what you mane?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly ass! It's as plain as anything to me!" said Tubby witheringly. "I remember hearing Lovell speaking once about a kid who got into the Army by making out that he was eighteen. Lovell seemed taken with the idea, and I know the silly ass measured his chest to see whether he could pass for eighteen."

"Bow-wow!"

"It's as clear as noonday to me!" said Tubby. "They fixed it up together to bolt to try to enlist!"

"Rot!" said Mornington.

"It's as clear as anything, I tell you! I suppose they haven't vanished into thin air?" exclaimed Tubby.

"They wouldn't be such asses!" said Kit Erroll. "And if they were they wouldn't have bunked without letting Jimmy Silver know what they were up to."

"That's what I'm coming to!" said Tubby Muffin triumphantly. "Exactly what I'm coming to, if you'll give a chap a chance to speak! These four fellows were always together, and they hadn't any secrets from one another. Now, my belief is that Jimmy Silver will be the next one to disappear!"

"Oh!"

"Eh?"

"What?"

Tubby Muffin had succeeded in making an impression at last.

"Oh! I—I say! I didn't see you, Jimmy!" he stuttered.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A good many curious looks were turned upon the captain of the Fourth as he came, frowning, along the passage.

The disappearance of Lovell & Co. was so strange and unaccountable that Tubby's theory did not seem at all an impossible one to the juniors.

The fact that Captain Lagden thought it possible gave it an added weight in the eyes of the Rookwood fellows.

"Anything in that, Silver?" asked Rawson.

"Of course not!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver angrily. "I should think you fellows could see that I'm horribly anxious about my pals."

"Well, you look it," said Mornington.

"You mean to say that you don't know where they are?" asked Tubby Muffin, with a fat wink at the Classical juniors.

"Of course not, ass!"

"Tell us another!" grinned Tubby. "My

Jimmy Silver, from the doorway of the end study, stared blankly at the fat Classical.

But Muffin had his back to Jimmy, and did not see him.

He went on triumphantly:

"That's it! My belief is that the four duffers fixed it up together, and they slipped away from Rookwood one at a time so as to get off more easily! Jimmy Silver must have been in the secret, and he'll be the next to go! Lovell and Raby and Newcome are lying doggo somewhere, waiting for Jimmy to join them, and then they'll all go as recruits!"

"My hat!" said Mornington.

"Bedad! And it really looks as if there's something in it!" said Flynn. "For where are the goosons intirely?"

"And I can tell you," said Tubby, "I heard Captain Lagden say that very thing to Mr. Bootles this afternoon!"

"So you got your brilliant idea from Captain Lagden?" said Townsend.

"Well, I—I thought of it myself as well," said Tubby hastily. "Now, having settled exactly how the matter stands, I think we ought to keep an eye on Jimmy Silver, and not let him bolt."

"Oh, my hat!"

"And, in fact," said Tubby, "I'm going to dig in the end study with him, after this, till Lovell and the others come back. I'm not going to let him make an ass of himself. He's a good chap, though he hasn't much sense—"

"You cheeky ass!" roared Jimmy Silver, in great wrath.

Tubby Muffin jumped, and nearly fell off the chair.

"Oh! I—I say! I didn't see you, Jimmy!" he stuttered.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A good many curious looks were turned upon the captain of the Fourth as he came, frowning, along the passage.

The disappearance of Lovell & Co. was so strange and unaccountable that Tubby's theory did not seem at all an impossible one to the juniors.

The fact that Captain Lagden thought it possible gave it an added weight in the eyes of the Rookwood fellows.

"Anything in that, Silver?" asked Rawson.

"Of course not!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver angrily. "I should think you fellows could see that I'm horribly anxious about my pals."

"Well, you look it," said Mornington.

"You mean to say that you don't know where they are?" asked Tubby Muffin, with a fat wink at the Classical juniors.

"Of course not, ass!"

"Tell us another!" grinned Tubby. "My

A GRAND STORY OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

dear man, I tell you I can see it all! Captain Lagden thinks so, too!"

"I don't believe that!" said Jimmy Silver. "I've talked the matter over with Captain Lagden, and he certainly hasn't hinted that he thinks I know where Lovell and Raby and Newcome are!"

"Silver!" Bulkeley's voice was heard from the end of the passage, at the stairs, and Jimmy Silver looked round. "Mr. Bootles wants you in his study."

"Yes, Bulkeley."

Jimmy Silver followed the captain of Rookwood downstairs, while Tubby Muffin sat on the floor and struggled for breath, amid the chuckles from the Classical Fourth.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.
Surprising Questions.

MR. BOOTLES was looking very grave when Jimmy Silver presented himself in his study.

Jimmy's brow was knitted. Tubby Muffin's statement worried him a little, though he did not quite believe it.

If Captain Lagden had spoken to the Form master, as Tubby averred, it looked like a kind of double-dealing on the captain's part, for though the captain had hazarded the suggestion that Lovell might have been foolish enough to make an attempt to "join up," he had never hinted to Jimmy that he suspected Jimmy himself of knowing where his chum was.

"Silver!" said Mr. Bootles gravely.

"Yes, sir!"

"Have you heard anything from your friends, Lovell and Raby and Newcome, since they left Rookwood?"

Jimmy started.

"No, sir," he answered.

"You have had no letter, and no communication whatever?"

"None."

"I am about to ask you a serious question, Silver," said the master of the Fourth, regarding Jimmy very attentively over his glasses. "It has been suggested to me that your friends may have left Rookwood with some foolish idea of trying to join the Army. Do you know anything of this?"

Jimmy started again.

It was an unexpected confirmation of Tubby Muffin's statement.

"Did Captain Lagden—" he began breathlessly.

"Captain Lagden certainly made the suggestion, though I do not quite see how you guessed the fact."

"Why should they try to join the Army, sir? It isn't as if the war was still on! But you say that Captain Lagden suggested that I might know what they had done?"

"The thought occurred to him, and he mentioned it to me, Silver. It appears to me very probable, as you were so friendly with the three juniors who have so unaccountably quitted the school."

Jimmy was silent.

"To be quite plain, Silver, it appears to me that possibly the whole affair was concerted between you and your friends," said Mr. Bootles. "In that case, you doubtless have some intention of leaving Rookwood secretly to join them."

"Captain Lagden thought so, sir?"

"The thought occurred to him, Silver."

Jimmy drew a deep breath.

"Is there anything in this, Silver? Have you any idea where your friends are at the present moment?"

"None at all, sir."

"Have you any plan for leaving Rookwood and joining them?"

"Certainly not!"

Mr. Bootles gave him a scrutinising look.

"You give me your word on that, Silver?" he asked.

"My word of honour, sir," said Jimmy.

"Very well; I accept your assurance," said Mr. Bootles, with an air of relief. "I was bound to question you, Silver; it would have been most disconcerting if you had vanished from the school like your friends."

"Mr. Bootles! If—if I did, you'd think that I had gone to join them, and that it was arranged between us?" exclaimed Jimmy.

"What else could I think, Silver?"

"It's not so, sir. I'm certain they never left Rookwood of their own accord!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "There has been foul play, sir!"

Mr. Bootles smiled slightly.

"I am afraid that suggestion is inad-

missible, Silver," he said. "What could possibly happen to the boys, in a crowded school, and without an alarm being given?"

Jimmy Silver did not reply to that.

There was, in fact, no answer to be given. It was a hopeless, baffling problem. But Jimmy's belief remained unchanged.

Perplexed as it was, he was certain that his chums had never left the school by a concerted arrangement among themselves, without taking him into their confidence.

Without the strongest proof, Jimmy Silver was not likely to believe that.

"You are aware that the Head has called in the local police-inspector, and taken his advice," added Mr. Bootles. "The boys' fathers have also been here. It is clear that they have left Rookwood; and, even admitting it as possible that one boy might, for some reason, have been taken away by violence, it is impossible to suppose that the same thing could happen three times in succession."

Jimmy was silent.

"However, now that you have satisfied me that you were not acting in collusion with them, my mind is relieved," said Mr. Bootles. "You may go, Silver! Do not worry over your missing friends; some news is certain to be received from them before long."

"I—I hope so, sir!"

"They will realise the anxiety they are causing their parents, and will return, either to the school or to their homes," said Mr. Bootles. "I am sure of that."

Jimmy Silver left the study with a moody brow.

He did not believe that his chums had left Rookwood on some harebrained adventure, and he did not think that news of them depended on themselves.

There had been foul play of some sort he was certain; though beyond that his surmises could not go further.

After leaving Mr. Bootles' study, he made his way to the Oak Room, where Captain Lagden had his quarters.

He wanted to speak to the captain on the subject of what he had said to the Form-master, which certainly savoured of double-dealing on the captain's part.

But he found the door of the Oak Room locked, and there was no reply to his knocking.

Apparently the captain was not at home. Jimmy Silver gave it up, and returned to the Fourth Form passage.

"Hallo!" said Higgs, looking out of his study as Jimmy passed. "You've not bunked yet?"

"Fathead!" grunted Jimmy.

"We're going to keep an eye on you, Jimmy," said Mornington, who was in his study doorway. "You're not goin' to do the vanishin' trick, old scout?"

"Ass!" was Jimmy's grateful reply.

He went on to the end study.

The grim mystery of his chums' disappearance weighed on his heart and his thoughts, and it was exceedingly difficult for Jimmy to live up to his own maxim, and "keep smiling."

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Morny's Little Game.

"**G**OLN' for a walk?" Mornington asked the question as Jimmy Silver strolled down to the gates after morning lessons the next day.

Erroll was with Morny, and was looking uncertain, as if half-amused and half-impatient.

"Yes," said Jimmy. "Just a trot before dinner."

"We'll come."

"Just as you like."

"You don't feel inclined for company—what?" smiled Mornington.

"Well, to be candid, no!" said Jimmy.

"I'm worried, and I can't get it off my mind."

"Never mind; we'll come, all the same. What, Erroll?"

"Don't be an ass, Morny!" said Kit Erroll, half-laughing.

"My dear man, come along! Jimmy's too fascinatin' for us to give up his company—unless he kicks us out!"

The two chums sauntered down the lane with Jimmy.

In point of fact, Jimmy Silver would have preferred to be alone.

He was in a restless and troubled mood, and not inclined for talk. Even the subject of football had no interest for him at present.

But Morny and Erroll did not trouble him with talk.

They walked with him in silence.

There was always a half-mocking air about Valentine Mornington; but it was easy to see that he was really concerned for poor Jimmy, which was curious enough, for there was a time when the two had been rivals and foes.

Jimmy understood, and he was grateful; but he was not feeling inclined to talk, and the two Classical juniors had to take him as they found him.

They walked as far as Coombe, and Jimmy passed when the village came in sight.

"Better get back for dinner," he remarked.

They turned back.

A fat, podgy man standing in an opening of the hedges glanced at them and nodded genially.

It was Mr. Brown, the fat detective, who had already called at Rookwood on business, and whom the juniors knew.

"Good-morning!" said Mr. Brown.

"Mornin', old nut!" said Mornington cheerily. "Found your man yet?"

"My man?" repeated the detective.

Mornington laughed.

"My dear man, all Rookwood knows that you're here after a chap named Baumann, who used to be at Rookwood once upon a time," he answered—"a cheery young merchant who took to manufacturin' banknotes on his own, and passin' them on an innocent and unsuspectin' public. For further particulars apply to Tubby Muffin!"

Mr. Brown smiled.

His business was pretty well known at the school, and most of the fellows wished him success, for they were not proud of Baumann, once of Rookwood, who had been expelled from the school years before, and had disgraced himself and all his connections since.

In fact, the Rookwooders concluded from that Old Boy's name that he was more or less of a Hun—as Conroy had remarked, the name of Baumann was not to be found in the Domesday Book.

But that Mr. Brown should imagine that he would find Baumann anywhere near Rookwood, simply because the fellow had once been at the school, appeared to the Rookwooders idiotic and exasperating.

However, Mr. Brown was keeping in the neighbourhood—and perhaps it was not injudicious of him to allow his business to be so widely known.

For it caused so much talk about Baumann that the fellow was in everyone's mind more or less; and if he had been seen anywhere the fact would certainly have been commented on widely, and would assuredly have reached Mr. Brown's ears sooner or later—which doubtless was exactly what the podgy gentleman wanted.

"You haven't dug him up yet?" asked Mornington regretfully.

"No, sir. I have not dug him up yet," said the smiling Mr. Brown. "I live in hopes of digging him up, my young friend."

"Best of luck! I suppose he was a bit of a Hun—what?"

"Of German descent, certainly!" said Mr. Brown. "His father, I believe, was naturalised in England many years ago, some years before his death. If you young gentlemen should hear anything of the man—"

"We'll nail him for you," said Morny. "I'll tell you what! Lend me your hand-cuffs, and I'll keep them ready for him."

Mr. Brown laughed.

"How is Captain Lagden?" he asked suddenly.

"Blessed if I know! Haven't seen him."

"He's still suffering a little from his old wound," said Jimmy Silver. "He lost his right arm out there, you know."

"Yes. Hard luck!" said Mr. Brown. "I understand that Captain Lagden is an old Rookwooder, and shared a study with Baumann when he was at the school?"

"Yes, that is so."

"And Baumann once shut him up in the vaults for a practical joke?"

"Yes. You got that yarn from the school sergeant, I know," remarked Mornington.

"That fellow Baumann was rather a card,

THE POPULAR.—NO. 195.

It seems. We're learnin' a lot of the ancient history of Rookwood owin' to you, Mr. Brown. Are you goin' to ask Captain Lagden questions about his old study-mate?"

"The captain is, unfortunately, not quite well enough to see me at present," said Mr. Brown regretfully. "He is a football coach at the school now, I think?"

"That's his game."
"Then he has to neglect his duties while he is unwell, of course?"

"Naturally," said Erroll. "He coaches the seniors, but he hasn't been on the football-ground for some days now, I believe."

Jimmy Silver gave the fat detective a sharp look.

It came into his mind that Mr. Brown, somehow, was suspicious that the captain's indisposition was an excuse not to be bothered by him, and that Mr. Brown was "pumping" in order to learn the facts of the case.

But the podgy face of the man from Scotland Yard was as expressionless as usual, not to say inane.

Jimmy wondered whether there was a quick and suspicious brain behind that podgy, commonplace face.

It did not look like it, certainly.
"I suppose you carry handcuffs about you, Mr. Brown," Mornington remarked, with an air of boyish curiosity.
"Probably, young gentleman."

"I wish you'd let a chap see them. Never seen such things, you know—not in our line at all. I'll tell you what, Mr. Brown. You show me your handcuffs, and how they work, and I'll keep an eye open for your Baumann, and let you know if I spot him."

Mr. Brown laughed.
"F'instance, that chap who was hanging about Rookwood the other day in such a slinkin' way," said Mornington thoughtfully.
"I wonder—"

He paused.
"Someone hanging about the school?" said Mr. Brown, with an air of careless but polite interest.

"Yes. I remember noticin' him at the time. He looked a slinkin' sort of cad, and he evidently knew the place, too," said Mornington, with an air of reflection. "I wonder— But let's get on, you chaps. We shall be late for dinner."

"Don't hurry away, my lads," said Mr. Brown. "You were saying—"

"I was saying I'd like to see your handcuffs, sir," said Mornington.
"I mean, about a man who— Don't go, I'll show you my handcuffs with pleasure," said Mr. Brown hastily, only anxious now to detain Mornington until he had heard all about the man who was slinking about Rookwood. "Here they are. Now you were saying—"

Mornington took the handcuffs with an air of curiosity.

"I see. What a simple dodge for nailing up a criminal!" he remarked. "You slip them over a wrist like that, I suppose—"

"That's it," said Mr. Brown, smiling, as the junior, with an air of great simplicity, slipped the "darbies" on his wrists. "Don't fasten them—"

Snap!
"You've come nosin' round Rookwood lookin' for a criminal, as if anybody at Rookwood could have any connection with such a criminal," said Mornny. "That's an insult to the school, Mr. Brown. I'm doin' this to give you a lesson. My advice to you is, go back to Scotland Yard, an' sit tight. You're not up to the level of Rookwood. Ta-ta!"

The expression on Mr. Brown's face was extraordinary.

He had allowed himself to be spoofed into submitting to be handcuffed, and there he was, with the "darbies" on his wrist, a helpless prisoner.

Mornny caught the arms of Jimmy Silver and Erroll, and walked them on.

Mr. Brown sputtered.
"Boy, come back! Do you hear? Come back and release me!"

"Another day, old bird!" answered Mornington, over his shoulder. "Drop in at the blacksmith's, and he may be able to do it. Or try the bobby-refuge—I mean the police-station. Ta-ta, old buck!"

"I say—" began Erroll.

"Bosh!"

"Look here, Mornny—" said Jimmy Silver.

"Rats! Come on!"

Mornington rushed his companions onward.

THE POPULAR.—No. 195.

"Didn't he ask for it when he came nosin' round Rookwood looking for dashed counterfeiters and forgers and things?" he demanded. "Like his check, wasn't it? Well, let him sort himself out, and be blowed to him! Come on, or Tubby Muffin will have scoffed our dinner."

And the three juniors hurried on to Rookwood, leaving Mr. Brown standing in the middle of the road, the handcuffs on his fat wrists, and an expression on his face that would have excited the envy of Von Tirpitz.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Looking after Jimmy.

AFTER dinner Jimmy Silver turned in the direction of the Oak Room, expecting to find Captain Lagden there.

The captain lunched with the Head, and generally retired to his quarters afterwards to smoke a cigar.

Jimmy wanted very much a plain talk with Basil Lagden concerning what he had said to Mr. Bootles, and he had Lagden's permission to call on him when he liked.

Jimmy noticed that Mornington and Erroll followed him up the big staircase.

They were still behind him when he turned into the passage leading to the Oak Room. "Chuck it, Mornny!" Erroll was muttering. "Rats!" was Mornny's reply.

Jimmy Silver stopped, and looked round. "What's the game, you two?" he asked. "Nothin'!" said Mornington airily.

"What are you following me about for?" asked the captain of the Fourth, in astonishment.

"It's Mornny's silly idea," said Erroll, half laughing. "He thinks you're going to dis-appeal like Lovell and Raby and Newcome, and he's going to see that you don't."

"That's the game," said Mornny calmly. "Keepin' an eye on you, old bird."

Jimmy Silver looked impatient. "Does that mean that you believe that silly rot—that they're gone to try to join the Army, and that I'm going after them?" he exclaimed.

"Well, where are they gone, then?"
"I don't know; but I know it's nothing of that kind. Look here, I've told the fellows that I know nothing of what's become of Lovell and the rest," said Jimmy Silver hotly. "If you can't take my word, Mornington—"

Mornington made a soothing gesture. "Keep your wool on, old top!" he answered.

"I take your word, of course, that you're not goin' to bunk. But look here, Jimmy Silver; if Lovell and Raby and Newcome haven't bunked, they've been dealt with, somehow, by foul play."

"I know that."
"In fact, kidnaped?"

"It looks like it," said Jimmy Silver.

"Why should anybody kidnap them?"
"I don't know."

"Exactly: that's what I'm coming to. If they've bunked, it's pretty certain that you mean to bunk after them; you deny that, and I take your word. But if they've been kidnaped, isn't it jolly likely that you'll be the next?" said Mornington, quite earnest now. "Somebody seems to have it up against the end study—first Lovell, then Raby, then Newcome; and there's only one of the gang left, and that's you, Jimmy Silver."

Jimmy started.
He had not thought of any danger to himself in his troubled pondering on the subject of his missing chums.

"But—but why should anybody go for me, Mornny?" he said at last.

"Why should anybody go for Lovell & Co.?" was Mornny's reply.

"I—I can't guess. It—it's just as if some lunatic is at work," said Jimmy Silver. "It beats me!"

"Well, then, you're not going to follow them, wherever they are," said Mornington.

"After what's happened, Jimmy, it's not safe for you to go about alone, and your friends are going to see that you don't."

"I think that reasonable, Jimmy," said Erroll, in his quiet way. "Let us stick to you for a bit, old chap."

Jimmy smiled faintly.

"I don't see how I could be in any danger inside the House," he said.

"They were inside the House when they disappeared," said Mornny. "That is, if they didn't bunk, and you believe they didn't."

"Well, that's so. If you don't mind

wasting your time, you chaps, I'll be glad of your company," said Jimmy Silver. "Blest if you haven't made me feel quite creepy!"

"You won't do the vanishing trick while we're with you, old top!"

"I'm going to call on Captain Lagden now."

"We'll come with you, then. He may not be at home."

"Right-ho!"

The three juniors went on together to the door of the Oak Room, and Jimmy Silver knocked.

"Come in!" called out Basil Lagden's voice.

Evidently the captain was at home. Jimmy Silver opened the door, and the captain, who was reading by the window, glanced round.

He saw the three juniors in the doorway, and nodded to them cordially.

"See you later, Jimmy," said Mornington, and he strolled away with Erroll, leaving Jimmy to enter the Oak Room.

"Come in, my boy!" said Captain Lagden cheerily. "Shut the door after you. Are your friends waiting for you?"

His eyes rested curiously on Jimmy Silver's face as he asked that question.

Jimmy glanced out before closing the door.

"Yes; they're waiting at the window," he said, "in the passage."

"Oh!"
Jimmy came towards the captain's sofa.

"I hope you are better to-day, sir?" he said.

"Oh, fairly!" said the captain indifferently. "I shall have to be careful so long as the weather is damp, that is all. You wished to see me about something?"

Jimmy's face became a little grim.

"Yes—something Mr. Bootles said to me. He got the idea from you, sir—that you believed that my friends had run away from school to try to join the Army."

"That certainly appears a probable surmise to me," said the captain, with a nod. "I mentioned it to you, I believe."

"But you did not tell me you suspected me of knowing their intentions, and of intending to join them out of Rookwood," said Jimmy.

"Not at all, my dear boy."

"Mr. Bootles told me—"

"Mr. Bootles appears to have misunderstood me if he fancied I thought that, Silver. Not in the least."

"Well, Mr. Bootles certainly thought you meant that, and I've been called over the coals," said Jimmy.

"I'm sincerely sorry, Silver. A careless remark misconstrued, that is all," said the captain. "I must speak to Mr. Bootles, and correct that impression."

Jimmy Silver's face cleared.

His half-formed distrust of the genial captain disappeared at once.

In fact, he reproached himself a little for having allowed distrust to enter his thoughts over a misunderstanding that had been so simply explained away.

"I have been thinking over this strange affair," went on the captain, with a thoughtful expression on his scarred face. "While I am laid up here I have pondered about it a good deal. You still believe that your friends have disappeared owing to some foul play?"

"I can't believe anything else, sir."

"And that idea you had of a secret passage—"

The captain smiled.

Jimmy Silver coloured.

"I know that's rather a wild idea, sir," he said. "But it seems the only way of accounting for what's happened. And there's an old story of a secret passage somewhere in the School House leading to the abbey vaults. Some of the fellows think that that's how Baumann used to dodge in and out of the school when that fellow was at Rookwood."

The captain started.

"I advised you not to mention your suspicions in the school!" he exclaimed.

"I haven't, sir—not a word. I've taken your advice," said Jimmy.

"That's good! Talking is never any use," said Captain Lagden. "Well, well! I've thought over your suggestion, and I've even been carefully over the panelled walls in this very room. Now, it occurs to me that if such a secret passage exists, another search in the abbey vaults might reveal it. By the

way, the school when that fellow was at Rookwood."

The captain started.

"I advised you not to mention your suspicions in the school!" he exclaimed.

"I haven't, sir—not a word. I've taken your advice," said Jimmy.

"That's good! Talking is never any use," said Captain Lagden. "Well, well! I've thought over your suggestion, and I've even been carefully over the panelled walls in this very room. Now, it occurs to me that if such a secret passage exists, another search in the abbey vaults might reveal it. By the

way, the school when that fellow was at Rookwood."

The captain started.

"I advised you not to mention your suspicions in the school!" he exclaimed.

"I haven't, sir—not a word. I've taken your advice," said Jimmy.

"That's good! Talking is never any use," said Captain Lagden. "Well, well! I've thought over your suggestion, and I've even been carefully over the panelled walls in this very room. Now, it occurs to me that if such a secret passage exists, another search in the abbey vaults might reveal it. By the

way, see whether your friends are still waiting for you."

Jimmy looked out at the door. Down the passage Erroll and Mornington were waiting by the big window, and they glanced towards him.

"Yes," said Jimmy, coming back into the room.

"Then I won't keep you any longer," said Captain Lagden. "But after lessons to-day I will join you, and we will search the abbey vaults again. Do you agree?"

"I'm only too glad of your help, sir," said Jimmy gratefully.

"Don't mention the matter to anyone. I'm afraid we should only be laughed at if it were known," said the captain. "It's best to work quietly."

"Not a word, sir."
"Then I'll be in the abbey ruins about five, and you can join me there by yourself."

"I'll be there," said Jimmy.

"And, do you know, I really think we may have some success this time," said the captain. "I've been thinking it over, and I have an idea where to look for the secret passage, if it exists. But not a word—that's understood. Time enough to talk if we are successful."

"Thank you very much, sir."
"Not at all. Good-bye for the present."

Jimmy Silver left the Oak Room with a lighter heart. The captain had succeeded in inspiring him with something like hope.

So far the Head pooh-poohed the suggestion that Lovell & Co. had been kidnapped. And the local police-inspector, whom he had taken counsel with, pooh-poohed the idea still more emphatically.

But if the secret passage could be discovered, and traces could be found of the missing juniors having been taken away by that means, it would at least make it clear that there had been a kidnapping, and that would be so much gained.

Captain Lagden, as an old Rookwooder, was quite as well acquainted with the place as Jimmy—if not more so. And his remark showed that he considered success possible.

So Jimmy was looking brighter as he joined Erroll and Mornington in the passage, and they went downstairs together.

"The merry captain seems to have cheered you up, Jimmy!" Mornington remarked.

"He's a good chap," said Jimmy.

"Oh, toppin'! Are you comin' down to footer after lessons?"

"No. But I won't keep you chaps away from it," said Jimmy, with a smile.

"You will," said Mornington coolly.

"We're not losin' sight of you, I can tell you. Footer for you, footer for us; otherwise, otherwise. See?"

Jimmy frowned a little.

He was grateful for Mornny's good intentions, but he could see that this was likely to endanger the secrecy the captain had insisted upon concerning the further exploration of the abbey ruins.

"Look here, Mornny, old chap," he said, "I'd rather you chucked it."

"I don't mind; but I'm not goin' to chuck it. Who knows what terrific dangers we've saved you from already?" grinned Mornington.

Jimmy Silver laughed. But there came a time when he remembered Mornington's words.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Prisoners.

CLINK, clink!
The rusty iron chain jarred upon the flagstones.

A dim light burned, glimmering on the damp stone walls.

It was a vaulted room, built of huge stones, floored with great flags.

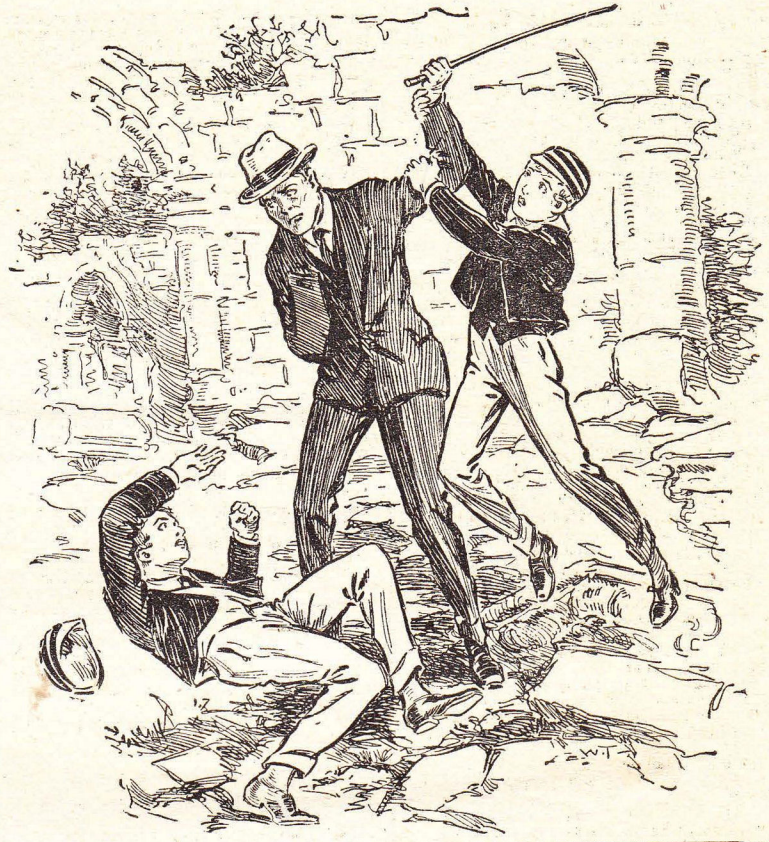
The air was heavy, but from somewhere in the vaulted roof there was ventilation—some concealed pipe that communicated with the air.

Save when the rusty chain jarred and clinked, there was deep silence.

On one side of the vaulted room there was a rusty iron grating, closing up the only exit.

Once, in days that were long gone by, that subterranean chamber had been used as a prison cell in the ancient times when Rookwood had been a monastic foundation.

Long centuries had passed since then, and scarce a human eye had looked into the dusky



Jimmy Silver dashed towards the furious man and caught his arm. "Captain Lagden!" he panted. "How dare you strike a fellow like that? Let him alone!" "Stand back!" snapped the captain. (See Chapter 6.)

recess; but now, once more, the old monastic prison was put to its early use again.

There were some mats and rugs on the stone floor, and on them sat or lay three figures.

Little did the Rookwood fellows dream how near to them were the three missing juniors.

It was Arthur Edward Lovell who was moving restlessly, and the chain clinked as he moved.

Raby and Newcome were still and silent.

Each of the juniors had an iron girdle locked round his waist, to which a chain was attached, the end of the chain being clamped to the wall.

The chains gave them freedom to move about the extent of their cell.

Four or five centuries had passed since those chains had confined a prisoner, and they were red with rust, but still heavy and strong, and beyond the strength of the kidnapped juniors to break.

Outside the grating the lamp glimmered, set on the floor far beyond their reach.

It was burning low.

"How long have we been here, you fellows?" Lovell muttered the words.

"How long is it going to last?" Raby groaned.

"It seems like weeks!"

"I—I wonder what Jimmy's thinking?" muttered Newcome.

"I wonder?"

"And our people—"

"What can they think?" muttered Lovell.

"They'll think we've bolted from Rookwood—they can't think anything else!"

"We must be found in time."

"Not till that villain lets us! But—but he can't carry on his game here for ever!"

Silence again.

The grim imprisonment was telling on Jimmy Silver's chums, but hope still burned in their breasts.

The silence was broken at last by a sound of footsteps.

The three juniors rose, and fixed their eyes

upon the grating, outside which a dim figure appeared.

Two keen eyes glinted in through the iron bars.

A loaf, an opened tin of meat, and a jug of water were passed between the bars—the daily meal of the unhappy juniors.

"The police haven't found you yet, you villain!" exclaimed Lovell, his eyes glinting at the man outside the grating.

A slight laugh was the only reply.

The man glanced at the lamp, refilled it with oil from a can, and then picked it up and moved away along the outer vault.

The three juniors drew near the grating, and followed him with their eyes.

The glimmer of the lamp passed behind a stone pillar and was lost to their view.

Darkness reigned.

But from the darkness there was a faint glimmer, showing that the lamp was somewhere near at hand.

In the silence, strange sounds came faintly to the juniors' ears—a sound as of machinery.

"What can it mean?" muttered Lovell.

"What game is he playing, you chaps?"

"Goodness knows!"

They listened for some time.

Often and often they had heard similar sounds during the kidnapper's visits to the hidden vaults.

But the strange occupation, pursued in the depths of the recesses beneath the ancient pile of Rookwood, was a mystery to them.

After a long interval the lamp glimmered again.

It was set down outside the grating, and the light glimmered into the cell.

The dim figure of the kidnapper turned, and his footsteps died away.

They heard the footsteps as they mounted an unseen stair, till silence fell again.

Once more the prisoners were alone.

THE POPULAR.—No. 195.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"TRAPPED!"

A GRAND STORY OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL. By OWEN CONQUEST.



For His Son's Sake!

A Splendid, Long, Complete Tale, dealing with the Schooldays in the Backwoods of Canada of

FRANK RICHARDS.

(Author of the Famous School Tales of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

By Luck and Pluck.

CLATTER, clatter!
"Look out!" exclaimed Vere Beauclerc.

Frank Richards and his chums were riding on the trail to Cedar Creek School in the sunny spring morning.

The three were about to turn out of the forest bridle-path into the broad Thompson trail, when the sudden clatter of hoof-beats startled them.

Barely six yards ahead of them a horse dashed by at tearing speed, with head tossing wildly and reins flying loose.

A girl was clinging to the saddle, and for a moment her white, terrified face was turned towards the chums as she flashed by.

"Molly Lawrence!" exclaimed Bob Lawless.

"After him!" shouted Frank Richards.

The runaway horse was thundering on towards Cedar Creek, and the three chums, as they rode in pursuit, expected every moment to see the girl tossed from the animal's back into the grass on the trail.

The three spurred on at desperate speed.

Vere Beauclerc's splendid black horse drew rapidly ahead of his chums' ponies.

Swiftly as the runaway was galloping, Beauclerc overhauled him fast.

Frank and Bob were hopelessly behind.

Thud, thud, thud!

Beauclerc, with his handsome face hard-set, was riding as if for his life.

Closer and closer he drew to the flying heels of the runaway, till he grew gradually abreast.

Molly Lawrence's terrified eyes were upon him.

She tried to speak, but no words came.

Cedar Creek School was in sight now, far ahead, with a group of fellows standing at the gate.

Towards the school the two horses thundered on.

"Hold on!" panted Beauclerc.

He rode close beside the runaway, and caught the flying reins.

It was a difficult feat to perform, with both the horses in violent motion, but Beauclerc's hand was quick and his eye was sure.

His grip on the rein slackened down the runaway, but to stop him was impossible.

Beauclerc rode on fast, keeping pace with the frantic animal, but gradually pulling him in.

The pace slackened at last.

Within a few yards of the gates of Cedar Creek School Beauclerc succeeded at last in halting the runaway.

The animal came to a halt, steaming and panting.

"Safe now, Miss Lawrence!" said Beauclerc breathlessly.

He slid to the ground, still holding the reins of the runaway.

He changed his grasp to the bit.

"Oh!" panted Molly.

"All serene now," said Beauclerc, with a smile. "Let me help you down."

"Mind he doesn't get loose again!"

"That's all right; he's quiet enough now."

Still keeping a grip on the bit, Beauclerc helped the trembling girl down to the trail.

There was a clatter on the hard earth as Frank Richards and Bob Lawless dashed up and jumped down.

"You've done it, Cherub!" exclaimed Bob.

"Yes, it's all serene."

The girl looked back anxiously along the trail.

"My brother—"

Tom Lawrence came in sight. He rode up and dismounted, gasping for breath.

"Thank goodness you're all right, Moll!" he exclaimed. "I guess I thought you were a gone coon."

"I—I thought so, too!" stammered Molly.

"I should have been but for Beauclerc. He stopped my horse."

"Good old Cherub!" said Tom Lawrence gratefully. "As for that heathen, I'll skin him!"

"Yen Chin, do you mean?" asked Frank Richards.

"Yes; the young idiot scared the gee by letting off his silly crackers on the trail!" growled Lawrence. "One of his blessed Chinese jokes! I'll joke him!"

"Look after Molly!" murmured Bob.

Poor Molly was white as a sheet, and almost fainting.

Her brother caught her by the arm, forgetting all about Yen Chin for the moment.

"Come up, Moll!" he said. "Will you look after the hosses, you chaps?"

"You bet!"

Lawrence led his sister into the school-house, leaning heavily on his arm.

The Cedar Creek fellows surrounded the chums.

Eben Hacke clapped Beauclerc on the shoulder in great admiration.

"You can ride, some!" he said. "I guess I never saw anything neater! I'd have bet a hundred-dollar bill to a glass-eye that you'd be over together, and down in a heap, when you caught those reins!"

"Lucky it turned out better than that!" said Beauclerc, with a smile.

"I guess it was neat!" said Hacke. "I guess you can ride!"

"First-rate!" declared Chunky Todgers.

"I guess I didn't think you had it in you, Cherub!"

"Thank you, Chunky!"

"Fathead!" said Bob Lawless. "The Cherub could ride anybody's head off here! I'll talk to that heathen when he comes in."

The chums put up the horses in the corral, and Tom Lawrence met them at the gates as they went into the school ground.

Lawrence's face was grim.

"How's Molly?" asked Frank.

"Oh, Molly's all right now!" answered Lawrence. "She's sitting down in Miss Meadows' room; only a bit white. I've brought out a trail-rope to talk to that heathen! Here he comes!"

Little Yen Chin, the Chinese, was trotting towards the school.

As he jumped off his horse Tom Lawrence strode towards him.

Yen Chin dodged round the horse.

He did not like the look of the coiled trail-rope in the Canadian schoolboy's hand.

"Whattée mattée?" he demanded.

"Come here, you heathen! I'm going to give you something for frightening Molly's horse!"

"Only little jokee!" pleaded Yen Chin.

"You young ass!" exclaimed Frank Richards. "Don't you know that Molly might have broken her neck?"

"Me velly solly!"

"She jolly well would have if the Cherub hadn't been so hefty!" said Hacke.

"No whackee!" roared Yen Chin, as Lawrence pursued him round the standing horse and grasped him by the collar. "Pool lil' Chinee velly solly!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 195.

A MAGNIFICENT LONG STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"TRACKED DOWN!"

..

"I guess I'll make you sorrier!" said Lawrence grimly.

Whack, whack, whack!

Yen Chin roared.

"You stoppee! No whackee! Hurtee pool lil' Chinee!"

Whack, whack, whack!

"That's enough, Lawrence!" said Beauclerc, catching Tom's arm.

Lawrence gave him a grim look for a moment, and then he nodded and released the "Chow" of Cedar Creek.

Yen Chin dodged away, howling.

But as soon as he reached a safe distance he turned round, placed his thumb to his little nose, and extended his fingers.

"Lawrence great fool!" he called out.

"You go chippee-chippe! Yah!"

And with that defiance Yen Chin promptly disappeared into the lumber school, and took refuge in the school-room.

His horse was left on the trail, and Frank Richards led it into the corral.

The bell was ringing for lessons when the three chums came up to the schoolhouse.

Molly Lawrence was in the porch, still looking a little pale.

"All right now, Molly?" asked Bob cheerily.

"Yes," faltered Molly "I—I was a little frightened. Thank you so much, Beauclerc!"

"Not at all, Miss Lawrence!" said Beauclerc, with a smile. "It was lucky we came up the trail just then."

Bob Lawless gave his English chum a rather droll look as they went into the school-room together.

"Miss Lawrence" was rather a stately form of address for the lumber school, but the Cherub had his own little manners and customs.

Molly's eyes dwelt for some moments on Beauclerc, and she smiled.

Vere Beauclerc had always been much admired by the feminine element in the lumber school, and now he was a hero—in Molly's eyes, at least.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Strange News!

THERE was some buzzing and whispering in Miss Meadows' class in the log school-room that morning.

Most of it was round Tom Lawrence and his sister.

Frank Richards caught, once or twice, the name of Mr. Trevelyan, the new master at Cedar Creek.

He wondered what the subject was.

Frank Richards was a good deal interested in the new master, as were his chums.

Mr. Trevelyan had not yet taken up his duties in the school, being still indisposed owing to a fall from horseback; at all events, that was what the school was given to understand.

But there were a good many of the fellows who grinned over Mr. Trevelyan's "indisposition," and opined that he was "soft," and laying up for nothing, or next to nothing.

When the school was dismissed, Frank Richards & Co. looked for Lawrence.

It was evident that Tom and Molly knew something or other in the way of news regarding Mr. Trevelyan, and they were curious to know what it was.

They found Lawrence and his sister the centre of a little crowd in the playground.

"Well, it beats the hull deck!" Eben Hacke was saying, as they came up.

"It beats the dizzy Dutch, if it's true!" said Chunky Todgers. "But is it a sure cinch, Lawrence?"

"You bet!" answered Lawrence.

"What's the news?" inquired Bob Lawless. "Something about Trevelyan?"

"Yes, got it from my Uncle Henderson," said Lawrence. "It's true enough. Mr. Henderson is coming over here to see Mr. Trevelyan about it."

"But what is it?" exclaimed Frank Richards.

Vere Beauclerc did not speak, but his face was very keen.

"Molly and I have been staying at uncle's," explained Lawrence. "This morning Uncle Henderson asked us about Mr. Trevelyan. Somebody had written to him, as sheriff of Thompson, you know. Mr. Trevelyan's being hunted for—"

"Hunted for?" exclaimed Frank.

"Ha, ha! I don't mean that he's done

THE POPULAR.—No. 195.

anything wrong. I mean, he's being looked for, because he's come into a fortune in England."

"Great Scott!"

Frank Richards & Co. exchanged startled glances.

"He's come into a fortune!" exclaimed Beauclerc breathlessly.

"Yes; uncle said so," said Molly Lawrence. "He asked us whether Mr. Trevelyan was here, and told us to tell him he was coming over to-day to see him about it. A relation of his has died in England, and Mr. Trevelyan has inherited a title and estates."

"My hat!"

"A title!" exclaimed Eben Hacke. "Only think! Fancy a master here being a nobleman in disguise—eh?"

"Not a nobleman," said Molly. "A baronet."

"Then he'll be Sir Philip!" exclaimed Bob.

"Yes."

"Well, that takes the cake!"

"Here comes uncle!" exclaimed Lawrence. Mr. Henderson, the sheriff of Thompson, a big, bluff, bearded Canadian, dismounted at the gates, and came striding in.

His niece and nephew ran to him at once. The Cedar Creek fellows were left in a buzz of excitement.

Tom led Mr. Henderson away to the new master's cabin, and some of the fellows had a glimpse of Mr. Trevelyan's tall figure and gleaming eyeglass, as he admitted the sheriff.

"Come with me, you fellows," said Beauclerc, in a low voice to his chums.

The three chums left the chatting crowd. Beauclerc's face was very grave and thoughtful.

Out of hearing of the schoolboys, he stopped, and looked at Frank and Bob.

"What do you think of that?" he asked quietly.

"I guess it beats me," said Bob.

"You remember what I told you," said Beauclerc, in the same quiet tone. "I saw Mr. Trevelyan last week, in the hands of 'Frisco Jo and his gang, and I told you I did not believe that the man here was the same man. I believed the real Mr. Trevelyan was kidnapped by those rustlers, and this man came here in his name. I know it seemed steep—my father thought so—it seemed so unlikely a man would play such a game to bag a teacher's salary at a frontier school. But now the cat's out of the bag!"

"It does look like it, by Jove!" said Frank Richards. "There's the motive, anyway."

"I knew he must have some axe to grind, though I couldn't guess what it was," said Beauclerc. "Now it comes out that Philip Trevelyan is heir to a fortune in England. That makes it clear. I am sure—I was sure before—that the real man is being kept a prisoner somewhere in the woods by 'Frisco Jo, and that the man here is a swindler and impostor."

"Phew!"

"But your popper, Cherub," said Bob. "He saw Trevelyan the other day, and talked with him. What did he think?"

Beauclerc's face clouded.

"I can't understand that," he confessed. "My father called on him specially to size him up, and he's never said a word about it. I asked him, and he would not tell me; he simply ordered me to let the matter drop."

"Well, by gum!" ejaculated Bob, in astonishment.

"But it's clear to me now," continued Beauclerc. "I shall speak to my father about it again, and then to the sheriff."

"I guess that's the proper caper," agreed Bob. "It does begin to look as if you were right, Cherub."

The chums looked for Mr. Henderson when he left the new master's cabin.

The sheriff stopped to speak to them.

"My nephew's told me what you did this morning, Beauclerc," said the sheriff kindly. "You are a plucky lad, and no mistake! It isn't everybody who could stop a runaway horse as you did! Give me your fist!"

The burly sheriff gave Beauclerc a grip of the hand that made him wince.

"It was nothing, sir," said Beauclerc.

"I guess it was a good deal to Molly and to her people," said Mr. Henderson, with a smile.

"It is true about Mr. Trevelyan, sir?" asked Frank Richards.

"Oh, you've heard young Tom talking—eh?" The sheriff laughed. "Yes, my boys; you've got a real live baronet in your school—beir of Sir Gwynne Trevelyan. I've had inquiries sent to me, and I've just broken the news to him."

"Rather a leg up for the galoot, sir," said Bob.

"I guess so. You'll want a new master here before long," said the sheriff. "Mr. Trevelyan will be going back to England."

"Without taking up his duties here at all?" asked Beauclerc.

"I guess so."

The sheriff nodded to the boys, and went out to his horse.

Vere Beauclerc compressed his lips.

"I knew the man was no teacher," he said. "He's been shamming ill, to keep out of the school-room. I guessed that. But I fancy there will be a spoke put in his wheel."

Frank Richards & Co. had plenty of food for thought that afternoon, and they certainly were not thinking wholly of their lessons.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Remittance-Man's Resolve.

HE'S quiet enough now, Molly."

"I'm not going to ride him."

"But I tell you he's all right."

"Stuff!" said Molly decidedly.

Frank Richards & Co. heard that argument proceeding as they led their horses from the corral for the ride home after lessons that day.

Tom Lawrence was holding his horse and his sister's, but Molly declined to trust herself to the saddle again.

"I'll hold him all the way," offered Lawrence.

"That would make him worse."

"Now, look here, Molly—" urged Tom.

"I'm not going to ride!"

"How are you going to get home, then?" demanded her brother.

"You take the horses, and I'll go in the canoe," said Molly.

"Bet you you'll go over the rapids if you do!" grunted Tom Lawrence. "Girls can't manage canoes!"

"Stuff!" said Molly, with feminine determination. "You hustle off, Tom, and I'll be home before you, anyway!"

"Oh, all right!"

Tom Lawrence rode away, leading his sister's horse.

"Can we help you launch the canoe, Miss Lawrence?" asked Beauclerc.

Molly smiled.

"You can, if you like," she replied graciously.

The three chums ran the little birch-bark canoe into the creek, and saw Molly off.

Despite Tom's brotherly misgivings, Molly handled the little craft with a masterly hand.

She nodded to the schoolboys on the bank, and they raised their Stetson hats politely as the canoe shot out into the creek and Molly paddled away.

As they returned to their horses, Mr. Trevelyan came out at the gates.

The tall, athletic-looking man was limping a little. He had limped ever since his fall, which had prevented him from entering upon the duties he had come to Cedar Creek to perform.

His eyeglass—the only eyeglass in the Thompson Valley—gleamed at the three schoolboys as he nodded affably to them.

"Ah, I was looking for you, Beauclerc!" he said in a genial tone.

"Yes, sir?" said Beauclerc quietly.

His manner was cold and reserved, and showed no appreciation of the new master's geniality.

Thinking of the man as he did, it was difficult for Vere Beauclerc to keep up even civility towards him.

Mr. Trevelyan's eyes dwelt upon him sharply for a moment.

"Your father called upon me the other day, Beauclerc," he remarked. "I should like to return his call, if you will show me the way to your home."

"Very well, sir."

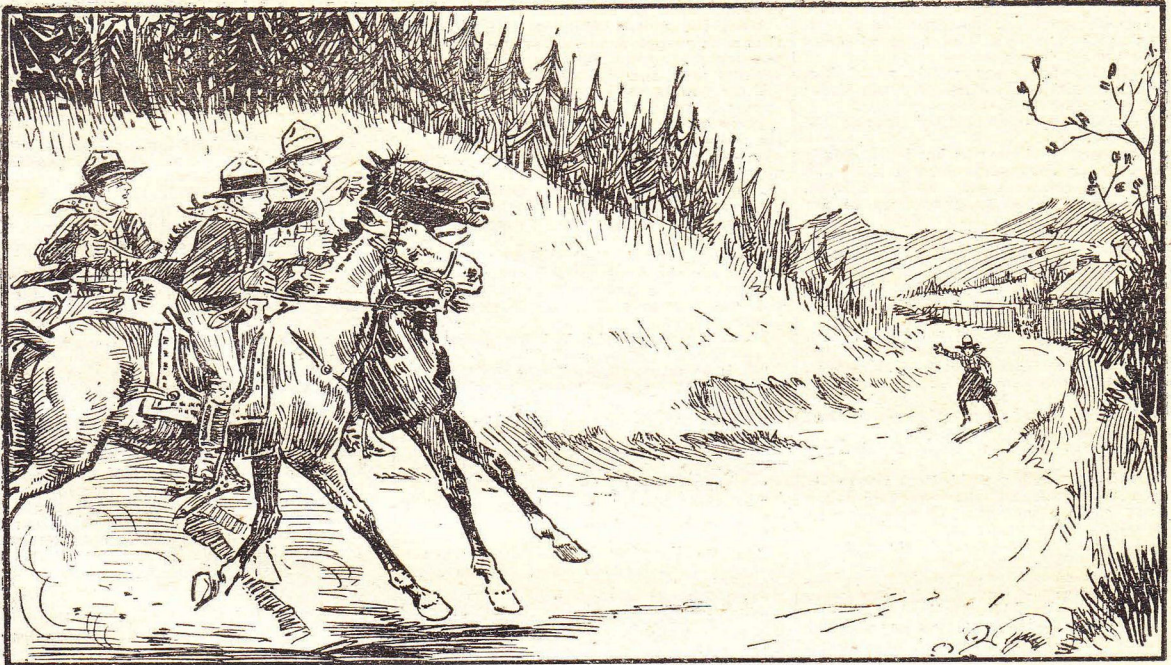
"Is it too far to walk?"

"It's several miles, sir."

"Then I will borrow a horse. Please wait for me!"

"Very well."

The chums exchanged glances as the new master went in at the gates.



Frank and Bob and Vere Beauclerc were riding up the trail when they caught sight of Molly Lawrence running towards them. "Hallo!" exclaimed Bob. "What's the matter?" (See Chapter 5.)

He came out again, mounted, and rode away down the trail with the three.

The schoolboys were silent during the ride. They could not help wondering whether Mr. Trevelyan's visit to the shack where the remittance-man lived had anything to do with the news he had received from the sheriff that morning.

At the fork of the trail the chums parted as usual, Frank Richards and Bob trotting on towards the Lawless Ranch, while Beauclerc and the new master rode by the branch trail towards Cedar Camp.

Beauclerc did not speak, and Mr. Trevelyan was equally taciturn.

The shack came in sight.

Mr. Beauclerc, the remittance-man of Cedar Camp, was smoking on the bench outside his cabin as they came up.

There was an expression of gloomy thought upon Lascelles Beauclerc's face, an expression Vere had often seen there during the past few days—since, in fact, the remittance-man had called upon the new master at the school.

Mr. Beauclerc rose, starting a little at the sight of the master.

Mr. Trevelyan saluted him politely.

"I have taken the freedom of returning your call, Mr. Beauclerc," he said. "I quite expected to see you at the school again after our pleasant chat."

The remittance-man coloured, and glanced uneasily at his son.

Beauclerc went into the shack.

"Why have you come here, man?" muttered Mr. Beauclerc, as his son disappeared.

The new master looked at him sharply.

"Because I haven't heard from you," he answered. "I must have your decision now. Come a little way into the wood, in case the boy should hear. He knows nothing?"

"I have told him nothing, of course."

"It seems to me that he is suspicious."

Mr. Beauclerc made no answer to that.

He followed the new master as the latter led his horse down the trail.

From the door of the shack Vere Beauclerc glanced after them anxiously.

The two men stopped under a tree, far out of hearing from the shack.

Trevelyan, resting one hand upon his saddle, stood looking at the remittance-man, whose face was dark and moody.

The remittance-man raised his eyes.

"I've decided," he said.

"To go with me?"

"No."

Mr. Trevelyan drew a quick breath.

"You are against me, then?"

"Yes."

"Listen to me, Beauclerc," said the new master in a low, even tone. "News has come that Philip Trevelyan is wanted in England. The sheriff of Thompson brought me the news this morning. I told you it might come any day—and now it has come."

"Well?"

"Well," said the new master savagely, "you know how matters stand. I have been accepted as Philip Trevelyan here. No one doubts me. You are the only man in Canada who knows that I am Gerard Goring, and that Philip Trevelyan has been kidnapped. If you hold your tongue, you stand in with me to share the fortune left by old Sir Gwynne. You must be mad if you think of refusing!"

"It was a temptation," said the remittance-man quietly—"it was a terrible temptation, Gerard Goring. But I've thought it out. For my son's sake—"

"For your son's sake, you had better think it out again!" sneered Gerard Goring. "What is he now? A pauper's son! He will be a rich man's son, if you are not blind to your own interests!"

"I know! But—"

"Be sensible man! Do you understand what you are losing?"

"I understand," answered Mr. Beauclerc quietly. "And I have decided. Vere, if he knew—"

"He need never know."

"I cannot do it, Goring. Perhaps if I were alone I might. But I will not make Vere the son of a criminal. I refuse your offer."

The remittance-man's voice was low, but very firm.

The new master gritted his teeth.

"Philip Trevelyan—wherever you are keeping him a prisoner—must be released," said the remittance-man steadily. "I will not join in this plot against an innocent man, and sentence him to lifelong imprisonment in the wilderness. You must release him, and let him claim his rights!"

"And I—"

"You can go your ways."

"I am in your hands, Beauclerc," said Gerard Goring. "You have spoiled the best scheme of my lifetime!"

"You are lucky to get out of it without paying the penalty of the crime!" said Mr. Beauclerc, shrugging his shoulders.

"Perhaps so. Give me twenty-four hours, as you promised you would if you decided against me, and I will go."

"That is agreed. To-morrow evening I shall call upon the sheriff, and tell him the facts. You have the interval to make your escape."

"It is enough for me!" Goring's eyes glittered for a moment. "Not a word for twenty-four hours, even to your son!"

"You have my word!" said Mr. Beauclerc haughtily. "You were once my associate—I say it to my shame—and I will not betray you to punishment if you do the right thing. But after twenty-four hours your fate is in your own hands."

"Be it so."

The new master moved away down the trail, and the remittance-man returned to the shack with slow footsteps.

He had made the right choice, yet perhaps there was a trace of regret in his breast as he thought of what he had lost.

But as he glanced at his son, that lingering thought was dismissed from his mind.

Gerard Goring mounted his horse in the trail, and rode away with grimly-knitted brows.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

What Molly Heard!

"RACE you to the school!" called out Tom Lawrence merrily.

The morning sun shone brightly on Cedar Creek, rippling and glistening in the cheerful light.

Molly Lawrence pushed out her canoe as her brother called to her from the bank.

"Stuff!" answered Molly. "I shall beat you in the canoe."

"Bosh!" retorted Tom. "Mind you don't drift over the rapids, Moll."

"Nonsense!" answered Molly.

Tom Lawrence trotted away on the trail, and Molly paddled down the creek.

After her narrow escape of the day before, Molly was not inclined for riding to school, and the way was shorter and quicker by water.

And the creek, shining in the sun of spring, was a very pleasant route.

The active Canadian girl paddled away cheerily.

The creek rippled on through stretches of timber, shadowed here and there by giant trees that had been standing before the white man set his foot in Canada.

THE POPULAR.—NO. 195.

NEXT TUESDAY!

TRACKED DOWN!

A MAGNIFICENT LONG STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

Little islets, thickly wooded, dotted the stream, and round them the current raced, perilous enough to an inexperienced canoeer.

But Molly Lawrence was quite at home in the birch-bark canoe.

Lonely lay the great woods round her, silent save for the twittering of the birds; but loneliness had no terrors for her.

The canoe glided on swiftly through the shining waters.

Having plenty of time on her hands, Molly ceased to use the paddle after a time, and allowed the canoe to drift on the current, only paddling occasionally to keep to her course.

Suddenly, from a shadowy backwater under the trees, another canoe appeared on the creek ahead of her.

A man sat in it, paddling—a swarthy, active fellow, with hair in black ringlets, and sharp, black eyes.

Molly caught her breath as she saw him. From his position, as he paddled into the creek, she could see only part of his profile, but she recognised him at once.

It was "Frisco Jo," the "rustler" of Thompson—a rascal whom the sheriff had been looking for for some time.

Molly's face paled a little as she saw him.

He had not seen her, as his back was partly turned, and instantly the girl guided her drifting canoe into a mass of thickets that grew out into the stream.

She did not want to catch the sight of the ruffian, who was quite capable of robbing her of the canoe, and leaving her to make her way on foot through the heavy woods.

She stopped the canoe in the midst of the thickets, where they grew in the water, holding on to a hanging branch to keep it steady.

Her breath was coming quickly as she listened for the sound of "Frisco Jo's" paddle.

She intended to give the rustler plenty of time to get ahead of her before she resumed her way to Cedar Creek.

But, to her alarm, the sound of the Mexican's paddle was closer at hand.

Her heart throbbed with the fear that the ruffian had seen her, and was following her into the thickets.

But the sound of paddling ceased a few yards distant.

The Mexican's canoe had stopped by the bank, but she could not see him, close as he was, owing to the impenetrable barrier of trees and thickets between.

But she could hear his movements and the sounds he made as he tied a rope to a branch.

Then she heard his heavy steps plunging up the bank.

The girl remained quite silent, hardly daring to breathe.

The footsteps had halted, still within hearing.

On the fresh air there came to her the scent of a strong Mexican cigar.

"Frisco Jo had halted on the bank in the

thick timber, and was smoking there—evidently while he waited.

What the ruffian could be waiting for in that lonely spot was a mystery—unless it was for some associate with whom he was engaged upon one of his rascally enterprises.

Molly was as quiet as a "coon" when the hunter is by.

There was no sound save the lapping of the water round the canoe and the trunks.

Suddenly there came heavy footsteps in the underbush.

The voice of the Mexican was heard.

"Muy bien! You are here, senior?"

"Yes. Have I kept you waiting, Jo?"

Molly started.

She had heard that voice somewhere, though she could not recall where.

It was not a voice she knew familiarly, but she was sure that she had heard it before.

Possibly someone she had heard speaking in the street of Thompson.

"It is no matter, senior," said the Mexican.

"What is the news? Euchre Dick brought me your message last night."

"Work to be done, my friend, this morning."

"The remittance-man?"

"Exactly."

"It would be safer by night, senior."

"At night his son is at home, and that would mean two instead of one, Jo."

"True!"

"Besides, the place is lonely—more than a mile from the camp. You will have no difficulty—"

"If he should resist—"

"He will not resist if you take him by surprise. Take Euchre Dick and Black Rube with you, and tackle him suddenly.

Have the wagon on the trail road, and keep him under the sacks till you are out of the settlements."

"It is simple enough, senior."

Molly Lawrence's eyes were wide open.

Well she knew who the "remittance-man" was whom they were speaking of—Vere Beauclerc's father!

The girl's face was white with horror.

This was why "Frisco Jo" was waiting at that solitary rendezvous.

It was a plot against Beauclerc's father—why, the girl could not fathom. And who was the other man, whose voice was not unknown to her? She could not guess.

Silent and terrified, the girl sat in the canoe, holding on to a branch to keep the little craft from drifting.

"But why, senior?" the Mexican was saying. "You have seen the man, then?"

"I saw him yesterday."

"And he refuses?"

"Yes."

"Ah, he is a fool!"

"He is a fool who must not be allowed to chatter his folly, Jo."

"Frisco Jo laughed softly.

"You are right, senior."

"Lose no time. His son will have started for school by this time, and the sooner

it is over the better. I have brought you a horse. Leave your canoe here, and ride at once to Cedar Camp and get Euchre Dick and Rube, and the wagon. The sooner it is done the better."

"Rely upon me, senior."

"Do not hurt him, if you can help it. We do not want to put our necks into the rope, Jo."

"Carambo! Trust me for that, senior. But a blow from a pistol-butt, if he is troublesome—that will not matter."

There was a rustling in the wood as the two rascals moved away from the spot.

Molly Lawrence sat still in the canoe, hardly breathing. She could scarcely believe what she had heard.

It seemed that she must have allowed her imagination to play a trick, as she sat there in the midst of the silent thickets.

The sounds died away.

"Frisco Jo and his unknown confederate were gone.

Molly moved at last.

With trembling hands she pushed the canoe out into the creek again.

As she came out into the stream she caught sight of the Mexican's canoe tied up among the bushes.

That was evidence enough of the reality of what she had heard, if it needed it.

The girl's brain was almost in a whirl.

Beauclerc's father—the father of the boy who had saved her life only the previous day—was in danger.

Even now the ruffians were on the way to the lonely shack by the creek.

And Beauclerc?

The remittance-man's son was on the way to school with his chums, never dreaming of his father's peril.

Molly drove her paddle into the rippling water.

She had only one thought now—to hurry to Cedar Creek school, and warn Beauclerc of his father's danger—warn him in time.

She was not far from the school, and she would meet Beauclerc the moment he arrived, and then a rapid ride—

There was a chance yet that the remittance-man might be saved.

Molly's paddle flashed like lightning as she drove the birch-bark canoe onward.

The school came in sight at last.

Few of the fellows had arrived so early, but Harold Hopkins was on the bank, and he ran to help her in with the canoe.

As he pulled it into the rushes, Molly sprang ashore, throwing down the paddle.

"Early this morning, miss!" grinned Hopkins.

Molly did not answer.

She ran on breathlessly past the school-boy, leaving him blinking after her in astonishment.

"My 'at!' murmured Hopkins.

Molly ran on towards the school.

Mr. Slimmey, the assistant-master, was standing in the gateway, looking out.

In her agitation the girl caught him by the sleeve.

(Continued on the next page.)

NEXT WEEK'S PROGRAMME!

FOUR COMPLETE SCHOOL STORIES!

"THE MOTOR BANDITS!"

A Grand Story of Harry Wharton & Co.

By Frank Richards.

"TRAPPED!"

Another thrilling Story of Rook-wood.

By Owen Conquest.

"FALLEN AMONG FOES!"

Read how Mr. Ratcliff refereed a Football Match!

By Martin Clifford.

"TRACKED DOWN!"

An amazing Story of the School in the Backwoods.

By Martin Clifford.

BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY! GRAND SERIAL! NEW COMPETITION!

ORDER YOUR COPY OF "THE POPULAR" TO-DAY!

THE POPULAR.—No. 195.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"TRACKED DOWN!"

A MAGNIFICENT LONG STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

"Has Beauclerc come yet?" she panted.
 "I think not," said Mr. Slimmey, in his deliberate way. "In fact, I am sure not."
 Molly ran on up the trail without another word.
 "Bless my soul!" ejaculated the surprised Mr. Slimmey.
 Molly ran on.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
 Too Late!

"HALLO!"
 "Something's up!" exclaimed Frank Richards.
 Frank and Bob and Vere Beauclerc were riding up the trail to the school in the sunny morning when they caught sight of Molly Lawrence running towards them from the direction of the school.

The girl, panting, stopped, and held up her hand, and the three schoolboys halted at once.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Bob, as they jumped down from their horses.

Molly could not speak. Her breath came almost in sobs, and she reeled from fatigue. Vere Beauclerc caught her quickly.

"What is it?" he exclaimed.
 "I—I"—Molly panted—"I—I came to warn you!"

"To warn me?" repeated Beauclerc, in amazement.

"Your father!" sobbed Molly.
 "Get your breath, old girl!" said Bob Lawless encouragingly "Has somebody been frightening you?"

"No, no!" "Frisko Jo—"
 Molly tried to collect herself. She caught Beauclerc's arm.

"Your father!" she gasped.
 "My father is all right!" said Beauclerc, in wonder. "I left him at the shack as usual this morning, Miss Lawrence—not more than half an hour ago."

"They would be there by then; perhaps they even watched you leave!" panted the girl. "Your father is in danger!"

"In danger! How?"
 "Frisko Jo—they are going to attack him at the shack!"

"By gum!" exclaimed Bob.
 "How do you know, Miss Lawrence?" asked Vere Beauclerc, very quietly.

Molly panted out her story.
 The chums of Cedar Creek listened with blank astonishment.

"Frisko Jo!" exclaimed Frank Richards.
 "That's the ruffian you saw in the wood, Beau—the man who was kidnapping—"

"Who was the man with him, Molly?" asked Bob Lawless eagerly.

The girl shook her head.
 "I don't know. I didn't see him; I only heard his voice. I thought I had heard it before, but I wasn't sure. Beauclerc, your father—"

Vere Beauclerc was already springing for his horse.

His face was pale.
 He did not need telling more. He guessed who Frisko Jo's unknown companion had been.

Much that had puzzled him before was clear to him now.

His father's silence after the visit to the new master at the school, and his troubled mood since, and Mr. Trevelyan's visit the previous day, when he had been careful to take the remittance-man out of his son's hearing—it was all pieced together now.

The new master was the swindler and impostor the boy believed. And the remittance-man knew it, and he was to be silenced.

Beauclerc did not think it out. It came through his mind like a flash of lightning.

He bounded upon his horse.

Without a look at his chums, without a word even to Molly, he drove his black horse up the trail at a furious gallop.

"Cherub!" panted Bob.
 Beauclerc did not look back.

He had never used the whip upon Demon before, but he was using it now.

The black horse, startled, bounded forward like an arrow, and, with a thunder of mad hoofs, disappeared up the trail.

"Good heavens!" panted Frank Richards.
 Molly caught his arm.

"Go with him—go with him! He is going into danger! They may—"
 "We're going!" said Bob.
 The chums sprang upon their ponies.
 There was no time to think of school or

(Continued on page 28.)

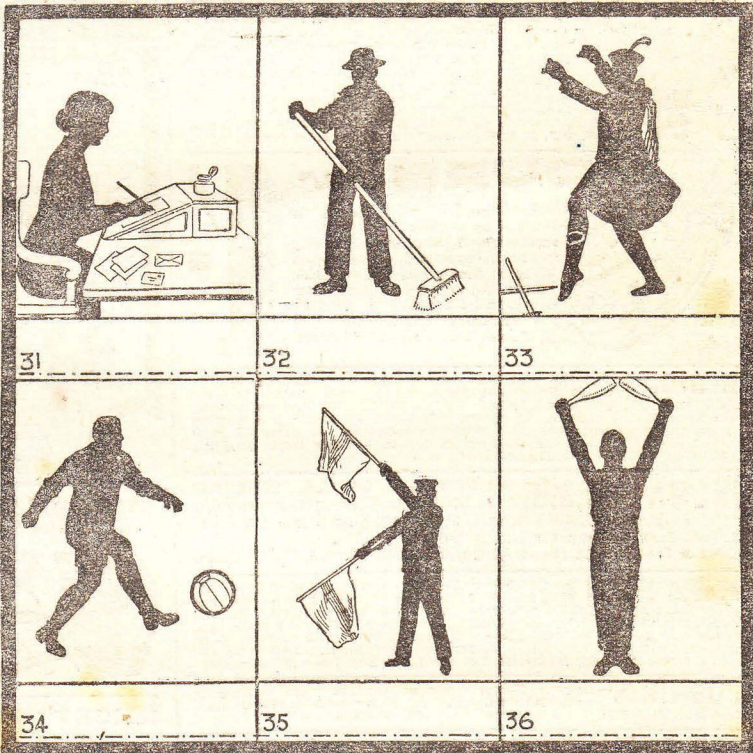
"SILHOUETTES"

FIRST PRIZE

£25

10 Prizes of £1 and 20 Prizes of 10/-.

SIXTH SET.



WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

This week we publish the sixth and last set of picture-puzzles.

Competitors must now collect their sets of solutions, sign the coupon which appears on this page, pin them together, and send them to:

"SILHOUETTES" Contest,
 "Popular" Offices, Gough House,
 Gough Square, E.C. 4,
 so as to reach that address not later than Thursday, October 19th.

The FIRST PRIZE of £25 will be awarded to the reader who submits a set of solutions exactly the same as, or nearest to, the set now in the Editor's possession. In the event of ties, the prize will be divided. The other prizes will be awarded, in order of merit. The Editor reserves the right to add together and divide all or any of the prizes; but the full amount will be awarded.

You may send as many COMPLETE

SETS as you please, but each set must be accompanied by a separate coupon.

Efforts are only admitted to the contest on the distinct understanding that the Editor's decision is final. This contest is run in conjunction with "Boys' Friend," "Gem," and "Magnet," and readers of those journals are invited to compete. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

I enter "SILHOUETTES" Contest, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and binding.

Name.....

Address.....

Closing date, October 19th, 1922.

"FOR HIS SON'S SAKE."

(Continued from previous page.)

anything else now. They galloped after their chum, and vanished from Molly's eyes through the timber.

The girl stood panting for breath in the trail, her colour coming and going.

Thud, thud, thud!

Vere Beauclerc was riding like the wind. The hard trail thundered back the crash of the hoofs as he rode.

Frank and Bob were riding hard, but they were left far behind.

Never had Vere Beauclerc ridden as he was riding now.

The splendid black horse was covering the ground with flashing speed.

Over rough hillocks and gopher-holes, dodging hanging boughs by a hair's-breadth, the schoolboy rode with white, set face and burning eyes.

Thud, thud, thud!

His father—where was his father? The shack came in sight at last, and his eyes searched it yet from the distance. He almost sobbed with relief as he saw that it lay quiet and undisturbed, as he had left it. There was no sign of a commotion of any kind.

Had the danger not yet fallen, or had the ruffians been there, and had they gone? He dashed madly up to the shack, and flung himself from his horse.

The black horse stood panting, trembling in every limb. Beauclerc rushed into the shack, calling: "Father! Father!"

He stopped, frozen with horror. The shack was empty.

But on every side there were signs of a struggle. The table was overturned, the rough log stools lay in disorder about the room. Broken crockery lay about the floor. At Beauclerc's feet was the remittance-man's pipe, with the stem broken.

A fierce struggle had taken place in the shack—fierce and furious—in the room now so silent and desolate. Beauclerc reeled in the doorway.

"Father!" he panted. But there was no voice to answer that cry from the stricken heart of the remittance-man's son.

Lascelles Beauclerc was gone. Vere staggered from the shack.

With a clatter of hoofs Frank Richards and Bob rode up, and jumped from their horses. Frank caught Beauclerc by the arm.

"Your father!" she gasped. Beauclerc groaned.

"He is gone!" "Gone?"

Beauclerc leaned heavily on the door-post. His face was like chalk.

Where was his father—where was he, and alive or dead?

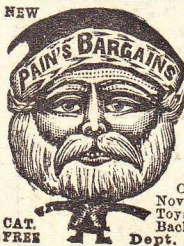
A sob rose from his breast that shook him from head to foot.

"Father—oh, father!"

The woods round him echoed back that cry of fear and anguish, but there came no other answer to the son of the man who had vanished into the unknown.

THE END.

(There will be another grand story of Frank Richards & Co. next Friday.)



HERE I AM AGAIN JUST TO REMIND YOU OF MY SECRET:

"Pain's is Where I Buy My Biggest Bargains from, so get their New Illus. Catalogue, Post Free, of Biggest Bargains, 7d. to 70s. CASH OR 1/- WEEK. Clocks, Watches, Jewellery, Gramophones, Accordions, Novelties, Cutlery and Plate, Leather and Fancy Goods, Toys, Xmas Cards, Etc. For 'Satisfaction or Money Back.' Write to PAIN'S PRESENTS HOUSE, Dept. 9X, EASTINGS." Signed—Father Xmas.



YOURS for 1/-
This handsome full-sized Gent's Lever Watch sent upon receipt of 1/-. After approval send 1/- more, the balance may then be paid by 6 monthly instalments of 2/- each. Guaranteed 5 years. Chain offered Free with every watch. Cash returned in full if dissatisfied. Send 1/- now to Simpson's Ltd. (Dept. 2) 94, Queen Rd., Brighton, Sussex

BE BIG.—During the past ten years we have supplied our Girvan Scientific Treatment for increasing the height to over 20,000 students. Less than 200 have written to say they have not secured all the increase they desired. 99 per cent. of successful results is a wonderful achievement. Health and stamina greatly improved. If under 40, send P.O. for particulars and our £100 guarantee to Enquiry Dept. A.M.P., 17, STROUD GREEN ROAD, LONDON, N.4.

CINEMA FILMS, MACHINES, SPOOLS, SCREENS, SLIDES, etc. Everything stocked for the Amateur. 50-foot Sample Film, 1/3, post free. 100-foot, 2/3, post free. Stamp for Illustrated Lists. **TYSON & MARSHALL (Dept. A), 89, Castle Boulevard, Nottingham.**

FREE FUN! Our Funny Novelty, causing roars of laughter, FREE to all sending 1/- for 70 Cuts, Conjuring Tricks, 12 Jolly Joke Tricks, 6 Catchy Coin Tricks, 5 Cunning Card Tricks, 5 Mystifying Magic Tricks, 250 Riddles, 18 Games, 10 Funny Readings, 5 Funny Recitations, 21 Monologues, 75 Toasts, 52 Wealth Secrets, Easy Ventriloquist Secrets, and 1,001 Stupendous Attractions. Thousands delighted! Great Fun!—O. HUGHES, 15, Wood St., Edgbaston, Birmingham.

BLUSHING.—Famous Doctor's recipe for this most distressing complaint, 6d. (P.O.). Never fails. Testimonials daily.—Mr. P. GEORGE, Fairhaven, Clevedon, Somerset.

STOP STAMMERING! Cure yourself as I did. Particulars Free.—FRANK B. HUGHES, 7, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1.

MOVIES AT HOME.—Projectors and Real Cinema Films. Lists Free.—Desk B, DEAN CINEMA CO., 94, Drayton Avenue, West Ealing, London, W.15.

FUN FOR ALL!—Ventriloquist's Voice Instrument. Invisible, Astonishes, Mystifies. Imitate Birds, Beasts, etc. 1/ P.O. (Ventriloquism Treatise included).—Ideal Co., Clevedon, Som.

CUT THIS OUT

"The Popular." **PEN COUPON.** Value 2d.
Send 7 of these coupons with only 2/9 direct to the Fleet Pen Co., 119, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. You will receive by return a Splendid British Made 14-ct. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, value 10/6 (Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib). If only 1 coupon is sent, the price is 3/9, 2d. being allowed for each extra coupon up to 6. (Pocket Clip, 4d.) Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. *Special New Offer—Your own name in gilt letters on either pen for 1/- extra.*
Lever Self-Filling Model, with Safety Cap, 2/- extra.

12/9 Monthly WITH 26 TUNES

is all you pay for a superbly made Mead Gramophone with massive, highly polished solid oak cabinet; gigantic richly coloured horn; extra large silent running motor, unusually loud rubber insulated Sound Reproducer; brilliantly nickelled seamless tapered tone arm and all other up-to-date improvements. Sent packed free and carriage paid with 26 Tunes and 400 Silver Steel Needles on **10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.** Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Exquisitely designed Portable Hornless, Table Grands and Drawing Room Cabinet Models at 4% below shop prices. Write TO-DAY for the biggest and most beautifully illustrated gramophone catalogue in the world.

Mead
Company (Dept. G105), Balsall Heath, Birmingham.

3/MONTHLY. ON EASY TERMS Send for Catalogue:
Lady's or Gent's Brogue Shoe, Black or Tan, only 30/-, on easy terms 3/- now and 3/- monthly. Send 3/- and say size required. All other kind of Boots and Shoes same terms. Write for Catalogue.

MASTERS, Ltd.,
32, Hope Stores, Rye

HEIGHT INCREASED 5/- Complete Course.
IN 30 DAYS. No Appliances. No Drugs. No Dieting. The Melvin Strong System NEVER FAILS. Full particulars and Testimonials, stamp.—Melvin Strong, Ltd. (Dept. S.), 10, Ludgate Hill, London, Eng.

All applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, UNION JACK SERIES, The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4