

**AN UNWELCOME DOUBLE FOR ADOLPHUS SMYTHE!**

It is a curious fact that the nameless stranger is remarkably like Adolphus Smythe, of the Shell, in features, and yet the Dandy of Rookwood disowns "Young Nobody." There is a deep mystery surrounding the boy without a name, but Smythe could throw some light on it if he liked!



**THE FIRST CHAPTER.**  
Something for Smythe!

**T**HWACK!

And a loud yell.

Dr. Chisholm paused in surprise.

If the reverend Head of Rookwood had visited the Fourth Form quarters oftener he would probably not have been surprised at hearing a yell from the end study.

But in the passage where the Classical Fourth lived and moved and had their being, the Head was an infrequent visitor, an exceedingly rare bird.

The reverend gentleman did not know that his unusual and unexpected appearance in that quarter caused dismay, indeed, consternation.

He did not know that a warning whisper of "Cave!" ran along the passage when he was sighted on the staircase.

Many things went on in Rookwood that the Head did not know.

But when, in his stately progress along the silent and respectful passage, he arrived at the end study, he knew that trouble was going on in that celebrated apartment.

For the door of the end study was closed, and the warning "Cave!" had not reached Jimmy Silver & Co. in their quarters. And there was no time for any fellow to cut in and warn them. The Fistical Four of the Fourth pursued their occupation, whatever it was, while the reverend and terrifying gentleman bore down upon their study. And their occupation seemed to be of a strenuous nature, and distinctly unpleasant to somebody. For somebody was yelling furiously.

Thwack!

"Yoooop!"

"Give him six, Jimmy!"

That was Lovell's voice, quite audible to the Head as he paused in surprise.

"Yow-ow! Leggo, you rotters!"

That was the voice of Adolphus Smythe of the Shell.

What Smythe of the Shell was doing in a Fourth Form study was not clear, except that he was getting a licking there. There was no doubt about the licking.

Thwack!

# Smythe's Double!

By  
Owen Conquest.

(Author of the famous tales of Rookwood now appearing in the "Boys' Friend.")

Another Wonderful, Long Complete Story, dealing with the adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co., and "The Nameless Boy" of Rookwood.

That was the sound of a cricket-stump, evidently landing upon trousers.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Smythe's voice again.

"Good!" Raby's voice this time. "This will do you good, Smythe! Don't be such a cad, you know!"

"Or such a snob!" said Newcome.

"Yah! Oh, lemme gerrup!"

"But you've only had four out of six, Smythe!" This was Jimmy Silver's voice.

"Steady!"

"Thwack!"

"Help!"

"Bless my soul!" said the Head.

He strode forward and threw open the door of the end study.

Quite a surprising scene met his gaze; surprising to the Head, that is.

Probably it would not have surprised anyone else in Rookwood.

Adolphus Smythe of the Shell was extended on the study carpet.

He was spread-eagled there, face down.

Lovell stood on one of his legs, Raby on the other. Newcome sat gracefully on his shoulders. Jimmy Silver wielded the cricket-stump.

The Fistical Four seemed to find the thing amusing. Adolphus Smythe found it anything but that. But Smythe's point of view, naturally, was rather different from that of the Fistical Four. There is a great distinction between the active and passive voices of the verb "to whack."

Jimmy Silver heard the door open, but as he had his back to it, he did not see what an awe-inspiring figure appeared there. So he simply called over his shoulder:

"Buzz off! We're whacking Smythe!"

"Silver!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Jimmy Silver jumped almost clear of the floor as he spun round. He knew that awful voice.

The voice of the great, huge bear in the fairy-tale was "not a circumstance" to it.

"The—the Head!" babbled Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Oh crumbs!"

"Oh!"

"Ah!"

The Fistical Four, with breathless ejaculations, faced the awful vision in the doorway.

Smythe rolled over on the floor and sat up. Dr. Chisholm surveyed the scene with a glare that struck terror to the end study—not easily terrified as a rule.

Jimmy Silver blinked at the Head as he might have blinked at a gorgon. The Head appeared a good deal like a gorgon at that moment; but Jimmy did not feel like a Perseus. He felt more like one of the fabled gorgon's hapless victims that were turned to stone.

Silence reigned in the end study for a second, a silence that could be felt.

The Head broke it.

"What does this mean?" he inquired.

Jimmy Silver & Co. blinked helplessly at one another. No answer was forthcoming.

"Get up, Smythe!"

Smythe got up.

"Is this a case of bullying?" The Head's voice rumbled like distant thunder. "Have I, by sheer accident, come upon a case of rank hooliganism in the Fourth Form of Rookwood School?"

"Nunno, sir!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"What were you doing to Smythe?"

Really, it was a superfluous question. The Head knew perfectly well what Jimmy Silver & Co. had been doing to Smythe. But he seemed to expect an answer.

"W-w-whacking him, sir!" mumbled Jimmy.

"I am aware that you were beating him, Silver!"

"Ye-es, sir!" gasped Jimmy.

He did not add that, in that case, the Head needn't have asked. Arguing with a headmaster was never any good.

"And why," said the Head, "were you beating him?"

No answer.

"I am waiting," the Head remarked icily, "for a reply."

Jimmy Silver blinked at his chums again. But they could not help him. What was the good of telling the Head that they were beating Smythe of the Shell for his soul's

good? That he had asked for it, and wouldn't be happy till he got it?

The Head turned to Smythe, as the Fistical Four seemed to be tongue-tied.

"What was the cause of this unseemly scene, Smythe?"

Adolphus gasped.

As the injured party Smythe ought to have been willing to explain, but he wasn't.

"I—I—" he stammered.

"Well?"

"I—I don't complain, sir!"

"Quite so, Smythe. But I have asked you a question, and I expect an answer."

Smythe's eyes rolled helplessly. Evidently he had a great reluctance to explain why the Fistical Four had been whacking him.

"Why are you in this study, Smythe?"

"I—I came to speak to Silver, sir."

"To quarrel with Silver?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"You came on a peaceful visit to this study?"

"Ye-es, sir."

"And then you were treated as I saw?"

"Ahem!"

"Kindly answer me, Smythe."

"I—I may have said somethin' Silver didn't like, sir," stammered the unhappy Adolphus.

"What did you say that Silver did not like, Smythe?"

Adolphus writhed.

"Just a—a—a remark, sir, that's all! I—I don't mind, sir. I—I'm not complainin'."

But the Head, having arrived on that extraordinary scene, was there to see justice done. If the Fistical Four had been guilty of bullying, there was severe punishment in store for that happy band. But the Head—who was known to all Rookwood as a "downy old bird"—was beginning to suspect that the punishment he had witnessed had been justly administered—that, in fact, Smythe of the Shell had asked for it. And he meant to know the facts.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me what was the remark you made to Silver which led to this unseemly disturbance, Smythe?" asked the Head, with polished politeness but iron determination.

Smythe breathed hard.

"I—I may have made a remark about young Nobody," he mumbled.

"Whom?"

"Young Nobody, sir."

"Do you mean the unhappy lad to whom I have granted the shelter of Rookwood until his family can be communicated with, Smythe?"

"Ye-es, sir."

"Indeed! And what was the remark?"

Smythe wriggled.

"If you do not explain fully, Smythe, I shall conclude that you have been speaking of that unhappy lad with malice and ill-nature, and have, in fact, deserved the punishment you have received."

Smythe was silent.

"Very well," said the Head. "You may go, Smythe. You will take five hundred lines of Virgil. I shall speak to your Form master."

"Yes, sir," gasped Smythe.

And he made his escape.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Under Jimmy's Protection.

**J**IMMY SILVER & Co. stood silent. They were wondering uneasily how the affair was going to end. Adolphus Smythe's punishment was just, otherwise the Fistical Four would not have administered it. But they hardly expected a mere headmaster to have sense enough to see that. But the headmaster of Rookwood evidently possessed more sense than the heroes of the Fourth gave him credit for.

His glance at the chums was now quite benignant.

"I came here to speak to you, Silver," he said.

"Thank you, sir!" gasped Jimmy. "M-m-may I—I offer you a chair, sir?"

"You may, Silver."

Jimmy did.

Dr. Chisholm sat down, the four juniors respectfully standing, waiting for the verdict, as it were. But the Head made no further reference to the whacking of Smythe. That matter seemed to have passed from his mind.

"I came to speak to you about the boy you brought to Rookwood yesterday, Silver," said the Head. "Mr. Bootles has told me what you told him. You found this boy wandering on the heath?"

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"Yes, sir!"

"You interfered between him and a ruffianly man who appeared to be in pursuit of him?"

"Yes, sir."

"You did quite rightly in bringing him to the school," said Dr. Chisholm. "It was the proper step for you to take, Silver."

"Thank you, sir!" murmured Jimmy. "We—we thought you would approve, sir, in the—the circumstances. And—and as the chap was so like Smythe to look at, we thought Smythe might know something about him."

"That has not proved to be the case, however?"

"No, sir. Smythe's never seen him before."

"Has Smythe spoken to this boy?" asked the Head.

"I—I think so, sir."

"Does he feel the same sympathy towards the unhappy lad that I believe is felt by most of the Rookwood boys?"

"I—I—I think he doesn't like him very much, sir," stammered Jimmy. "The chaps have been rather chipping Smythe about it, sir—making out that the kid is a relation of his, as they're so alike."

"Why should Smythe mind that?"

Jimmy coughed.

"Well, the chap is rather—rather tattered, sir, and—and Smythe thinks he's a tramp, or something."

"I see. However, the boy is no tramp," said the Head. "I have questioned him very closely, and the school doctor has examined him, and it is clear that he has been subjected to ill-usage and hardship, and the shock he has received has caused him to lose his memory. Dr. Bolton has hopes that he may recover completely when his health is restored, and he may then be able to tell us his name, and acquaint us with his story. Kindness and care are what he chiefly needs now, and for that reason I shall allow him to remain at Rookwood, and attend classes here, until some discovery can be made. I have learned from him that he has been at school before, and that he is quite able to take his place in a junior Form here. I am, therefore, placing him in the Fourth Form, and my object in coming to see you in your study, Silver—"

The Head paused a moment.

"Yes, sir!" murmured Jimmy.

"My object is to tell you that I think of placing him in this study for—"

"Oh, sir!"

"For the time that he remains at Rookwood. After consultation with your Form-master, Mr. Bootles, I am of opinion, Silver, that you may be relied upon to treat this unfortunate lad with kindness and consideration, and to afford him any protection he may need—"

"Oh!"

"The scene I witnessed when I arrived here, Silver, made me think for a moment that I was mistaken."

Jimmy was silent.

"But, on consideration, Silver, it confirms me in my opinion. As the new boy is in a somewhat delicate state of health, Silver, he will benefit by the care of a thoughtful friend, and such, I think, you will be to him."

"I—I'll try, sir!" stammered Jimmy.

"Thank you, Silver!"

The Head rose.

He gave the Fistical Four a gracious smile as he quitted the study.

The Co. looked at one another.

They did not venture to speak till the Head's footsteps died away on the staircase at the other end of the passage. Then Arthur Edward Lovell made the remark:

"Well, I'm blowed!"

"The Head," said Raby sagely, "is a downy old bird. He sees things, you know. He knows as well as we do that Smythe is down on that poor kid, and was saying rotten things about him, and asked for a study whacking. And he knows that we won't let Smythe rag him."

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"All very well," grunted Lovell. "But we don't want five in a study. I'm sorry for young Nobody, but we—"

"It will only be till his people are found; though," remarked Newcome.

"Yes, that's so."

"Dash it all, we're bound to stand by him," said Jimmy Silver. "I don't know what it's like for a chap to lose his memory, but it can't be pleasant. And he seems a decent kid, too."

"Oh, he's all right," said Lovell. "We'll make him welcome," said the captain of the Fourth. "We'll treat him well, and perhaps we can cure him among us. More likely than old Sawbones, I think."

"Yes, rather!"

The study door reopened, and the fat face of Tubby Muffin looked in, greatly excited.

"I say, what did the Head want?" chirruped Tubby.

"Oh, just dropped in for a chat!" answered Jimmy Silver carelessly.

"Gammon!"

"We're on rather chummy terms with the Head, you know," explained Arthur Edward Lovell. "We rather pull together."

"Look here! What did he want?" asked Tubby. "I thought it was a licking; but I didn't hear any howling."

"You'll hear some soon, if you don't take your face away!" said Lovell darkly.

"I say, young Nobody's coming up the passage," said Tubby, changing the topic.

"I say, he's in Etons now, and looks quite respectable. Smythe's awfully wild at fellows saying he's a relation of his—"

"That ought to make the new fellow wild, not Smythe!" growled Lovell. "Hallo, here he is!"

The new junior appeared in the doorway. Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at him with interest.

When they had found the unfortunate lad wandering on Coombe Heath, he had been tattered and ragged, and Smythe, of the Shell might be excused for having taken him for a youthful tramp.

But there was a great change now. He was in Etons, neat and trim, newly washed and brushed, and looked like any other junior at Rookwood—a good deal more presentable than Tubby Muffin, in fact!

He hesitated in the doorway.

There was a flush on his rather good-looking face—good-looking, though it was in other respects remarkably like that of Adolphus Smythe.

"May I come in?" he asked, rather timidly.

"Trot in, old scout!" said Lovell heartily.

"The Head told me to come here and—"

"That's right."

"I'm to stay at Rookwood for the present," said the new junior. "I'm to be in this study, the Head says."

"Welcome as the flowers in May, old top!" said Jimmy Silver reassuringly.

"Jolly glad to see you here!"

"Hear, hear!" said the Co. solemnly.

And the new boy, much encouraged, came in.

"Memory ain't come back yet?" asked Lovell curiously.

The new junior shook his head and coloured again.

"Jolly queer, isn't it?"

"It is very strange," said the junior, in a low voice. "It troubles me very much. I cannot remember my name. When I try to think of the past it makes my head ache. I don't know what's happened to me."

"You don't remember your father even—or your mother?"

"I have no father or mother," said the new boy, in the same quiet tone. "I am sure I should remember them if I had."

"Poor kid!" murmured Lovell, rather touched.

"But you must have some relations?" said Jimmy Silver.

"I don't know."

"You've been to school before?"

"Yes. It is all familiar to me here. I was able to answer the questions the Head put to me—things seemed to come fresh into my mind as he asked me," said the junior. "I—I think if I was asked my name and it was mentioned I should know it then. But unless it is mentioned to me, I do not think I shall ever remember it."

Lovell uttered an exclamation.

"Why, that makes it all serene!" he exclaimed. "We've simply got to mention all the names there are, and as soon as we hit on the right one—why, there you are!"

The junior smiled faintly, and Jimmy Silver chuckled.

"That's rather a big order!" Jimmy remarked. "I suppose there are about a million names!"

"We'll do it alphabetically," said Lovell, much taken with his idea. "Now is your name Ayres?"

"I don't know!"

"Arthur?"

## SMYTHE'S DOUBLE

(Continued from page 12.)

"I don't know!"  
"Aintree?"  
The new boy shook his head.  
"Leave the rest till after tea, old chap!" suggested Jimmy Silver; while Raby and Newcome grinned.

The Fistical Four sat down to tea with the new junior. Evidently there was no time for Lovell to run through the complete list. But Lovell did not give up his scheme. Every now and then he turned to the new boy and shot a question at him.

"Is your name Ambleside—Anson—Arkwright—Abney—Acton—Atkins—Allison—Allinson—"

It was a sort of accompaniment to tea, and Raby remarked that it was as good as an orchestra. But the new junior did not answer to any of the names propounded by the enterprising Lovell; and even Arthur Edward was daunted by the reflection that the required name might begin with a Y or a Z.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER. No Clue!

THE next day the new junior took his place in the Fourth Form of Rookwood.

He was the object of much curiosity there.

Mr. Bootles was very kind to him; and all the fellows followed the Form-master's example in that respect. Even Higgs, the bully of the Fourth, moderated his usual manners and customs a little. Even Peele and Gower were considerate.

The strange misfortune that had befallen the new junior touched the imagination of the Rookwood fellows.

To lose one's memory was, they all agreed, a "jolly queer" thing, and not a pleasant one.

The new boy bore his misfortune with a quiet patience and fortitude which the juniors considered showed that he had plenty of pluck.

He fell into the ways of the Fourth at once.

It was clear that the Form work was not new to him. Every item of it, though it came newly to him, awoke some chord of memory and was familiar at once.

That seemed to argue in favour of Lovell's theory. And the juniors agreed that if someone by chance mentioned his name before him the new fellow would know it, and regain his lost identity.

Fifty fellows, at least, had asked him whether his name was Smythe, prompted by his resemblance to Smythe of the Shell. But his name was not Smythe, though he admitted that the name was familiar and that he must have heard it before. Somewhere in the hidden past he had known or heard of a Smythe.

And that confirmed the general impression that he must be a relation of Adolphus—an impression not shared by Adolphus himself, and which he indignantly repudiated.

In class that morning Lovell sat beside the new junior, and interrupted lessons every now and then with some question such as:

"Is your name Jones—Robinson—Huggins—Buggins—Wiggins—Snooks?"

Arthur Edward seemed really inexhaustible. But to each question the new junior responded only with a smile and a shake of the head.

"You are speaking, Lovell!" said Mr. Bootles, at last.

Lovell looked up.  
"Only asking the new chap if his name is Stagers, sir," he answered, with an air of conscious virtue.

Mr. Bootles coughed.  
"Kindly do not ask the new boy in class whether his name is Stagers, Lovell," he replied.

"No, sir. But it just occurred to me that his name may have been Hooker—"

"Really, Lovell—"

"Or Snake—"

"You will kindly let the subject drop till after lessons, Lovell!" said Mr. Bootles, with asperity. "Otherwise, I shall cane you!"

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"Oh!" said Lovell.

And he let the subject drop till after lessons; but as the Fourth went out of the Form-room that morning he tapped the new junior on the shoulder, and demanded:

"Is your name Asquith?"

And the new junior grinned and shook his head again.

"I believe I've heard the name," he answered, "but it's not mine."  
"Oh, you've heard it?" exclaimed Lovell, thinking that he was on the scent.

"I think so."

"Well, then—"

"Fathead!" said Jimmy Silver. "There's some political johnnie of that name! I've seen it in the papers!"

"Oh! So have I, now I come to think of it!" admitted Lovell. "I say, kid, is your name Armitage?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Or Belknap?"

Jimmy Silver marched the new junior out into the quad before Lovell could get any farther along the alphabet.

What to call the new junior, as he possessed no name of his own, was rather a puzzle at first; but the juniors fell into the habit of alluding to him as the "Kid"—excepting Adolphus Smythe, who referred to him with scorn as "Young Nobody."

The Kid looked very cheerful in the quad with the Fistical Four. Their kind friendship was very grateful and comforting to him.

The chums of the Fourth took him down to the footer-ground, and they made the discovery there that he could play footer. He showed considerable skill at the game, too, which was a gratifying discovery to his new friends.

As they came back to the School House for dinner they fell in with Smythe of the Shell, walking loftily with his friends Howard and Tracy.

Smythe gave the new junior a scornful glance.

He would probably have added scornful words, but he had not forgotten the lesson he had received in the end study the day before.

The Kid paused and glanced at him rather timidly, and then came up to speak to him.

"Excuse me, Smythe—" he began.

Smythe eyed him haughtily.

"Don't speak to me!" he snapped.

The new junior coloured painfully.

"I don't mean to give offence," he said quietly. "You must have noticed, Smythe, how like you are to me in looks."

"I haven't!"

"The other fellows have, then."

"What rot!"

"You cheeky ass, Smythe!" exclaimed Lovell hotly. "You know it's the case! You're as like as two peas, excepting that the Kid looks a decent chap and you look a born idiot and snob!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Adolphus glared, and came very near punching Lovell's nose. Fortunately for him, he did not come too near that proceeding. Lovell's nose would not have suffered so much as Adolphus'.

"I think we must be related, as we are so alike, Smythe," said the new junior.

### The Popular Skipper of the Fourth.



Jimmy Silver.

"You know I have lost my memory. If it is possible that you know something of my people—"

"I don't!"

"But—"

"And don't want to!" added Adolphus, with a sneer.

"You must have some relations whose name is different from your own, I suppose?"

"Of course I have!"

"I may be one of them."

"Rot!"

"Will you tell me the names, so that I may possibly recognise my own?"

"No, I won't!" said Smythe. "You're no connection of mine! You're a rotten tramp, and you've shoved yourself in here under false pretences! I don't believe for a minute that you've lost your memory! I think it's all bunkum from beginning to end, and what you want here is most likely to steal the spoons! That's what I think! And you can put that in your pipe and smoke it, you nameless rotter!"

The conversation was not continued, for Jimmy Silver & Co. interrupted it at that point by collaring Adolphus Smythe and rubbing his nose in the quadrangle.

Then they went in to dinner with the Kid, leaving Adolphus spluttering frantically, in a frame of mind only suitable to an inhabitant of Hunland.

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

#### A Startling Discovery!

"ROTTER!" grunted Tubby Muffin. Reginald Muffin of the Classical Fourth felt angry and aggrieved.

He was standing before the cupboard door in Smythe's study—and the door was locked.

That afternoon, in the school shop, Tubby's greedy eyes had watched Smythe of the Shell as he laid out a whole ten-shilling note in purchases. And those purchases, evidently, had been placed in the study cupboard—to wait there till tea-time. Apparently Smythe was standing a tea that day on an unusual scale. And, to Tubby Muffin's delight, Smythe had come out of his study afterwards and walked down to the gates.

Reginald Muffin of the Classical Fourth was not likely to lose an opportunity like that!

He felt that Smythe deserved to be raided.

The sins of Smythe were many. He had cuffed Tubby Muffin after missing a cake only a few days before. Just as if Tubby was capable of bagging a fellow's cake! As a matter of fact, Tubby had bagged it: but he felt indignant at the suspicion, all the same. Smythe couldn't really know that he had bagged it, and he had no right to suspect Reginald Muffin without evidence. He was a suspicious beast.

Besides, he was a beast in many ways! He smoked in his study—strictly against rules. He was down on the new kid, who was a harmless enough fellow and had lent Tubby a shilling. Taking one consideration with another, as the song says, Tubby felt that Smythe thoroughly deserved to have his feed raided.

Having satisfied himself on this point—it did not take him long—Reginald Muffin nipped into the study.

And then he found the cupboard locked and the key gone!

"The suspicious rotter!" Tubby murmured, in unspeakable indignation. "Just as if he suspected that a fellow might be after his grub! Low, I call it!"

Tubby regarded the cupboard wistfully with greedy eyes, like a podgy Peri at the gate of Paradise.

He glanced at the poker. But burglary was rather too risky, on reflection. Yet to leave the feast there—waiting for Smythe's return—was impossible! Tubby could not drag himself away.

He was still contemplating the locked cupboard when footsteps came along to the study door. Along with them came the sound of a voice:

"This way!"

It was Smythe's voice!

"Oh, lor!" gasped Tubby.

Smythe had caught him—or would have caught him in another minute. But Tubby, in direful anticipation of what would happen if Smythe did catch him, made the most of that minute. One wild glance round the study, and then Tubby Muffin's plump form vanished under the table. That table was

covered by a very handsome cover—everything in Smythe's study was handsome. The cover was long enough to hide most of the fat form of Muffin as he crouched under the table.

Muffin crouched there, with his knees drawn up to his chin, palpitating. If Smythe found him—

"The door opened."  
"Here you are, father!"  
Tubby Muffin groaned inwardly.

He had concluded when Adolphus Smythe started for the gates that the dandy of the Shell was going out. Instead of which it was clear now that Adolphus had only gone to the gates to meet his father, evidently paying him a visit at Rookwood that afternoon.

Doubtless that unusually magnificent spread was in honour of the parental visit. And while the spread was being partaken of above, Tubby Muffin was to have the pleasure of crouching below, not even able to share the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table.

Tubby suppressed his feelings. He debated in his fat mind whether Smythe would refrain from kicking him because his father was present—and decided that Smythe wouldn't. So he sat tight.

There was a murmur of voices, but Tubby did not heed the conversation between Adolphus and his father. Generally he was inquisitive, but just now he was not interested. All his thoughts were of himself and his extremely uncomfortable position.

He wondered how long this was going to last. Worst of all, he was likely to be late for tea in his own study. Besides missing Smythe's tuck, he would miss his own tea! The way of the transgressor was uncommonly hard this time.

A pair of boots, adorned with white spats, were planted close by Tubby as Mr. Smythe sat down. Tubby just dodged them. A more elegant pair of shoes were planted on the other side of him, and Tubby just dodged them, too. He seemed likely to come to grief among the footgear of the Smythe family.

Smythe pater and Smythe filius were having tea, and the somewhat fat and wheezy voice of Smythe pater ran on almost incessantly. And Tubby's attention to the conversation was suddenly roused as Adolphus ejaculated:

"Ten thousand pounds?"  
"Yes, my boy."  
"That's a lot of money, father!"  
"It will be yours when you come of age, Adolphus," said Mr. Smythe, "provided that your cousin Charles Clare is not found."  
"That's jolly odd, sir!" said Adolphus. "I've never seen this chap Clare, but I remember hearing his name mentioned."  
"Quite so. He was at Lynthorpe."  
"Isn't he there now?"

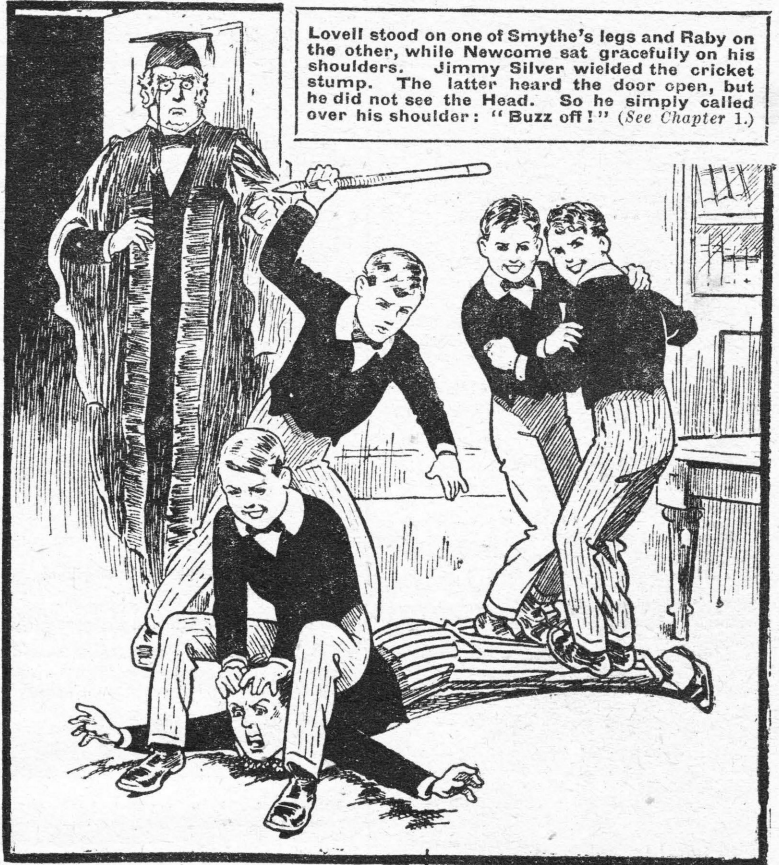
"No. That is the very peculiar part of the story," said Mr. Smythe. "I came down specially to see you about the matter, Adolphus, as it appears clear now that your cousin will not be found. Doubtless he has met with some accident and has died. Of course, I am grieved to think so."  
"Oh, of course!"

"As I had never seen the boy, however, I find myself able to think of the misfortune with fortitude."  
"H'm!"

"As you know, Adolphus, we have never been on terms of intimacy with the Clares. And when the boy was left an orphan his father's will left him to the care of the headmaster of Lynthorpe, instead of in my charge. Naturally, I was sorry, as the boy was very ill-provided for. I should, of course, have felt it my duty to take charge of him, as he was your mother's nephew. However, it was not required of me. The headmaster of Lynthorpe, an old friend of Mr. Clare, accepted the charge cheerfully, and no communication passed between the boy and me."

"I think I remember hearin' somethin' about it, father. Will you have another cup of tea?"

"Thank you! Now, from that time to this I confess that I have not given Charles Clare a thought," said Mr. Smythe. "His existence was recalled to me when your Uncle Richard, your mother's brother, died in South Africa, and his will was made known. By the terms of his will, his money was to be equally divided between Charles Clare and yourself, Adolphus. He considered that your elder brother was already



sufficiently provided for. The sum amounts to ten thousand pounds."

"Ah!"  
Tubby Muffin was listening with all his fat ears now.  
And he thought he detected a rather curious change in the tone of Adolphus Smythe.

A very odd thought had come into Tubby's mind as he listened, and he divined that the same thought had occurred to Adolphus.

Mr. Smythe went on:  
"Your Uncle Richard's will was made years before his death. It provided that his fortune should be equally divided between you and your cousin Charles, if both were living. Otherwise, the whole sum was to go to the survivor. If your cousin is not found, therefore, you will inherit the ten thousand pounds."

"He—he's supposed to be dead?"  
"Certain legal steps will be necessary for his death to be presumed," said Mr. Smythe. "But that will be only a matter of form if he is not discovered, which seems now to be hopeless."

"But—but what can have happened to him?"

"That is a mystery. I have visited the headmaster of Lynthorpe, and learned all that he could tell me. It appears that Charles Clare left the school one half-holiday to ramble in the woods. As he did not return, he was searched for, and later the police were called in. The search, in fact, has never ceased."

"And he hasn't been found?"  
"No. His cap was picked up on the beach at low water, but no other clue was discovered. It is presumed that he was cut off by the tide at the foot of the cliffs and drowned. That is the only possible presumption, in the circumstances, although the Lynthorpe headmaster has not given up hope, and thinks it may be a case of kidnapping. That, of course, is nonsense. No one would be likely to kidnap the boy."

"I—I suppose not."  
"Not at all. But the headmaster attaches some importance to the fact that a ruffianly man, with a broken nose, was seen in the neighbourhood about the same time, and afterwards disappeared. It appears also that a flashily dressed stranger was seen in

the village, where he passed a number of counterfeit currency-notes. There is not the slightest shred of evidence to connect either with the missing boy; but the Lynthorpe headmaster appears to have been attached to Clare, and he refuses to give up hope that he may yet be living."

"But—"  
"But it will not be difficult to have his death legally presumed," said Mr. Smythe. "And your uncle's fortune will come to you when you are of age, Adolphus."

"Not before, father?"  
"Certainly not!"

"I—I suppose I could borrow on it, though, if I wanted?"  
"If you attempt to do anything of the kind, Adolphus, I shall request Dr. Chisholm to administer a very severe flogging to you!"

"I—I don't mean that, of course! I was only thinking—"  
"Do not think anything of the kind, then!" said Mr. Smythe severely. "You have an ample allowance, Adolphus—more than sufficient unless you are extravagant."

Smythe of the Shell did not answer that. It was not feasible to explain to his pompous parent that he was, as a matter of fact, recklessly extravagant, and that he owed money right and left. There were several gentlemen in the bookmaking and billiards-sharpening line who were anxious to see the colour of Adolphus' money.

Adolphus was not very bright in some things, but he knew that a fellow who was to receive ten thousand pounds in a few years need not be short of money.

Mr. Smythe rose from the table.  
"I came down to acquaint you with your good fortune, Adolphus," he said.

"Thank you, father! I'm jolly glad to hear it, of course! I—I suppose there's no danger of Clare turning up?"

"None at all, in my opinion!"  
"He might have wandered away and—"  
"Why should he?"

"Suppose—suppose he fell in with some—some ruffian, and got a knock on the head, or something—"

"Then he would have been found."  
"He might have lost his memory, or something like that—"  
"What utter nonsense!"

"Of—of course! I was only thinking. But, of course, it's all right!" said Adolphus. "Shall I come to the station with you, father?"

"My cab is waiting at the gates. You may come to the gates, my boy."

Smythe pater and Smythe nilius quitted the study.

When they were gone Tubby Muffin rolled out from under the table, his fat face simply ablaze with excitement.

"Phew!" murmured Tubby. "Phe-e-e-w!" And he rolled out of the study as soon as the coast was clear.

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER. A Rogue and a Fool!

"IS your name Meggs?" Mr. Smythe heard Arthur Edward Lovell ask that question as he was walking down to the gates with his elegant younger son.

He glanced at Lovell and his companion, the latter a very quiet-looking junior, with a rather sad cast of face.

The clouded face broke into a smile as the junior shook his head.

"Well, is it Wiggs, then?"

"No."

"Or Scoggins?"

"No."

Arthur Edward Lovell was going on with his list as Mr. Smythe walked out of hearing, much to the relief of Adolphus.

For reasons of his own, Adolphus of the Shell did not want his father to come into contact with the schoolboy without a memory.

Adolphus' face was dark with thought—not pleasant thought—as he walked down to the gates with his father.

There were strange and rather guilty reflections working in the mind of the dandy of the Shell.

"Is it known what Clare was like to look at, father?" he asked, as the stout gentleman took his seat in the station cab.

"Yes; I was shown a photograph of him. He is like you, Adolphus."

"Oh!"

"Quite like you," said Mr. Smythe. "Indeed, his photograph might be taken for you. By the way, I noticed a boy just now who resembles you in the quadrangle. That is rather curious—"

"A new fellow here," said Adolphus carelessly.

"Oh! A Rookwood boy?"

"Yes. He's one of Jimmy Silver's set, in the end study."

Mr. Smythe nodded, and shook hands with his son, and the cab rolled away with him.

Adolphus stood staring after it for some time, his brows corrugated with deep thought.

Slowly he turned and made his way back to the School House.

Lovell was still talking to the new junior, and Smythe, as he passed, heard him say:

"Is your name Dickens?"

Smythe stalked on.

Of all the fellows at Rookwood, including the new boy, Adolphus Smythe was the only one who could have answered Lovell's questions. But he could have answered them now—and he knew it.

Tubby Muffin was lounging on the steps, and he watched Smythe come in, with a very curious grin on his fat face.

Smythe did not notice him.

He went directly to his study, and shut the door. There, he did not sit down, and did not light a cigarette as usual. He paced to and fro in the study, his brows wrinkled, his lips twitching.

His thoughts would not rest.

"I don't know for certain," he muttered. "I can't know! What I may happen to suspect isn't evidence. Besides, I hate the fellow!"

He set his lips.

"He's a rotter! I've been ragged and chipped on his account. Hang him! I'm not bound to say anything. Besides, I don't know that it's the truth, either!"

Tap!

The door opened, and the fat face of Reginald Muffin of the Fourth grinned in.

Smythe gave him a furious look. He was in no mood for Tubby Muffin just then.

"Get out, you fat rotter?" he shouted angrily.

Instead of getting out, Reginald Muffin came in, and closed the door after him.

Smythe of the Shell advanced upon him with his fists clenched and his eyes gleaming savagely.

"You fat rascal! What do you want here? I'll pitch you out, neck and crop—" "Better not, old bean!" said Tubby. "It won't pay you!"

There was a peculiar significance in Tubby's look and tone that struck Smythe. His hands dropped to his sides.

"What do you mean?" he muttered huskily.

Impossible as it seemed that the fat Classical could know anything of his affairs, Tubby's look sent a cold shiver of apprehension down Adolphus' back.

"I know what I mean!" grinned Tubby.

Smythe's hands clenched again.

"I heard," explained Tubby calmly.

"Wh-a-at?"

"I was under the table!"

Smythe almost staggered.

"Under the table while my father was here?" he scarcely articulated.

Tubby Muffin nodded cheerfully.

"I heard every word, old top!" he remarked.

Adolphus Smythe sank helplessly into a chair. He could only stare at Tubby's fat, grinning face as if fascinated. Muffin knew! It was not only with his own conscience that Smythe of the Shell had to contend, then.

There was Tubby Muffin's knowledge to be

taken into account. For the moment, it was an overwhelming blow.

"You needn't pitch into me, old sport!" rattled on Tubby. "If you do, I'll go straight to Jimmy Silver and tell him."

Adolphus breathed again.

"You haven't told?"

"No."

Smythe tried to pull himself together. He realised that he was giving himself away to the Paul Pry of Rookwood.

"There's nothing to tell, of course," he said.

"You seem jolly anxious about it, all the same," grinned Tubby. "Why didn't you tell your father about young Nobody?"

"Why should I?" muttered Smythe.

"You know who he is now," chuckled Tubby. "So do I."

"Nonsense!"

Tubby Muffin chortled.

"I tell you I heard all your pater said. Any fellow who heard him would have known at once who Nobody was. Dash it all! If Jimmy Silver knew you had a missing cousin, do you think he wouldn't tumble at once?"

All the fellows believe already that young Nobody is a relation of yours. But it's not known that you've got a cousin at school who's disappeared from school. Do you think it isn't plain enough for a blind donkey to see?"

Adolphus panted, but did not reply.

"Why, you asked your pater yourself whether that chap Clare might have lost his memory!" said Tubby, grinning. "That shows what you were thinking."

"You spry cad!" hissed Smythe.

"Oh, draw it mild! I just happened to be under the table. I hope you don't mean to insinuate that I would listen!" exclaimed Tubby Muffin warmly. "If you mean that, Smythe, I'll get out at once! I've got something to tell Jimmy Silver that he might like to hear about his new pal."

Tubby turned to the door.

"Stay here!" gasped Adolphus.

"Certainly, old top, as you're so pressing!" said Tubby Muffin affably.

Smythe of the Shell looked at the fat Classical as if he would bite him. There was a short silence.

"Of—of course, there's nothing in this," said Adolphus at last, haltingly. "Perhaps something of the kind may have crossed my mind; but, of course, there's nothing in it. But—but I don't want my affairs chattered all over Rookwood, and that nameless cad makin' out that he's a relation of mine!"

"Of course, you don't!" chuckled Tubby Muffin. "You don't want to whack out ten thousand quids with him!"

Adolphus winced.

"If you'll hold your tongue, Muffin—" he said at last.

"My dear chap, if you ask me as a pal, of course, I sha'n't say anything!"

"I—I do, then!" gasped Adolphus.

Tubby waved a fat hand.

"All serene! Rely on me! I say, Smythe, old bean, could you lend me a quid?"

Then Adolphus understood. Without a word, he placed a pound-note in Reginald Muffin's fat hand, Reginald Muffin bestowed a fat wink on him, and rolled out of the study.

Adolphus Smythe was left alone with his thoughts. He did not find them pleasant.

THE END.

(You must not miss next Tuesday's Splendid, Long Complete Story of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood.)

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Obtain an old umbrella or walking-stick and neatly cut the handle in halves. When your friend calls, contrive to get into the hall, or wherever he has hung his hat, and put his hat over the part of the handle that has the stick attached.

Then insert a needle through one of the ventilation holes of the hat, and into a hole previously made in the stick for the purpose. Put the other part of the handle on to the needle, having first made a hole in that portion also, push the ends close together, and replace the stick and hat in the umbrella stand.

At first sight it appears as if the stick has been forced through the crown of the hat, and the expression on your chum's face when he surveys, as he supposes, the wreck of his bowler, can be better imagined than described.