

THE BOY FROM AMERICA! A lively stranger strays from the land of the Skyscrapers into the Backwoods of Canada, and the stir he causes at Cedar Creek brings trouble for several of the chums!



A Rollicking, Long, Complete Story of FRANK RICHARDS & CO., the cheery chums of the Lumber School of the Canadian Backwoods!

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
A Pilgrim and a Stranger!

"SA-AY!" That ejaculation, with a strong nasal accent, caught the ears of Frank Richards & Co. as they trotted up the trail towards Cedar Creek School one fine morning.

The three chums pulled in their horses at once.

From the cedars and larches beside the trail a youth of about their own age had emerged, and he was holding up a bony hand as a signal for them to stop.

The chums of Cedar Creek regarded him rather curiously.

He was a stranger to them, and apparently a newcomer in the Thompson Valley, and they rather wondered how he came to be wandering alone in the almost trackless timber.

"Hold on, bub!" continued the youth, coming out into the trail.

"Well, we're holding on," said Bob Lawless good-naturedly. "What's the trouble? Buck up! We're late!"

They were cutting the alfalfa on the Lawless Ranch, and Frank Richards & Co. had been helping.

Miss Meadows had allowed them an hour's leave; but the hour was up, and they were anxious to get to school.

"I reckon I'm looking for a trail," said the youthful stranger.

"Well, you've found one," said Vere Beauclere. "Is this the one you want? Where are you going?"

"Cedar Creek."

"The school?" asked Frank Richards, with interest.

"Yep."

That reply increased the interest of the Co. in the young stranger. Apparently it was a new schoolfellow whom they had found wandering in the timber.

"Some sort of a one-horse backwoods school, I guess, strewed about hyer somewhere," continued the youth. "There don't seem to be a guide-post in all this benighted country! I'm from Chicawgo!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 315.

"Walked from there this morning?" asked Frank innocently.

The youth stared at him.

He was a very sharp-looking youth, with keen eyes and pointed features, but it did not seem to dawn upon him that the Cedar Creek schoolboy was pulling his leg.

"I guess not!" he answered. "Don't you know Chicawgo is over a thousand miles from here?"

"Then you must have ridden?"

"Oh, come off! You can't take a rise out of B. H. Honk!" said the youth derisively. "That's me, you know!"

"Honk!" repeated Frank. "Is that your name?"

"I guess so. Bunker Hill Honk," explained the youth. "Named after Bunker Hill, where we whipped you Britishers!"

This polite speech earned him a rather grim stare from the Cedar Creek fellows.

"Where you whatted?" ejaculated Frank. "In our history-books the whipping was the other way round."

Master Honk nodded.

"Very likely," he assented. "But we get the facts, you know. But what I want to know is, where is that pesky, goldarned, one-hoss backwoods school? I left Thompson Town nearly two hours ago, and I haven't lit on it yet!"

"You missed the trail, then, and it runs straight enough from Thompson to Cedar Creek," said Bob.

"I guess I was taking a short cut!"

"And lost yourself!" said Frank, with a smile.

"I guess I may have gone round a bit," said Master Honk cautiously, evidently unwilling to admit that he had lost himself. "Of all the benighted, one-horse countries, give me Canada! I guess this country was the leavings after the States was made! Here am I—"

Bob Lawless set his horse in motion again.

"Come on, you fellows!" he said. "I'm not enjoying this polished conversation."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Frank and Beauclere followed Bob, leaving B. H. Honk standing in the trail staring after them.

The American youth broke into a run in pursuit.

"Hyer, sa-ay!" he shouted. "You haven't told me the way to Cedar Creek!"

"Better tell him, Bob," murmured Frank.

Bob Lawless gave a grunt. Bunker Honk's remarks on Canada had not pleased him.

"Oh, I'll tell him!" he answered.

He checked his horse and glanced round at the panting Honk.

"You want the trail to Cedar Creek?"

"Yep!" gasped Honk.

"Turn round and keep straight on!"

"Waal—"

"Keep right on, and you'll reach the school in time," said Bob. "It's rather a long way."

And Bob Lawless rode on with his chums.

Master Honk, without troubling to thank him for his information, turned in the trail and tramped away.

"Bob!" exclaimed Frank.

Bob Lawless shrugged his shoulders.

"I've given him the straight tip," he answered. "That's the way to Cedar Creek, if he keeps on far enough. I've told him it's a long way, and so it is—about twenty-five thousand miles that way. He will have to walk through the States and Mexico and South America, and swim the Pacific, and walk over the South Pole—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And by the time he's done that he may have learned that it's a good stunt to be civil when asking favours of strangers," said Bob. "He's lucky to get off without a licking for his cheek. Come on!"

Frank Richards glanced back rather remorsefully, to see Bunker Honk disappearing in the distance, en route for the South Pole, apparently. But Bob was determined that the youth from Chicawgo should have his lesson, and it was not for Frank to interfere.

Ten minutes later the chums arrived at Cedar Creek School, and joined Miss Meadows' class at lessons.

Lessons that morning were not interrupted by the arrival of Bunker Honk.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. The New Boy.

THERE'S a new chum coming to Cedar Creek."

Chunky Todgers afforded that information to Frank Richards & Co. as they came out of the lumber school after dinner.

The chums smiled.

Chunky prided himself on being first in the field with any news that was going, but on this occasion, at least, his news was known beforehand, owing to the meeting on the trail.

"Name of Honk," continued Todgers. "Galoot with a knife-blade nose, and an accent you could chop with a lumberman's axe. I saw him yesterday in Gunten's store. He's the son of old Honk."

"Who's old Honk?" inquired Frank Richards

The Co. were rather curious to know how the Honk family came to be located in the Thompson Valley.

"You know, they've found gold on the Hopkins' clearing," said Chunky. "Old Isaacs is taking it up, you know, and he's sent for an engineer from the States. That's the man Honk. He's brought this specimen with him, and he's sending him to school at Cedar Creek. I didn't think much of the galoot myself—too nosy, and too all there. He says that Thompson is way behind the littlest township in the back blocks of Arkansas."

"Does he?" growled Bob.

"He ought to have been here this morning, according to what he told me," said Todgers. "I shouldn't wonder if he missed the trail."

"I shouldn't wonder!" agreed Bob, with a grin.

"Hallo! There's the galoot!" exclaimed Chunky, with a jerk of his fat thumb towards the gates.

B. H. Honk was coming in.

He looked dusty and tired, which was not surprising, as he had been on the tramp all the morning.

His thin face was very red with exertion and warmth, and his hat and clothes were plentifully besprinkled with dust and cottonwood flowers.

A good many glances were turned upon him as he came into the playground from the trail. He called out to Harold Hopkins, who happened to be standing near the gates.

"This hyer Cedar Creek School?"

"That's it!" answered Hopkins.

"Oh gum! What a show!"

With that disparaging remark, Bunker Honk tramped on across the playground towards the lumber schoolhouse, leaving Hopkins staring.

He started a little as he came up with Frank Richards & Co., evidently recognising them at once.

"You galoots hyer?" he ejaculated.

"Yes. We belong to Cedar Creek," said Frank, with a smile.

Bunker H. Honk pointed a bony forefinger at Bob Lawless.

"Why didn't you put me wise on the trail?" he demanded.

"But I did," said Bob. "You only had to keep straight on."

"I met a cattleman, and he told me I was going in the opposite direction from this hyer shebang," hooted Honk.

"You only had to keep on. I told you it was a long way. You just had to walk round the earth—"

"Hay?"

"Nothing much for a bright galoot like you," said Bob. "I should have expected you to do it in about three hours, and come up smiling."

"Say, I call that playing it low down!" said Honk. "I guess I've a mind to whip you!"

"Go ahead!" said Bob cheerfully. "If you can whip one side of me it will be a surprise. You're welcome to try."

"I guess I could make shavings of you if I got my mad up!" said Honk impressively.

"You'd better keep your mad down, in that case," said Frank Richards, laughing. "Get in before the dinner's all cleared off, and you may bag something to eat. You must be hungry."

"I guess I could polish off a seventy-five cent do in a chop-suey joint," said Honk.

"Translate, Bob," said Frank Richards.

But Bob Lawless shook his head. This was a variety of the American language that was beyond even his powers.

"You don't know what a chop-suey joint is?" asked Honk derisively. "Where was you brought up? Where was you raised? But where's that grub? I'm hungry!"

"In the school-house."

Honk looked round.

"Waal, p'int out the school-house," he said. "If there's a school-house, p'int it out."

"There it is!"

"That shed?" asked Honk, staring at the lumber-built house in surprise and disdain.

"Yes, that shed, as you call it," said Frank. "And the grub will be gone if you don't buck up!"

"That lets me out!" said Honk.

And he scuttled into the porch. And a minute later his shrill, acid voice was heard in argument with Black Sally.

"The dear boy!" murmured Beauclere. "I think I can foresee some trouble for that merchant at Cedar Creek if his manners don't improve."

"If they don't improve, he'll get them improved for him!" growled Bob Lawless. "Why the thump couldn't he stay on his own side of the line?"

Honk's argument with Black Sally, apparently, turned out in his favour, for he stayed in the dining-room to a late dinner.

He came out presently, picking his teeth with a pine-chip, and came towards Frank Richards & Co.; but the Co. strolled away before he could join them. They were "fed" with the society of Bunker H. Honk.

Miss Meadows called him into her sitting-room, no doubt to inquire why he had not arrived earlier; and a few minutes later Bob Lawless was called in by the Canadian schoolmistress.

Frank and Beauclere waited rather anxiously for Bob to emerge. They were not at all sure what view Miss Meadows might take of the little trick he had played on the stranger from afar.

Bob's face was flushed as he came out. "The pesky scallywag!" was his first remark.

"Trouble?" asked Frank.

"I've had five minutes' steady chin-wag," said Bob. "That pesky jay spun Miss Meadows the whole yarn. She thinks I oughtn't to have sent the scallywag astray."

"Well, you know—"

"Oh, rats!" said Bob crossly. "I've a jolly good mind to collar him now, and put his head under the pump."

"I guess you couldn't do it!"

It was Honk's voice at his elbow, and the rancher's son spun round, with a very grim look on his face.

"I guess we'll see about that!" he said.

Honk backed away a pace or two.

"Keep your wool on," he said soothingly. "I don't want to hurt you, but don't you try to take a rise out of me again, or there will be thunder, I can tell you."

"You pesky mugwump!" growled Bob. "I believe you'd crack in two if I hit you!"

"I guess—"

"There's the bell!" said Frank hastily.

The school bell put an end to the altercation, and Frank dragged his Canadian cousin into the school-house.

"Just in time to save your bacon, I guess!" said Honk.

Bob stopped.

"Let me go, Frank—"

"Rats! Come on!" answered Frank. "He isn't worth punching! Get a move on, and don't be an ass, old chap!"

And he piloted Bob into the school-room, where the rest of Cedar Creek followed; and the new chum from Chicago took his place in Miss Meadows' class.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. The Heathen's Way.

BUNKER HILL HONK attracted a good deal of attention on his first day at Cedar Creek.

It was clear at a glance that Master Honk prided himself upon being a very spry fellow, "all there," and up to every move in the game. He was willing to confide to everybody that he guessed he had cut his eye-teeth in Chicago, and that there was very little any galoot could teach him in a way-back, mislaid, back-number country like Canada. He had a delightful candour in expressing his opinion upon his surroundings. His firm conviction was that in his native city he had learned pretty nearly all that was to be learned; but polite manners, evidently, had not been in the curriculum.

But Master Honk had no use for polite manners. He could not figure out their value in dollars and cents, and, therefore, they had no value in his sharp eyes.

Such a youth was not likely to be popular among the cheery young Canadians, but Honk did not seem to mind that. Perhaps he had no use for popularity.

He affected an amused disdain for the class work in Miss Meadows' class, and informed Frank Richards that he could do it on his head, with his eyes shut.

It was noticeable, however, that he did not distinguish himself in class, and he was unfortunate enough to give Miss Meadows the impression that he was a backward pupil.

Frank Richards rushed his Canadian cousin away after lessons, to avoid a collision with Master Honk. He had no fears for Bob in the event of an encounter, but he did not want to see the rancher's son punching the newcomer on the first day at school. Bob demurred, but gave in; he had taken a considerable dislike to Master Honk, but he was a peaceable fellow, and willing to avoid trouble.

The three chums rode away from Cedar Creek immediately lessons were over, therefore; and Master Honk, who spotted them ride away, grinned—the grin of complete misunderstanding.

"I guess that galoot knows what's good for his health," he remarked to Chunky Todgers, jerking a bony thumb after Bob as the chums disappeared on the trail.

Chunky gave him a glance of great disdain.

"Do you think Bob Lawless is clearing off to keep away from you, you jay?" was his answer.

Honk nodded.

"Correct!" he replied.

"I'll tell him to-morrow!" growled Chunky.

"Do! And if you get his dander up, you'll see me make shavings of him," said Honk cheerily.

Whereat Chunky Todgers sniffed scornfully, and walked away to his fat pony.

Bunker Honk had to walk home to Thompson, not being the possessor of a horse. Several other fellows were walking, and Honk bestowed the pleasure of his company upon them; but that pleasure seemed to pull, for they increased their speed, and soon-left him behind. Little Yen Chin, the Chinese, was the last left, and he was the recipient of an incessant stream of talk from Master Honk, whose chin, apparently, had been developed by much activity, and never seemed to tire. When the little Celestial would have followed the example of the other fellows who had gone on, Honk took him by the pigtail.

"Not so fast, heathen," he said. "You're leaving me behind."

"You walky faster," suggested Yen Chin.

"Nope!"

"No can?" remarked Yen Chin.

"I guess I could walk any galoot in Canada off his legs," said Honk disdainfully. "But I ain't going to. You keep pace, young 'un. I'll pull your pig tail if you go ahead—like that! You see, I want you to show me the trail."

"Chinese no wantee."

"I guess that cuts no ice with me," answered Honk coolly. "I guess it's what I want that goes some!"

Yen Chin blinked at him with his almond eyes.

"You no letty go lill' Chinese?" he asked.

"Nope!"

"You makee me walky?"

"Yep!"

"Allee light. Me walky."

And Yen Chin trotted on serenely, and Bunker Honk grinned and accompanied him. At the Hillcrest fork on the trail, Yen Chin turned the corner, and Honk turned in with him, quite unconscious of the fact that he was now tramping away from his destination. They passed Hillcrest, and turned along by the creek, leaving Thompson two or three miles behind.

"I guess it's a pesky long way to the town," said Honk, at last, irritably. "I s'pose you know the way?"

"Me knowey."

"Isn't it about time we sighted Thompson, then?"

"Walky on. Soon see."

"What a one-horse country!" growled Honk. "I guess I ain't going to leg it like this every day, and I'll tell popper so, just a few! Hallo! Where are you off to, you yellow image?"

Yen Chin did not reply.

Having led Honk three miles out of his way, the little Celestial made a sudden dart into the trees and vanished. Honk rushed after him.

But it was quite easy for the little Chinese to elude him in the timber. His voice came back from the distance:

"Melican boy great fool! You lost! Great fool!"

That was Yen Chin's farewell.

"Oh Jerusalem!" gasped Honk.

No further sound was heard from Yen Chin, who was evidently scudding away

home by paths through the timber known to him, but utterly unknown to the youth from Chicago.

It was up to Honk to find a way, but for such a bright youth he was not very successful.

He found "blazed" trees in the wood, evidently a guide to somewhere, but they were no guide to him. He almost succeeded in losing himself in the timber, but fortunately got back to the bank of the creek as the twilight was falling.

He could do nothing but follow the creek to its junction with the Thompson River, which landed him among the diggings.

By that time it was full night, and Honk was tired out; but he had still some distance to go to reach the town.

He arrived home at last, footsore and weary, and vowing deadly vengeance upon Yen Chin. It was his second long tramp that day, and the second time his leg had been pulled, which ought to have raised doubts in his mind as to whether he really was quite so bright as he supposed, but didn't.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Bound Over to Keep the Peace!

CHUNKY TODGERS made it a point to pounce upon Bob Lawless when Frank Richards & Co. arrived at school the next morning. It would have been more judicious on Chunky's part to leave unreported Master Honk's boastful remarks; but Chunky was not judicious. Moreover, he was quite anxious to see Bunker Hill Honk taken down a peg or two. So he reported Master Honk's remarks in full, and even with some little trimmings of his own, and had the satisfaction of seeing Bob's brow grow dark and grim.

"I guess that galoot won't be happy till he gets it," said Bob. "A jolly good hiding will do him good!"

"Bosh!" said Frank Richards. "You don't want to wallop a new kid, Bob. Give him time to shake down and learn a little sense."

"You heard what Chunky says, and if—"

"Chunky's a silly ass!" said Frank.

"Look here—" began Chunky.

"Fathead!" interrupted Frank Richards. "What do you want to repeat all that duffer's gas for?"

"I guess I want to see him licked," said Chunky Todgers warmly. "Isn't he asking for it—turning up his nose at our school, and talking out of the back of his neck all the time?"

"Let him!"

"I don't see letting him!" growled Bob Lawless. "The galoot puts my back up!"

"Well, you pulled his leg yesterday," said Frank. "It was really rather a rough joke on a stranger."

"Rot!"

"Thanks!" said Frank Richards, laughing. "But it was, you know—sending him tramping off with his back to Cedar Creek."

"Didn't he ask for it?" grunted Bob. "Well, yes; but kids mustn't be given everything they ask for, you know. Let him alone, anyhow."

"Am I going to let him crow over me, and say that I'm keeping clear of him?" exclaimed Bob wrathfully.

"Why not? He doesn't matter."

"Not a little bit," concurred Beauclerc. "Don't play the goat, Bob. The silly fellow is only making himself ridiculous. Everybody knows you could knock him out with one thump."

"That's all very well."

"I don't see—" began Chunky Todgers.

"You ring off!" said Frank. "Now,

look here, Bob, young Honk is a new kid here, and there's such a thing as Canadian hospitality. You're not going to rag with him to-day. Promise!"

"Rats!"

"Then we'll hold your head under the pump till you do," said Frank Richards.

"Oh, don't be an ass!" growled Bob Lawless. "If you like, I'll agree not to touch the pesky jay to-day; but if he doesn't keep clear of me I'll give him the licking of his life to-morrow!"

"Done!" said Frank.

And that agreement having been arrived at, the chums of Cedar Creek went into the school-room, where Bunker Honk arrived very late. He was gently reprimanded by Miss Meadows, who was lenient with him as a new boy. Master Honk was still feeling the effects of the unusual amount of walking he had put in the previous day. He gave Yen Chin several menacing looks in class, and the little Chinese eyed him very warily when the school was dismissed, and attached himself to Frank Richards.

Honk bore down upon them in the playground, and Yen Chin promptly placed Frank between himself and the youth from Illinois.

"Hallo! What's the trouble?" asked Frank Richards, pushing Honk back as he made a clutch at the heathen.

"That pigtailed jay led me astray in the timber yesterday," breathed Honk. "I'm going to strew him around in little pieces! You hear me wop!"

"Yen Chin, you young rascal—"

"Pool lill' Chinese no wantee walky with Melican boy!" explained the Celestial. "Honk takee pigtail, makee me walky—no wantee!"

"I guess I wanted the heathen to show me the way home," explained Honk. "Now, you slide, Richards, and leave me—"

"Not quite," said Frank coolly. "You had no right to interfere with Yen Chin; and if he fooled you, it serves you right."

"I'm going to wallop him!" roared Honk.

"Go ahead! But you'll have to wallop me first."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Lawless. "Who's quarrelling with the new kid now, Franky?"

Frank Richards coloured.

After his homilies to his Canadian cousin, it was rather awkward to be placed in his present position. But he did not intend to see the smallest boy at Cedar Creek roughly handled by Bunker H. Honk.

"I guess I'm waiting for you to shift, Richards," said Honk menacingly.

"You can wait!" snapped Frank.

"Why don't you shift him, Honk?" inquired Chunky Todgers sarcastically.

Bunker Honk looked over Frank with a very keen eye, as if weighing up his chances. But he evidently decided it was wiser not to attempt the shifting operation.

"The heathen'll keep," he said.

And with that he walked away.

"If you bother Yen Chin, you'll have to deal with me—remember that!" said Frank.

Honk did not appear to hear that remark; but he did not appear to forget all about Yen Chin's offence, for he made it a point to ignore the little Celestial afterwards.

In fact, Master Honk was almost subdued for a short time, doubtless realising that he had had a narrow escape from an encounter that might have proved disastrous to him.

But after dinner he recovered all his inflation.

Bob Lawless was leaning on the schoolhouse porch when Honk came by, and the rancher's son detached himself at once from the porch, and walked away.

Honk stared after him.

Bob was mindful of the promise he had made his chum to let that day pass without trouble with the new boy; but Honk was not aware of that little circumstance.

All he saw was that the sturdy Canadian schoolboy was deliberately avoiding him, and that he attributed to only one reason.

Bob sat down on the wood-pile at a distance, and Bunker H. Honk followed him there, with a grim countenance.

Bob Lawless walked away before he came up, however.

"Hyer, you hold on!" Honk shouted after him. "I guess I want to speak to you."

"Go and eat coke!" was Bob's reply, over his shoulder.

"Stop, I tell you!"

Bob Lawless walked on across the playground. Honk broke into a run after him, and caught him by the shoulder.

Bob stopped then.

He turned on his pursuer, with a gleam in his eyes that made Bunker Honk let go his shoulder as if it had become suddenly red-hot.

"Well?" snapped Bob. "Do you want me to wipe up the playground with you, you silly jay?"

"I guess it would take about six galoots of your left to do that!" retorted Honk derisively.

"Then I'll—"

Bob stopped suddenly, remembering his undertaking.

Instead of advancing upon Bunker H. Honk, he turned quickly on his heel, and hurried away towards the schoolhouse.

Honk's first feeling, as he turned, was one of deep relief; his next, of triumph. He trotted after the Canadian schoolboy.

"Hold on!" he shouted. "I guess I'm after your scalp. I reckon I'm going to make shavings of you!"

Bob, with his cheeks crimson, quickened his pace.

Honk broke into a run. He overtook the Canadian schoolboy at the porch, just as Miss Meadows stepped out, with a severe frown upon her brow.

"Honk!" she rapped out.

"Yep, marm?"

"Are you quarrelling with Lawless?"

"I guess—"

"Let there be no more of this!" exclaimed Miss Meadows severely.

Honk bestowed a derisive grin upon Bob Lawless.

"Oh, all right, marm!" he said. "I guess what you says goes, marm. I'll let the poor cuss off!"

And he strolled away, with his thin, sharp nose high in the air, feeling extremely satisfied with himself.

Miss Meadows gave Bob a rather curious look as she went back into the house. Bob's cheeks were crimson as he joined his chums a little later.

"Do you want to have to get a new nose, Frank?" he asked.

"Eh? No. Why?" ejaculated Frank, astonished by the question.

"You'll need one if you chip in again between me and that galoot!" said Bob in a deep growl. "I hope I shall be able to keep my hands off him till tomorrow. But then—"

"My dear chap—"

"B-r-r-r-r!"

Bob Lawless found comfort in thinking of the morrow, when Master Honk was to be brought to book,



KNOCKING OUT THE SWANK! Honk sat down in the grass heavily. "Oh, Jerusalem!" he gasped. "I guess I'm done!" Bob Lawless stared down at him. "Done!" he exclaimed. "What the thump do you mean? You haven't started yet!" (See Chapter 5.)

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Something Like a Fight!

NOW, Bob!"

"Rats!"

"Peace is the word, old chap!" said Beauclerc.

"Bosh!"

It was the following morning, and the chums were going into lessons.

Bunker H. Honk had arrived, and he gave Bob Lawless a lofty and derisive grin as he saw him in the crowd of schoolboys.

That grin would probably have cost Master Honk dear but for Frank and Beauclerc, who hurried Bob on into the school-room.

Bob Lawless breathed hard as he dropped into his seat.

"After lessons—" he murmured.

"Well, if he chivvies you after lessons you can go for him," said Frank. "But let him begin."

"Oh, all right to that!" growled Bob.

Bunker H. Honk passed Bob on his way to his form. He carelessly flicked Bob's ear as he passed, and Bob was so astonished that he sat and blinked after him blankly. When it dawned upon him that the new fellow had flicked his ear intentionally Bob jumped up with fury in his face. But just then the voice of Miss Meadows was heard:

"Sit down!"

Even the schoolmistress' voice would hardly have restrained the enraged Bob at that moment; but Frank Richards grasped his arm and pulled him down on the form.

"Quiet, now, Bob!" he whispered.

"You—you—" stuttered Bob.

"I saw him. You can knock him into

small pieces presently. Quiet, now, kid!"

Bob Lawless nodded, controlling himself with a great effort.

Morning lessons seemed very long to him that day, and almost as long to his chums. All Frank Richards' peaceful desires were banished now. He no longer wanted to avoid the inevitable encounter. His consideration for the new boy was quite gone, owing to the peculiar manners and customs of the youth from Illinois. Frank was very keen to see Master Honk handled as he deserved.

School was dismissed at last, and as soon as the fellows were in the playground Bob Lawless made for Bunker H. Honk at once.

That youth met him with a disdainful grin.

"I guess you've come for another flea in your ear, hay?" he inquired. "I'm the galoot you're looking for."

"Put up your hands!" said Bob quietly.

"My dear jay, I guess I should make shavings of you," said Honk. "Don't ask to be slaughtered."

"Come out into the timber," said Frank Richards. "Miss Meadows will see you from her window here."

"Come on, Honk!"

"I guess I'm not doing a paseo with you jest now," drawled Honk. "You go and chop chips!"

"Funk!" snorted Chunky Todgers.

"I guess—"

"You're coming!" said Frank Richards. "You've been asking for two days now for what you're going to get. Get a move on!"

(Continued on page 25.)

could to the fence as the four came racing by, but he was not to escape so easily. Quite artistically, Arthur Edward Lovell stumbled just in front of him, and reeled headlong against his chest.

Crash!
 "Oh!" spluttered the bearded man breathlessly. "You young fool—"
 Lovell clutched at the beard and dragged. To his own amazement—for he was hardly prepared for such a dramatic confirmation of his suspicions—the beard came off in his grasp.

A clean-shaven, though rather mottled, chin was revealed. There was a howl from the juniors, and with one accord they leaped upon the man like hounds upon a stag. He came down into the road with a crash in their clutches.

"Pin him!" roared Lovell. "Got the scoundrel! Mind he doesn't get at his revolver!"

"Down him!"
 "Hold his hands—"
 "Let me up!" roared the struggling man. "You young rascals, I'll complain to your headmaster about this! How dare you touch a policeman in the execution of his duty!"
 "Wha-a-at?"
 "Eh?"

The man's cap had fallen off, and his beardless face was quite revealed now. Jimmy Silver & Co. let him go as suddenly as if he had become red-hot to touch. They blinked, almost frozen with horror, at the rugged and well-known features of Inspector Sharpe, of Rookham!

"Old Sharpe!" stuttered Lovell.
 "Great Scott!"
 The hapless inspector sat up breathlessly, and groped for his beard and cap.
 "You young rascal—"
 "Oh dear!"

"If—if you say a word about this I'll ask your headmaster to flog you!" gasped the inspector, and he struggled to his feet and fairly bolted, beard and cap still in hand.

Jimmy Silver & Co. gazed at each other speechlessly. Evidently the inspector had been on the watch for the mysterious foes of Mr. Bootles, whom he—as well as the Fistical Four—suspected might be spying on the school.

"Mum-m-m-m-my hat!" stuttered Jimmy Silver at last. "We—we—we seem to have—to have put our foot in it this time!"

"You ass, Lovell!"
 "You chump, Lovell!"
 "You fathead, Lovell!"
 Arthur Edward Lovell received these three friendly tributes in abashed silence. He was



A STARTLING REVELATION! The beard came off in Lovell's grasp and a clean-shaven chin was revealed. There was a howl from the juniors, and with one accord they leaped like hounds upon the man. "Pin him!" roared Lovell. "Got the scoundrel! Mind he doesn't get at his revolver!" (See Chapter 5).

dumbfounded. And the Fistical Four trod in again at the school gates, sadder if not wiser Fourth-Formers. On this occasion, at least, they had not succeeded in solving the mystery of Mr. Bootles.

THE END.

(Don't miss next week's long complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood, dealing further with the mystery surrounding Mr. Bootles. The story is entitled: "The Form Master's Fortune!" and is full of thrills.)

A COOL CUSTOMER!

(Continued from page 21.)

"I reckon— Leggo!"

Frank Richards and Beauclere took Bunker H. Honk by his bony arms and walked him towards the gates.

Bob Lawless walked behind; and when Honk strove to hang back he touched him up—not gently—with a rather heavy boot.

A crowd of Cedar Creek fellows accompanied them, laughing and chuckling. Honk was walked through the gates, vainly dragging at his conductors. A great deal of his swank seemed to have deserted him now, and he was in a very uneasy mood.

Doubtless it had dawned upon him at last that Bob Lawless was not, as he had supposed, "dead skered," but had been letting him off for reasons unknown.

By the time the crowd of schoolboys were in a clear space behind the cedars Bunker H. Honk was feeling very troubled.

Frank and Beauclere released him there, and the Cedar Creek fellows made a thick ring round.

Honk looked about him uneasily, as if seeking a way of escape, but ways of escape there was none.

"Put 'em up, Honk!" growled Eben Hacke. "Can't you see Lawless is waiting for you?"

"I—I guess—"
 "Ready?" asked Bob.

"I—I guess I'm ready to make shavings off you, or any other galoot this side of the Line!" exclaimed Honk.

"Go it, then!"
 "But I calculate I don't mind letting you off—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 Tap! Bob Lawless' knuckles came in contact with Honk's sharp-pointed nose, eliciting a sudden howl from him. Then Honk came on at last, and the fight began, watched with eager interest by the Cedar Creek fellows.

Bunker Honk came on with a rush, waving his bony arms somewhat like the sails of a windmill; and he was suddenly stopped by a drive that landed on his sharp chin.

Bump!
 Honk sat down in the grass heavily.

"Up with you, Honk!"
 "Go it!"

"Oh Jerusalem!" gasped Honk. "I guess I'm done!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 Bob Lawless stared down at him.

"Done!" he exclaimed. "What the chump do you mean? You haven't started yet!"

"Ow—wow! I—I guess I've got a pain!" groaned Honk, rubbing his chin.

"I—I reckon I'll let you off, young Lawless. I guess I should about slaughter you if I got my mad up, and I don't want to do that! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 Bob Lawless, all his wrath evaporated, burst into a laugh. After the swank of Bunker Hill Honk, this sudden and complete surrender struck him as comic.

"Sure you're finished?" he asked.
 "Ow! Yep!"

"You wouldn't like a little more?" chuckled Frank Richards.

"Ow! Nope!"
 "Then the circus is over!" said Frank, laughing.

And, with loud chortles, the Cedar Creek fellows streamed away in a merry crowd, leaving Bunker H. Honk sitting in the grass, nursing his bony chin tenderly with two bony hands.

B. H. Honk was not seen again till dinner-time, when he came into the dining-room in the school-house very quietly, evidently not desirous of attracting attention. The glory had departed from Bunker H. Honk, and for several days, at least, there was no more "swank" from the chum from Chicago.

THE END.

(Meet B. H. Honk, the Boy from America, in next week's rollicking backwoods story, entitled "The Business Man of Cedar Creek!")