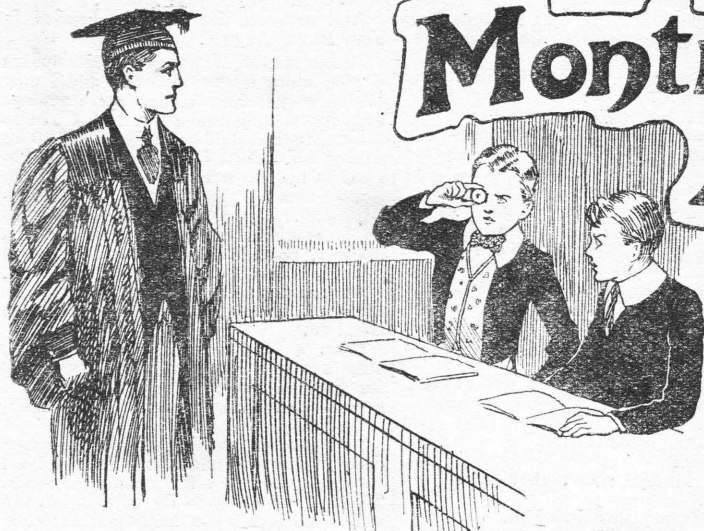


AN AMAZING NEW BOY! Complete with name, eyeglass, and very bad manners, Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency arrives at Rookwood and becomes notable from his first hour. Surrounded by an air of mystery, Montmorency proceeds to give the school a series of sensations!



Montmorency Arrives!

A Grand, Long, Complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood, introducing a new character.
By Owen Conquest.
(Author of the famous tales of Rookwood appearing in the "Boys' Friend".)

THE FIRST CHAPTER. In Style!

MONGMORANGCY!" "Eh?" "What?" "Mongmorangcy!" repeated Tubby Muffin loftily. "Is that a name?" asked Arthur Edward Lovell doubtfully. "It's the new fellow's name." "Where on earth did he pick it up?" said Lovell. "Jever hear a name like that before, Jimmy?" Jimmy Silver grinned. "I dare say Tubby means Montmorency," he answered. "Tubby's giving it the real French pronunciation, in Muffin-French." "Ha, ha, ha!" "His name's Mongmorangcy!" insisted Tubby Muffin. "Cecil Cuthbert Mongmorangcy. Sounds nobby, don't it?" "Gorgeous!" yawned Jimmy Silver. "He's no end rich," continued Tubby Muffin impressively. "Belongs to a terrific big family, I believe! I wonder what study he will be put into? There's room for him in mine, if Jones or Higgs or Puffy Grace would clear out. I think they might, in the circumstances." There was a chuckle from Jimmy Silver & Co.

Evidently Tubby Muffin was prepared to greet the new junior with the magnificent name in the most cordial and hospitable manner. Tubby was not distinguished for generous hospitality, as a rule. Possibly the fact that Cecil Cuthbert was "no end rich" had something to do with it. A fellow who was no end rich was an acquisition in any study—especially Tubby's.

"I don't care what study he's put in, so long as it's not the end study!" remarked Lovell. "No room for new pups in our quarters!"

"No fear!" assented Raby and Newcombe, in a breath.

"Oh, he wouldn't want to come into the end study!" said Tubby Muffin, with a shake of the head. "He wouldn't care for it!"

"How the thump do you know he wouldn't?" demanded Raby, rather warmly.

The Fistical Four did not want new-

comers in the end study, certainly. But it would have been an honour to anybody to be admitted to that famous apartment. There was only one opinion on that point—in the end study!

"Well, you see, he's an awfully aristocratic chap!" explained Tubby Muffin. "He's bound to be a bit particular whom he associates with. Don't you fellows think so?"

Four separate and distinct glares were fixed on Reginald Muffin. But Tubby, heedless of the glares, rattled on happily:

"He won't want to come into your study. I should think he'd look over the Fourth, and pick out the decentest fellow to dig with. Only there's such a crowd in my study already—"

"You fat chump!" said Arthur Edward Lovell, in measured tones.

"It's very likely," continued Tubby Muffin, still unheeding, "that he's a relation of mine. The Muffins intermarried with the Montmorencies at one time—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't see anything to cackle at, you fellows! I tell you the Muffins are closely connected with the—"

"Crumpets?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No, you ass—with the Montmorencies!" yelled Tubby. "I think very likely the chap's my relative—a sort of second cousin twice removed, or something like that. There's Montmorency blood in me, I can tell you—"

"More Muffin fat than Montmorency blood!" said Lovell.

"Yah!" was Tubby's retort.

And the fat Classical rolled away, to seek more sympathetic hearers than the Fistical Four.

Jimmy Silver & Co., as a matter of fact, were only very faintly interested in the new boy, who was to arrive at Rookwood that day.

New boys were not of much importance in the eyes of such very important youths as the chiefs of the Classical Fourth.

All they cared about was that the new kid should not be "shoved" into their study, where there were four already—or practically five, counting Lovell's feet, as Raby had once remarked.

And the Co. were not even remotely impressed by the fact that the new

fellow was named Montmorency, and that he was no end rich.

Being a little more particular in money matters than Tubby Muffin, they had no designs upon the rich youth's cash, and so the fact that he was wealthy made no difference to them at all.

They had been talking cricket when Tubby Muffin joined them to give them the latest news, and they continued to talk cricket after Muffin had rolled away. And in one minute they had forgotten both Tubby Muffin and Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency. The match with St. Jim's, which was coming along shortly, was of more importance than all the Montmorencies in the universe.

Valentine Mornington strolled up.

"You fellows heard?" he asked.

"Anything about the St. Jim's team?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"No; about the new fellow—"

"Oh, bless the new fellow!" said Jimmy. "We've had him from Tubby. Are you keen on Montmorency, Morny?"

Morny laughed.

"Not in Tubby's way," he answered. "But I'm rather interested in the new fellow, all the same. If he lives up to his name he ought to be pretty decent."

Jimmy Silver smiled slightly. Mornington was not rich, but he was connected with a third of the peerage, and he attached more importance to such distinctions than most of the Rookwood fellows.

"What's in a name?" said Jimmy. "Doesn't Shakespeare say—what does he say, now? We had it in English Classics the other day—"

"That which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet!" said Newcome.

"That's it!" said Jimmy.

"Bother Shakespeare!" answered Mornington. "He was a pretty good poet, but he was a fellow of no family, after all."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Well," said Lovell sarcastically, "you can take giddy Montmorency to your waistcoat and kiss him on his baby brow, if you like, Morny, but we are not going to enthuse over him! I shall punch his nose if he turns it up, I know that!"

"Easy does it!" said Jimmy Silver, laughing. "He hasn't turned it up yet, Lovell."

"Well, if he does——" said Lovell. "Ass! You don't want to be down on a fellow before you've seen him!" remonstrated Jimmy Silver.

"But if——" persisted Lovell. "Hallo, there's a whackin' car!" exclaimed Mornington. "I shouldn't wonder if that's the Montmorency bird!"

"Then he's coming in style!" said Jimmy Silver.

The juniors looked at the big, handsome Rolls-Royce with some interest. It swept up the drive to the Head's house, steered by a chauffeur in livery. In the car sat two persons—a fat, middle-aged gentleman, who looked like a solicitor, and a boy of about fifteen. It was upon the latter that the juniors fixed their eyes. His well-cut, rather handsome face was quite impassive in expression; he looked neither to the right nor to the left as the car swung on to the house.

"So that's the merchant!" said Raby. Tubby Muffin came puffing by. "He's come!" he gasped.

And Tubby rushed on towards the house, to get a closer view of the new junior when he alighted.

"Looks decent!" commented Mornington.

"Looks a bit of a snob, I think," said Lovell.

Arthur Edward seemed to have taken a little prejudice against the new junior already.

"Oh, rot!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "I dare say he's all right. Anyhow, he won't worry us."

The car stopped, and the occupants alighted. A dozen fellows in the quad had their eyes on the new junior.

He was rather tall for his age, slim in build, and exceedingly well-dressed.

With a leisurely movement, he extracted a gold-rimmed monocle from his waistcoat-pocket, fixed it in his eye, and turned it, with a careless scrutiny, upon the fellows in the quad. His handsome face still remained impassive.

The elderly gentleman spoke to him in a low voice, and the two disappeared together into the house.

Arthur Edward Lovell gave a grunt. "Looking us up and down," he said.

"Let him!"

"What the thump does he want a glass eye for, like that howling ass, Smythe of the Shell?"

Jimmy smiled.

"You can get an eyeglass for five bob," he said. "If he cares to spend his five bob that way, why shouldn't he?"

"Br-r-r-r!" said Lovell.

Evidently Lovell of the Fourth had not taken a liking to Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency.

THE SECOND CHAPTER

Cheek!

CECIL CUTHBERT MONTMORENCY was presented to the Fourth Form that afternoon.

The Head brought him into the Form-room, and introduced him to Mr. Dalton, the Form master. It seemed to the suspicious eyes of some of the juniors that the Head—even the august Head—was a little more condescending and affable to the new boy than he was accustomed to being to new boys. Apparently the Montmorency blood, or the Montmorency wealth, had made some impression on even the Head of Rookwood.

If that was so, Mr. Dalton did not share the Head's impression. His manner to the new junior was kind, as it was to them all, but there was nothing more. Mr. Dalton treated Montmorency exactly as if he had been named Hugh.

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gins or Higgs. When the Head had gone, and Montmorency took his seat with the Fourth, most of the juniors turned their heads to scan him. He excited more interest than new boys usually did.

The general attention would have discomposed most new boys. New "kids" were generally shy, and sometimes sheepish, much given to blushing when spoken to.

But there was nothing of that kind about Cecil Cuthbert.

He met the curious glances of the juniors with perfect indifference, evidently not in the least discomposed thereby.

Some of the juniors grinned when he placed the gold-rimmed monocle in his eye, to glance round the Form-room.

Smythe of the Shell, who was given to dandyism, sported a monocle, but only out of the Form-room. He would not have ventured to "stick it in" in class, under the observation of Mr. Mooney.

Master Montmorency evidently did not recognise such limitations.

Mr. Dalton's eye dwelt on him at once. "Montmorency!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Is your sight defective?"

"No, sir!"

"Then kindly remove that glass from your eye."

Montmorency stared at him.

"I'm accustomed to usin' a monocle, sir," he answered.

"A foolish custom, Montmorency, if your sight does not need assistance," said Mr. Dalton. "You will not be allowed to use it in the Form-room. Put it away at once!"

"Really, sir——"

"I am not accustomed to repeating my orders, Montmorency!" said Mr. Dalton, his brow darkening.

Montmorency gave a slight shrug of his graceful shoulders, and removed the eyeglass. That shrug would not have passed unnoticed but for the fact that Montmorency was new to Rookwood. But Mr. Dalton forbore to take note of it; he did not wish to be severe with a new boy.

A little to the surprise of the Fourth, Cecil Cuthbert showed himself to be well up in the Form work. In that respect, at least, he was no fool, though most of the Fourth had decided that he was in other respects.

After lessons Jimmy Silver & Co. had business on the cricket-field, and Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency passed out of their horizon. But they were reminded of his existence during cricket practice.

"There's that swankin' ass!" grunted Lovell suddenly.

Jimmy, who was watching Mornington bowl to Rawson, did not heed.

"Look at him!" growled Lovell. "He's made some friends already—just the sort he would make, too!"

Jimmy Silver glanced round rather impatiently.

Montmorency had walked on to the field, with Townsend and Topham of the Fourth on either side of him. Evidently Towny and Topy, the dandies of the Fourth, had recognised a kindred spirit, and made friends with the new junior. Behind the elegant three Tubby Muffin was rolling, with an eager and dissatisfied look—left out, apparently, but anxious to be gathered in, as it were.

Jimmy Silver smiled as he glanced at them.

"Montmorency doesn't seem to recognise Tubby as a relation," he remarked.

"Ha, ha! No."

"Well done, Rawson!"

Rawson had knocked away the ball, and all Jimmy's attention was given to

the cricket again. Mornington, however, was bestowing some attention on the new junior, seemingly interested in him. Newcome threw in the ball, and Morny let it drop.

"Look out, Morny!" called out Jimmy Silver, "You're bowling, you know."

"Oh, all right!" said Morny.

And he took the ball and bowled to Tom Rawson again.

Montmorency, Townsend, and Topham strolled along the field, Towny and Topy evidently pointing things out to their new chum. Behind them rolled Tubby Muffin, baffled, but determined not to be shaken off. Cecil Cuthbert had his eyeglass in his eye now, and on some of the juniors that eyeglass had a rather irritating effect. There was nothing exactly to be complained of in the new fellow's manner, but undoubtedly he had a sort of lofty way about him, as if, as Lovell remarked disgustedly, he did not consider the earth quite good enough for him to tread on.

Even a Montmorency was, after all, only a mortal, and there was no need for Cecil Cuthbert to elevate his nose, though it was a very well cut and handsome nose.

"I shall be punching that chap before dorm!" Lovell confided to Jimmy Silver. "Oh, bow-wow!" said Jimmy. "You're not going to do anything of the kind. What are you looking for trouble for?"

"It won't be any trouble to punch his silly nose," said Lovell; "it will be a pleasure."

"Br-r-r-r!" said Jimmy; and he let the subject drop.

Arthur Edward was not to be reasoned with.

After cricket, Jimmy Silver & Co. repaired to the tuckshop for supplies for tea in the study. Then they came up to the end study in the Fourth. To their surprise, the study was not unoccupied. An elegant figure was standing by the window, looking out into the quadrangle. It turned as the four juniors appeared in the doorway, and an eyeglass gleamed at them.

"Hallo!" said Jimmy Silver.

Arthur Edward Lovell grunted.

"Want anything here, Montmorency?"

asked Newcome politely.

"Is this your study?" asked Montmorency.

"Yes, rather!"

"I've been lookin' along the passage," said the new boy. "I haven't settled on my study yet."

"Isn't Mr. Dalton going to settle that for you?" asked Raby. "New kids don't generally select their own studies."

Montmorency raised his eyebrows.

"I haven't consulted Mr. Dalton in the matter so far," he answered.

"Mr. Dalton will stick you to a study, and without consulting you!" said Lovell tartly.

"Really?"

"Yes, really!" snapped Lovell.

"I was thinkin' that this study would suit me," said Montmorency calmly. "It seems to be the best in the passage, and there are two windows; the others seem to have only one. It's the least poky of the lot, I think."

"Think so?" smiled Jimmy Silver.

"Yaas!"

"Yaas, indeed!" said Lovell, imitating Master Montmorency's accent, which was not without a trace of affectation.

"Four of you in here?" asked the new boy.

"Yaas," grinned Lovell.

"That's rather a crowd, isn't it?"

"Oh, yaas!"

"Cheese it, Lovell!" muttered Jimmy

Silver.

"Rats! If he can 'yaas,' I suppose I can 'yaas!'" said Lovell.

The new junior looked at him calmly. "Well, I'd like this study," he said, after a pause.

"Go hon!" remarked Raby. "Could you fellows change out?" "Change out?" repeated Jimmy Silver dazedly.

"Yaas!" "Are you off your rocker?" asked Jimmy. "Do you think we're going to change out of our study to hand it over to a fellow we don't know?"

Arthur Edward Lovell gave a snort. "Look here, Jimmy Silver, I'm fed up with that silly ass!" he exclaimed. "Young Hopeful, there's the door. See it?"

"Yaas." "Get on the other side of it, then!" "You'll excuse us, Montmorency," said Jimmy Silver, "we're just going to have tea, and, as you remarked, four is rather a crowd, so five—"

"You won't let me have the study?" "No, you ass!" "We'll let you have a boot if you don't travel!" roared Arthur Edward Lovell indignantly.

Montmorency shrugged his shoulders. Lovell made a stride towards him. But Jimmy caught his excited chum by the arm.

"Hook it, Montmorency!" he said. "If you go to Mr. Dalton, he'll tell you what study you're to have. Ja-ta!"

With another shrug, Montmorency walked out of the study. Lovell breathed hard as he glanced after the elegant figure that strolled away down the passage.

"Why didn't you let me punch his nose, Jimmy?" he demanded.

"Oh, let his nose alone, old chap. He's a spoiled kid, I should say," said Jimmy Silver. "I dare say he's been made a lot of at home, and thinks he is going to get the same at Rookwood. He will get woke up soon enough."

Lovell grunted as he sat down to tea. He was not quite so considerate towards the guileless stranger as Jimmy was. And, indeed, if Master Montmorency was to be "woked" up, Lovell was quite ready to contribute to awakening him.

THIRD CHAPTER. A Disowned Relation!

"HERE you are, old fellow!"

Tubby Muffin pounced upon the new junior in the Fourth Form passage. It was his first chance of catching Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency.

Cecil Cuthbert did not seem to reciprocate his kind regards.

He fixed his monocle in his eye, and took a survey of the fat and fatuous Tubby in a manner that was a trifle disconcerting even to Reginald Muffin, who was not thin-skinned.

"Did you speak to me?" asked the new junior.

"Certainly, old top! I've been looking for you," said Muffin, rather damped, but still effusive. "I've found a study for you. I say, I dare say you know my name—Muffin?"

"Is that a name?" asked Montmorency, in surprise.

Tubby Muffin turned red, and several juniors in the passage grinned. Townsend and Topham came out of their study, No. 5, with cheery smiles for the new boy, and scornful indifference for Tubby. But the fat Classical stuck to his guns. Montmorency's manner was not flattering, but he was too valuable a prize to be lost if it could be held.

"Muffin—yes," said Tubby. "We're really relations, you know!"

"Nonsense!" "Look here, old chap," said Tubby. "You might be civil to a fellow—especially a relation. I know all about you."

Montmorency gave a start. "What the thump do you mean?" he exclaimed angrily. "I've never seen you before."

"I didn't say you had," said Tubby. "But, you see—"

"Oh, don't bother!" snapped the new junior.

"My dear chap, let a fellow speak," said Tubby patiently. Tubby had great patience with a fellow who was "no end rich."

"What branch of the Montmorencys do you belong to?"

"Not to the Muffin branch!" grinned Townsend.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Trot in, old chap," said Topham, putting his arm through Montmorency's.

"I've asked Mr. Dalton, and he says you're to come into our study. You'll find it all right."

"We're glad to have you," said Townsend.

"I say——" began Tubby Muffin.

But Montmorency walked into Study No. 5 with Towny and Topy, leaving Muffin to waste his sweetness on the desert air.

Somehow the new junior seemed to be rather annoyed or disturbed by his talk with Tubby Muffin. But he recovered his usual impassive demeanour in a few minutes. He glanced round Study No. 5, which was rather a pleasant room. Towny and Topy spent a good deal of their ample pocket-money in adorning their quarters. Tom Rawson was seated at the table, and he looked up as the three came in. Montmorency's eye dwelt on him curiously. The scholarship junior's garments contrasted very much with the elegant attire of Towny and Topy.

"We shall be four in the study," said Townsend. "But most of the rooms have three, or four, you know. That can't be helped."

"Is Montmorency coming here?" asked Rawson.

"Yes," answered Townsend shortly. "You're welcome," said Rawson to the new junior.

"Thanks!" drawled Montmorency. Rawson flushed a little. Taking his cue from Towny and Topy, Montmorency was exceedingly distant to the rather shabby junior. Townsend began to clear the table for tea, and Tom Rawson quietly left the study. He seldom "fed" in his quarters, not being able to "go the pace" with his more expensive study-mates.

"Who the merry dickens is that?" asked Montmorency, when the scholarship junior was gone.

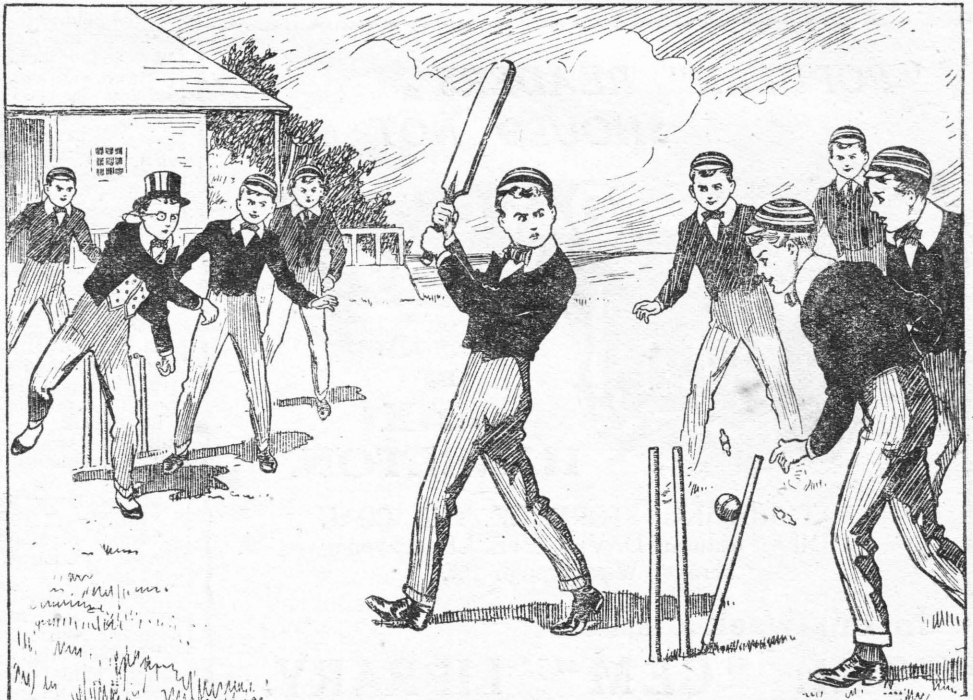
"A rank outsider," said Townsend. "Name's Rawson. His father's a plumber or somethin'."

"Oh, gad!"

"Here on a schol," explained Topham. "Not a bad fellow in his way, but, of course, we keep him at a distance."

"By Jove, I should say so!"

"You needn't mind the fellow being in the study," said Townsend rather anxiously. "He just does his work here—hardly ever has tea, and he often does his prep in another study."



THE NEW BOY SURPRISES THE ROOKWOODERS! Lovell stood watchful and ready. Montmorency sent down the ball, a seemingly easy one, and Lovell drove at it—but he did not touch it. The ball broke in unexpectedly, and there was a yell as Lovell's off stump was whipped out of the ground. (See Chapter 4.)

"Do the fellows let him, then?" asked Montmorency, raising his eyebrows.

"Well, it's jolly odd, but he's rather popular," said Townsend. "Jimmy Silver thinks a lot of him, and Silver's captain of the Fourth, you know. He's all right in his way, only rather surly and ill-bred. Of course, we never have anythin' to do with him."

"Couldn't, you know," said Topham. "I should rather think not, by gad!" said Montmorency. "I'm dashed if I expected to meet that kind of outsider at Rookwood. What are things comin' to, by gad! If my father knew—"

"Wasn't it your father who came with you this afternoon?" asked Topham rather unfortunately.

Montmorency stared at him. "That was our solicitor," he said stiffly.

"Oh, sorry, of—of course!" stammered Topham.

"The pater was too busy to come, and his health's rather delicate," said Montmorency. "I dare say he will give me a look-in later in the term. It was his car, of course."

"Spankin' car!" said Topham. "Rolls-Royce, wasn't it?"

"Yaas."

"You're a lucky bargee!" said Townsend.

"Think so?" drawled Montmorency. "If you fellows would like a run in the car at any time, you've only to mention it, of course, as we're goin' to be study-mates, an', I hope, friends."

"My hat! Caa you have that whackin' car whenever you want it?" exclaimed Townsend, in astonishment.

"I should only have to telephone. I suppose there's a telephone here?" said Montmorency negligently.

Towny and Topy beamed on him. The new fellow was a fellow after their own heart, as his remarks on the subject of Rawson showed; and a fellow who could telephone for a "spankin'" Rolls-Royce whenever he wanted to was a fellow Towny and Topy delighted to honour.

Towny and Topy might have been professional waiters, by the way they looked after their new chum at the well-spread tea-table. A cheery conversation was going on in Study No. 5, when the door opened and Tubby Muffin looked in, with a beaming smile.

No smile was bestowed on Tubby Muffin in return, however. His fascinating company did not seem to be desired.

"Cut it!" said Townsend briefly. "I've just dropped in to speak to my cousin—"

"Chuck it, you fat duffer!" exclaimed Topham. "What the thump do you mean by calling Montmorency your cousin?"

"Second cousin, twice removed, I—"

"You're not my relation!" exclaimed Montmorency. "Don't talk rot!"

"If you're a genuine Montmorency, I am!" retorted Tubby Muffin. "P'r'aps you're not genuine!"

Tubby Muffin made that retort out of sheer exasperation. He was very far from anticipating its effect on the new boy.

Montmorency's handsome face became quite pale for a second, as he stared at the fat Classical. Then a crimson flush swept over it.

"What?" he exclaimed. "What—what did you say? What—"

He checked himself, and sprang suddenly from his chair. "You cheeky, fat rascal!"

He made an angry stride towards Tubby Muffin. Before the astonished fat junior could dodge, the new fellow had him by the collar. He shook him vigorously, almost savagely; and with a strength that few would have supposed dwelt in his slim frame.

"Grooogh!" gasped Tubby Muffin. "Yooooogh! Chuck it! Yurrrrgh! You're chook-chook-chook-choking me! Groooghhh!"

Montmorency swung the fat junior round in the doorway, and kicked him hard. Tubby flew headlong into the passage.

Bump! Montmorency slammed the door after him, in a manner that was not at all aristocratic. He was breathing rather hard as he returned to the tea-table and sat down. Townsend and Topham exchanged a glance, and coloured as they saw that the new junior observed it.

"The cheeky cad wanted a shakin'!" said Montmorency.

"Serve him right!" agreed Townsend.

"He asked for it!" assented Topham. But the two juniors were perplexed, and once or twice during tea they glanced rather oddly at Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

A Surprise for Sergeant Kettle.

JIMMY SILVER & CO. were coming down the passage as Tubby Muffin sprawled outside the door of Study No. 5. Jimmy good-naturedly paused to give the fat Classical a hand up.

Tubby Muffin was set on his feet, gasping and spluttering.

"Ow! Groogh! The horrid beast!" spluttered Tubby. "The awful rotter! Oh! Ow! Wow!"

"Been calling on your merry relation?" grinned Lovell.

"Grooogh! He says he ain't my second cousin twice removed—"

The Fistical Four went on their way, leaving Tubby Muffin still gasping and spluttering breathlessly. There was plenty of light left for cricket, and Jimmy Silver & Co. were going to improve the shining hour, with the St. Jim's match in mind.

While they were engaged thus, the chums of Study No. 5 came sauntering on the field.

Towny and Topy were showing their new friend round; and rather to their surprise, Montmorency showed some interest in the cricket. Towny and Topy did not care much for games.

"You haven't seen the school shop yet," Topham remarked. "We'll give it a look-in, Monty."

"All serene—no hurry!" answered Montmorency. "That chap—Silver—bowls well."

"You play cricket?"

"I'm rather keen on it," answered Montmorency.

"The sergeant closes the school shop at seven," remarked Townsend.

Arthur Edward Lovell, who was standing near, looked round as Montmorency remarked that he was keen on cricket. Lovell's expression was rather scornful. The elegant new junior did not look much of a cricketer in Lovell's eyes.

"Ever handled a bat?" asked Lovell politely.

Montmorency glanced at him.

"Oh, yaas!"

"Know one end from another?" asked Lovell, with an air of polite interest.

"Yaas."

"Perhaps you'd like to show us what you can do," suggested Lovell, with deep sarcasm.

"I don't mind. I'll bet you two to one in quids that I could take your wicket, bowlin', anyhow," said the new junior coolly.

Lovell grinned.

"I don't bet, he answered. "But if you take my wicket in one over, I'll give you leave to pull my nose."

"Done!" said Montmorency.

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"Here, hand me that bat, Rawson!" exclaimed Lovell. "Give Montmorency the ball for a minute or two, Oswald. He's going to show us some giddy miracles!"

"Yes, let's see how he shapes, by all means," said Jimmy Silver.

Lovell went to the wicket, grinning. Montmorency caught the ball Oswald tossed to him. It was rather a difficult catch, for Dick Oswald, as a matter of fact, meant to land the leather on Montmorency's chin. But the new junior made the catch easily enough, and walked to the bowler's wicket.

"Look out for fireworks!" grinned Raby.

Lovell stood ready and watchful. Although he felt a complete contempt for the new junior, he was not taking chances.

But his watchfulness did not avail him. Montmorency sent the ball down, a seemingly easy ball, and Lovell drove at it—but he did not touch it. The ball broke in unexpectedly, and there was a yell from the cricketers as Lovell's off stump was whipped out of the ground.

"Ha, ha! How's that, Lovell?"

Arthur Edward's face was a study as he stared down at his wrecked wicket. He had offered to have his nose pulled if Montmorency bowled him, and now he was clean bowled—there was no doubt about that.

Lovell fixed his eyes on Montmorency, who had tossed the ball back to Oswald. The new junior smiled. Lovell was ready to keep his word; but it was certain that the pulling of Arthur Edward's nose would be followed by a terrific "scrap" on the cricket-field. But Montmorency did not offer to hold the rash youth to his pledge.

"All serene," he said lightly. "I don't really see why you should think I can't play cricket, Lovell."

"Because you look such a lackadaisical ass!" growled Lovell.

"Thanks!" said Montmorency, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Dash it all, he can bowl!" said Jimmy Silver. "Dry up, Lovell! Chuck it now, you fellows, and come along to the sergeant's for a ginger-pop. You coming, Montmorency?"

Jimmy was a bowler himself, and he

felt quite cordial towards the new junior, after that exhibition of his powers. He recognised that there was more in Cecil Cuthbert than met the eye.

Montmorency nodded cheerily.

"Pleased!" he answered.

And when the Fistical Four repaired to Sergeant Kettle's little shop in the corner behind the beeches, Montmorency and Townsend and Topham walked with them, as well as a crowd of thirsty cricketers. Sergeant Kettle came out of his little parlour to deal with the rush of custom.

"Ginger-pop!"

"Buck up, sergeant!"

"Don't let us perish of thirst, sergeant!"

"Ere you are, young gentlemen!" said Sergeant Kettle, busy behind his little counter. "Ere, Master Silver! Ere, Master Lovell! Ere you are!"

"This way, sergeant!" said Townsend.

"Ere you are, Master Townsend, and you, Master Topham, and—"

Sergeant Kettle stopped suddenly. The glass of ginger-beer he held in his hand dropped on the counter with a crash.

His eyes were fixed on Towny and Topham's companion.

The sight of Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency seemed to have exercised a magical effect on Sergeant Kettle.

"My heye!" he ejaculated. "My heye! Fancy seeing you 'ere, George Uggins—fancy meetin' you, George!"

And the silence that followed was a silence that could be felt!

THE END.

(You must not miss next week's dramatic long complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood, entitled "The Snob of the School" featuring Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency, the amazing new boy.)

ANSWERS

EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

The Vengeance of the Outlaw!

(Continued from page 6.)

the Fraser with his prisoners. From what he could see of the route the Californian had followed, and his description of the bluffs where the outlaw had camped the previous night, the rancher made his calculations.

"That's west of here," the rancher said at last. "Your horse had brought you a good many miles, Bob, before he broke his leg in the gopher's hole. We've got to find the place where you camped, and from there it's possible we may pick up the mustang's trail. It's a chance, anyhow. As soon as you can sit a horse, we'll start. You can ride double with Beauclerc, Demon will carry you two easily enough."

"I can ride now," said Bob manfully. "Give me a hand up, Cherub."

The rancher nodded assent. Bob Lawless needed rest; but every minute was precious if Frank Richards was to be sought for and saved. The rancher lifted him to the saddle of the black horse, and Beauclerc mounted behind him, to hold him in his place.

Under the red sunset they started westward; and behind them, almost before they were clear of the spot, the vultures settled upon the dead horse with discordant cries.

The sun sank lower, and vanished behind the mountains; stars came out in a clear sky. In the starlight they pushed on. Ahead of them now was a line of low bluffs, a guide to the spot where the Californian had camped the night before.

By the glimmering starlight they found the camp at last. It was easy enough to identify, for the skeleton of a horse lay there.

"Frank's horse," said Bob.

The rancher dismounted.

By the spring it was easy to pick up tracks in the grass, old as they were—easy enough to the experienced plainsman. There were tracks of coyotes and prairie-dogs among the others; but the rancher found the three trails that led away from the spot—Bob's and Frank's and that of the Californian. But beyond the fringe of herbage near the spring was dusty, stony soil, where no "sign" remained.

Bob looked up eagerly as his father came back to the camp. Beauclerc had staked out the horses by the spring, and cut wood from a stunted cedar by the water's edge for a camp-fire.

"Any luck, popper?"

"We know the direction, at least," said Mr. Lawless quietly. "In the daylight we may be able to pick up a trail; and at least we shall never give up the search till we have found Frank, or learned what has become of him. We can go nothing now; we must rest here till dawn."

In silence the three ate their supper round the camp-fire, and then rolled themselves in blankets to sleep. Their hearts were aching with anxiety for the missing schoolboy, whom they feared, with a bitter fear, that they would never see again.

Where was Frank Richards? Somewhere in the darkness of the wilderness was the Mexican mustang, wandering at will, with the schoolboy Mazeppa bound to his back.

THE END.

(What has happened to Frank Richards? Can his friends find the trail across the wilderness? Don't miss "Prairie Justice!" next Tuesday's grand long story of the Backwoods, chums.)

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