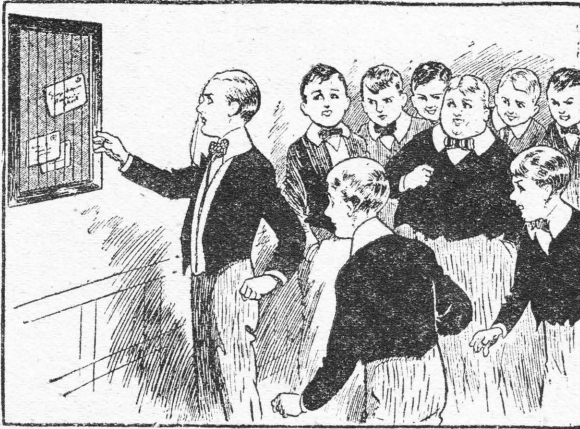


MONTMORENCY'S SECRET! In which more light is shed upon the mystery of Montmorency, the amazing new boy of the Fourth, and Tom Rawson, his study-mate, finds himself placed in the unpleasant position of eavesdropper!



The PRETENDER!

A Splendid Long Complete story of
Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood.

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Something Like a Snob!

ROT!" said Lovell.
Arthur Edward Lovell always was emphatic.
"My dear chap——" said Jimmy Silver.

"When I say rot," said Lovell, "I mean rot!"

"When you talk rot, it is rot!" assented Jimmy Silver; and there was a chortle from Raby and Newcome.

Arthur Edward Lovell sniffed. The Fistical Four were in the end study in the Fourth, and Jimmy Silver was conning over a half-sheet of impot paper, with a pencil in his hand, and a thoughtful frown on his brow.

That half-sheet contained a list of names for the junior cricket eleven, a most important matter in the Lower School at Rookwood.

Lovell had looked it over with grim disapproval, and finally delivered himself of the weighty opinion that it was "rot."

"Utter rot!" continued Lovell. "Montmorency—rot! Montmorency—bosh! Montmorency—piffle!"

"The chap can play cricket!" observed Jimmy Silver.

"Look at the way he treats Rawson in his study!" went on Lovell. "He pals with Towny and Toppo, and cuts Rawson dead, though he's his study-mate. Just because the chap's people are poor. Isn't Rawson all right?"

"Right as rain!" said Jimmy. "I've got Rawson down to play."

"Well, then——"
There was a step in the passage outside the end study.

Lovell broke off with a grunt. Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency, the new junior in the Classical Fourth, stepped elegantly into the doorway.

His gold-rimmed monocle gleamed into the study.

"Hallo! Trot in kid!" said Jimmy Silver affably, hoping that Montmorency had not heard Lovell's powerful voice as he came along the passage.

Montmorency came gracefully in. Fellows who liked him least could not deny that Montmorency was handsome and graceful, and looked every inch on a par with his lofty name.

Although he had been so short a time at Rookwood, he was already the "glass of fashion and the mould of form" in THE POPULAR.—No. 332.

the Lower School. Certainly he spent upon his clothes at least three times as much as any other fellow at Rookwood. Even Smythe, of the Shell, a nut of the nuts, regarded Cecil Cuthbert with admiring envy.

Montmorency paid no heed to Lovell and his rather sulky looks. He bestowed his attention on Jimmy Silver.

"You were goin' to speak to me about the cricket?" he said.

"That's it," said Jimmy, with a nod. "Squat down!"

"I'm in rather a hurry," said Montmorency calmly. "Some friends are waitin' for me. Cut in!"

There was an unintelligible sound from Arthur Edward Lovell, and Raby and Newcome exchanged a smile. The Co. wondered how Jimmy Silver liked Cecil Cuthbert's "swank" now that he was getting some of it himself. The junior cricket captain was not a person to be treated in an off-hand manner, a fact of which Montmorency was apparently in ignorance.

But Jimmy Silver did not turn a hair. "I'm thinking of putting you into the eleven to play Bagshot on Saturday," he said. "I think you deserve it on the form you've shown."

"I'll be glad to play," said Montmorency.

"Good! Your name goes down!"

Montmorency glanced at the paper on the table before Jimmy Silver.

"May I look at the list?" he asked. "I'd like to know what fellows I'm playin' with."

"Certainly!"
Jimmy handed over the list, and Montmorency scrutinized it, with the aid of his celebrated monocle.

"You haven't got Townsend or Topham down," he remarked.

"For a good reason," answered Jimmy. "They can't play cricket." "They're friends of mine."

Jimmy gazed at him. He wondered whether Montmorency's "swank" extended to the length of thinking that fellows ought to be put in the eleven because they were friends of his.

Lovell & Co. grinned.
"I see you've got Rawson's name here," went on Montmorency.

"Yes."
"I suppose you know that the fellow is a rank outsider, the kind of bounder that oughtn't really to be admitted to Rookwood at all?" said Montmorency.

"No," said Jimmy calmly. "I don't know that. It's news to me."

"Towny says that his father is a plumber or somethin'——"

"I shouldn't wonder," assented Jimmy. "Is it wrong to be a plumber, Montmorency?"

Montmorency shrugged his graceful shoulders impatiently.

"Talk sense!" he suggested.

"I'm waiting for you to do that."

"The fact is, I don't care to play in the eleven with bounders of all kinds admitted to it," said Montmorency. "I suggest your droppin' Rawson an' puttin' in Towny or Topham."

Jimmy Silver, still with great calmness, took the paper back, laid it on the table, and drew his pencil through a name on it.

"You're crossin' out Rawson's name?" asked Montmorency.

"No. I'm crossing out yours."
"What?"

"And now," said Jimmy Silver, rising to his feet, "you'll oblige me by walking out of this study as fast as you can, Montmorency. As I asked you here I don't want to lay hands on you."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell.

Arthur Edward seemed to be considerably tickled by this ending to the curious interview.

Montmorency stared at Jimmy Silver. "If you mean to be cheeky——" he began.

Jimmy pointed to the door.

Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency shrugged his slim shoulders again, turned on his heel, and walked out. When the cricket list was posted on the board later it was not adorned by the aristocratic name of Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. The Letter for Huggins!

MONTMORENCY——

It was Tom Rawson of the Fourth who spoke as he met Cecil Cuthbert on the stairs. Montmorency was going down, and Rawson was coming up, and the scholarship junior stopped to speak.

Montmorency went on as if he had not heard.

"Montmorency!" repeated Rawson, raising his voice a little.

At that the superb Monty paused, and glanced at Rawson. There was a calm and cold disdain in his look.

"Will you oblige me by not speakin' to me, Rawson?" he asked.

"I only wanted to say—"

"Probably you've heard somethin' from Jimmy Silver. If you're not satisfied I'm perfectly willin' to meet you in the gym, with or without gloves," said Montmorency coolly. "But nothin' obliges me to listen to your conversation."

Townsend and Topham, who were with their lofty pal, grinned. Towny and Topy were "down" on their study-mate, Rawson, though not to the same extent as the magnificent Montmorency.

Rawson stared at the latter.

"I've heard nothing from Jimmy Silver," he said. "I don't know what you're driving at."

"Oh, I thought he might have mentioned that I declined to play in the cricket eleven unless you were dropped."

Rawson coloured.

"I don't see why you should!" he said in a low voice.

"Probably not!" assented Montmorency. "Is that all? I think I've mentioned that I don't care for your conversation."

"I don't know whether to pitch you downstairs," said Tom Rawson meditatively. "You're not worth the trouble, I dare say, you silly snob! I stopped to speak to you to tell you something you most likely want to know. There's a letter downstairs in the rack, and—"

"No bizney of yours."

"It's rather a queer-looking letter, and the fellows are making fun of it," said Rawson. "It's in the rack downstairs. That's all. I thought you'd like to get hold of it. I think it's some sort of a joke on you."

"Oh!"

Rawson turned with that, and went upstairs.

Montmorency stared after him and bit his lip.

There was a quiet dignity in Rawson that abashed a little the snob of Rookwood, and he realised, too, that Rawson had only wanted to do him a little service, and was not forcing acquaintance on him.

"What the thump does he mean about a queer-looking letter?" said Townsend curiously. "Let's go and see, Monty!"

"I'll go!" said Montmorency abruptly. He hurried down the stairs.

Perhaps Towny and Topy did not understand that Montmorency wanted to go alone to claim the letter. At all events, they followed him, and were at his heels when he arrived at the letter-rack.

A dozen fellows were gathered there, and some of them were laughing. As the dandy of Rookwood came up Tubby Muffin's squeak was heard.

"Here he is! He, he, he!"

"Letter for you, Monty!" exclaimed Peele. "Charmin'-lookin' letter, by gad! From your pater, I dare say,"

"The Hugginses!" chuckled Higgs.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The colour burned in Montmorency's cheek. Any mention of the name of Huggins was anathema to him.

His lofty ways had offended too many fellows for that unfortunate name to be forgotten.

Tubby Muffin, especially, was fond of referring to the fact that on Montmorency's first day at Rookwood Sergeant Kettle had addressed him as "George Huggins," and had been much astonished to learn that his name was Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency.

The sergeant had not said a word on

the subject since, though Tubby Muffin and a good many others had paid special visits to the tuckshop in the hope of gathering interesting information.

What the mystery was no one knew, but several fellows averred that Mr. Kettle could have told them something about the magnificent Monty if he had chosen. But the sergeant did not choose, and certainly most of the fellows supposed that he had been deceived by some chance resemblance.

Montmorency's aristocratic calm could generally be disturbed by the mention of "Huggins" in his hearing, though why he should be so exasperated on that topic it was difficult to see.

But on the present occasion he took no heed of Higgs' remark. His eyes sought the rack for his letter. He picked it out at once. The superscription was indeed queer, and it was not surprising that it had attracted attention among the juniors. The letter was addressed, in a rough, crabbed hand:

"GEORGE HUGGINS,
Rookwood Skool."

Montmorency's hand went instinctively to the letter. But he drew it back at once.

"Is it yours, Montmorency?" asked Mornington.

Montmorency breathed hard. He gave Valentine Mornington a look of angry contempt.

"How could it be mine?" he demanded. "It's not addressed to me."

"It's his!" squeaked Tubby Muffin. "He was just going to take it, wasn't he, you fellows?"

Montmorency cast a fierce look round. Nearly all the juniors in the group were laughing. Townsend and Topham looked at one another very queerly. It was amazing that a letter addressed to George Huggins should arrive at Rookwood when there was no person of that name at the school. Towny and Topy were devoted to their wealthy pal, but they could not help remembering the scene in the school tuckshop, when Sergeant Kettle had called Cecil Cuthbert by that name.

"It's not yours, then, Montmorency?" asked Peele, with a grin.

"You know it isn't!" snapped Montmorency.

"I'll take your word for it," smiled Peele. "As it's not for you I'll take charge of it myself. There isn't any fellow at Rookwood named Huggins, so the letter hasn't any owner; oughtn't to have been put in the rack at all. I'll look into it, and see where it comes from."

"Good idea!" said Gower.

"It ought to be handed to Mr. Dalton," said Mornington. "It's come here by mistake, and should be given back to the postman."

"It hasn't come by mistake," said Peele coolly. "It's addressed to Rookwood right enough. Whoever wrote it thinks there is a chap here named George Huggins."

"Well, Mr. Dalton ought to take it—"

"Rot! I'll send it back to the writer, if his address is inside," said Peele.

Peele was evidently curious to know what was in the letter—as were some other fellows. Peele & Co. had been snubbed by the lofty Montmorency, who had very quickly appraised the standing of the black sheep in the Form, and treated them accordingly. Peele, Lattrey and Gower were three needy and shady young rascals, for whom Montmorency had "no use." So their feelings towards him were not kind.

"Open it, Peele!" gasped Tubby Muffin. "Let's see what's inside."

"Let it alone!" exclaimed Montmorency hastily.

"What does it matter if it's not for you?" demanded Lattrey.

Montmorency did not heed. As Peele stretched out his hand to the letter Montmorency knocked it aside and took the letter himself.

There was a buzz among the juniors. It was clear enough that Cecil Cuthbert did not want them to see the contents of the letter—whether it was for him or not.

"Hand that letter over!" shouted Peele.

The letter crumpled in Montmorency's grip.

"This—this is a rotten joke on me," he said. "Some cad has written this letter because of the ridiculous mistake Sergeant Kettle made about my name the other week. It's a rotten jape!"

"Likely enough," said Mornington. "Well, let's open it and see the joke," said Peele.

"I decline to do anything' of the sort."

Montmorency turned on his heel and walked away, his well-shaped nose high in the air. And the crowd of juniors behind him broke out into a buzz of excited comment.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Montmorency Declines!

"SILVER!"

"Yes, sir."

Jimmy Silver was passing Mr. Dalton's study when the master of the Fourth called him in. Jimmy stopped in the doorway.

"Will you go to the rack and fetch me a letter addressed to the name of Huggins, Silver?"

Jimmy started violently.

"Huggins, sir?" he ejaculated.

"Yes. It is very odd," said Mr. Dalton, with a smile. "I am new here, of course, and not acquainted yet with the names of all the boys, and so I passed over the letter in going over the post-bag this afternoon. But I find that there is no boy of that name at Rookwood—at least, I think so. You would know, Silver."

"That's so, sir," stammered Jimmy. "There isn't any Huggins in the school that—that I know of."

"Exactly! It is very odd that the letter should have been addressed here, and it must be returned to the post-office. Please fetch it for me!"

"Certainly, sir!" said Jimmy. He hurried away, his mind almost in a whirl.

The name of Huggins seemed destined to haunt Rookwood School ever since Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency had arrived at that ancient foundation.

It was no business of Jimmy's, of course; but he could not help feeling surprised and perplexed.

He found an excited group of the Classical Fourth in front of the rack; but no letter addressed to Huggins therein.

"One of you fellows bagged a letter from here?" asked Jimmy, looking round. "Letter addressed to Huggins. Dicky Dalton handed it out by mistake, and it's got to be sent back." "Ask Montmorency for it!" chortled Peele.

"Has he got it?"

"He took it from the rack a few minutes ago—though he said it wasn't for him."

"What the thump did he take it for, then?"

between the wind and his nobility, so to speak.

Rawson had learned to bear a good many slights with equanimity. He was at Rookwood to work and get on, and he found solace in work and progress.

But more than once he had winced at the polished scorn of Cecil Cuthbert, and his most miserable days at Rookwood had been passed since that superb youth had dawned on Study No. 5.

More and more Rawson had fallen into the habit of doing his work in other studies, where he was welcome, or of walking in the quad under the beeches.

He would stroll there for an hour or two sometimes in the evening memorising Latin verses, or thinking out knotty problems—a natural delicacy keeping him from inflicting himself too often on the end study, or Conroy's room, and from drawing attention to the fact, if he could help it, that his company was not liked in his own quarters.

He left Montmorency & Co. to the cheery chatter, and breathed more freely in the fresh air in the dusk under the ancient beeches. There he soon forgot the annoyances of Study No. 5, concentrating his mind on a "chunk" of Æneid he had committed to memory.

He sat down on a beech after a time as the shadows deepened round him. The Æneid passed from his mind, and he was thinking of home—the humble home from which his hard-won scholarship had brought him to a public school, and which he never forgot.

If all the Rookwooders had been like Townsend and Topham, Rawson's life would have been a hard one. Fortunately, they were in the minority, and Rawson could recognise, too, that the chief fault of Towny and Topy was a careless thoughtlessness.

The scorn of Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency was much more deliberate and bitter.

Plunged into thought, Rawson hardly noticed that there was a sound of voices under the trees near him. Two or three sentences had reached his ears before he quite realised it.

One voice was the calm, cultivated voice of Montmorency of the Fourth; the other betrayed the deep, gruff tones of Sergeant Kettle.

"I've come, as you asked me, Kettle. What the thump do you want? I've told you once that you were mistaken."

"I wasn't mistaken, George, and you know it!" came the sergeant's voice, deep and gruff, though subdued.

"How dare you call me George!" exclaimed Montmorency passionately.

"Hush! You don't want the young gentlemen to 'ear!" said the sergeant. "I'm not giving you away. I wouldn't say a word agin the son of my old chum 'Uggins, what carried me on his back when I was shot down at Ypres. I'm sorry to see you playing this game,

George, but it ain't for me to say a word. I asked you to come 'ere to warn you."

Rawson sat petrified. It was evidently a secret meeting in the deep dusk under the beeches, and neither the sergeant nor the dandy of Rookwood supposed that anyone was within hearing.

"To warn me?" Montmorency's voice was angry and contemptuous. "You've done me harm enough already with your babble. The least you can do is to hold your tongue."

"I'm 'olding it, George," said the sergeant. "You're up in the world now, and you've changed your name owing to your rich uncle, and I ain't the man to do you any 'arm. I tell you I've got to warn you. Young Lurchey is in Combe."

Rawson moved uneasily.

to learn that he had heard, and he did not wish to inflict that pain on the vain-glorious upstart. But it was better than to remain where he was and hear more.

"Somebody's there!" exclaimed the sergeant, in startled tones.

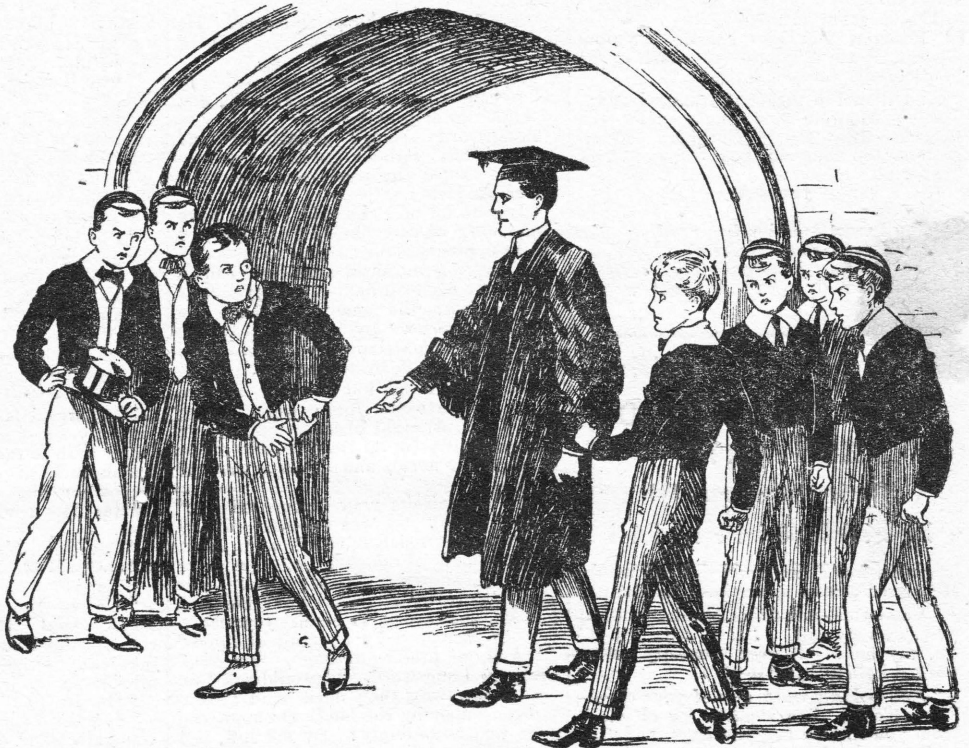
Rawson came quickly through the dusk.

Montmorency peered at him with a white face.

"Rawson, you low cad, you've been listening!" he exclaimed in a choking voice.

"I couldn't help hearing you, as you spoke in my hearing," said Rawson quietly. "I did not mean to, and I've shown up so that you sha'n't say any more for me to hear. I'm sorry I heard anything."

Montmorency clenched his hands convulsively.



NOT HIS PROPERTY? Mr. Dalton held out his hand for the letter. Montmorency hesitated, the colour coming and going in his face. "Give me the letter!" ordered the master. "You should not have taken it, as it was not addressed to you." Slowly the new boy drew the letter from his pocket. (See Chapter 4.)

He was fully alive to his surroundings now. What he had heard had quite banished his thoughts of his own affairs. He did not want to play the eaves-dropper, but he hesitated to make his presence known. He had already heard too much.

"Lurchey!" Montmorency repeated the name in startled tones. "Lurchey—in the village!"

"I've seen him."

"You've told him—"

"I've told him nothing. I don't know as he knows anything. But I wanted to warn you not to let 'im see you—if he ain't seen you already. He's a bad egg, is young Lurchey, and it wouldn't do you no good—"

Montmorency groaned. "It's too late. That must be whom the letter was for!"

"The letter! Wot letter?"

"Lurchey—that cad, that rotten outsider—and he knows—" Montmorency muttered the words.

Rawson coughed loudly. He knew how bitter it would be to Montmorency

"You rotter! You rotter!" he hissed wildly. "You've found out. But go in and spin your yarn in the Common-room if you like. I'll deny it, every word, and you'll see whether the fellows will take the word of a gentleman or of a low-class outsider!"

"George!" muttered the sergeant.

"Shut up, you fool! You've done harm enough already!" exclaimed Montmorency passionately.

Mr. Kettle drew a deep, hard breath. "As for you, you spying cad, go and tattle what you've heard!" said Montmorency fiercely.

Rawson looked at him quietly. The taunts of the discovered upstart did not hurt him. He was feeling only compassion for the wretched pretender whose noble name was not his own, whose lofty swank was only the cloak of a humble origin.

"You're mistaken, Montmorency!" he said quietly. "I haven't any intention of repeating a word I've heard."

"You lie!" hissed Montmorency savagely.

"I shall not say a word. I shall forget it all as soon as I can," said Rawson readily. "You may rely on that. I am a fellow of my word."

And with that, Tom Rawson turned and walked away to the School House.

Montmorency stood as if rooted to the ground. In spite of himself, he knew the ring of truth and sincerity in Rawson's voice. He knew that his secret was safe with the boy he had taunted and scorned.

He drew a sobbing breath. Safe—for the present, at least—safe to carry on his childish imposture, only with hatred in his heart for the fellow who knew his secret.

"Hang him!" he muttered. "A gentleman to be at the mercy of a cad like that!"

The sergeant grunted. "Between you and Master Rawson, George, it ain't 'ard to say which is the gentleman!" he said slowly.

And then the sergeant tramped away, leaving Montmorency alone under the beeches—still Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency so long as Tom Rawson kept his secret.

THE END.

(You must not miss reading the splendid long complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood, entitled "Gentleman George!" in next week's issue.)

"RALLYING ROUND BUNTER!"

(Continued from page 17.)

laughter, but Peter Todd did not laugh. He glared almost speechlessly at Bunter.

"You—you—you think Newland meant well!" he gasped. "You overlook it! Oh, my hat! If ever a measly rotter wanted boiling in oil—"

"And I don't want any of your cheek, Peter Todd! I've stood a lot of cheek from you for the last two days, and I've had enough of it. The same applies to the rest of you," said Bunter, blinking round the study. "I must say that you've all acted pretty rottenly!"

The juniors gasped. "There's only one way of talking to Bunter," ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Collar him!"

"Here, I say— Yaroooooh!"
Bump, bump, bump!
"I say, you fellows— Yow-ow-ow! Help! Murder! Fire! Yoooooop!"

Billy Bunter tore himself away at last and fled. He paused only for a moment in the passage to yell "Beasts!"

Which was all the thanks the chums of the Remove received for Rallying Round Bunter.

THE END.

(Look out for "Mossoo the Sportsman!"—next Tuesday's grand long complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co., the chums of Greyfriars School.)

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:
THE POPULAR.—No. 332.

"CRUSADER AND SARACEN!"

(Continued from page 6.)

anger. By the dim light he read the address aloud.

"Do any of you know aught of this Henri Lescuré?" he sternly demanded of his companions. "Was such a man within the Golden Boar to-night?"

"He sat near us," instantly replied one. "He also came out with us, but turned in a different direction."

"And know you Rupert St. Rollo as well, Stephen Dupont?" added Longsword.

"Yes," the Frenchman answered. "He is kinsman to Henri Lescuré, and both came from Paris with the king."

"And what manner of men are they?"
"Beyond reproach, good comrade, and of high standing at Court."

Longsword seemed unsatisfied and puzzled, but without further questioning, he folded the paper and tucked it under his jacket.

"Let us be off!" he said. "We have had plenty of carousing for to-night. I am sore, weary, and minded to sleep."

So, leaving the dead horse and ruffian to bear each other company, they pushed down the lonely street to the bustling quarter by the Seine, where the party separated, Longsword and Blondel going on by themselves.

They had fared but a short distance when Rupert St. Rollo came riding slowly by. At sight of them, he gave an almost imperceptible start, but instantly checked his horse, and spoke a word of greeting.

"In sore straits your errand led me," cried Blondel. "I was set upon for my life before I reached the Golden Boar. One ruffian I killed, and another wounded, and from the other two I was saved by trusty friends. Your kinsman had left the tavern, so here is your message, broken open by no fault of mine."

"And a pretty message, forsooth," broke in Longsword. "I would ask you, sir knight, why thou didst send an unwritten paper by the lad? Do men read such understandingly? By my hilt, if I thought thou had plotted harm to the lad—"

"These are strange words," interrupted St. Rollo, in a haughty tone, and with flashing eyes. "There has ever been an understanding with my kinsman, by which a blank sheet of paper is a token to him that the king desires his presence. More than this I need not explain. Right sorry am I, my trusty young squire, that thou didst come to harm on my service, and I hope I may some day repay thee. Now I must away in urgent haste."

He waved his hand gracefully, clapped spurs to his horse, and rode swiftly along the quay.

"Surely you don't think that so well-spoken and noble a knight was in league with those knaves who attacked me?" asked Blondel. "Besides, for what reason could he desire my life?"

"I don't know what to think, lad?" Longsword answered. "I confess to being sorely puzzled. The ruffians were on the watch for thee in yonder street, and to take thy life. What else, indeed? Thou hast no riches. And yet, why thy life?"

(There will be another thrilling long instalment of our powerful new romance in next week's grand issue. Do not miss it!)

"BUNKER HONK'S SWEEPSTAKE!"

(Continued from page 10.)

The winners duly received their prizes, and Bunker H. Honk watched them with anguish in his lean face.

He had taken the trouble, and taken the risk, of getting up that sweep, with the result that he had failed to bring off the intended swindle, and had lost his own quarter into the bargain. It was not a result that could be considered pleasing by a businesslike youth. But certainly it was as much as he deserved.

"You fellows like to ride as far as the mission?" asked Vere Beauclerc, turning to his chums with the ten dollars in his hand.

"The mission! What for?" asked Bob.

"To put this ten dollars in the collecting-box for the mission fund."

Frank Richards laughed. "Jolly good idea!" he said. "Good for you, Cherub, old man! Chunky, are you going to put in your dollar?"

"I'll think it over," said Chunky Todgers generously. "I've got to be off now. I want to drop in at Gunten's Store."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was pretty certain that there would not be much left of Chunky's dollar for the Mission Fund after he had paid his visit to Gunten's Store in Thompson.

The crowd of schoolboys dispersed from the old corral, leaving Bunker H. Honk with a face of woe. But when Frank Richards & Co. brought out their horses for the ride home, they found Master Honk waiting for them in the trail.

"Beauclerc, old scout!" said Honk, in a most cordial tone.

"Hallo!"

"I guess I'm going down the mission way," said Honk confidently. "I reckon you want to get home. I'll—I'll take that ten dollars to the box at the mission for you, if you like."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess I mean the straight goods, you galoots. I guess— Yarooooop!"

Three riding-whips curled round Bunker H. Honk's thin legs at the same moment. He jumped away, roaring. And three cheery youths rode away for the mission, leaving Bunker H. Honk shaking a lean fist at them, and still roaring.

THE END.

Plenty of fun and laughter in

"NOT ON THE PROGRAMME!"

Next week's rollicking long story of

Frank Richards & Co., the Cheery Chums of Cedar Creek, The School in the Backwoods!

Tell all your pals about it!