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The POPULAR

EVERY TUESDAY.
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393



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STAND-UP
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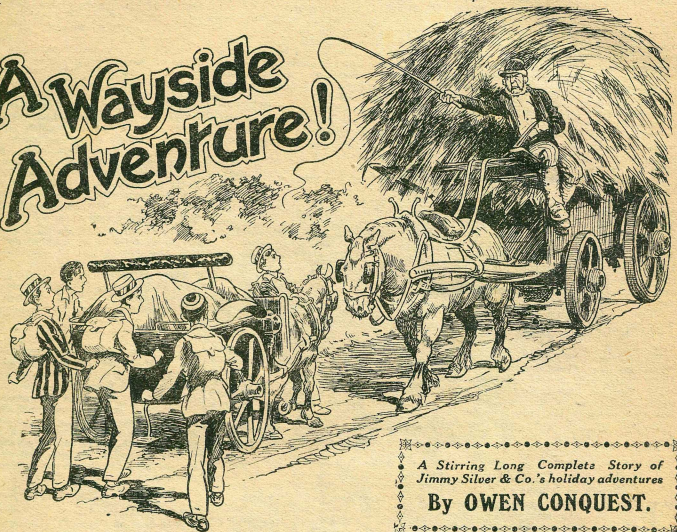
FREE
Inside!

6 Splendid
Stories in
THIS NUMBER!

Read "Patsy" Hendren's Great New Cricket Story To-day!

ROOKWOODERS ON THE ROVE! Fortune favours the brave, the saying goes, and it certainly favours Jimmy Silver & Co., in their first adventure on tramp!

A Wayside Adventure!



A Stirring Long Complete Story of Jimmy Silver & Co.'s holiday adventures
By OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Trouble on the Road!

"IT'S a giddy block in the traffic!" said Jimmy Silver.

The Rookwooders grinned. There was not much "traffic" in that narrow, sunken lane on the borders of Sussex and Kent—in fact, Jimmy Silver & Co. had not had the slightest expectation of meeting any vehicle there.

The lane was not only narrow, but the earth was banked up on either side to a height of several feet, with hedges at the top of the steep slopes up to the fields.

Along the lane the Rookwood holiday traps were cheerfully wending their way when a farm-cart came in sight ahead.

Jimmy Silver was leading Trotsky, the pony, with the little baggage-cart thumping over the ruts behind Trotsky's whisking tail. Arthur Edward Lovell walked on the other side of Trotsky. Baby and Newcome and Putty Grace strolled along beside the cart.

Narrow as the lane was, there was plenty of room for the Rookwood outfit. But the farm wagon ahead, coming towards them filled the lane from side to side, the hubs of the wheels brushing against the ferns and nettles on the banks.

The wagon had turned suddenly out of a field gate—the fat, ruddy man who was driving it calmly taking possession of the whole road, without a glance ahead to see whether the way was clear.

A few minutes more and the Rookwood outfit would have passed the gate, leaving a free road for the wagon. Now the road was completely blocked for them, and also for the farmer, for there was no room for either party to pass the other.

"Halt!" said Lovell. Jimmy drew Trotsky to a stop. Trotsky was always very obedient at such moments. It was in moments of starting that Trotsky revealed the fact that he had a will of his own.

But the wagon did not stop. It came rumbling on, as if it would overwhelm the little baggage-cart with its bulk.

Jimmy waved his hand to the ruddy-faced man.

"Hold on!" he shouted "Gerrout of the way!" "What?"

"Clear the road there!" "Why, the cheeky ass!" exclaimed Lovell indignantly.

The man in the wagon was not a pleasant-looking gentleman. Perhaps the hot weather affected his temper. He had bulldog features and bushy red whiskers, and a very cross countenance. He cracked his whip and waved it at the juniors. He did not stop the wagon until his horse's nose was nearly touching Trotsky's—the gigantic farm-horse loomed over the little pony like an elephant.

"Don't you hear me?" roared the big man with the whiskers. "Get that thing out of the road."

"It's for you to get out of the

road," retorted Jimmy Silver. "Back into the gate again."

"Likely!" said the gentleman with the whiskers.

"We should have to back a mile or more," said Jimmy Silver. "That's the nearest where you could pass on."

"Well, do it!"

"Go and eat coke!" roared Lovell, in great indignation. "Don't you know the rules of the road? You've only a dozen yards to back."

"Are you shifting?" inquired the big man. "I'm driving on, anyhow. You can take your chance if you don't shift."

And he set the gigantic horse in motion.

Jimmy Silver grabbed at Trotsky and backed him hastily. He suspected that the red-faced man had been drinking; anyhow, it was evident that Whiskers did not mean to listen to reason. And as the Rookwood outfit had been lent to the juniors by a kind friend for the holidays, they certainly couldn't have it run down—apart from other considerations.

There was no room in the narrow lane for even the pony and the little baggage-cart to turn. It had to back; and it backed, first of all, into the bank, and when it was steered off that bank, it promptly backed into the other. Trotsky was a useful pony, but he was not accustomed to back-peddalling, as it were.

Five excited and wrathful juniors clung round the baggage-cart and

guided the wheels, and backed the pony; and all the time the big farm-horse and wagon loomed over them, and the big-whiskered man grinned down at them in a most exasperating way.

For a quarter of a mile the Rookwood outfit backed, in hot haste and hot sunshine, with tempers reaching boiling-point.

Fortunately, there they reached one of the little "bays" which are arranged in narrow country lanes for carts to draw into when other vehicles have to pass.

Trotsky and the baggage-cart were successfully backed into that little space, leaving the road clear for the farmer.

He cracked his whip and grinned as he drove by.

The Fistical Four glared at him in speechless wrath; but Putty Grace, with great presence of mind, jerked a pea-shooter out of the cart. Putty was a good shot. In an instant he was ready with his weapon of offence, and as the grinning farmer drove by, the first pea flew almost like a bullet, and it caught the big man under the ear.

"Yow!" ejaculated Whiskers suddenly.

"Go it, Putty!" gasped Lovell, in great delight.

Whiz, whiz, whiz! Putty was going it! The tiny but stinging missiles fairly rained over the fat red-whiskered face. The big man did not grin any more, the humour of the situation was now lost on him. He drew the wagon to a halt, jumped down, and rushed at the Rookwood juniors, brandishing his long whip.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Rough on Whiskers!

"LINE UP!" shouted Jimmy Silver. The five Rookwood juniors lined up promptly to meet the rush of the big gentleman with the whisksers.

In the wagon, Whiskers had had all the advantage over the little two-wheeled baggage-cart, but hand to hand, the Fourth-Formers of Rookwood had no doubt that they could give a good account of themselves—no doubt whatever.

With his red face redder than ever with wrath, the big man rushed down on them, his whip lashing through the air. Putty Grace just dodged the lash, and before the big man's arm could go up again, the Fistical Four had closed in on him.

Four pairs of hands grasped him at once, and he came over with a crash in the grasp of the four.

He gave a loud, breathless grunt as he landed in the lane. What happened next Whiskers probably never knew clearly.

But he found himself lying on his back, half in the lane, half in the nettles, on the sloping bank, with a couple of juniors standing on his legs and one sitting on each of his arms, and another gripping him by the collar.

He struggled terrifically, and he was a powerful man but he was not quite good enough for the five sturdy fellows who were quite as resolute as himself.

"Let go!" bawled Whiskers, crimson with fury. "Gerrup! Lerrup! Gerroff!"

"Keep smiling, old bean!" said Jimmy Silver, rather breathlessly.

"I—I—I!"

"You're a road-hog, old nut," said Putty Grace severely, "and you're bad-tempered! In these sweet and pastoral

surroundings you ought to be calm, placid, and good-tempered. You see that?"

Whiskers did not look as if he saw it. He looked as if he saw red.

"Give him a dozen with his own whip!" suggested Lovell.

"I—I—I!" spluttered Whiskers.

"Looks as if he would be violent if we let him up!" remarked Jimmy Silver.

"Farmers are generally good-tempered chaps, but this merchant seems a regular Hun!"

"Let me up!" roared Whiskers, struggling furiously. "I'll smash you! I'll wallop you! Lemme up!"

"What an inducement to us to let him up!" murmured Putty.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—groogh!—young scoundrels—ooch—"

The enraged man struggled and heaved beneath the juniors, but they held him fast. Putty looped the long lash of the whip, and Lovell and Raby dragged the big hands together.

The loop was slipped over the wrists and drawn tight. Putty knotted it scientifically in the best style of a first-class Boy Scout.

"Now the dear gent won't do any harm," said Putty. "Can't waste any more time teaching him manners!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Rookwooders rolled the big man into the nettles and left him. He rolled and struggled and sat up, jerking savagely at the bonds on his wrists.

But for the fact that his hands were tied, most certainly there would have been a terrific affray on the spot.

Jimmy Silver & Co. returned to Trotsky, who was cheerfully cropping the grass.

"Good-bye, Gilbert!" called out Putty Grace, waving his hand.

"Farewell, Freddy!" chuckled Lovell. The farmer struggled to his feet.

"Take this here off!" he roared.

"How am I to drive my hoss with my hands like this here?"

"Is that a conundrum?" asked Putty.

"You young rips—"

"You'll work it loose in time," said Jimmy Silver consolingly. "Say half an hour. That will give you time to reflect on the trouble caused by bad temper, dear man!"

"You—you—you—"

"Ta-ta, Whiskers!"

The chums of Rookwood wended their way onward again with Trotsky, leaving Whiskers struggling with the whiplash.

He disappeared behind a bend of the lane, though his voice could be heard for quite a long time across the intervening fields.

Jimmy Silver & Co. passed the gate of the field, whence the wagon had emerged, having lost a good hour's time owing to the obstinacy of Mr. Whiskers.

But they were comforted by the knowledge that Whiskers had probably lost as much.

"That would be a jolly good field for camping," remarked Arthur Edward Lovell, with a glance over the gate.

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"As it probably belongs to Whiskers, we'll give it a miss," he replied. "I hardly think he would be hospitable if we camped on his land."

"Perhaps not!" chuckled Lovell.

The Rookwood tramps pushed on till they came to a cross-roads. The sun was sinking in a blaze of purple and gold, but it was still very hot. At the cross-roads the adventurers paused and looked about them.

"We've done about twenty miles to-day," said Lovell. "Time we had a rest."

"Not much more than ten, I think," said Raby.

"Twenty-two or three, I fancy," said Lovell, who always had a strong bias in favour of his own opinion. "If we'd come under twenty I shouldn't feel fagged. I do feel fagged."

"Which was a clincher!"

"Well, there's water yonder," said Putty of the Fourth, pointing down one branch of the lane. "We want water for camping. Let's try in that direction."

"I can't see any water," said Lovell.

"You see, there's a bridge. The lane runs over a little wooden bridge yonder," said Putty patiently and kindly.

"Bridges often mean water under them—not always, of course. But there's water there, so come on!" And Putty led the way down the lane.

Trotsky and the juniors followed on behind Putty, who reached the little wooden bridge well ahead of them.

He stopped and sat on the low parapet to wait for them, looking down at the stream that ran beneath between steep, rushy, and reedy banks.

Then all of a sudden, to the amazement of his comrades, Putty jumped on the parapet, threw his hands together, and dived off, and vanished from sight.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Rookwooders to the Rescue!

"WHAT the thump—"

"Putty!"

"What the dickens—"

In their amazement, Jimmy Silver & Co. stood and stared at the empty bridge ahead from which Putty of the Fourth had so suddenly vanished.

Why a fellow should dive into a stream with his clothes on was a deep mystery to the Fistical Four.

"He's potty!" growled Lovell.

"There's something up!" said Jimmy Silver quickly.

And, leaving the outfit, the captain of the Rookwood Fourth raced forward to the bridge, reaching it in a few seconds.

He stared over the low wooden parapet into the stream.

"Good heavens!" gasped Jimmy.

He could see how very Putty had dived from the bridge. Down the stream a little girl's hat was floating on the current, and Putty, swimming strongly, had just reached its owner and dragged her to the surface. It was a child of five or six. And a number of red poppies, scattered on the steep bank and floating on the current, showed that the little girl had been gathering flowers, when she had lost her footing and fallen in. The stream was not deep, but it was swift, and Putty was only just in time to save the child from being swept away under the bridge to certain death.

"Hold on, Putty!" shouted Jimmy.

"What's up?" bawled Lovell from the road.

Jimmy Silver did not heed that question if he heard it. He could see that Putty was in difficulties, and he stayed only to throw off his hat and his jacket, and then he dived.

He came up a yard or two from Putty, who was swimming with one hand and supporting the child with the other.

Jimmy was with him in a twinkling, and relieved him of his burden. But there was no hold on the banks, and they were swept under the bridge together, the child between them, quite unconscious.

Lovell reached the bridge, and stared over in bewilderment.

"Well, of all the potty fellows!"

ejected Lovell. "Fancy fellows jumping into the water with their clobber on! I'd jolly well like a swim after that dashed dust, but—"

"Help!"
Raby and Newcome ran to the other side of the bridge. Then, seeing what was on, they scrambled down to the bank.

"Come on, Lovell!" yelled Raby.
"Rot! The pony will clear off if I do. What's on, anyway?"

Raby and Newcome did not answer that. They were wading waist-deep in the water, holding on to long branches of willows, to help Jimmy Silver and Putty of the Fourth. The current was swift and strong, but with a determined effort the two swimmers reached them, and Raby and Newcome clutched hold of them—anyhow, anywhere, so long as they got hold. Jimmy was captured by his collar, and Putty by his hair. But they were secured.

"All serene now!" gasped Raby, dragging at Putty.

"Yaroon!"
"You're all right!" panted Raby, dragging Putty into the willows.

"Ow! Wow!" "Wow!" shrieked Putty. "Leggo my hair! You're pulling it out by the roots! Yoop!"

Putty got his head away from Raby's helping hand at last. Jimmy Silver, with Newcome's help, scrambled up the steep bank with the little girl in his strong grasp. The whole party, drenched to the skin and dripping, clambered back to the bridge, where they found Arthur Edward Lovell holding the pony, still in sublime unconsciousness of all that had been going on.

"Well, of all the idiots—" began Lovell. Then he caught sight of the little girl, and stopped suddenly. "Why—why—what—what—" He left Trotsky to his own devices, and blinked at the child.

"Did—did—did you go in for that kid, Putty?" stammered Lovell.

"Oh, no!" answered Putty, with deep sarcasm. "I went in to wash my clothes. Still, I thought I'd pick up the kid while I was there."

"Oh!" gasped Lovell. "I—I thought—"

"Don't exaggerate, old chap," urged Putty. "Your mental processes can't really be described as thinking, you know."

For once Arthur Edward Lovell made no rejoinder. The juniors gathered round the little girl, and Jimmy wrapped her in a ground sheet from the cart, the best thing he could think of in the circumstances. Her eyes opened, wide and blue and frightened, and she began to cry, with a force of lung that quite surprised the juniors.

"She must belong to somebody near here," said Jimmy. "Too little to have walked very far. If we could find the show—"

"Hark!"
A woman's voice was heard calling: "Poppy! Poppy! Pops! Where are you, Poppy darling!"

Jimmy grinned faintly.
"This'll be Poppy, and that'll be Poppy's mater," he remarked.

The voice came from the bank above the bridge. A woman came through the trees and out on the bank, and as she saw the scattered flowers on the slope, and the child's hat on the rushes on the water's edge, she gave a loud, piercing cry.

"Poppy!"
Jimmy darted from the bridge.
"It's all right, ma'am!" he shouted. "She's safe!"

The woman, a buxom, plump dame, evidently a farmer's wife, looked up at

him. Putty hurried after Jimmy, with the child in his arms, wrapped in the ground sheet. The plump dame gave another cry as she clutched the little girl.

"Poppy, darling!"
"Mummy!" howled Poppy.

For several minutes Poppy's relieved parent was fully occupied in hugging Poppy and smothering her with kisses. The Fistical Four stood looking rather sheepish in that interval, while Putty fielded the hat from the rushes, and brought it up the bank in triumph.

"How did it happen?" gasped the good dame, at last.

"I fell in!" wailed Poppy. "Woo-woo-woo-woo!"

"We got her out of the water, ma'am," said Jimmy Silver. "Or, rather, this chap did, and we helped."



"WHISKERS" RAISES OBJECTIONS! "See those young tramps looked up in the barn!" said Mr. Pudsey to his farmhands. "Give 'em a hiding if they raise a hand!" Jimmy Silver & Co. exchanged looks of utter dismay. They could not handle the farmer, his two labourers and the bull-dog, so there was nothing for it but surrender. (See Chapter 4.)

"Heaven bless you!" exclaimed Poppy's mother, while Poppy still howled resolutely. "You have saved my little girl's life. She wandered away from me in the plantation."

"Better get her home and dried, ma'am," suggested Jimmy Silver. "Like to borrow the ground sheet?"

The woman smiled faintly.
"No, thank you. But thank you again and again for saving my little girl. You are all wet!"

"Oh, we'll soon get dry in this sun," said Jimmy cheerfully. "Good-afternoon, ma'am! Jolly glad we came by in time to be of use!"

The farmer's wife nodded, and hurried away with Poppy, evidently very grateful to the schoolboys, but also in a great hurry to get Poppy home.

"Well, even that as Putty is some use in the world!" remarked Lovell. "I say, you fellows are wet. We shall have to camp at once now, and you can rub down."

"That's so," agreed Jimmy Silver.

And the Rookwood tramps lost no time in looking for a camp.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Awful Luck!

JIMMY SILVER & CO. were in camp ten minutes later. They had found a quiet, ideal spot by the purring stream, some distance below the bridge. It was shaded by trees, and green fields stretched on all sides. That it was some farmer's land was certain, and private property, though the footpath by the stream crossed it. But in the circumstances the heroes of Rookwood felt that they could chance it. Four soaked and dripping juniors simply had to get their clothes changed. They were prepared to pay for the privilege of camping, as

they had done before, and they had generally found farmers of a reasonable and accommodating frame of mind. The gentleman with the red whiskers, with whom they had had trouble on the road, was an exception.

Four fellows felt ever so much more comfortable after a rub down and a change of clothes. The wet garments were hung on branches to dry in the sun, and it looked, as Lovell remarked, like washing-day. Lovell, for once not argumentative, started the camp fire and boiled eggs and made tea while his comrades were otherwise occupied.

Supper and rest were very welcome to the Rookwooders after their long tramp on dusty roads and the adventure that had followed. There were eggs and cheese and milk galore in the baggage-cart, as well as other supplies, and the hungry schoolboy tramps exerted themselves at supper in a way that was almost worthy of Tubby Muffin.

After a tremendous supper they sat in the grass by the dying fire and watching the golden sunset, and chatted contentedly.

"Topping place," said Jimmy Silver, looking away across the stream and the glowing fields to the blue Downs beyond in the distance. "Some sizzly asse waste time buzzing off to Switzerland in the summer, when they might be here! Give me old England!"

"Yes, rather!" said Lovell emphatically.

"Hallo, here comes one of the giddy natives!" yawned Jimmy Silver, as there was a heavy step on the footpath by the stream. "Hallo! My only summer chapeau! It's giddy Whiskers!"

"His nibs, and no mistake!" said Lovell.

The big man of the wagon was tramping along the path, evidently heading for the camp. His red face was more ill-tempered than ever in expression. Indeed, he seemed to be in a spasm of rage. A savage-looking bulldog followed at his heels, and the animal gave a deep, menacing growl at the juniors.

Jimmy Silver & Co. rose to their feet. The big man looked as if he meant trouble, and the dog was decidedly dangerous-looking. But they faced the situation coolly. So far as they could see, Whiskers had no right to interfere with them, and they were not going to stand any nonsense, dog or dog.

The big farmer came to a halt on the other side of the expiring camp-fire, from which a column of smoke was rising. He glared at the juniors across the embers.

"You!" he spluttered.
"Little us!" assented Jimmy Silver.
"Camping on my land!" roared the farmer.

Jimmy gave a jump.
"Oh, my hat!" he ejaculated. "Is— is this your land?"

"My land!" roared Whiskers, purple with wrath. "You know it's my land! Any man hereabouts could have told you that this was River Farm and on Farmer Pudsey's land! You knew it well enough!"

"My dear man, we've never even heard the giddy name of Pudsey before," said Jimmy Silver. "How should we know?"

"Think you've a right to camp out and light fires wherever you like?" roared Mr. Pudsey. "Without even saying, 'By your leave,' by gad!"

The juniors looked serious enough now. They realised that they had put their foot in it. If this whiskered gentleman was the owner of the land where they had camped without asking permission, the complexion of the whole matter was altered. In their previous encounter the big man had been utterly in the wrong. Now they realised very uncomfortably that they were in the wrong.

"Lighting fires, burning up my timber, scorching up my grass," roared Mr. Pudsey. "I never did!"

"You see, we were in rather a hurry to camp, or we'd certainly have found out the owner and asked permission," explained Jimmy Silver. "We—"

"That's enough!"

"Let me explain, Mr. Pudsey."
"I don't want to hear you! Saw your smoke from my very window!" roared the angry man. "Never reckoned it was you again! I came here to set my dog on a gang of gipsies! And it's you, is it? I'll make you smart!"

"Oh, bother your old land!" snapped
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Lovell. "We'll get off if just as quick as we can pack our cart."

"Will you?" said Mr. Pudsey grimly. "You won't! You're trespassers! I'm, and you're going to smart for it! I'm going to lock you up in my barn for the night and hand you over to the police in the morning!"

"What?" yelled the Rookwooders.
"That's the programme," said the big man. "Now pack up your traps sharp, and get a long where I tell you!"

"We shall do nothing of the sort," said Jimmy Silver coolly, though his heart was beating. "We'll move on if you like—"

"You'll move into my barn, and you'll be locked in there!"

"Rats!" retorted Jimmy Silver.

"Here, Toothy!" roared the big man. "Toothy! Mark 'em, boy!"

The great bulldog growled deeply, and made a movement towards the juniors, showing a terrific set of teeth. Jimmy Silver & Co. drew together, rather alarmed.

"Like him to start on you?" hooted Mr. Pudsey. "If I give the word he'll begin, and he won't let go in a hurry, you mark my words! Now, are you going to march, or are you not?"

He turned and looked along the path.

"Here, Bill—Harry!" he roared.

Two farm hands came hurrying into sight.

"See those young tramps locked up in the big barn!" said Mr. Pudsey. "Give 'em the hiding of their lives if they raise a hand!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. exchanged looks of utter dismay.

They had handled Mr. Pudsey once, and got the better of him, though it had been a struggle. But it was obvious that they could not handle Mr. Pudsey and his two men, with the savage bulldog thrown in.

Jimmy Silver compressed his lips.
"Nothing doing!" he said quietly to his comrades. "We've got to take the line for the present."

With furious looks, but feeling that there was nothing else to be done, Jimmy Silver & Co. struck the tent and hurriedly packed their belongings in the baggage-cart, and in a few minutes they were following in the wake of the farmer.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

A Change for the Better!

MR. PUDSEY led the way up the stream and over the little bridge, the scene of Putty's adventure. On the other side of the water, evidently was Mr. Pudsey's farmhouse, though the trees had hidden it from the sight of the Rookwooders.

They followed the lane for a hundred yards or so, and then turned into a rutty path up to the farm gates.

Mr. Pudsey hurled a wide wooden gate open, and Jimmy Silver & Co. led Trotsky onward into the yard, past several up-ended carts and a wagon. Ahead of them was the farmhouse, an old building massed with ivy, and on the right a range of barns. In the porch of the farmhouse a woman stood, with a little girl clinging to her skirts, both of them apparently interested in the tramps who had been caught camping on Mr. Pudsey's land.

The Rookwood juniors glanced at them carelessly, and then they started and exchanged glances. They knew that buxom dame again, and the little girl.

"Poppy!" murmured Jimmy Silver.
"And Poppy's mater!" said Putty. "My only hat! Do they belong to that ferocious old Hun with the whiskers, then?"

"Looks as if they live here," said Lovell.

"Get across to that there barn!" shouted Mr. Pudsey.

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

Dispiritedly the Rookwooders tramped in the direction indicated by Mr. Pudsey's whip.

But, suddenly, from the farmhouse porch, the buxom dame came running. Evidently she had recognised the Rookwood juniors.

"John!" she called out. "They are—they are the boys!" gasped Mrs. Pudsey. "John, I told you—they are the boys—"

"Eh—what?"
"This is the brave lad who saved Poppy's life, and the others helped him!"

Mr. Pudsey gave quite a jump. He stared at the buxom dame, he stared at Poppy, and then he stared blankly at the Rookwooders.

"Them!" he ejaculated at last.

"Yes, yes yes!" exclaimed his wife, with tears in her eyes. "But for this lad"—she touched Putty on the shoulder—"you would never have seen Poppy alive again!"

"What a dang my buttons!" gasped the big man.

Mr. Pudsey seemed a prey to conflicting emotions. He blinked at the Rookwooders with quite a queer expression on his face.

"Why couldn't you tell me, blow you?" he ejaculated at last.

"We were in a hurry to camp, because our clothes were wet," said Jimmy. "If you'd let me explain to—"

"Nuff said!" said Mr. Pudsey. "I've had a lot of trouble with tramps on my land, stealing chickens, and once they set fire to a hayrick. But—but I'm sorry I was rough with you young fellows. And—and—"

"The words came out in jerks." "And—and I was wrong—I own it—in that row in the lane. I was ratty, and—and I own up I was wrong. Can't say fairer than that. Now I know it was you helped Poppy out of the water, I'm only too thankful you came along this way. Camp on my land for the rest of your lives if you want to."

"We won't do that," said Jimmy, with a chuckle. "But if you're not so keen now on locking us up in your barn, we'll get back to the road."

Mr. Pudsey shook his head.
"No, you don't!" he said. "You'll camp where you was, my lads, and I'm sending you some farm stuff to pack in that set-of-your yours before you take the road again!"

"My hat!" murmured Putty. "This looks like a giddy change in the jolly old barometer—what?"

It was! Mr. Pudsey, alias Whiskers, all hospitality now, would not take "No" for an answer. The Rookwood tramps had supped once, but they supped again quite cheerfully in the farmhouse; and when they went back to camp, they parted with the farmer on the best of terms.

The next morning Jimmy Silver & Co. were on the road again. And the baggage-cart fairly groaned under farm produce, heaped there by Whiskers himself. Arthur Edward Lovell remarked again that that ass Putty had come in useful for once, but Jimmy Silver declared that that was a case of fortune favouring the brave, as undoubtedly it was.

THE END.

(There's a big thrill in next Tuesday's grand long story of the Rookwood tramps. Don't miss "The Great Wash-out!")