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6
WONDERFUL STORIES INSIDE!

SPLENDID FILM CAMERAS OFFERED IN A SIMPLE COMPETITION I

A WASH FOR THE ROOKWOOD TRAMPS! Jimmy Silver &

Co. certainly find adventure on their holiday tour. This week Lovell takes the lead again—with disastrous results!



A Rollicking Long Complete Tale of Jimmy Silver & Co., dealing with their tramp on the broad highway.

By
OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. The Camp by the Sea!

"THE giddy sea!" said Jimmy Silver.

Five dusty and rather tired schoolboys came round a bend in the chalky lane, and the wide blue sea burst upon their view. Jimmy Silver & Co. had been tramping for a good many hours in chalky dust and blazing sunshine. The sudden sight of the sea was very welcome to them.

"Looks jolly decent, doesn't it?" said Lovell. "Just what we want—a plunge, to clear off this thumpin' dust!"

"Kim on!" said Raby and Newcome together to the pony.

Trotsky, the pony, stopped.

Perhaps he was stopping to contemplate that fine view of the sea. Or perhaps he did not care for the sea at closer quarters.

Trotsky had a way of stopping when he was especially desired to put his best foot foremost.

"Move on, you brute!" hissed Raby.

"Kim on, Trotsky!"

"Oh, push him along!" said Lovell.

Putty Grace lifted a cricket-stump out of the little baggage-cart.

He did not use the stump—that was not necessary.

Trotsky was a most intelligent animal, and the sight of the stump was generally enough for him. As soon as it was produced, Trotsky would buck up to save unpleasantness.

Trotsky moved on slowly, and the baggage-cart rumbled after him on its two wheels. In a few more minutes the Rookwood tramps were treading on shingle.

Tramp, tramp, tramp!

The sea-breeze blew in the heated faces of the Rookwood holiday-tramps, cooling and invigorating.

Jimmy Silver looked up and down the shingly beach.

"I wonder where we are exactly?" he remarked. "According to the map—"

"Somewhere in Kent, anyhow" said Lovell.

"Must be somewhere near Hythe, I think," said Jimmy.

"Not very near, as it's not in sight," said Putty Grace. "Anyhow, we can camp here if we want to."

"Yes, rather."

Lovell was already unharnessing Trotsky. Jimmy Silver turned the tent out of the baggage-cart. The sun was sinking low, and there was not much light left for camping.

"Simply a nobby place for a camp!" Lovell declared. "By the way, though, Trotsky can't eat shingle, I suppose. There ought to be some grass for him." "Give him some oats for to-night," said Jimmy Silver. "There's some in the cart."

"Good!"

"Isn't this a bit close to the sea for camping?" asked Putty.

Lovell grinned.

"Do you think the sea-serpent will come out in the night?" he asked.

"Or the merry old shark?" chuckled Raby.

"Nunno! But—"

"Lend a hand with this gear, old chap, and never mind about 'butting.'"

"But—" said Putty dubiously.

"Lend a hand, ass!" said Lovell warmly. "Have I got to handle this stuff on my own, while you butt like a billy-goat?"

"But—"

"There you go again!"

"But," roared Putty, "what about high-water mark?"

"Which?"

"Hadn't we better be careful to camp above high-water mark?" demanded Putty. "We don't want a sea-bathe in the middle of the night, I suppose?"

"Is the sea out now?" said Lovell, looking round at the stretches of sand beyond the shingle. "Yes, I suppose so. Well, there's high-water mark. Can't you see that ridge where the water's banked up the shingle at last high tide?"

"That looks like it," agreed Newcome.

Putty still looked dubious. But Putty

had a way of looking dubious when Arthur Edward Lovell made his positive statements. Lovell, perhaps, erred a little on the side of positiveness.

"Is that high-water mark?" asked Putty.

"Is it?" snorted Lovell. "Haven't I told you it is?"

"Yes. But do you know?" asked Putty.

Another snort from Lovell. He was tired, he was dusty, he was hungry—three powerful reasons against indulging in frivolous argument.

"If you'd got any sense," said Lovell, "you'd see that the shingle-ridge is high-water mark; and we're yards and yards on the safe side of it. But if you feel nervous you can sit up to-night and watch for the tide. I'll swallow all that comes past the ridge!"

Putty still seemed unconvinced. But he ceased to argue, and lent a hand with the camping arrangements. And when the camp was completed, and Trotsky safely pegged so that he could not wander, the Rookwood juniors ran down the shelving sands, and plunged into the curling waves that broke gently on the beach, and thoroughly enjoyed the swim. After which they returned to camp, so hungry that even an advancing tide, or a tidal-wave, would scarcely have driven them away before supper.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Round the Camp Fire!

THE little two-wheeled baggage-cart, which the kind-hearted Mr. Richards had lent the Rookwooders for their holiday travels, was a distinctly useful article. It was small and it was light—small enough to follow bridle-paths and even footpaths, light enough to be lifted by a combined effort over such an obstacle as a stile. But its stowage capacity was great, and its set of lockers held almost everything imaginable. The Rook-

wooders had all the "traps" with them that they needed for comfortable camping, and plenty of other things—and a good supply of provisions.

Jimmy Silver had the great gift of forethought, which came in very useful now. There was nothing like firewood to be seen on the shingle, but there was a faggot in the baggage-cart, as well as some cut logs, which Jimmy had laid in stock at the last village. So there was no difficulty about a camp-fire—excepting the difficulty caused by the ocean breeze, which blew out Lovell's matches as fast as he struck them.

Lovell was lighting the fire—he was quite an industrious youth, and he had an inward conviction that he was the only fellow in the party who really could do things. He always had doubts about a fire that was lighted by anybody else. Putty offered to lend him a hand, but Lovell declined aid.

"You see, we want to get the fire going!" he explained.

"You don't seem to be getting it going, old bean!" Putty remarked.

"I sha'n't be any quicker if I'm interrupted by silly asses!" retorted Lovell.

And he struck more and more matches.

"Let's sit round and watch," suggested Putty of the Fourth. "This is worth watching."

Arthur Edward Lovell breathed hard, and started on a second matchbox. There was quite a fresh breeze off the sea, and a heavy murmur from the waves as they dashed and broke on the shingle. Every time Lovell succeeded in getting a match alight it was promptly blown out.

Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome and Putty sat down round Lovell and watched him—which was rather exasperating to the fire-lighter. They were frightfully hungry, and the camp-fire was badly wanted to cook the supper. Four gentle voices urged on Lovell to renewed efforts.

"These rotten matches!" said Lovell, breathing hard. "Rotten foreign matches, you know; they ought to be kept out of the country. The blessed heads fly off—nearly got one in my eye. What are you silly owls blinking at?"

"Let me—" began Jimmy Silver.

"Do you think I don't know how to light a camp-fire?" asked Lovell.

"Well, I believe we've only got a dozen boxes of matches," said Jimmy, "and we shall want to light the fire again in the morning. At that rate—"

"Oh, dry up!"

Putty Grace rose from the shingle and went to the baggage-cart, and returned with a can of paraffin.

"You don't need paraffin to light a camp-fire," said Lovell.

"I don't," agreed Putty; "but you do, old chap."

"Look here—" roared Lovell.

"Suppose I held up a ground-sheet to keep the wind off?" suggested Putty gently.

Lovell was about to growl out an indignant refusal, but fortunately he thought better of it.

"You might have done that already!" he grunted.

"Well, I offered to help, and you—"

"For goodness' sake, Putty, don't argue and jaw, when I'm waiting for you to hold up a ground-sheet!"

Putty closed one eye at the other campers, who grinned. But he forbore to argue with Arthur Edward, who was getting a little excited. He held up the ground-sheet to keep off the wind, and Lovell—on second thoughts—dashed

some of the paraffin from the can over the faggots and the crumpled newspaper under them. To his great satisfaction, the fire flared up at last.

"It's going!" said Lovell. "You needn't stand there, Putty, like a graven image, with that ground-sheet! The fire's all right."

Which was Arthur Edward's way of expressing his thanks for assistance. Putty obediently dropped the sheet, and the sea-breeze blew hard right into the fire. It flared up high, to Lovell's great satisfaction; but the flame, after flaring, suddenly went out.

"Well, my hat!" exclaimed Lovell, in great exasperation.

"The fire hadn't quite got a hold, you know," said Putty. "The wind's pretty strong."

"If you hadn't dropped the sheet just then—"

"You told me to!"

"Of course, you must argue and jaw!" said Lovell, with bitter sarcasm. "The question is, do we want any supper, or are we going to hang around listening to Putty Grace arguing and jawing?"

Whereupon Jimmy Silver & Co., being too hungry to display further patience, took a hand in the proceedings, and lighted the camp-fire. Arthur Edward Lovell shrugged his shoulders, and watched them with a satirical smile, without the slightest expectation of seeing the fire burn. To his surprise, it burned quite nicely, and once it was fairly going, the breeze only stirred it to greater activity.

The iron stewpot was slung over glowing embers, from which sparks flew far and wide over the shingle. It was quite dark now, and the murmur of the sea came through dusky gloom. One by one the stars came out in a calm sky.

An appetising scent of cooking comforted the hungry campers. But they were too famished to wait for the stew, and they started on hard-boiled eggs left over from the last camp, and cold potatoes, and huge slices of bread-and-butter. And when the stew was done, they did that full justice, too. Tramping and the keen sea air gave them an appetite which Tubby Muffin himself would not have disdained.

After an ample supper the logs were piled on the fire, and the juniors stretched themselves on the shingle in luxurious ease. Strange lights and shadows were cast around the camp by the flickering flames. Trotsky, having negotiated his oats, lay on the shingle and regarded the fire with his usual thoughtful expression—occasionally testing his rope to make quite sure that it secured him from wandering. The baggage-cart stood tilted forward with its shafts half-buried in the shingle. Through the gloom of the summer night the deep murmur of the sea came musically. Down by the sea it was a little chilly in the wind, and the juniors were glad of the glowing fire.

"This is something like!" yawned Jimmy Silver. "I'm jolly sleepy! I say, this is a ripping way of spending a holiday!"

"Topping!" said Putty, echoing Jimmy's yawn. "Tip-top, in fact!"

"Lucky we've got the tent up already," murmured Raby. "I'm too jolly tired and sleepy to put it up now, after supper. What about turning in?"

Putty rose to his feet, and looked away towards the sea. Through the darkness he caught the glimmer of starlight on curling waters, touched into broken lines of silver. He strolled out of the camp, sleepy as he was, towards the sea.

"Hallo! Going to have another bathe?" bawled Lovell. "Mind you don't fall in, fathead!"

Putty did not heed. He tramped through the shingle, down to the soft sand that was churning under the lapping water. Lovell burst into a chuckle.

"Poor old Putty's afraid of the tide," he remarked. "We're miles above high-water mark—yards, at least."

"Not much difference!" murmured Newcome.

"Oh, rats! Putty's as nervous as a giddy old hen," said Lovell. He looked round to make sure that Putty of the Fourth was not within hearing. "I'm jolly well going to give him a lesson. As soon as he's asleep I'll mop some water over his chivvy, and he'll think the tide's coming in over the tent."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I suppose we're pretty safe here?" said Jimmy Silver, looking round. "It would be no joke—"

"I tell you it's all right," said Lovell. "I looked out high-water mark, and it's that pebble ridge yonder—not a drop ever comes past that. You can see where the sand's piled up."

Jimmy Silver was too sleepy to argue the point. Putty Grace came back through the darkness.

"Tidal wave coming?" asked Lovell cheerily.

"The tide's turned," said Putty.

"Anybody got a 'Daily Mail'?" asked Lovell.

"What on earth do you want a 'Daily Mail' for?"

"To sign the insurance coupon before we're all drowned," answered Lovell humorously.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, I leave it to you," said Putty. "But if I'd pitched the camp I'd have pitched it a good dozen yards further up the shore."

"Take your giddy blankets, and walk a mile inland," suggested Lovell. "You'd be almost safe there. Still, there might be a landslide—or an earthquake."

"Oh, let's turn in," said Raby. "I'm simply nodding off."

The Fistical Four turned into the tent, and Putty stood looking round him thoughtfully before he followed. He was tempted to take his blankets further up the beach, and camp in the open air. But he let himself be influenced by the prospect of Lovell's derision in the morning—if after all it was all right; and he followed the Fistical Four into the tent at last. And in a few minutes more, the five Rookwood juniors were fast asleep.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Wet!

SPLASH!

Swish! Swoosh!

"Oh!" roared Putty of the Fourth, suddenly awakening from balmy slumber.

He started up blindly in the dark. Water had dashed over his face—and startled him out of his sleep. He awoke to an instant realisation of his fears—the tide was on them! Putty dashed the water from his eyes with his hands and yelled to his comrades.

"Wake up! Turn out! The tide's on us!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

To Putty's amazement, he was answered by a yell of laughter from the darkness.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell.

"You silly ass!" shrieked Putty. "I'm wet already—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo! What's the thumping row?" came Jimmy Silver's sleepy voice.

"The tide——"
"A bucket of sea-water!" roared Lovell. "That's all! I've just dabbed Putty's face with a little water! Ha, ha, ha!"

"What?" howled Putty.
Jimmy Silver & Co. gave a sleepy chortle.

"All serene, Putty!" chuckled Jimmy. "Only one of Lovell's fatheaded jokes. It's all right."

Putty breathed hard. He was a great humorist himself; and like many great humorists, he did not wholly appreciate humour when he was personally the object of it.

But he realised that it was a false alarm, and he groped round him—nothing was wet but his own face. Evidently the tide had not, after all, reached the tent.

"You silly ass, Lovell!" breathed Putty. "I've a jolly good mind to punch your silly head, for waking me up with your rot!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell. "If you cackle again I'll punch your cheeky nose——"

"Order!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "You're treading on me, fathead! Go to sleep, and punch Lovell's silly head in the morning!"

Putty rubbed his face and hair dry in indignant silence, and turned into his blankets again. The Fistical Four chuckled sleepily, and turned over to seek slumber once more.

Putty followed their example, and he was soon fast asleep again.

Once more calmness and repose settled upon the Rookwood camp.

The juniors were thoroughly tired, and they slept as if for a wager, deaf to the growing murmur of the sea, and to a series of uneasy whinnies from Trotsky, who, instead of sleeping, was exerting himself, in vain, to get away from his tether.

Arthur Edward Lovell was the first to awaken.

Lovell had been dreaming, and gradually the idea of being splashed and wet mingled with his dreams. He seemed to be floating in water with his clothes on, in his dream, and gradually he passed from sleeping to waking, and realised that he was really wet.

Water was creeping round him and streaming into his blankets. Lovell sat up, startled, feeling wet all over.

"That silly ass, Putty!" he gasped. His immediate idea was that Putty of the Fourth had retaliated his practical joke on him—on a liberal scale. But if that was the explanation, Putty had been very thorough for Lovell was fairly swamped.

"My hat! I'll smash him!" roared Lovell. "This isn't a joke! Putty, you born idiot, I'll give you an awful hiding for this."

"Wharrer marrer?" murmured Jimmy Silver.

"I'm wet!" roared Lovell.

"Oh, go to sleep."

"How can I go to sleep when I'm swamped with water!" shouted Lovell, angrily. "That silly chump must have chucked two or three pailfuls over me."

"Hallo, I'm wet, too!" exclaimed Jimmy starting into broad wakefulness. "Why, the place is fairly swimming."

"That idiot, Putty——"

"What on earth's the row?" exclaimed Putty, waking up. "Hallo! I'm wet! Have you been at your silly tricks again, Lovell——"

"I haven't!" howled Lovell. "You have, you born dummy. You've swamped me, you dangerous jabber-work."

"Eh! I've been asleep."
"Haven't you swamped me with water?" hooted Lovell.

"Not unless I did it in my sleep," answered Putty.

"Well, somebody has——"

"Hallo, I'm wet!" exclaimed Newcome's voice. "Why, my blankets are simply soaked! Is it raining?"

"I'm wet," shouted Raby. "Groogh! I—grooh—I've got a—moogh—mouthful of water—goroooh—salt!"

Jimmy Silver started up. The shingle under the tent was swimming with water. As he stood it splashed over his knees. Outside the tent there was a sound of lapping water, close at hand. Evidently the flooding of the tent was not a practical joke, as Arthur Edward had supposed. Either there was a terrific downpour of rain, which had found entrance, or——

"The tide!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"The what?" ejaculated Lovell.

"Tide! Rot! How could the tide touch us, when we're miles above high-water mark?"

"Putty was right after all——"

"What utter rot!"

"Fathead!" roared Jimmy Silver.

"Can't you see the tent's flooded?"

"How can I see anything in pitch dark?"

"Can't you feel it, then, ass?"

Jimmy Silver groped to the tent flap, and tore it open. "Oh, my only hat!"

A swamping rush of water caught him at the knees, and sent him staggering back into the tent. There was a breathless yell from the other fellows, as the wave subsided over them, drench-

ing them in every spot where they were not already drenched.
"Why, what—what——" spluttered Lovell. Even Arthur Edward could no longer doubt.

Now that the juniors were wide awake, they could hear, and heed the shrill cries that came from the tethered pony. Outside the tent there was a ceaseless rush and dash of water. The shingle under them was alive with moving water, and their feet sank deep into it as they staggered about in the dark.

"The tide!" gasped Putty. "Caught in the tide! Oh, you asses——"

The tide was not only coming in, but it was coming in hard and fast—and it was only too sorrowfully clear that Arthur Edward Lovell had been mistaken about high-water mark. The tent had been pitched well within the reach of the sea at high-tide—in spite of Arthur Edward's absolute positiveness that it hadn't!

Only the froth of the incoming waves had reached the camp at first, and soaked through the shingle. But solid water followed and followed fast. While the juniors were still groping blindly in the darkness, the water was over their knees, and the tent itself began to shake and reel, as the pegs came loose in the drenched shingle.

Jimmy Silver got his head out at the opening, and his startled glance swept round. Luckily, the stars were bright, and gave a light over sea and shore.

What he saw in the starlight made Jimmy Silver gasp.

Seaward was a boundless extent of rolling waves—rolling and booming



THE ROOKWOOD TRAMPS IN PERIL! "Get a move on, never mind your clothes. We shall be drowned!" yelled Jimmy Silver. The juniors plunged wildly out of the reeling tent and into the sea. A high roller came swamping in, and it broke over the tent and the juniors. The next moment they found themselves swimming for their lives. (See Chapter 3.)

over one another in the sharp breeze from the ocean. Round the tent the waves rolled and broke, and landward they ran on for a dozen yards further, breaking in foam. The tent was completely surrounded by water, and at any moment it might "go." Trotsky, half-buried in water, and quite buried when an extra large wave rolled in, was trampling round his peg and squealing frantically. The baggage-cart had sunk deeper, and was full of water from the breaking waves.

Jimmy Silver seemed to be looking out on a world turned wholly to water and foam.

"Good heavens!" he gasped.

"Is—is it the tide?" stuttered Lovell.

"Get outside!" yelled Jimmy. "For goodness' sake get a move on! Never mind your clothes—never mind anything—we shall be drowned in another minute."

The juniors plunged wildly out of the reeling tent. They were only just in time. A high roller, driven by the wind, came swamping in, and it broke over the tent and the juniors with a terrific crash. The tent crumpled up under it, and went flying on the wave, and five breathless and scared juniors were hurled headlong on the shingle, and the wave passed right over them.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Something like a wash-out!

"O!"

"Ooooooch!"

Overwhelmed by rushing water the five juniors were swept away, rolling and sprawling in a wild mingling of shingle and sea. Jimmy Silver came with a bump on something hard, and threw out his hands and clutched and held on. The wave passed on, spreading over the beach and subsiding, and his head came out clear.

He was clinging to the baggage-cart, which swam with water. It was too deeply rooted in the sand to shift, however. Jimmy stared round him dazedly. Lovell had hold of the pony's tether. The peg had come out, and the pony and Lovell went swamping away up the shelving beach together. The tent had disappeared; but Jimmy Silver caught sight of three heads dotting the foam. Then another heavy wave came rolling in, churning up the shingle and swamping over his head.

He clung desperately to the cart and waited for it to pass.

It passed and spread, higher and higher up the beach. Jimmy Silver was clear again, and he panted for breath. He realised that the baggage-cart was not a safe refuge—it would soon be entirely covered with water. And when the next roller came heavily in, Jimmy let go his hold and went with the wave.

It bore him whirling away landward, through shallower water, and he clutched and caught at shifting shingle, trying to get a hold. The subsiding wave left him sprawling breathless.

He scrambled and staggered to his feet, and scrambled landward, the stones crunching and shifting under his feet in pools of water.

He stood in safety at last, under the gleam of the stars, drenched and dripping, half-choked by the sea-water he had swallowed. At his feet lay a knife. Without thinking, he bent and picked it up.

"Here you are, Jimmy!" gasped Lovell.

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"Where are the others?"

"There's Raby——"

Raby was sitting on the shingle above the margin of the lapping water in a dazed state, gasping. Newcome came tramping along the sands, streaming. The Fistical Four were all safe.

"Putty?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"Can't see him——"

"Putty!" yelled Jimmy Silver in alarm.

And his comrades shouted with him above the roar of the incoming sea.

"Help!"

It was a shout that echoed back. A dark object was beating and flapping on the water—the dismantled tent. And Putty's shout came from it. In the dim, uncertain light it was difficult to make out; but Jimmy discerned Putty of the Fourth at last, struggling amid the wreckage of the tent. Apparently he was caught in the wreckage, for he seemed to be unable to detach himself and swim for it.

Jimmy watched with breathless anxiety. A rolling wave caught the tent and rolled it shoreward, and the Fistical Four stood ready to rush to their comrade's help. But a whirl of receding water caught the tent again and swept it out, and Putty of the Fourth with it, struggling.

And after it, on the retreating wave, went Jimmy Silver, without stopping to think. By luck he bumped into the tangled tent and ropes and blankets, and he shuddered as a rope tangled round his leg, and kicked it away in haste. Floating on turbid water, he stared for Putty, and found him—clinging to the tent-pole, his face white and almost rigid. Jimmy's grasp was on his shoulder the next moment.

"Putty!" he gasped.

"I'm caught!" gasped Putty Grace. "There's a dashed rope caught round my waist. I can't get it loose!"

Jimmy drove down under the water and groped for the rope that held Putty a prisoner. Somehow, it was tangled right round the junior, as tightly as if tied in a scientific knot. Jimmy dragged at it fiercely, but there was no loosening it. He came up again half-suffocated.

"I've got a knife!" gasped Jimmy. "Picked it up—here!"

He gripped the knife, and groped round Putty again. With his head under water, half-choked, dazed, and dizzy, he sawed at the circling rope. It parted.

Putty's movement told Jimmy Silver that he was free. A moment more and the two juniors were fighting their way shoreward. Shifting shingle swirled treacherously under their feet, and an eddying wave caught them and drove them out; and then a heavy roller came thundering in, lifted them, and swept them up the beach. Both juniors were too dazed and dizzy to do anything but sprawl helplessly in shallow water, but Raby and Newcome rushed to them and grasped them. With a last effort the juniors staggered out of reach of the next wave that came swamping in. It flooded round their knees and sucked at them, but they staggered out of its reach, and sank down on the shore in safety at last.

There they lay, how long they never knew, too exhausted to move, dizzily watching the sea breaking at their feet, and churning up the shingle into little hillocks.

Jimmy Silver was the first to move. He staggered up with spray raining on him.

"Better get out of this!" he gasped. And the juniors tramped higher up

the beach, beyond the fall of the spray. A glimmer of pale rose on the horizon announced that dawn was at hand. And never had the sunrise been so welcome to the Rookwooders.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

After the Wash-Out!

"PRETTY state of affairs!"

Thus Arthur Edward Lovell.

It was a bright, clear morning, and the sun was already hot. The warmth was very grateful and comforting to the soaked juniors.

They fairly basked in the sunshine as it grew stronger and stronger. The danger of the night was past, and they were recovering their usual spirits. But their situation was quite dismaying.

The tide was turning; but it was likely to be some time before their night's camp was uncovered. Whether the baggage-cart was still there, they could not tell; they could only hope that it had sunk too deep in the wet sand for the waves to detach it and bear it away. There was no sign of the tent—and Trotsky had long since vanished.

Jimmy Silver rose at last and stretched himself.

"Keep smiling!" he said, as cheerfully as possible. "Might have been worse. We came jolly near getting drowned."

"Jolly near!" said Raby, shivering.

"We won't leave it to Lovell another time!" grunted Newcome.

Arthur Edward snorted. "I was jolly sure that the shingle ridge was high-water mark," he said.

"You always are so jolly sure, old chap!" remarked Raby.

"Anyhow, no good jawing," said Jimmy. "Let's look for Trotsky, and when the tide's down we must save what we can of the outfit."

Hunting for Trotsky kept the Rookwood juniors busy for some hours. They were ravenously hungry; but there was nothing to eat. Trotsky was caught after an hour's search.

In triumph they led him back; and by that time the juniors found their camp uncovered by the receding tide. To their great satisfaction they found the baggage-cart safe and sound, though more than half-buried in sand. They scrambled round it and dug it out, and Trotsky was secured to it and the cart was dragged out.

Everything in the baggage-cart was soaked, but there were tinned things, and on these the juniors made a late and famished breakfast. Then they tethered Trotsky securely and went to hunt for the tent, hoping that it might have been cast ashore somewhere. They found it at last—high and dry on the shingle, half a mile away. A good many things were missing, but the tent was there, and that was a great comfort.

It was late in the afternoon when Jimmy Silver & Co. were prepared to start on their travels again.

"And we won't camp by the sea any more!" Jimmy Silver remarked thoughtfully, as he took charge of Trotsky's head to lead him on. "Too jolly exciting."

"Hear, hear!"

And even Lovell agreed with them.

With light hearts and cheery faces the Rookwooders marched on their way.

THE END.

(You'll all enjoy reading: "Not Wanted!"—next Tuesday's grand long story of the Rookwood Tramps.)