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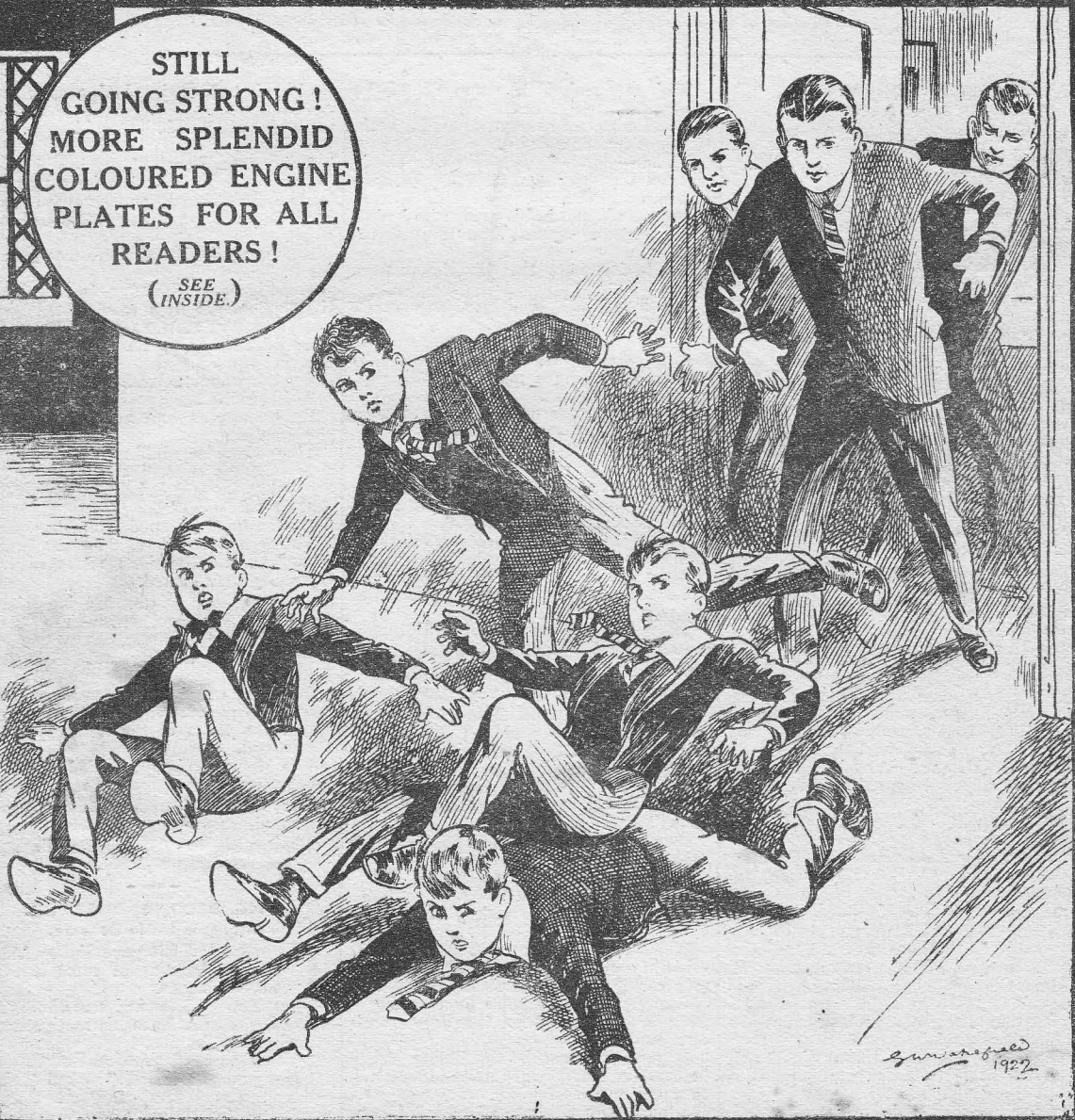
# The POPULAR 2d

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**A HURRIED EXIT BY THE FISTICAL FOUR!**

(An Exciting Incident from the Long Complete Tale of Rookwood in this Issue.)

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QUITE BY CHANCE TUBBY MUFFIN MAKES AN AMAZING DISCOVERY WHICH CLEARS UP THE MYSTERY OF THE STOLEN BONDS!



# TUBBY MUFFIN'S DISCOVERY!

A Grand, Long, Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co., the Chums of Rookwood.

By OWEN CONQUEST

(Author of the Famous Rookwood Yarns appearing in The "Boys' Friend.")

—O—O—

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### Catching It!

"YOW-OW-WOOOOP!"

"Hallo, that's Tubby Muffin!" said Jimmy Silver. The chums of the Classical Fourth had come over to Mr. Manders' House to speak to Tommy Dodd about cricket.

They were on their way to the Modern junior's study when that sudden outburst of yells smote upon their ears.

The yelling came from Catesby's study—Stephen Catesby, of the Modern Sixth.

Catesby had evidently found Tubby Muffin in his study, where he certainly had no business, and the fat Classical was going through it.

"Better give them a look-in," said Jimmy.

He pushed the study door open. Tubby Muffin was lying across a sofa, held down by a heavy hand on his collar.

With his other hand, Catesby was wielding a fives bat.

And the bat was making rapid play on Tubby's fat person.

Stephen Catesby's face was dark with rage.

"Whack! Whack! Whack! Yaroooh! Help! Yooop! Yah! Leggo!" wailed Tubby Muffin. "I wasn't going to open your desk! Yow-ow! It's locked, ain't it, you beast? Yooop! I—I didn't expect to find any grub there! Yarooooop!"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

Jimmy Silver stepped in, his brows knitted.

"That will do, Catesby!" he exclaimed.

Catesby glared round.

"Get out of my study!" he snapped.

Whack! Whack!

Jimmy Silver ran forward.

Catesby had a right to punish the prying Tubby, but there was a limit, and the Modern prefect was far exceeding it.

Jimmy caught his descending arm, and dragged it aside, and the fives bat descended on the sofa instead of upon Tubby Muffin.

The next moment Jimmy jerked it from the prefect's hand, and pitched it across the study.

"That's enough!" he said curtly.

Tubby Muffin squirmed off the sofa as Catesby turned furiously on the Classical junior.

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With one rush Tubby was out of the study and fleeing for his life.

It did not seem to occur to his fat brain to stand by his rescuer.

"You—you—cheeky cub!" shouted Catesby; and he fairly jumped at Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy whirled in his grasp; he hadn't much chance against the big Sixth-Former.

It was fortunate that his chums were there.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome rushed into the conflict at once.

In the grasp of the Fistical Four of the Fourth, Stephen Catesby discovered that he was not to have matters all his own way, by any means.

He was dragged over, and bumped on the floor, in a breathless condition.

"Better out!" murmured Raby.

But it was too late to "cut."

In the open doorway appeared the form of Cecil Knowles of the Sixth, captain of Rookwood since the late election.

Behind him were Tresham and Hoke and Frampton.

The uproar had been heard, and the Modern seniors had come to see what the row was about.

They had arrived at an unfortunate moment for the Fistical Four.

Catesby staggered to his feet.

"Don't let them get away!" he panted.

"Not likely," said Knowles, with a grim look at the juniors. "Handlin' a prefect—what? This is the kind of thing you learned when Bulkeley was captain—eh? You'll learn different manners now, my pippins! Hand me a cane!"

Catesby tossed him a cane from the table.

Knowles swished it in the air.

"You first, Silver!"

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath.

There was no help for it.

Knowles was acting within his rights—his new rights as captain of the school, and certainly the Classical juniors had transgressed all the rules by bumping a Sixth Form prefect on the floor of his own study.

It was not much use being taken before the Head, when he hadn't a leg to stand on, so to speak.

Jimmy stepped forward and held out his hand.

Swish!

It was a cruel cut, such as old Bulkeley would never have given a

junior, but Knowles had a cruel and cattish nature.

"The other hand!" he said.

Swish!

"Now you, Lovell!"

Lovell clenched his fists for a moment. He still looked on Knowles as a Modern prefect, not as captain of Rookwood.

But he realised that there was no help for it.

Knowles was choosing to administer the punishment in a careful and lawful way; but, as a matter of fact, the juniors were hemmed in by the Modern seniors, and in any case they would not have escaped without a licking.

Swish, swish!

Raby and Newcome next went through the infliction.

Then Knowles, smiling, pointed to the door with his cane.

"Cut!" he said briefly. "Help them out, you fellows!"

"What-ho!" grinned Frampton.

The seniors stood back for the four to pass. As the Classics retreated from the study they kicked.

Jimmy Silver & Co. fled ingloriously down the passage, with the Sixth-Formers behind them, shouting with laughter and landing out with their boots.

This was not by any means a lawful method of punishment, but it apparently suited the views of the new captain of Rookwood.

The four juniors scudded into the quadrangle, and escaped at last.

They gathered under the beeches in the quad, gasping.

Their visit to Tommy Dodd's study was indefinitely postponed.

### THE SECOND CHAPTER.

#### Morny's Little Scheme.

JIMMY SILVER gave Tubby Muffin a grim look as he came into the School House.

The fat Classical was there, still wriggling a little from his castigation at Catesby's hands.

"You fat owl!" growled Lovell.

"Did you get licked?" asked Tubby.

"Yes, you worm, and all through you!" snorted Raby.

"I'm sorry, you know," said Muffin.

"It was ripping of you to come and rescue me. That beast Catesby was laying it on."

"I wish we'd left him to lay it on," granted Raby, rubbing his hands ruefully. "What were you nosing in his study for?"

"He's got some grub hidden in his desk."

"Oh, dry up!"

"But he has, you know," persisted Tubby Muffin, speaking in a thrilling voice. "I know he has! I was simply looking at that old desk he keeps in the corner of his study. I've told you before how he always keeps it locked, and wears the key on his watchchain."

"Ow-ow! My hands!" mumbled Newcome.

"What can he have in it if it's not grub?" persisted Tubby. "His fag thinks it must be grub—young Taverner of the Third, you know. He's cuffed his fag for just touching it, though it's kept locked."

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. went up the staircase to their own quarters.

They were not inclined for conversation with Tubby Muffin.

In fact, they were more inclined to bump him.

It was owing to his nosing in Catesby's study that their hands were smarting like fire.

In the end study there was a chorus of gasping and groaning for some minutes.

"I don't feel much like cricket practice this afternoon," mumbled Lovell. "Blest if I could hold a bat now!"

"Same here!" groaned Raby. "Bless that fat little beast! Why can't he stop prying and nosing? Ow! You ass, Jimmy! What did you want to chip in for?"

"Well, Catesby was laying it on too thick," said Jimmy Silver.

"Br-r-r!"

"Tubby will burgle that desk some day," said Raby. "He's convinced that there's grub hidden in it. And I fancy it's only those papers we saw Catesby's uncle hand him that day at Woodend."

"I rather think Tubby would be more inquisitive than ever if he knew that," said Jimmy. "He would want to know what Mr. Catesby gave his nephew valuable documents to mind for."

"Well, it is queer."

"Catesby seems to be jolly nervous about those papers," remarked Newcome. "I don't see that it would do much harm if anyone saw them—just legal papers."

"His uncle told him to keep them secret."

"But why should he?"

"Blest if I know, or care much! Ow-ow!"

"Wow-wow!"

"It would serve Catesby right to talk about his blessed papers for him," said Raby vengefully.

Jimmy shook his head.

"Can't do that," he replied. "We heard him and his uncle confabbing by accident. It would look like eavesdropping if we let on that we knew. Besides, we've nothing against his uncle. I dare say the old johnny is a good sort; he was Mr. Bulkeley's partner."

"I'd like to make Catesby sit up, though, and Knowles! Fancy that bullying cad being captain of Rookwood!" groaned Raby. "It's a bit different from Bulkeley's time. I wish Bulkeley would come back."

"He will if his father's acquitted at the trial," said Jimmy.

"Wow! My hands! Wow!"

Mornington of the Fourth looked into the study.

He grinned at the sight of the Fistical Four rubbing their hands and grunting.

"Been in the wars?" he asked.

"Wow! Yes. Knowles! Ow!"

"Our merry new captain?" smiled Mornington. "Never mind; Knowles won't reign over us long if Bulkeley comes back. His father's innocent."

"Well, I hope he is," said Jimmy. "But Mr. Bulkeley was arrested, though he's let out on bail since. You speak as if you knew something."

"I've thought it out," said Mornington, taking a seat on the corner of the table. "There really isn't any proof against Mr. Bulkeley. Twenty thousand pounds of bonds are missing from the bank. I've read up the evidence that was given when he was remanded in the newspapers. It seems that the junior partner, James Catesby, was in Scotland when it took place. Only the two partners had keys to the safe, and Mr. Catesby had left his with Mr. Bulkeley when he went away."

"My hat!" said Lovell. "That looks pretty clear. I remember hearing that the bank safe was opened with a key when the bonds were taken away." Mornington nodded.

"That isn't all," he said. "The night-watchman was stunned by a blow from behind, and Mr. Bulkeley's stick was found on the premises."

"Oh!"

"Poor old Bulkeley!" said Jimmy Silver feelingly. "I'm blessed if I see how his father is to get away from evidence like that."

"All the same, I believe he's not guilty," said Mornington.

"Why?"

"Knowledge of human nature, old scout. I've seen the old boy when he's been down here visiting Bulkeley; he looked thoroughly decent. I'd lay ten to one in quids on Bulkeley's pater—if I had any quids."

"Well, I hope he'll get clear," said Jimmy Silver. "But you can see what the police think from that detective man, Screw, coming here and searching Bulkeley's quarters. They thought Mr. Bulkeley had the bonds, and suspected that he might have given them to Bulkeley to hide, as they couldn't find them at his house."

"But they haven't found them," said Mornington.

"Not here."

"Not at all," said Morny.

"How do you know?"

"Because I've just spotted that detective chap hanging about the school," answered Mornington coolly. "He still thinks old Bulkeley may have hidden the bonds somewhere here, and he's after them. Of course, if they found the bonds here, that would be a clincher at the trial. Until they find them, I don't believe they can find Mr. Bulkeley guilty, and there will have to be another remand when the case comes up. See?"

Lovell frowned angrily.

"The fellow's no right to hang about Rookwood!" he exclaimed.

"Exactly. I've been thinkin'," said Mornington. "The detective johnny was in the lane a few minutes ago. I heard him askin' old Mack questions about the abbey ruins."

"What on earth does he care about the ruins of Rookwood Abbey?" exclaimed Jimmy in surprise.

"Don't you see? He thinks those blessed bonds may have been hidden in some nook or cranny by poor old Bulkeley before he left."

Jimmy Silver uttered an angry exclamation.

"The silly chump!"

"And is he there now?" exclaimed Lovell.

"You bet!"

"Confound his cheek!"

"Yaas, it is a cheek—a thumpin' cheek!" agreed Mornington. "That's what I was thinkin'. I came here to make a suggestion. The merry 'tec is nosin' in the abbey ruins. Why not go for him?"

"Eh?"

"And shut him up in the vault," said Mornington calmly. "It would be a lesson to him to do his Sherlock Holmes' biznez somewhere else."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell.

"I suggested it to Erroll, but he's such a sober old judge," said Mornington, "and he wants to play cricket. So I came along here. What do you say?"

"There'd be a row," said Raby doubtfully.

"Not a bit of it! It will be an accident, of course!"

"Ha, ha!"

"We go there without knowin' he's there," explained Mornington. "We let him hear us talkin' about somethin' hidden, an' he follows us into the vault, spyin'. See? You bet he'll dodge out of sight when he sees us comin'." He don't want all Rookwood watchin' him at work. It would be no end of a joke to bottle him up an' leave him to investigate the habits of the merry little lizards in the vault!"

The Fistical Four chortled.

They did not feel very amiable towards the enterprising Mr. Screw, whose suspicions of Bulkeley seemed utterly ridiculous to the majority of Rookwood fellows.

"Of course, we'll let him out later," added Mornington. "We won't starve him to death. A few hours in the vault will teach him not to nose about here."

"It's a go!" said Jimmy Silver.

A "lark" with the detective was an attractive enterprise to the Fistical Four, who were not feeling up to cricket just then.

The four left the end study with Mornington, and they sauntered away with an air of carelessness towards the abbey ruins.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Bagged!

"IN this style, three and nine!" murmured Mornington.

The Fistical Four chuckled softly.

The juniors were approaching the abbey ruins, at some distance from the school buildings.

Morny's remark was called forth by the sight of a black bowler hat showing above a pile of ancient masonry.

Only the bowler hat could be seen, but it was evident that the owner was underneath it.

"He hasn't heard us yet," murmured Mornington. "When he does he will take cover, ten to one on that! You see! Otherwise, he would expect to get a crowd round to find out what he's doin' here."

Morny kicked a chunk of loose stone, and began to speak loudly.

"The vault's open, you chaps; I noticed that. Whoever went there last left the door unfastened."

Instantly the bowler hat vanished.

The unseen detective ducked down at once at the sound of the footsteps and a voice.

As Morny sagely divined, he did not want to be spotted there, and to get a crowd of curious schoolboys on the scene.

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A SPLENDID TALE OF ROOKWOOD,  
By OWEN CONQUEST.

NEXT  
TUESDAY!

"JIMMY SILVER CHIPS IN!"

## 4 Don't Miss Next Week's Splendid Coloured Engine Plate. It's Grand!

Mornington winked at his companions as the hat disappeared.

The Fistical Four suppressed their merriment with some difficulty.

The detective's belief that his presence was unsuspected there seemed comic to the juniors.

The Fourth-Formers walked on, clattering over the loose stones and mortar, heading for the opening of the vault.

The detective remained out of sight.

They reached the mossy stone steps that led down to the vaults, at the bottom of which the great door was ajar.

It was supposed to be kept closed, but fellows with a taste for exploration sometimes got it open, and left it so.

"This way!" said Mornington. "I've got an electric torch in my pocket, you chaps. We'll find the bundle easily enough."

Jimmy Silver & Co. stared for a moment, and then they understood that the word "bundle" was intended for the sharp ears listening behind the masonry. Jimmy entered into the spirit of the thing at once.

"What do you think is in the bundle, Morny?" he asked.

"Well, that's rather a deep one," said Mornington gravely. "To judge by the look of it, it contains papers of some kind. But I don't see why a chap should hide a bundle of papers in the vault—do you?"

"Blessed if I do!" grinned Lovell.

The juniors pulled open the heavy door and passed into the opening of the vault.

There was a click in the ruins above.

"He's on the move!" murmured Mornington.

The juniors chuckled silently.

Morny turned on the light of his electric torch, and led the way in, followed by the Fistical Four.

He stopped in the second vault and made a sign for silence.

Behind them in the darkness came a faint sound.

It was the sound made by a man softly creeping.

Mr. Screw was on the track.

The detective's eyes were gleaming as he crept into the vault.

He was there to hunt for the bonds, which he suspected were hidden in some nook or cranny about Rookwood.

The words he had overheard settled the matter for him.

These juniors were evidently seeking the bundle he wanted.

Mr. Screw intended to have his eyes on that bundle the moment it was revealed.

He did not intend to reveal his presence until the hiding-place of the bonds was disclosed.

Then it would be easy to step forward and take possession of the stolen goods under the eyes of the astonished juniors.

But to show himself too soon would spoil it all, for it was very probable that Morny would refuse to reveal the hiding-place at his order.

Careful as he was, the detective could not help making a few slight sounds as he crept along in the darkness.

The juniors were well aware that he was in the second vault by the time they entered the third.

"Here, is it?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"I think so; awfully carefully hidden too," said Mornington. "I'll bet you could search for a week without finding it, Silver!"

Which was very probable.

"Well, where's the place?" asked Jimmy.

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NEXT TUESDAY!

"JIMMY SILVER CHIPS IN!"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Tubby in Luck!

"H A, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. laughed loud and long as they walked merrily from the abbey ruins.

Mr. Screw was left to his just punishment, as the juniors regarded it.

The man who suspected a Rookwood fellow of having a hand in a robbery deserved punishment, according to the Rookwood point of view.

Mornington joined Erroll of the Fourth in the quadrangle, and they went along to Little Side, where a good many of the Fourth were improving their half-holiday by cricket-practice.

But the Fistical Four were not feeling inclined for handling bats as yet.

They sauntered down to the gates.

Tubby Muffin met them there, and rolled after them as they went into the lane.

"You fellows after Catesby?" he asked.

"Both Catesby!"

"He's just gone out," said Tubby. "I say, what a chance to get that key off him, and open that desk with the grub in, in his study!"

Tubby Muffin dodged Lovell's boot, and ceased to make any remarks.

But he followed the four juniors down the lane.

"There's that Modern worm!" granted Lovell, as the juniors came in sight of the stile in Coombe Lane.

Sitting on the stile, half-hidden by the willows, was Catesby of the Sixth.

Jimmy Silver gave a sniff.

"He's waiting for some of his precious sporting friends, you bet," he said. "I suppose he's got some money on the races. I know he plays that game, and Knowles, too."

"Ripping, for a captain of Rookwood!" growled Lovell.

"What price bumping him off the stile?" said Raby.

"Fathead! I've had enough of bumping Catesby!"

Raby burst into a sudden chuckle.

"I say, it's ten to one he's there to meet some sneaking sharper from the Bird-in-Hand," he said, in a low voice.

"You can see he's staring towards the place."

"Most likely! But what about it?"

"Well, let us wait, too."

"Eh? We don't want to meet a book-maker or a billiards-sharper, do we?"

"Yes, we do," answered Raby, with a grin. "It will make Catesby no end waxy; and he can't go for us for hanging about the lane."

Jimmy Silver laughed.

It was quite a good scheme for worrying the bully of the Sixth, in return for what the juniors had received in his study.

"Done!" said Jimmy.

The four walked on till they came abreast of the stile. Then they stopped.

Catesby glanced round for a moment, and frowned.

"Clear along, you fags!" he rapped out.

Jimmy Silver glanced round.

"Did you speak to us, Catesby?" he asked politely.

"Yes. Clear off!"

"Off what—the earth?" inquired Jimmy. "Do you want it all?"

"Will you go?" shouted Catesby, striding towards them.

"No fear!"

"Then I'll kick you along the road!" exclaimed the prefect savagely.

"Kick away," answered Jimmy coolly.

"We can do some kicking, too."

Catesby rushed at them.

Probably he expected to see the fags dodge and flee before him.

But they didn't!

They grasped Catesby as he rushed them down, and all five of them rolled in the dust together.

"Ow!" roared Catesby. "Oh! I—I—I'll smash you! Ow!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF ROOKWOOD.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

He hit out furiously, and there was a chorus of yelling.

But the juniors grabbed him fiercely. Lovell's clutch chanced on his watch-chain, and it was dragged out.

The drag, however, pulled Catesby over, and he rolled on his side, and Lovell planted a knee on him.

"Down him!" panted Lovell.

"Yaroo!"

"Bump the cad!"

"Look out!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

In the distance, from the direction of Coombe, appeared the figure of Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth.

He was coming directly towards the excited group.

In a flash, the Fistical Four jumped away from Catesby, and bolted through a gap in the hedge.

They did not want to meet their Form-master, in the very act of ragging a Sixth Form prefect—even a Modern one.

Catesby staggered to his feet, gasping, wondering for a moment why the juniors had so suddenly released him.

Then he caught sight of Mr. Bootles, and at the same moment of Mr. Joey Hook, the bookmaker, rolling across the fields from the direction of the Bird-in-Hand.

Stopping only to catch up his cap, Catesby darted through the hedge on the opposite side of the road, and vanished.

It was Mr. Hook's turn to wait for the appointment to be kept. Catesby was not likely to keep it while a Rookwood master was anywhere about.

Tubby Muffin, left alone in the lane, blinked in astonishment.

In a few seconds the excited, struggling group had vanished from Tubby's startled eyes.

"Silly asses!" muttered Muffin discontentedly. "They might have had the key off him if they'd had any sense! They— Oh!"

Tubby fairly jumped, as a gleam of metal in the dust caught his eye.

A key lay in the road, with two or three silver links of a chain still attached to it.

Catesby's watchchain had broken when Lovell's sudden drag came on it.

The watch had been left in his pocket, but the other end of the chain had come loose and broken with the violence of the jerk, and the key attached to it had fallen into the dust.

Tubby Muffin knew that key!

He gave one glance in the direction of Mr. Bootles—the master was still twenty yards distant.

Then he pounced on the key!

In a twinkling the key was in Tubby Muffin's pocket, and the fat Classical was scudding back to Rookwood as fast as his fat little legs would carry him.

Stephen Catesby's store of grub was at his mercy now—if it was grub.

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.**

**An Amazing Discovery!**

**T**UBBY MUFFIN strolled into Mr. Manders' House with an air of great carelessness, as if merely looking in to speak to a fellow.

But as soon as his saunter brought him past Catesby's study he whipped open the door and darted in.

He closed the door behind him, and listened breathlessly for a minute or two.

But nobody had observed him; the corridors were deserted, as were most of the studies.

As for Catesby himself, he was out of gates, and was not likely to return till after he had kept his postponed appointment with Mr. Hook.

Tubby felt that it was "all clear."

He stopped before the old mahogany

desk in the corner of the room, and fumbled in his pocket for the key.

A moment more, and the key was in the lock, and Muffin had turned it.

The fat Classical was trembling now, partly with excitement and partly with nervousness.

It was a serious matter, unlocking a prefect's desk without his knowledge or permission.

His round eyes glistened as he looked into the desk, and then his face fell.

He had expected to find the space crammed with good things—ham and tongue, and sugar and cake, and other things.

Instead of which, all he saw in the almost empty desk was a bundle, which looked as if it contained bulky papers.

"Mum-mum-my hat!" mumbled Tubby.

He fairly blinked at the bundle.

Why on earth did Catesby keep that old unused desk so carefully locked, and wear a heavy key on his watchchain, if there was nothing in the desk but a bundle of papers?

been there—only he would know the secret, whatever it was.

That was his reflection.

Astonishment grew in his fat face as he brought the contents of the packet to light.

The papers were very thick and heavy, were printed in two colours, and were covered with small print.

In large type, at the head of the top paper, he read the words, "Government of Japan."

Tubby fairly blinked.

He did not need telling that this was an official paper of some kind.

What could an official paper, issued by the Japanese Government, be doing in Stephen Catesby's desk at Rookwood?

A lesser mystery than that would have made Tubby Muffin breathless with curiosity.

Lower down the document were the figures, "£1,000."

Almost stuttering with amazement and excitement, Tubby examined the remainder of the documents.



**A BUMPING FOR CATESBY!** In the grasp of the Fistical Four, Stephen Catesby discovered that he was not to have matters all his own way. He was dragged over and bumped on the floor in a breathless condition. (See Chapter 1.)

In the faint hope that the bundle might, after all, contain something in the eatable line, Tubby Muffin picked it up and examined it.

It was fastened with string, and wrapped in thick paper, but it felt as if it only contained documents.

Tubby Muffin was as inquisitive as a daw, and his fat fingers were fairly trembling with eagerness now.

There was something so odd, so mysterious, in Catesby of the Sixth taking such extraordinary care of a bundle of papers, that even Tubby's fat brain realised that there must be something very unusual about those papers.

Tubby had very few scruples when his insatiable curiosity was aroused.

He wanted to know, and he meant to know.

Almost unconsciously his fat fingers unfastened the string that tied up the bundle of documents.

After all, he could leave them as he found them, locking the desk after him, and no one would ever know that he had

Some of them were in French, and one or two in Spanish.

All had figures marked on them, and sheets of coupons marked in smaller sums; and Tubby, reading them, found that the coupons entitled the holder of the documents to payments of interest at specified dates.

And there were twenty of the documents in all.

Tubby fairly gasped.

He knew what they were now.

He had heard of War Bonds, and he knew that these must be bonds of some sort—bonds issued by foreign Governments.

Bonds!

Twenty thousand pounds!

In Catesby's desk!

If Tubby had never heard of the bank robbery, he would have known that a Sixth-Former at Rookwood could not possibly have come honestly into the possession of twenty thousand pounds' worth of bonds.

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NEXT TUESDAY! "JIMMY SILVER CHIPS IN!"

But he had heard of it; of course. Mr. Screw had evidently searched in the wrong house at Rookwood. "Oh crumbs!" gasped Tubby. He let the bonds fall back into the desk.

They were not the kind of plunder he was looking for.

With trembling hands Tubby closed the desk, and locked it again.

His heart was thumping as he strode out of the study, almost bursting with excitement at the discovery he had made.

He rolled away to the gates, and gave a chirrup of relief as he sighted the Fistical Four in the lane.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were sauntering home.

The effects of their licking having worn off, they were ready for cricket practice.

Tubby Muffin rolled out to meet them. "Jimmy!" he gasped.

"Hallo, porpoise!" answered Jimmy Silver. "Still hungry?"

"I—I say, Jimmy, about Bulkeley—"

"What about Bulkeley?" asked Lovell. "His father—his father's innocent!" spluttered Tubby.

Jimmy stared at him. "I believe he is," he said. "But what do you know about it, Fatty?"

"I know who robbed the bank."

"What?" yelled the Fistical Four.

"Honour!" gasped Tubby. "Who was it, then?"

"Catesby of the Sixth!"

#### THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Light at Last!

**T**UBBY MUFFIN made that announcement impressively.

"It's true! I've seen the bonds! They're locked up in Catesby's desk. It wasn't grub, after all! It's the stolen bonds!"

"What?"

Tubby Muffin held up the key. "Catesby dropped that when you were handling him," he explained. "I—"

"You've been to his desk!" exclaimed Newcome.

"Yes, I have."

"And was there any grub there, you fat burglar?"

"No, you ass! Don't I keep on telling you that the stolen bonds were there—twenty thousand pounds' worth!" spluttered Tubby.

Jimmy Silver looked at him fixedly.

Back into his mind came that mysterious meeting at Woodend, when Mr. James Catesby had handed a parcel of papers to Catesby of the Sixth, with instructions to keep them safe and secret.

And Mr. Catesby was Mr. Bulkeley's partner at the bank.

The possibilities flashed into Jimmy's mind at once.

He dropped his hand on Tubby's shoulder.

"Quiet now, and tell us what you've seen," he said quietly.

Tubby, only too glad to have impressed Jimmy Silver at last, went on to relate with great circumspection what he had discovered.

The juniors listened without an interruption, their faces growing very grave.

It was evident that Tubby was telling the truth.

He could not possibly have invented that description of the foreign bonds, which he had never seen till he saw them in Catesby's desk.

"My only hat!" said Jimmy at last, when Tubby's tale was told. "That lets in some light on the subject, you fellows."

Lovell whistled.

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"JIMMY SILVER CHIPS IN!"

"Then it was Mr. Bulkeley's partner!" he said.

"It looks like it."

"He was supposed to be in Scotland at the time, and he had left his key of the safe with Mr. Bulkeley," said Raby. "Moyny said so."

"His journey to Scotland was spoof. If he did it, he came back secretly, of course," said Jimmy quietly. "As for leaving his key with Mr. Bulkeley, he could easily have had another made like it in advance. I dare say he could easily get hold of a stick belonging to his partner, to leave there after he had knocked the night-watchman on the head."

"You can come and spin this yarn to Mr. Screw, Tubby!" continued Jimmy. "He's the proper person to hear it. He's after those bonds."

"But—where is he?" gasped Tubby. "Do you know where to find him?"

Jimmy grinned.

"Yes; we keep detectives bottled up in vaults, in case we want 'em!" he answered, an answer that made Tubby Muffin blink.

The Fistical Four hurried in at the gates, taking Tubby Muffin with them.

They hurried round the buildings, and made their way to the abbey ruins.

There was a faint sound of thumping from within the oaken door of the vaults as they at last descended the steps.

Bang, bang!

Jimmy kicked the wedge away, and pulled the door open.

Mr. Screw, with a furious face, strode out.

He shook a bony fist at Jimmy Silver. "You young rascal!" he thundered.

"Hallo! Is that your thanks for being let out?" inquired Jimmy.

"You shut me in the vault!" raved Mr. Screw. "I can see now that you knew I was there, and you were leading me into a trap by pretending that there was a bundle hidden in the vault! Do you deny it?"

"Easy does it, Mr. Screw!" grinned Jimmy, as the enraged man clenched his hands, as if about to make a frontal attack on the Fistical Four. "I've got news for you. How would you like to find those bonds after all?"

Mr. Screw's manner altered at once.

"If you know anything of stolen property you are bound to tell me!" he said. "If you can give me any information I will forgive you the trick you have played on me."

"I don't know that I'm worried about that," answered Jimmy calmly. "But I can tell you where the bonds are, if you like."

Mr. Screw gave him a very suspicious look.

"Go ahead, Tubby!" added Jimmy Silver. "Spin your yarn, old porpoise. I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Screw stood you a twopenny bun for it!"

Tubby Muffin rolled into the limelight at once.

With a wealth of detail, he narrated his startling discovery to Mr. Screw, who watched him almost like a hawk all the time he was speaking.

Then Jimmy, in a few words, told of the meeting the chums had accidentally witnessed in Woodend, when James Catesby had handed the precious packet to his nephew.

Mr. Screw smiled, a very pleased smile.

"You young, gentlemen have performed a very great service," he said. "If you are attached to this lad Bulkeley, as I gather, you may rest satisfied that his father's name will be

cleared when I have verified this information. Please show me the way to Master Catesby's study."

The juniors left the abbey with Mr. Screw, who grinned to himself several times on the way to Mr. Manders' House.

It was plain that the gentleman from Scotland Yard was feeling in high feather.

He followed the juniors into Mr. Manders' House, to meet an inquiring stare from Mr. Manders.

Mr. Manders' stare did not disconcert him, however.

He spoke in a low tone to the Modern master, the juniors standing respectfully back.

Mr. Manders' face was very entertaining to watch as he listened to the detective.

"Good heavens!" the juniors heard him gasp. "Bless my soul! Impossible! Yes—yes, certainly! At once! Come with me!"

Mr. Manders whisked away with the detective to Catesby's study.

Jimmy Silver & Co. followed at a respectful distance.

They looked in quietly at the mahogany desk was opened in the presence of Mr. Manders, whose eyes seemed to be almost bulging through his spectacles.

Mr. Screw threw back the lid of the desk and lifted out the bundle of papers. Quietly he examined them, comparing them with the list he produced from his pocket-book.

Mr. Manders watched him with a series of horrified gasps, the juniors in breathless silence.

"Correct!" said Mr. Screw at last. "That—that—that is stolen property?" stammered Mr. Manders, in horror.

"Yes, sir; the bonds Mr. Bulkeley was accused of parloining," answered the detective. "They are found in the possession of his partner's nephew. I think it probable that the boy did not know what his uncle was placing in his charge."

"I am sure of that, at least!" gasped Mr. Manders.

"But as for the uncle—" Mr. Screw's jaw squared. "May I request the use of your telephone for a few minutes, sir?"

"Yes, yes; certainly!" stammered Mr. Manders. "Please follow me."

He brushed the juniors aside, and Mr. Screw followed him, bestowing a really genial smile on the Fistical Four as he passed them.

He had quite forgiven his imprisonment in the abbey vault now.

Jimmy Silver & Co. left the House, and fairly raced down to Little Side.

Their excited looks drew upon them the eyes of the junior cricketers.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Mornington.

"What's the news?"

"The bonds have been found, and Bulkeley's pater is cleared!" chortled Arthur Edward Lovell. "So Bulkeley will come back, and be captain of Rookwood again! Hurrah!"

And then there was a roar from the Classical juniors that rang far beyond the limits of the cricket-ground.

"Hurrah! Hip, hip, hurrah!"

THE END.

(In next week's issue there will be another magnificent long complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood; entitled "Jimmy Silver Chips In!" By Owen Conquest. Look out for it!)

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PROVES HIMSELF AN ACTOR OF NO MEAN ABILITY.



A Splendid Long Complete Tale, dealing with the Schooldays in the Backwoods of Canada of  
**FRANK RICHARDS**

(Author of the Famous School Tales of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars.)

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.**  
An Interrupted Recitation.

**R** "UBBISH!" That was Kern Gunten's opinion, and he did not hesitate to express it.

"Rot!" remarked Keller, who, like Gunten, was of Swiss nationality. "Give a chap a chance," said Tom Lawrence. "Wade in, Richards!" Frank Richards coloured a little.

He was the centre of a little group in the school grounds at Cedar Creek. Some of the fellows were grinning—in fact, most of them.

Frank was imparting a new idea to his schoolfellows. Bob Lawless and Vere Beauclere backed him, chiefly because he was their chum, but not quite because they thought his idea was a good one.

Gunten, the Swiss, was always "up against" Frank Richards, and he did not lose this opportunity of expressing an unfavourable opinion. Anything Frank Richards suggested was sure of opposition from the cad of the lumber school.

"Go it, Franky!" said Bob Lawless encouragingly.

"Well," said Frank; "it's only a suggestion. We used to do amateur theatricals at home, when I was at school in England," continued Frank. "We had a stage club in my Form. Now the winter's here, we've got long evenings before us. Why shouldn't we start a dramatic club in this school? We can get some props from Fraser on the railway. The store-waggon will bring them up the valley."

"Who's going to pay for them?" grinned Keller.

"If every fellow came into the idea a subscription of half-a-dollar a term would see us through," said Frank. "The girls could join, too. They'd be able to take the girl parts. Later on, we might give

a performance at Thompson, and charge for admission, and make a good thing of it."

"Oh, Jerusalem!"

"No reason why we shouldn't. Anyway, it would be fun. Now, who's going to put his name down?"

"Hold on!" said Gunten. "Can you act, Richards?"

"Well, I have acted at school," said Frank. "Not quite like Irving, I suppose, but fairly well, I think."

"Blessed is he that bloweth his own trumpet!" grinned Keller.

"I'm not blowing my own trumpet; I'm answering a question."

"Let's see a sample of it," suggested Gunten. "Give us some Shakespeare, and let's see how you do it."

Frank hesitated.

"I guess that's a good stunt," said Eben Hacke. "Get on with the chin-music, Richards."

"Frank Richards is an education in himself," said Gunten, in his sneering way. "Enlighten us. Give us a sample."

"Go it, Richards!"

It was a chorus from the Cedar Creek fellows.

But Frank hesitated.

He was rather keen on the idea of an amateur theatrical club in the lumber school, and he wanted the fellows to take it up. But he could see that Gunten was "pulling his leg," and that the other fellows were entering into it as "guy" him.

"Well, go it!" said Tom Lawrence. "Can't you act, after all?"

"Give us Mark Antony's oration," said Dawson, grinning. "I remember having that at school in Ontario."

"Pile in!"

"Oh, he was only gassing!" sneered Gunten. "All he knows about Shakespeare is his name!"

There was a laugh.

"Look here, you want me to recite. I'll recite fast enough!" exclaimed Frank Richards. "I don't mind. Here goes!" "Silence for Irving the Second!" called out Gunten.

Unheeding the Swiss, Frank Richards began with that celebrated speech of Marcus Antonius:

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones.

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble— Yaroooooh!"

Frank was reciting quite well, and the Cedar Creek fellows left off grinning, and listened with growing interest.

But Kern Gunten had slyly stooped behind Keller for a handful of snow.

Just as Frank was fairly going the Swiss' hand came up, and the snowball flew with unerring aim.

Frank's recitation ceased in a wild splutter as the missile crashed on his mouth.

"Gurrerrrrh!"

Frank Richards staggered back a pace, and slipped in the snow and sank down.

There was a roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Even Bob and Beauclere joined in the yell, the sudden fall of the orator was so ludicrous.

"Groogh!" gasped Frank Richards.

He sat in the snow, goging out the fragments of the snowball that had gone into his mouth, and gasping spasmodically.

"You rotter!" he gasped. "Groogh! You worm! Ow-yow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo! There's the bell!" exclaimed

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TUESDAY!

"GUNTEN'S REVENGE!"

A MAGNIFICENT STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO.  
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Bob Lawless, grasping Frank by the arm and dragging him up. "Come on! Ha, ha!"

"What are you—groogh—cackling at, you ass?"

"Ha, ha! Come on!"

"I'm going to punch that foreign beast!"

"You're not; you're coming in to school," chuckled Bob. And he dragged his chum away towards the School House.

Gunten, chuckling, had already gone in. There were grins all round Frank Richards as he sat down at his desk for afternoon lessons.

Chunky Todgers dug him in the back from the next row.

"I say, Richards, give us another recitation after lessons, will you?"

"We'll all get snowballs ready!" chortled Dawson.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Rats!" growled Frank.

"Silence, please!" said Miss Meadows, as she came to take the class.

And the chortles ceased as the lumber school settled down to the serious business of the afternoon.

### THE SECOND CHAPTER. The Amateur Actor!

**A**FTER lessons that day Frank Richards followed Mr. Slimmey, the assistant-master, to his cabin for the Latin lesson which Mr. Slimmey kindly gave him one evening a week.

Bob Lawless and Vere Beauclerc joined in the snowballing which went on in the school grounds before the Cedar Creek fellows dispersed to their homes.

There was some discussion of Frank's idea among the fellows. Kern Gunten was loud in expressing his opinion that the English schoolboy's sole game was to get into the limelight, and "swank."

Gunten was not popular in the school, and his remarks were not much heeded, for which reason, probably, he expressed them with all the more emphasis.

It was quite evident that if Frank Richards succeeded in forming the Cedar Creek Dramatic Society, Gunten would do his best to make it a failure.

Beauclerc and Bob Lawless joined Frank when his hour with Mr. Slimmey was up, and they left the school together.

Bob was grinning.

"Still thinking of the dramatic stunt, Franky?" he asked, as they left the school and walked their ponies down the snowy trail through the timber.

"Well, there doesn't seem much keenness about it," confessed Frank. "I think it's a good idea, all the same, especially with the Christmas holidays just coming on. I'm going ahead. The fact is, I've already sent an order for some things to Phipp's store at Fraser—grease-paints and wigs and things, to begin with. They may come along any day."

"It's a good idea," said Beauclerc. "Never mind Gunten. He would be bound to throw cold water on it if he could."

"Bless Gunten!" growled Frank.

"Well, we'll back you up, old scout!" said Bob. "All the more to put Gunten in his place. That foreign trash talks too much."

Frank Richards' eyes gleamed.

"The rotter says I can't act!" he said. "I'll show him whether I can act or not pretty soon. I've got an idea about that."

Frank and his Canadian cousin rode

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on from the fork in the trail where they parted from Vere Beauclerc.

Frank was silent as they trotted home on the snowy trail. He was thinking of the new idea that had come into his mind—of convincing Kern Gunten that he could act—and the other fellows as well. As for Bob, he was thinking of his supper.

At the lumber school during the next few days Frank Richards made no reference to the Thespian scheme.

The other fellows concluded that he had dropped the idea, and, as nobody was keen about it, it was not revived.

Kern Gunten felt a considerable satisfaction at the dropping of the scheme. His sneering opposition had been more efficacious than he had expected.

On the following Saturday Frank and Bob were working on the ranch, when the post-waggon came along from Thompson, driven by Gunten, who was the son of the Thompson postmaster.

Frank ran into the trail to meet it. "Anything for me, Gunten?" he called out.

Gunten grinned as he pulled in his team.

"Yep; a parcel from Fraser."

"Good! Hand it out!"

Gunten tossed a large parcel out of the waggon, and handed out the letters for the ranch.

"So you're keeping up the theatrical stunt, Richards!" he said.

"How do you know?"

"There's that kind of stuff in your parcel from Fraser, I guess."

"It's not marked on the outside," said Frank dryly. "You'd better learn not to peep into people's parcels, Gunten, or there'll be trouble sooner or later for the postmaster at Thompson."

Gunten scowled.

He wheeled his team and drove away the post-waggon, and Frank and Bob carried the letters and parcel up to the ranch.

"Let's have a look at the truck," said Bob, when the parcel was taken up to the room the cousins shared in the ranch-house.

Frank was eager to open it, and Bob was interested.

The cord was soon untied and the parcel opened. Bob Lawless stared at the contents—grease-paints in various array, artificial moustaches and wigs, and other requirements of the amateur actor.

"By gum, what a collection!" he said.

Frank's eyes glistened. The "props" reminded him of earlier schooldays in far-off England.

"How much did they stick you for that truck?" asked Bob.

"Nearly all the tin I had saved up," said Frank. "Twenty dollars! I've got the bill. And if the dramatic club is ever formed, the stuff will be handed over at cost price for common use. If not, I shall have to stand it."

"Oh, we'll form a club right enough!" said Bob. "It's a new notion to the fellows, you know, and they don't quite catch on. We might get up something to give them an idea of what the thing's like."

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"I was thinking of that," said Frank, with a smile. "Better get back to work now, or your pater will think we are slacking."

"Right you are!"

But at sundown, when work on the ranch was over for the boys, Frank hurried to his room to look over his new treasures.

That evening he was busy trying them.

That Frank could "act," his Canadian cousin soon had proof. Bob's eyes opened wide as Frank made himself up in several different characters, one after another, as a lumberman, an Indian, a negro, and a Chinaman.

The impersonations were very convincing, and Bob was very considerably impressed.

"You can work the raffle, and no mistake!" he exclaimed at last. "You let the Cedar Creek fellows see you in something like this. I bet you could take in the whole school if you tried!"

"I'm going to try!" said Frank, laughing.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Ten to One!

**F**RANK RICHARDS fastened a large bag to his saddle when he led out his pony on Monday morning.

Bob glanced at it rather curiously as they started down the trail.

"Is that some of the props, Franky?" he asked.

"Yes. Don't say anything at the school yet, Bob. I've got a stunt I want to carry out first."

"Right you are! I'm mum!" said Bob.

Vere Beauclerc joined them at the fork of the trail, and from that point they walked to the school as usual.

"What about the theatrical wheeze?" asked Beauclerc. "Have your things come from Fraser yet?"

"Yes; they came on Saturday," said Frank with a smile. "I'm going to show you pretty soon what I can do in that line. After that, we'll see about the Thespian Club."

At a little distance from the school Frank detached the bag from the saddle.

"You fellows go on," he said. "You might take my pony, Beau."

"Certainly, But what's the game?" "I'll tell you later."

Frank carried the bag into the timber, and his chums, considerably mystified, walked on to the school with the ponies.

A quarter of an hour later Frank rejoined them, breathless with running. The bag was no longer with him.

"Hallo, where are the props?" asked Bob Lawless.

"In a hollow tree by the creek."

"What on earth for?"

"Oh, that's a safe place," said Frank.

"You're up to something," said Bob, giving his cousin a rather suspicious look.

Frank laughed, but did not answer.

Kern Gunten was standing near the gates with some other fellows as the three chums came in, and he grinned as he saw Frank.

"How's the amateur theatricals getting on, Richards?" he called out.

"All serene," answered Frank.

"Oh, you're really beginning that rot, then?" sneered Gunten.

"Soon, I hope."

"And you want us to believe that you can act?" sneered Gunten.

"Perhaps you'll be willing to admit that I can act when I've given you a sample," said Frank modestly.

Gunten laughed unpleasantly.

"Perhaps I'll," he said. "But I'll bet

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you ten to one in dollars that I don't."

"Well, I don't bet," said Frank, "so I can't take you on. But I'll meet you half-way, Gunten. If I make you admit that I can act, you put ten dollars in the box at the mission; and if you don't admit it, I put one dollar in. That's fair."

"Done!" said Gunten at once. "It will cost you a dollar."

"We shall see about that."

"Why, you jay!" exclaimed Gunten derisively. "I suppose you can't make me admit you can act if I don't choose?"

"Oh, of course you'll be honest about it," said Frank gravely.

"Of—of course!" said Gunten.

"Catch Gunten being honest about anything!" grinned Dawson.

"But you'll have to convince me that you can act, and I'm the judge whether I'm convinced or not," stipulated Gunten.

"Agreed!"

"Well, you're done for a dollar!" said Gunten laughing.

"You may be done for ten dollars!" said Frank coolly, and he walked on, leaving the Swiss chuckling.

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

#### The Tramp!

"**W**HERE'S Franky?" Vere Beauclere shook his head, as Bob asked that question after morning lessons.

"Blessed if I know! I think he went towards the creek."

Bob grunted.

"Just like Frank. I'll bet you he's got a Latin book with him, and he's going to mug up lessons," he said. "Franky wants to keep up his Latin. I'd be jolly glad to drop it. Never mind, let's get some snowballing, to get us warm for dinner. We'll chase Gunten."

"Good!" said Beauclere, laughing.

It was not unusual for Frank Richards to seek a secluded spot, sometimes to "mug" up the old lesson-books he had brought from his former school.

Mr. Slinmeyer, who was a good classical scholar, encouraged him to keep up his Latin, and gave him a weekly lesson to help him to do so.

Frank's absence from the snowball game, therefore, called for no special remark.

The Cedar Creek fellows were soon going hot and strong, and snowballs whizzed right and left, amid shouts of merry laughter.

"Hallo, who's this?" said Beauclere suddenly.

"A pilgrim and a stranger," said Bob, glancing towards the gateway, where a lad had just entered. "New chap for the school, perhaps. There's a new family settled down the Thompson River, I hear."

Kern Gunten, who was no longer taking part in the snowball game, was standing near the gateway, talking in low tones with Keller.

The stranger who entered looked round hesitatingly, and then walked towards Gunten.

The Swiss eyed him ungraciously as he came up. He could see that the newcomer intended to speak to him.

And the newcomer's appearance did not recommend him to Gunten's favour. Never had Cedar Creek School seen a boy who looked more sadly down on his luck. And the Swiss had no use for fellows who were down on their luck.

The boy was shabby to the last degree; his clothes might have been picked up at a second-hand store for a sum to be counted in cents.

Though there was snow on the ground, his boots were worn and torn, and let in the wet. A rag of a cap was on his head, looking like a frowsy rabbit-skin.

His face was darkly red, as if hardened and coarsened by exposure to all sorts of weathers. His hair was long and untidy, and looked seriously in need of a barber's scissors.

Two, or three red marks showed on his red skin, as if from scratches received in the thickets. There was mud thick on his ragged boots, and splashes on his almost equally ragged trousers.

Beggars were practically unknown in the Canadian West. In a land where all men worked there was enough for everyone to lead a decent life. But the lad certainly looked like a beggar, or, at least, a tramp.

Tramps—hoboes, as they were called—sometimes passed through the Thompson Valley, but the Cedar Creek fellows had never seen a hobo so youthful as this.

What he was, in fact, was rather a mystery, and a good many of the fellows ceased their game to look at him.

Bob Lawless ran his hands through his pockets.

"By gum, I've got twenty-five cents, and that pilgrim is going to have it if he wants it!" said Bob. "Did you ever see such a down-hearted-looking galoot in your natural, Cherub?"

"Poor fellow!" said Beauclere, his face softening. "He's tackling Gunten—about the last fellow to tackle if it's assistance he wants."

Gunten stared rudely at the ragged lad as he halted, hesitating.

"Well, what do you want hyer?" he demanded. "This isn't a home for

tramps, or a refuge for down-at-heel hoboes!"

"Are you—are you Kern Gunten?" faltered the newcomer.

"I guess that's my name."

"I am so glad to see you vunce more, Kern!" exclaimed the stranger in a foreign accent and a voice of deep emotion. "You vill welcome me, I zink."

Gunten jumped.

"Eh? Who are you? I've never seen you before!" he exclaimed.

"Hallo, a friend of yours, Gunten?" exclaimed Lawrence, laughing.

"No!" shouted Gunten angrily. "I don't know the fellow. If he makes out that he knows me he's lying!"

"Kern! Kern, my cousin!"

"Wha-a-at!"

"I zink if I come to you you speak wiz me and make me welcome," said the boy, with a break in his voice. "Your fazzer turn me out of de store when I go to him in Thompson. He does not vant to see his nephew Franz. But you, Kern, is it zat you also vill not speak to me?"

Gunten caught his breath.

The schoolboys were gathering round. There was compassion in all their faces. The healthy, hearty Canadians could feel for the miserable-looking specimen before them.

But there was no sympathy or compassion in Gunten's look. He was evidently furious at being claimed as a relation by this wretched-looking tramp.

"It's a lie!" exclaimed Gunten hoarsely. "You tramp! You beggar! How dare you say you are my cousin Franz!"

"Kern, you vill have pity on me, isn't



**THE WORM THAT TURNED!** The slinking outcast straightened up; his hands went up like lightning, and a fist that seemed like a hammer was planted on Gunten's thick nose. Kern Gunten went down with a muffled yell. "Well hit!" shouted Beauclere. (See Chapter 5.)

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**"GUNTEN'S REVENGE!"**

it, ven I am starving?" muttered the outcast wretchedly. "I come to you viz hope in mine heart. I zink zat you giff me ze haaid."

"Dash it all, don't be a beast, Gunten!" exclaimed Bob Lawless. "If the poor chap's your cousin, treat him decently."

"He's not my cousin!" shouted Gunten. "I have no cousin in Canada!"

"Oh, come off!" said Lawrence. "I've heard you speaking about your cousin Franz."

"So have I," said Bob; "more than once, too."

"Yes, yes, it is so! But my cousin Franz is in Switzerland, and I have not seen him since I was a child!" panted Gunten. "I was but two or three years old when my father came to Canada. I tell you that Franz Gunten is in Switzerland."

"It's pretty clear where this chap came from, from his lovely accent!" grinned Dawson. "Swiss or German, and chance it!"

Gunten panted.

The newcomer's strong German-Swiss accent made the matter clear enough to the Cedar Creek fellows, and, indeed, to Gunten himself.

The son of the rich storekeeper at Thompson had little or no doubt that this was his Swiss cousin fallen upon evil days.

Gunten had no desire whatever to see relations who had fallen upon evil days. He was enraged at the bare idea of this wretched vagrant making a claim upon him.

"He is not my cousin!" shouted Gunten furiously, determined to deny the relationship at any cost. "He says himself that my father has turned him out at Thompson."

"Just like old man Gunten, too!" growled Bob Lawless. "He would!"

"Herr Gunten he say he have no use for poor relations," mumbled Franz. "But I zink to mineself my cousin Kern is young, and he vill have ze heart to giff me a welcome, and he vill help me and take me home viz him and giff me shelter in zis bad wezzer. Kern, I have tramp all ze vay from ze railway to find zis at ze end of mine journey."

"Shame!"

"Play up, Gunten, you toad!"

"I have no money," said Franz, looking round. "We are ruin in Schweiz, and ve come out to Canada, vere mine onkel do so vell in trade. Mine peoples zey are at Fraser, verree poor and vanting help, and I tramp on to zis place to beg of help from mine onkel and cousin. I come to zem starving and freezing wiz mineself, and zis is ze welcome zat I get."

"It's a rotten shame!" said Bob Lawless hotly. "I can't say I'm much gone on foreign dagoes, but if you've got no shelter to-night, my infant, you'll come home with me."

"You, a stranger, offair me ze shelter, and mine cousin he vill not take mine hand!" murmured the outcast miserably.

"Gunten, you cad—"

"He is not my cousin!" panted Gunten. "If he is, I want nothing to do with him. But I deny it. I will not speak to him. I will give him nothing. If he comes near my home I will set the dogs on him!"

And with that the Swiss swung away, and strode towards the School House. A murmur of disgust and scorn followed him from the Canadian schoolboys. The dinner-bell rang out from the lumber school.

THE POPULAR.—No. 176.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

A Startling Revelation!

FRANZ GUNTEN, with a drooping head, turned towards the gate as if to go, but Bob Lawless caught him by the arm.

"Hold on, my pippin!" said Bob. "Ain't you hungry? You look it!"

"Ich habe hunger—"

"Wha-a-at?"

"I mean zat I am hungry, I have hunger, isn't it? But mine cousin he do not vant to see me," said the outcast heavily. "It is for me to go, and if I zink by ze trail that vill not hurt him, I would not treat him like zis."

"Never mind your rotten cousin!" said Bob. "You come in with me, and get some grub. We're just going to have dinner here; and if your folk won't take you in, I'll take you home with me. My popper will look after you a bit till something can be done."

"I zank you from ze heart. You are ver' goot!" faltered the outcast.

Bob Lawless piloted the ragged stranger towards the School House, Vere Beauclerc walking on the other side of him.

The rest of the fellows followed, discussing Gunten's treatment of his relation in terms not at all complimentary to the hard-hearted Swiss.

"Bless my soul! Who is this?" exclaimed Miss Meadows, as the rancher's son entered the school dining-room with his protegee.

"It's Gunten's cousin, Miss Meadows," said Bob. "Gunten won't speak to him because he's down on his luck. I was sure you wouldn't mind my bringing him to feed."

"The poor boy is very welcome," said the schoolmistress kindly. "But I am sure you do Gunten an injustice, Lawless. Is this your cousin, Gunten?"

Gunten gritted his teeth.

"No, Miss Meadows, I've never seen the young scoundrel before!" he said deliberately. "He's a liar!"

"I rather think we know who the liar is!" growled Hopkins.

And there was a murmur from the rest. "Can you prove your assertion, my boy?" asked the schoolmistress, looking at the outcast.

"I zink zat is so, fraulein. How is it zat I know Gunten by ze sight, if he is not mine cousin, zen? He call me vun liar, and I vill giff proof, isn't it? I vill tell you zat mine cousin Kern, he have mark on ze arm made viz Indian ink ven he was von leetle child. Zat is mark of vun crown viz ze letters 'K. G.'"

"Is that the case, Gunten?"

Gunten paused. He would have denied it, but many of the fellows knew of the mark on his arm. They had seen it when swimming in the creek in the summer days.

"It's the frozen truth," said Bob. "I've seen it myself when Gunten was swimming. My cousin Frank's seen it, too. I know that."

"And so have I," exclaimed Dawson.

"And I, too, I calculate," said Hacke.

Miss Meadows' face was stern now.

"Gunten, if this boy is not your relation, and is a stranger to you, as you say, how can he know of the Indian ink mark on your arm, which is quite invisible when you are dressed?"

"I—I—"

"You have spoken falsely, Gunten!"

"He may be my cousin," he muttered.

"I—I suppose he is. But I don't want anything to do with him. I'm not going to, either. I suppose I can please myself about it?"

"You can please yourself, Gunten; but you should not wish to act in a heartless and unfeeling manner towards your relation because he appears to have been unfortunate," said Miss Meadows sternly. "I am very much shocked at this, Gunten. I hope you will think better of it."

Gunten muttered something indistinctly. His feeling towards his cousin was one of poisonous hatred at that moment.

"You may sit down," said Miss Meadows. "Lawless, kindly see that that poor lad wants for nothing."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Richards is not present," said Miss Meadows, looking round. "Has your cousin gone home to dinner, Lawless?"

"No, ma'am. I think he's mugging over a Latin lesson somewhere," said Bob.

"Oh, very well!"

Bob Lawless gave all his attention to the outcast. The latter made a very hearty dinner, Bob talking care to supply all his wants.

When dinner was over, and they rose from the table, Bob looked at Miss Meadows.

"May the kid stay here, ma'am, till after lessons to-day?" he asked. "I'm going to take him home to the ranch. I know my father won't mind."

"Certainly, Lawless," said Miss Meadows, with a kind smile.

Bob Lawless marched the outcast out with him. Dark looks were cast at Kern Gunten as he went out with the rest. In the school grounds the Swiss strode up to the ragged youth.

"Get out of this, Franz Gunten!" he said thickly. "I'm not going to have you hanging about here. Do you understand? Get out!"

"I have ze permission to stay here, Kern. I ask you for nozzing. I have found a friend zat is ver' goot."

"Get out, you beggarly tramp, or I'll fire you out!" hissed Gunten, clenching his heavy fists. "I'll smash you if you don't go!"

"You'll smash me first, you mean skunk!" shouted Bob Lawless, pushing between them. "Come on, you coyote!"

"I want no quarrel with you," snarled Gunten. "But that tramp—that hobo—"

The outcast pushed Bob Lawless gently aside.

"Let him come on wiz him," he said. "I zink zat I handle mine cousin Kern, if zat he wish to smash me, isn't it?"

"Oh, all right!" said Bob.

He stepped aside rather reluctantly. Gunten, with gleaming eyes, fairly hurled himself upon his cousin from Switzerland. But the Swiss met with a surprise.

The slinking outcast straightened up; his hands went up like lightning. Gunten's fierce attack was brushed aside, and a fist that seemed like a hammer was planted on his thick nose.

Gunten went down, with a muffled yell, as if he had been shot.

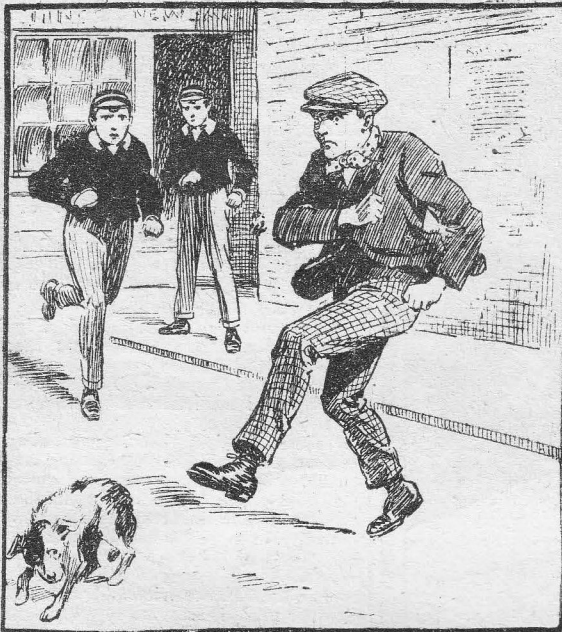
"Bravo!" yelled Bob Lawless, in great delight. "Get up and have some, more, Gunten!"

Gunten staggered to his feet. But he backed away. He did not want any more. Bob clapped the outcast on the shoulder.

"I guess there won't be any smashing!" he chuckled. "Come along with me, kid. I've got to look for my cousin Frank, who's lost himself about it?"

(Continued on page 25.)

A THRILLING TALE, TELLING OF THE CHALLENGE FIGGINS RECEIVES FROM BILL HIGGS TO FIGHT IN THE WAYLAND BOXING TOURNAMENT.



# Figgy's Fine Fight!



A Grand New Long Complete Tale of the New House Chums at St. Jim's and Tom Merry & Co.



By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

(Author of the Famous Tales of St Jim's appearing in The "Gem" Library.)

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Figgins Butts In!

"COMING along?" George Figgins, the junior leader of the New House at St. Jim's, glanced round Study No. 4 as he made that remark. The other occupants, however, seemed in a far from energetic frame of mind. Fatty Wynn, the Falstaff of the school, reclined in the solitary armchair buried in thought.

George Francis Kerr, the canny Scots junior, was deeply immersed in a new detective novel.

At the sound of their leader's voice the Welsh junior awoke from his dreams of tuck unlimited.

"Good egg!" he said heartily. "I was wondering when you were going to sample those new rabbit pies at the tuckshop, Figgy. 'I'll come along with pleasure."

"Ass!" said Figgins witheringly. "I asked who was coming to Wayland."

"Oh!"

Fatty Wynn sank back again into the depths of the easy-chair.

"Too much fag," he said lazily. "I'm not shifting."

Figgins sniffed.

"What about you, Kerr?"

Kerr laid aside his book with obvious regret.

"Right-ho!" he said resignedly. "I'll come."

"Good lad! Better come too, Fatty. We'll have a good feed when we get there."

Fatty Wynn sat up with a start. Even the walk into Wayland would not be so bad if there was to be a feed at the end of the journey.

"I'll come!" he said suddenly. "I'm your man every time."

"When there's grub knocking about," added Figgins, with a snort.

Fatty affected not to hear, but prepared for the run out, and soon the three chums of the New House were making tracks for Wayland.

"Those Grammarian beasts are on the warpath," said Wynn, his little legs going like clockwork to keep up with the enormous strides of Figgins and the long-legged Scot.

Figgins grinned cheerfully. He did not feel afraid of Gay, Monk & Co.

"It's only those asses in that old barn they call the School House who get diddled by the Grammar School," he remarked casually. "New House chaps never do."

Kerr smiled his slow smile. He could remember several occasions upon which Figgins had had his leg pulled by Gordon Gay, though it must be said that the boot had often been on the other foot.

Fatty's fears, however, proved groundless.

They arrived in sight of Wayland without getting a glimpse of the Grammarians, and Fatty heaved a sigh of relief. As they entered the old town he was puffing like a grampus. Walking exercise was not in his line.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Now, what about that feed?"

"Not so fast, my pippin," said Figgins. "I came here to see if my bat's ready, and we'll go for that first."

Fatty Wynn sighed again. Figgins' lack of interest in feeding was a thing he, Fatty, could never understand. Personally, the Welsh junior found walking gave him an added appetite.

"You'll find me in here, then," he said definitely, as he turned into a teashop.

Figgins laughed.

"Right-ho!" he called. "We sha'n't be long!"

He and Kerr were making their way together towards the sports outfitters where Figgins had, a fortnight previously, left his bat to be bound, when suddenly the dismal yelp of a dog in pain rang out.

Figgins stopped and looked round. A tall, brutal-looking youth was in the act of aiming a second kick at a miserable dog which was limping away. Without hesitation, the leader of the New House began to run back, followed by Kerr.

"Leave that dog alone!" he called as he ran.

The lout glanced up at the shout, and then deliberately aimed a third vicious kick at the poor brute, which seemed too much hurt to run away. Figgins could stand no more. He hit out, and with a howl the young bully sat down.

"I'll smash you for that!" he yelled, as he scrambled to his feet. "I'll show you!"

Figgins prepared to ward off the wild rush he expected, but to his surprise the lout attempted nothing of the sort. In fact, he squared up quite scientifically and sparred round for an opening. Evidently Figgins' opponent knew as much about the boxing game as Figgins himself did.

The St. Jim's junior led off with a straight left, but his intended blow was neatly countered, and the return knocked him clean off his feet.

"Get up, Figgy!" called Kerr in anguish. He certainly had not expected his chum to go down so easily. Figgins was one of the best boxers in the junior school.

Figgins got to his feet cautiously, and squared up again. His opponent, elated by his success, went in to win, and carelessly left his guard open. Like a flash Figgins hit out, and once, again the villager went down.

"Good old Figgy!" cried Kerr joyfully. "Give the brute beans!"

Suddenly a stern voice cried:

"Figgins!"

Figy glanced round, and, to his dismay, saw Mr. Railton, the Housemaster of the School House, regarding the proceedings, a stern look upon his face.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Kerr. "You see, sir—"

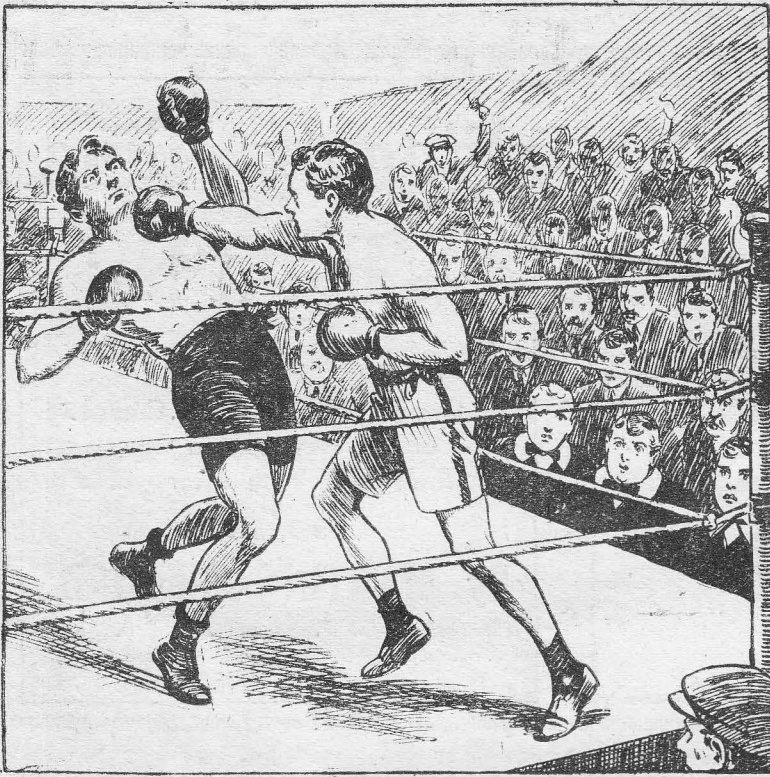
"Fighting, I see, Figgins!" said Mr. Railton icily.

"Yessir!"

"But, sir—"

"Silence, Kerr! Figgins was fighting, a thing he knows is quite wrong."

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**THE KNOCK-OUT!** Skilfully drawing his opponent on, Figgins retreated to the ropes, then, side-stepping neatly as Higgs made a swing, he saw an opening, and put all his strength into the punch which connected. Crash! Higgs was down on the boards and the timekeeper commenced to count. (See Chapter 3.)

shall make it my business to see that Mr. Ratcliff hears of it."

"Oh crumbs!"  
The faces of the two juniors expressed their dismay. Small mercy could be expected for them from their Housemaster, Mr. Ratcliff, who would probably be only too glad of an excuse to persecute them.

At that moment one of the bystanders chipped in.

"Ere, 'arf a mo, guv'nor!" he said.  
"Well, what is it?" snapped Mr. Railton.

"It wasn't that boy's fault at all, sir. It was our Bill 'iggs 'ere wot was settin' about a dog, and the boy told him to stop. 'E's a plucked 'un, 'e 'is, to go for Bill 'iggs!"

Mr. Railton's stern expression softened.  
"Is that true, Figgins?" he asked kindly.

Figgins flushed. He had no desire to be covered in glory.

"Yes, sir," answered Kerr eagerly. "The lout was kicking a little terrier, and when Figgins told him to stop, kicked the poor thing again, so Figgy hit him."

Mr. Railton smiled at Kerr's eager defence of his chum.

"This alters matters," he said. "I hope you boys will always make it your business to stand up for the poor and the weak. Perhaps we will overlook the fact that you were fighting, Figgins."

"Oh, thank you, sir," chorused the juniors, as the Housemaster walked away.

Meanwhile, Bill Higgs had been watching the altercation between master and boys with mixed feelings—waiting, THE POPULAR.—No. 176.

NEXT TUESDAY! "TOM MERRY'S

probably, in the hope that his opponent would get into trouble.

"Figgins!" he said, as Mr. Railton turned his back. "So that's your name, is it? I shan't forget. Bill 'iggs never does. Perhaps we shall finish this some other day."

Figgins laughed outright at the threat—a fact which deepened the scowl on Higgs' already unpleasant face.

"Come along Kerr! We'd better get my bat, and go and find Fatty. He'll have probably eaten the shop bare by now."

And the two chums made their way towards the sports outfitter's, and got the bat.

They did not have to search far for Fatty. He was in the shop where they had left him, surrounded by plates—all empty. His plump face expressed the content he felt. A smear of jam in one corner of his mouth showed he had been sampling the jam-tarts, for which the little teashop was justly famed.

"Hallo, you chaps!" he said in a thick voice. "Where on earth have you been all this time?"

"Busy," answered Kerr laconically.  
"I should think so!" returned Fatty, grinning. "What's wrong with your eye, Figgy?"

"Leave my eye alone!" growled Figgins, whose wounds were smarting. "I've had a fight."

Fatty grinned again.

"I see you have," he said. "Come on, old scout. Have some of these jam-tarts; they're topping. Just the thing after a fight."

Figgins laughed. Fatty Wynn's remedy for all ills was eating.

"Right-ho!" he said. "I will."  
"Good!" said Fatty heartily. "You'll fell much better after a good tuck in."

A fresh supply of pastries was soon forthcoming, and over tea Figgins related all the happenings of the afternoon. Fatty was naturally very indignant at the lout's treatment of the poor dog, and loud in his praises of his leader's behaviour.

"It was rotten of Railton to butt in like that. You'd have given him a jolly good hiding, Figgy, you know," he said, regarding Figgins admiringly.

"I'm not so sure," said Figgins thoughtfully. "He knew more than a little about the glove game."

Fatty Wynn sniffed. It was evident he regarded his leader as quite unbeatable.

"Time to get back, you chaps," advised the quiet Scot, glancing at his watch. "It's a long way, and we shall only just get in before locking-up time."

Fatty got to his feet with a sigh of regret. He moved somewhat stiffly from the effects of his feed, but he was quite happy. The bill proved a bit of a shock to the New House trio, and took nearly all their pooled resources to settle.

"You young gormandiser!" said Figgins, in some heat. "You must have stuffed the whole time we were gone!"

"Course I did!" said Fatty indignantly. "I had to do something, didn't I?"

Figgins sniffed, and left it at that, and the chums of the New House wended their way schoolward, with sundry sighs and puffings from at least one member of the party.

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.**

**An Unexpected Challenge!**

**L**ETTER for you, Figgy, in the rack," called Dick Redfern through the door of Study No. 4.

"For me?" queried Figgins, in a puzzled tone. He had heard from his people the previous day, and an unexpected letter always excited his interest. His face wore a puzzled expression as he hurried down to the letter-rack.

A grubby missive the letter proved to be, and it was addressed to Mr. Figgins, St. James' School, Rylcombe. Figgins seized the letter, amidst chuckles from Leggett, who was standing near.

"How are they all at home?" asked the Paul Pry of the New House.

"Go and eat coke!" growled Figgins. "Mother getting plenty of washing?" went on the cad.

Figgins gave a short run and caught Leggett with a neat drop kick as he turned to bolt. The cad gave a howl, and Figgins, mollified, turned on his heel.

Back in his study, he opened his letter. "Another remittance, Figgy?" asked Fatty eagerly.

His feast of the day before had made serious inroads into the study funds, and Fatty foresaw that they would all be on short commons very soon. Hence his anxiety.


Figgins disdained to answer the Welsh junior's question, but continued to read.

"My hat!" he gasped suddenly.  
"What's wrong, Figgy?" asked Kerr.

(Continued on page 17.)

**ANSWERS**  
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:  
**GREAT CATCH!**


A GRAND COMPLETE STORY OF ST. JIM'S. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.



# BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY

Sr. Jim's
Greyfriars
Rookwood

Edited by W. G. BUNTER of Greyfriars, assisted by SAMMY BUNTER of Greyfriars, BAGGY TRIMBLE and FATTY WYNN of St. Jim's, and TUBBY MUFFIN of Rookwood.



**IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN!**

By **BILLY BUNTER.**

My Dear Readers,—Who is the person best qualified to write about cricket? Why, me! Who is the best cricketer in the Greyfriars Remove? Why, me! Who is the biggest duffer who ever lived? Why, me—I mean, Harry Wharton!

Wharton calls himself kaptin of cricket. Bah! Likewise yah! He isn't fit to be kaptin of a kindergarten! What does he know about cricket? Nicks! What does he know about anything? Nicks! Why, he won't even rekermise the sterling kwallities of a born cricketer like me! I will repeat a little konversation we had the other day.

Me: "I say, Wharton, can I play for the Remove this afternoon?"

Wharton: "Certainly not, porpuss!"

Me: "Why not?"

Wharton: "Bekawse your nollidge of cricket is so limited. You don't know a middel stump from a maiden over!"

Me: "You're a jellus beest! You wout let me play bekawse you know I'm the better man, and will show you up."

Wharton: "Ratts!"

Alas, dear readers! Merit and talent count for nothing when personal favoritism is practised. All Wharton's pals are in the eleven—Cherry and Nugent and Bull and that nigger fellow, Hurree Singh. And I, the finest cricketer for my age in the South of England, have got to take a back seat.

Never mind! Even if I'm not aloud to play cricket, noboddy can stop me writing about it. I have been at grate panes to produæ this Special Cricket Number, and those who wish to become eggspert cricketers should carefully studdy all the artikles kontained herein. Observe the hints of W. G. B., and you'll always be on the winning side!

Your sinseer pal,

**YOUR EDITOR.**

DON'T MISS "OUR SPECIAL OLD BOYS' NUMBER" NEXT WEEK.

Supplement 1.

**THE INDIAN WIZARD!**

By **DICK PENFOLD.**

Our "Inky" is a bowler  
Of most amazing skill;  
When Harry Wharton puts him on,  
He always fills the bill.  
Sometimes he bowls like lightning,  
And sometimes he is slow;  
The Nabob is a-bowling,  
And down the wickets go!

His feet go pitter-patter  
When Inky takes his run;  
And then the batsman seems to see  
A bullet from a gun.  
He tries to hit like Jessop;  
He's much too late, you know.  
The Nabob is a-bowling,  
And down the wickets go!

Sometimes he bowls a swerver,  
Sometimes a tricky spin;  
And as the leather leaves his hand  
He grins a knowing grin.  
The batsman's then retiring,  
With measured tread and slow;  
The Nabob is a-bowling,  
And down the wickets go!

They talk of Cherry's bowling,  
And Vernon-Smith's, as well;  
But when it comes to Inky,  
All others he'll excel.  
His melancholy victims  
Exclaim, in tones of woe?  
"The Nabob is a-bowling,  
And down the wickets go!"

**PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE**

By **George Kerr.**



**BAGGY TRIMBLE (of St. Jim's)**

**KRICKET NOTES!**

By **SAMMY BUNTER**  
(Subb-Editor).

I confess that my luck has been dead out this sezoon, so far as kricket is konserned. Last sezoon, I made a sentury in my first match, and won volumes of applaws. But this year I can't seem to do anything right. I keep on getting bowled out, as the skoolboy said when the master caught him cribbing in class.

\* \* \*

The first match I took part in was Second Form versus Third Form. I went in first with yung Nugent, and he wispered in my ear: "Sammy, I'll levee all the hitting to you. While you're bagging boundaries, I'll just keep my end up!" But, alas! Tubb of the Third was bowling, and his first ball made a sorry mess of my wicket. One of the stumps flew out of the ground and hit the wicket-keeper on the nose; and the other two stumps fell flat. "How's that?" came the cry. "Out!" said the umpire. "Nonsense!" I eggsklaimed. "I wasn't ready!" "Here, none of those cock-and-bull tails!" said the umpire. "Out you go!" So out I went.

\* \* \*

In my second match, I met with a simillar fate. "I feel in kappital form," I remarked to Nugent, "and you can rely on me to pile up a sentury." But I was bowled all over the shop! I don't know quite how it happened. Perhaps my eye-sight isn't as good as it was in my young days. As we grow older, you know, our vision becomes impaired. Anyway, the ball beat me all the way, and my stumps went down with a sickening crash.

\* \* \*

"If you go on like this, yung Bunter," said Dicky Nugent, "I shall eggspel you from the team. At prezent you are neither use nor ornament! If you get another duxegg, look out for trouble!" "I sha'n't get another duck, Dicky," I replied konfidently. "It's impossibil to get one three times running." But I soon found that it wasn't impossibil. In my next match I ran out at the first ball, with the intenshun of despatching it to the distant horizon. I mist it completely, and was absolutely in a fog. Once again I was clean bowled, and my Form-fellows hist and hooted me as I came off the field.

\* \* \*

I am now no longer a member of the Form eleven. I've been kicked out, and told to take a back seat. It's an awful shame, bekawse I'm reely a stunning kricketeer, and can do big things when I'm in the mood. Now that I've been chucked out of the team, I shall have to take up some other sport during the summer. I think I'll try butterfly-catching!



By  
**MONTY LOWTHER.**  
(Of St. Jim's.)

**V**ERILY, 'twas a great occasion. A wave of excitement swept through the country of Wessex. The Wild Men of the Woods were to play against the Hill Tribes' first eleven. Stumps—consisting of blocks of stone—were to be pitched at noontide.

Yea, in sooth, 'twas a great occasion. For had not the Wild Men of the Woods won the championship of Wessex for ninety-nine seasons in succession? This match against the Hill Tribes would decide whether they would win it for the hundredth time.

A clearing had been made in the forest. Woodcutters had worked night and day to get the pitch in readiness.

The scorers were first on the scene, with their tablets of stone. Then came the umpires in their tight-fitting goatskins.

From that time onwards a constant procession of chariots arrived on the scene. My lord of Wessex had arrived with his lady fayre, and the multitude swelled rapidly.

In the pavilion came the cricketers were preparing for the fray.

Slogger Sam, who skipped the Wild Men, tossed with Dave Duxegg, the Hill Tribes' captain, for choice of innings. He heaved a piece of flint into the air. One side of the flint was flat, the other was round.

"Flat!" cried Dave Duxegg. "Verily, thou hast spoken truly," was the response. "Wilt bat first?"

"Of a surety! And we will keep thy fielders busy until the setting of the sun!" "Rats!" growled Slogger Sam. "By my halidom, we will skittie thee out like ninepins!"

There was a mighty cheer from the Hill Tribes' supporters as Dave Duxegg went in to open the innings with a sturdy giant of eight feet.

"Play up, Dave!" "See that they wreck not thy wicket!" "Guard well thy stumps!"

The last warning was very necessary. For the very first ball that was bowled—the ball consisted of a round lump of stone—struck Dave Duxegg in the mouth, removing several of his stumps.

"How's that?" thundered the fieldsmen. "Verily," grinned the umpire, "his stumps have been removed, but he is not out!"

It took Dave Duxegg some little time to recover from the tragic effects of the first ball. He had to receive attention from the trainer, who had a slight knowledge of dentistry.

When he had pulled himself together Dave faced the bowling fearlessly.

He clubbed the next ball clean out of the ground. And it flattened the nose of one of the spectators.

The scorers inscribed six runs on their tablets.

"Verily, Dave is going strong!" remarked one of them. "He hath flattened the nose of yonder spectator to a pulp!"

"The foolish wight should have hopped out of the way!" was the callous rejoinder.

Dave Duxegg continued to go great guns. He laid about him right lustily.

Fast bowlers were tried—bowlers who always bowled at the man and not at the wicket—but Dave warded off their attacks. His club did great execution. On one occasion, in playing back at a very fast one, he dislodged the wicket-keeper's front teeth.

Dave's partner, the eight-foot giant, also performed prodigies of valour. He hit half

a dozen boundaries before he was forced to retire, after being blinded by the ball.

The Hill Tribes put together a gross of runs, and the Wild Men of the Woods found themselves confronted with a very stiff task.

They were not disheartened, however. Slogger Sam was a wonderful batsman, and if he got his eye in it was fairly certain he would make a century.

But, alas! Instead of getting his eye in, Sam got it out!

Zonk! The first ball deprived him of one of his optics, and Sam was compelled to retire.

There were loud protests from the crowd. "Play the game, Hill-Tribes!"

"Bowl not at thy opponent's chivvy, but at his wicket!"

The Hill-Tribes, however, knew that they could not win the match by fair means. They had received instructions from their skipper, Dave Duxegg, to disable as many of their opponents as possible.

So well did the Hill-Tribes carry out their programme that the Wild Men of the Woods were dismissed for the paltry total of 13. They thus failed to win the championship for the hundredth time in succession.

The scores, which are now preserved in the British Museum, on the original tablets, were as follows:

**WILD MEN OF THE WOODS.**

Slogger Sam, retired hurt .....	0
Driver Dan, maimed for life .....	0
Cutter Charlie, retired hurt .....	3
Biffer Bob, totally disabled .....	1
Swiper Syd, permanently bedridden .....	0
Scorer Stan, retired hurt .....	4
Nimble Ned, incapacitated .....	0
Battling Bill, absent ill .....	0
Lanky Luke, retired hurt .....	3
Merry Mike, taken to hospital .....	1
Wizard Willie, not out .....	1
Extras .....	0
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>13</b>

**THE HILL TRIBES.**

Dave Duxegg, bowled out .....	68
Jim Giant, retired hurt .....	24
Clubstone Bill, hurt .....	8
Smasher Simon, permanently injured .....	17
Tubby Ted, taken to hospital .....	5
Gloomy Will, bowled out .....	0
Stonewaller Henry, retired maimed .....	0
Creeping Dick, bowled out .....	5
Jumping Joe, bowled out .....	11
Scorcher Len, totally disabled .....	5
Bowler Bert, chased off .....	1
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>144</b>

Immediately after the match a free fight took place between the rival partisans.

There were numerous casualties, and the Wessex Ambulance Corps and the local Boy Scouts were kept very busy.

Only one member of the victorious eleven managed to escape with his life. And that was Dave Duxegg.

Dave lived to a ripe old age, and his name will always be in the limelight in cricketing annals.

Cricket in the Stone Age must have been rather strenuous. Most of us prefer the game as played in 1922!

**A CRICKET COMEDY!**  
By **TEDDY GRACE.**  
(Of Rookwood.)

When Tubby Muffin went in to bat, His three stumps stood up straight, like that:

I I I

Then Tubby made a shocking miss, And the three stumps lay flat, like this:

— — —

Tubby's shortsightedness causes fun, He sees three balls, instead of one:

O O O

You know, it really isn't wise To play at cricket with weak "eyes":

i i i

Alas! for Tubby Muffin. He Will never make a century:

100

He always has the awful luck To see, upon the board, a "duck":

0

When he's not bowled, the ball soon lands Into the fieldsmen's waiting hands:

( )

And sometimes when he makes a miss, His stumps are sideways knocked, like this:

/ / /

His schoolmates always chip and chaff, And cry, "You are an ass! Not 'half'!"

2

As far as cricket goes, we say That Tubby is a silly jay:

J

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**NOW ON SALE!**



**B**ILLY BUNTER was working. When Bunter worked, and it chanced to be journalistic work that he was engaged upon, he always had a damp towel tied around his forehead. He would have had lumps of ice, also, if he could have procured them.

Billy's pen flew over the paper at an amazing rate. He was writing his Editorial, and from time to time he emitted strange grunts. An onlooker would have considered that a more appropriate name for the fat junior would be Billy Grunter.

Billy was not alone in Study No. 7. Sammy, his plump sub-editor, was curled up in the armchair like a fat dormouse, trying to think of ideas.

Strictly speaking, Sammy had no right in a Remove study; and had Peter Todd or Tom Dutton chanced to come in, he would have received the order of the boot.

There was a tap on the door, and Trotter, the page, entered, with a letter.

Billy Bunter looked up. "For me?" he inquired. "Yes, Master Bunter."

"Oh, good! Hope it's a remittance!" But it was not a remittance. It happened to be a cricket challenge, and it was framed as follows:

"Courtfield.

"To William George Bunter,—We, the undersigned, being readers of your 'Weekly,' and resident in Courtfield, hereby challenge the staff of your paper to a cricket match. Unless we hear from you to the contrary we will call at Greyfriars on Wednesday afternoon at two, and bring our own cricket gear.

"(Signed) TOMMY TOWERS (captain), E. Gray, P. Smart, H. Carr, G. Weston, B. Stacey, G. Graham, W. Wood, H. P. Jones, R. Smith, and Jack Brown."

"My hat!" ejaculated Billy Bunter. Sammy looked up inquiringly.

"Eleven of our readers have challenged us to a cricket match," said Billy. "They're coming over from Courtfield on Wednesday." Sammy grinned.

"Oh, we'll whop 'em!" he said, with comfortable self-assurance. "If we can't lick a team of our readers we're pretty poor sportsmen! Who's going to be in our team, Billy?"

"I shall be skipper—"

"That goes without saying!"

"And you will play, of course. Then I shall ask Wynn and Trimble and Muffin to come over. That makes five. We'll fill up with Skinner and Snoop and Stott, and Fishy and Trevor and Wun Lung."

"H'm! Not very brilliant players!" said Sammy reflectively. "Still, there'll be two giants on the side—you and me—and we'll be good enough for any fifth-rate readers' eleven!"

"Yes, rather!"

Billy Bunter lost no time in getting into touch with his sub-editors at the other schools.

Baggy Trimble and Tubby Muffin replied by return, to the effect that they would be very pleased to turn out. And Fatty Wynn sent a letter of apology. He was taking part in a House-match on Wednesday, he wrote, and would, therefore, be unable to assist Billy Bunter's eleven. He suggested sending George Alfred Grundy to Greyfriars as a substitute; and Billy Bunter agreed to this.

The Bunterites did not trouble to put in any practice at the nets. They did not know who Tommy Towers, the challenger, was, or what sort of team he would bring to Greyfriars. But in their sublime conceit, they

imagined they could easily defeat a team of readers.

At the appointed time on Wednesday afternoon, Tommy Towers and his team turned up. They were fellows of about fourteen, and it was impossible to tell, by merely taking stock of them, whether they were good cricketers or otherwise.

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry had agreed to act as umpires.

"Is it to be a single-innings match, Billy?" inquired Wharton.

"Yes," said Bunter. "And we're batting first."

"Don't be too premature!" laughed Harry. "It's usual to toss for choice of innings."

"Oh, yes! I forgot!"

As it happened, Billy Bunter won the toss. And he took Sammy in with him to open the innings.

There was a goodly crowd of spectators, who had turned out in the hope of seeing something funny.

The Courtfield bowlers were P. Smart and H. Carr. The latter was known as "Hurri-



The two Bunters pelted down the pitch and met in the middle with a violent collision. "Ow!" "You!"

cane" Carr, on account of his lightning deliveries.

Everybody expected to see Carr send down an express ball that would take Billy Bunter's middle-stump clean out of the ground.

Although Carr took a lengthy run, however, after the manner of Hitch, of Surrey, he sent down a ridiculously slow ball, wide of the wicket.

Billy Bunter chuckled, swiped blindly at the ball, and banged it past square-leg to the boundary!

"Well hit, sir!"

"Bravo, Billy!"

The onlookers rubbed their eyes. It was, indeed, an unusual sight—the sight of Billy Bunter making runs. That was usually the very last thing Bunter ever did.

"That first ball of Carr's," said Vernon-Smith, who was looking on, "must have slipped out of his hand. The next will be a scorcher!"

But the next ball proved no better and no swifter than the first.

Billy Bunter made another hit, and he called frantically to Sammy to run.

The two brothers pelted down the pitch, and met in the middle with a violent collision.

"Ow!"

"You!"

"Sort yourselves out quickly," shouted

Vernon-Smith, "or one of you will be run out!"

But the fielding was so atrocious that, although Billy and Sammy lingered in the middle of the pitch for a full minute, each managed to get to his crease before the ball was thrown in.

"Well, my hat!" said Dick Penfold. "What a lucky let-off! Those chaps from Courtfield can't play cricket for toffee!"

It certainly didn't seem like it.

The bowling was chronic. It was not even straight, so that when Billy or Sammy happened to miss the ball they were never bowled. They stayed together and collected quite a lot of runs. The score stood at 60 before they were separated, Billy knocking down his own wicket.

Baggy Trimble went in, and made a dozen—the highest score of his life. Tubby Muffin knocked up 14. Skinner and Snoop and Stott—hopeless duffers at cricket—flogged the weak bowling to all parts of the field. And the staff of "Billy Bunter's Weekly" actually put together the grand total of 149 runs!

Billy's face was wreathed in smiles. "We shall win handsomely!" he declared.

"It'll be a walk-over!" said Sammy.

When the visiting team went in to bat, requiring no less than 150 runs to win, they gave a sorry exhibition.

The bowling was shared by Skinner and Trevor. And they skittled their opponents out like ninepins.

The Courtfield team seemed all at sea. They did not appear to know the first thing about cricket. Balls which should have been swiped to the boundary were allowed to wreck wickets.

The game became a farce. Nine wickets were down, with only 20 runs on the board.

And then an extraordinary change came over the game.

Tommy Towers and Jack Brown were the last two men in. They seemed suddenly to become electrified. They opened their shoulders to the bowling, and punished it without mercy. Runs came thick and fast.

Billy Bunter began to look uneasy. He took Skinner and Trevor off, and set Grundy and Snoop to bowl. This was a change for the worse.

Tommy Towers and his partner continued to smite and spare not. Everything came alike to them. Not once did they give a chance—not once did they look like being beaten.

"This—this is getting jolly serious!" grunted Billy Bunter.

"Only one more wicket to fall, and we can't capture it," said Baggy Trimble. "Better go on to bowl yourself, Billy."

Billy Bunter accordingly put himself on. But after he had bowled about a dozen "wides," and a similar number of "no-balls," he promptly took himself off.

The batsmen continued to make merry. Grinning broadly, they cut and drove and pulled with tremendous power. And at length the figures 150 went up on the scoring-board.

Billy Bunter's eleven was beaten!

Of course, it came out afterwards that the Courtfield fellows had been having a merry jape. They had pretended to be hopeless duds, when all the time they were top-hole cricketers.

Great was the chagrin of W. G. Bunter. And equally great the chagrin of his satellites. They were so furious with Tommy Towers & Co. that they didn't invite them to tea. But Harry Wharton & Co. made good that omission, and lavishly entertained the fellows who had succeeded in springing such an amazing surprise!

## ROOKWOOD CRICKET NOTES!

By THE CANDID FRIEND.

IT has been my pleasure to watch the Rookwood fellows at practice during the past fortnight, and I think we shall have a very strong team this season.

I have carefully watched the individual performances of the players, and my summing-up—which is written impartially and without malice—is as follows:

### JIMMY SILVER.

Has lost none of his ability as a fearless, vigorous batsman. His performances at the nets have been beyond reproach. Not afraid to open his shoulders, and shows a marked contempt for the stonewall type of batting. Jimmy will again captain the team this season, and Rookwood could not wish for a better man. Jimmy's cheery personality will have a great influence on his fellow-players.

### ARTHUR EDWARD LOVELL.

Shapes well at the wicket, but is a trifle on the slow side. He should time his strokes better, but no doubt this will come with practice. Lovell is well worth a place in the eleven.

### ARTHUR NEWCOME.

A sturdy, vigorous batsman of the Silver school. Punishes loose bowling without mercy, and should do great things in the inter-school matches. He needs to be a trifle more brisk, however, in his fielding, and more sure in his catching. On the whole, a very useful man.

### GEORGE RABY.

Not a brilliant bat, a "sticker," who can be relied upon to keep his end up. Raby would prove a useful acquisition to any side.

### TOMMY DODD.

Here we have a first-class bat, and a bowler of great craft and skill. He has lost none of his old-time cleverness, and is not far behind Jimmy Silver as a really first-class cricketer.

### TOMMY DOYLE.

A rather erratic player. He is of the type that gets a century in one match, and a "duck's egg" in the next. Does not display sufficient caution in dealing with tricky bowling. His fielding alone, however, entitles him to a place in the eleven.

### TOMMY COOK.

A good, sound bat, and a useful change bowler. He is improving daily.

### VAL MORNINGTON.

A player of moods. Morny can do great things when he is in the humour. But he needs more steadiness.

### PUTTY GRACE.

Every inch a cricketer, like his namesake, the great "W. G." As bat, bowler, and field, Grace has few equals in the junior section of Rookwood. Like the man who experimented with dynamite, he will go far!

### KIT' ERROLL.

A dashing batsman, who should most certainly be given a place in the eleven.

### TUBBY MUFFIN.

No use whatever as a cricketer, because he is always "Muffin"!

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## POPULAR PERSONALITIES!

No. 6.—FATTY WYNN.

(Of St. Jim's.)

Everyone calls me Fatty  
(Except the stately Ratty).

Everyone says I'm simply IT,  
A fellow of weight and pluck and grit,  
Though inclined to overfeed a bit;  
Everyone calls me Fatty!

I don't mind the nickname a scrap, I can assure you. In fact, I rather like it. Better than being called "Scraggy," or "Bony," or "Matchsticks." When Shakespeare said, "Let me have men about me that are fat," he knew what he was talking about. And the fat men in his plays are jolly genial fellows that you can't help liking.

I shall never make frantic attempts to reduce my weight, like lot of fat fellows do. I am content to go on being plump. It doesn't handicap me in any way. I am reckoned to be about the best junior bowler at St. Jim's. (I don't say this out of conceit, but it happens to be the general opinion, and in spite of my overweight I can sprit like a hare when necessary. Fat is a useful asset to a swimmer, too. It makes his body more buoyant in the water. In my opinion, it's far, far better to be fat than to be a skinny skeleton like Skimpole.)

I belong to a fat brotherhood of sub-editors. Baggy Trimble and Tubby Muffin are beautifully plump, so is Sammy Bunter, and so is our notorious editor. (Not notorious, Fatty—famous!—Ed.)

Of course, my proper name is David, and I hail from Wales. I've a second name, also—Llewellyn. Nothing English or Scottish about that!

There aren't many Welsh fellows at St. Jim's. It is left to me to keep the Principality's end up, so to speak, at this school. And I think I manage to do it pretty well.

I admit that I am fond of grub. But there's nothing to be ashamed of in that. Better to be a valiant trencherman than a beastly faddist, who eats nothing but dry toast and biscuits.

There's nothing like a good feed for curing an attack of the blues, or for building up one's constitution. And I shall continue to enjoy a good snack whenever I want it—and can afford it—in spite of chaff and criticism.

My best chum is Figgins, with Kerr a good second. I get on awfully well with these two, and hope the day will never dawn when we have to dissolve partnership.

Well, dear readers, I think I've told you quite enough about myself, and I've no wish to bore you, as the gimlet said to the piece of wood!

Everyone calls me Fatty  
(Except the stately Ratty).

Everyone says I'm simply fine,  
A sportsman all along the line,  
Who always loves to feed and dine.  
Everyone calls me Fatty!

(Next week: Dick Redfern.)

## OUR AGONY COLUMN.

Conducted by TUBBY MUFFIN.

(Sub-Editor & Rookwood  
representative.)

(NOTE.—Advertisements for this column will be accepted from fellows at Greyfriars, St. Jim's, and Rookwood, at the rate of a farthing a word (minimum 25,000 words. Checks to be crossed and made payable to W. G. Bunter. Editor will not hold himself responsible for any duels, scraps, fisty-kuffs, libel actions, or any other forms of fizical violence that may arise as the result of an advertisement in this column.)

GEORGE POTTER.—My love for you has waned. Henceforth, we are utter strangers!—HORACE COKER.

MAULY-WAULY.—I am still true to you—so long as your allowance of pocket money has not been cut off. BERTHA BUNN, FRIARDALE TEA-ROOMS.

LOST, in Coombe Lane, near Rookwood, A PERFORMING BLACK-BEETLE. A handsome reward will be paid for its return, dead or alive, to ALGY SILVER, ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.

OWNER wishes to dispose of double-bladed penknife. Will exchange for motor cycle or rowing boat. Write, in confidence, to FISHER T. FISH, GREYFRIARS SCHOOL.

SUB-EDITOR REQUIRED for "Tom Merry's Weekly." Must be a smart journalist with plenty of experience. Must also be prepared to undertake the duties of Fighting Editor when the regular man is away. None of Billy Bunter's "sub-editors" need apply. Applications should be written on a sheet of foolscap (one side only) and should state age, weight, height, experience, salary required, and full details of ancestry, dating back to William the Conqueror. Address applications to TOM MERRY, ST. JIM'S.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS!—Claude Hoskins, the celebrated musician, will give a mouth-organ recital in his study on Saturday evening at eight sharp. Admission, twopenny.

READ THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD"! (Don't you do anything of the sort!—Ed., B. B. W.)

TWENTY PAIRS OF SILK SPATS FOR SALE! Unsoiled and unstained. Also a special job lot of fancy waistcoats—Apply ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY, ST. JIM'S.

GRUNDY'S ELEVEN (very strong) require cricket fixtures with other elevens. Applicants must agree to provide ground—also free tea. Write, wire, or phone.—GEORGE ALFRED GRUNDY, ST. JIM'S.

BUY YOUR MUFFINS FROM MUFFIN! Served hot every afternoon to Rookwood fellows. Sixpence each (including Government tax).

A WONDERFUL "The Pearl Poachers!"  
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ADVENTURE— BY SIDNEY DREW. :: Coming Shortly.



**"FIGGY'S FINE FIGHT!"**

(Continued from page 12.)

"Look here!"

Kerr took the missive from the study leader, and together the trio read.

The spelling was bad, and the writing almost illegible, but the note certainly conveyed what the writer intended it to. It was nothing less than a challenge from the great Bill Higgs.

He pointed out that a big boxing tournament was to be held at Wayland the following Wednesday afternoon, and he, Bill Higgs, as champion of the district at his weight, was entering. Nobody at eight stone, however, fancied their chance against him, and he proposed that Figgins should enter, and so finish off their fight of the day before.

He hoped, he added, to have the pleasure of giving Figgins such a thorough thrashing that he would hardly be able to crawl back to St. Jim's again. If the St. Jim's junior did not turn up, he would take it that Figgins was afraid to meet him.

Figgins flushed furiously on reading this last piece of offensiveness, and his jaw set ominously.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Kerr. "You can't accept this, Figgy!"

"I'm going to!" declared Figgins shortly.

"But think of the row the Head or Ratty would kick up if they found out."

"They won't find out," said Figgins.

"But you can't go to a place like that!"

"I'm not going to be thought a funk!"

"He's practically a pro, you know."

"It doesn't matter. I'm going to accept his challenge," declared Figgins, with an air of finality.

Kerr shook his head. He knew it would be useless to argue with his leader when his mind was made up like it was now.

"You know best, I suppose," he said doubtfully. "You'll have to train like anything, though."

Figgins could quite easily see that.

"I'm going to train," he announced grimly, "and I'm going to start right now. Come along, Fatty. It will run your fat down, too."

Fatty Wynn had been standing, an open-mouthed spectator. He had missed the fight of the day before, and scarcely caught the drift of affairs. At the mention of serious training he woke to realisation. Although an athlete he was not partial to training, which meant the curtailing of his appetite—a serious matter with him.

"I say, Figgy," he began plaintively, "I mustn't train strenuously, you know. I'm a growing youth—"

"Come along," said Figgins relentlessly. "Catch hold of his other arm, Kerr."

Kerr did as requested, and the Falstaff of the New House was led none too willingly towards the gym.

The leader of the New House juniors intended taking his training very seriously. If he was to stand any chance against his formidable opponent, he knew he would have to be very fit and as hard as nails. He was going to be both as far as lay in his power.

Fatty was pressed into service as a sparring partner, and was compelled to strip to the buff.

Kerr was determined to do all he could to assist.

"Now then, my heavy-weight champion!" said Figgins, grinning. "I'll show you what Dempsey did to Willard."

The Welsh junior buckled to, and was soon puffing and blowing. While Figgins hit him several times, Fatty did not manage to break through his leader's guard once.

Figgins was boxing splendidly, and was enjoying it.

Kerr was equally nonplussed. A cool, steady boxer as a rule, who used his head as well as his hands, he found himself quite unable to extend the smiling Figgins.

"My hat!" gasped Kerr, as he stopped for a breather. "If you can box like that on Wednesday, you'll beat him hands down!"

Figgins smiled grimly. His opponent was a tough man, experienced in ringcraft, and the New House junior did not intend to make the mistake of underestimating him.

"That will do for to-day," announced Figgins, at last, much to the relief of his plump sparring partner. "We'll go for a run to-morrow before brekker."

Fatty groaned aloud, and anticipated the worst.

"I don't think I ought to come," he said plaintively. "I shall probably injure myself seriously."

"Rats!" said Figgins emphatically. "Reduce your surplus fat, my pippin! If I train, you're going to keep fit, too!"

"Oh dear!" said poor Fatty. "I think I'll go down to the tuckshop and have a snack. Training makes me hungry."

He turned to the door. But he did not reach it. The heavy hand of his chief clutched his shoulder.

"No, you don't!" said Figgins grimly.

"You'll undo, in about five minutes, the work of hours!"

Fatty sighed. He was greatly misunderstood, he felt sure, as he passed the tempting windows of Dame Taggles.

Figgins included dieting in his training scheme. Tea in Hall, he felt, would be the best plan, and would also suit the family purse, which had been so sadly depleted by Fatty's feed.

The following days passed in much the same way. Several other fellows were pressed into service as sparring partners. Tom Merry, the cleverest boxer amongst the St. Jim's juniors, willingly aided the budding champion, and many exciting and clever contests were held in the gym between the rival leaders.

"Good old Figgy!" gasped Tom Merry, after one exciting bout. "You've improved no end. Keep it up and you'll lick him hollow!"

Figgins grinned. Tom Merry had hardly managed to land one of his blows, and had experienced great difficulty in keeping off the warlike Figgins.

Just then a well-known figure appeared at the door of the gym.

"Hallo, you fellows!" cried George Alfred Grundy of the Shell. "I hear you're training for a boxing show, Figgins. I've come along to give you my help and advice. Of course, as a chap with some considerable knowledge of the boxing game I shall be able to put you up to a few tips."

"My hat!" gasped the Terrible Three and Figgins & Co.

"Now, don't be afraid!" went on Grundy amiably. "You won't get hurt much. Of course, you will get hit, but I'll be as gentle as I can."

Figgins gasped, and then winked at his pals.

"That's jolly good of you, Grundy, old scout," he said gratefully. "I

wanted a heavy-weight to help me along."

George Alfred beamed. It was not often his services were appreciated like that, and he divested himself of his top clothes without further delay.

"Ready?" he asked.

Figgins nodded, and the great George Alfred donned the gloves, and shook hands solemnly.

The contest that followed was a delight to watch. The unfortunate Grundy really was quite outclassed, and Figgins planted his blows where he liked, dancing away from Grundy's clumsy counters with ease.

The other fellows grinned happily. George Alfred had brought down his fate upon his own head, and was getting all he had asked for.

Grundy was battered and sore long before Figgins finally desisted, but the light of battle was still shining in his eyes. Blown and almost done as he was, the fellows could not but admire the pluck which kept him on his feet, and refused to admit defeat, and as they helped him into his coat, Tom Merry clapped him on the back heartily.

"Good old Grundy!" he said. "You may be a bit of an ass, but you'll do!"

Grundy growled. It was his private opinion he had the New House junior beaten to a frazzle when he called off.

If Figgins' opponent was of the same class as George Alfred Grundy at boxing the result would have been a foregone conclusion.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**

**Figgy's Fine Fight!**

**T**HE fateful Wednesday afternoon found Figgins, thanks to the tireless efforts of Tom Merry, Kerr & Co., fit and ready to fight for his life. The contest, of course, was to be kept a strict secret, and Figgins was to be accompanied only by Kerr and Fatty Wynn. At the last moment, however, the Terrible Three also announced their intention of joining the party, and booked seats at the ring-side.

George Figgins packed his kit and slipped away. The faithful Kerr, together with Fatty Wynn, joined him later in the lane with their cycles. Fatty, as a brilliant afterthought, had brought a parcel of tuck.

"You might feel peckish," he explained to Figgins. "There's nothing like a snack to keep your pecker up, and, anyway, it won't be wasted," he added significantly.

Figgins grinned, but seemed pre-occupied. Just what depended upon that fight he alone realised. The famous Bill Higgs had gained a reputation as a fire-eating light-weight, and had also another quite different character as a bully. Also he had suggested that Figgins was a funk, a suggestion Figgins never allowed to be said of him, without making a big attempt to disprove it.

Wayland was reached, and the three New House chums stored their cycles.

The Ring, Wayland, where the local championships were to be fought out, was a long, low building. The crowd that usually forgathered there was very mixed and somewhat ruffianly. Figgins realised that if he showed the slightest hesitation he would be lost, and resolved whatever happened to go for his man.

Figgins' thumps on the side door were answered by a short, low-browed individual clad in what was once a white sweater. Successive contests had spread his nose across his hard-bitten face, while

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his ears were of the type known as "cauliflower."

"Allo!" he demanded. "Who are you?"

Figgins explained he was down to meet the redoubtable Bill Higgs, and the man eyed him in astonishment.

"Goin' to fight Bill 'Iggs, are you?" he said. "You've got some pluck, then. Come on in!"

In a few seconds the New House juniors were inside the dressing-room. The man, who told them his name was Hawkins, but his friends called him Pug, showed that, despite his unprepossessing appearance, he had a kind heart.

"Between you and little me," he confided, "Bill 'Iggs is a corf-drop—and he's a corf-drop I should like to see swallered!"

From the body of the hall, which had rapidly filled, came shouts and cries. The audience were getting impatient and were signifying their demands in their usual manner.

"Fetch 'em out!"

"Have they all run away?"

"What d'you think we've paid for?"

Figgins started at the shouts.

"What are they yelling for?" he demanded.

"Oh, they wants a little excitement!" replied Pug Hawkins. "Don't let 'em rattle you, lad. That's only their little way."

At that moment the promoter came into the dressing-room and glanced round at the boxers.

"Ready, boys?" he asked. "Exhibition contest first."

Figgins heaved a sigh of relief. He was glad he was not to be first. Pug whispered in the promoter's ear, and that gentleman came over to Figgins.

"Pug says you are Higgs' opponent," he said. "That right?"

"That's so," replied Figgy.

The man clasped the junior's shoulder.

"You're young," he said doubtfully.

"Higgs will eat you."

Figgins grinned and shrugged his shoulders.

The exhibition show was soon in progress. Two local pro's were showing what they could do, taking care, however, not to hurt each other. It was plain to the juniors that this type of amusement did not appeal to the assembled lovers of boxing. They liked a hard fight and blows in plenty. Somebody started to hiss, and soon the place resounded with boos and shouts.

"Take 'em off!"

"Go home!"

Pug Hawkins hastily helped Figgins to strip, all the while giving him a running fire of advice.

"Cover up, lad," he said. "He'll probably think he's on a soft job, and go for you. Let 'im and wait your chance."

As Figgins stripped the little second's face began to look more hopeful. Figgins' clean, powerful limbs impressed him, and a sense of confidence arose from the way in which he carried himself.

Figgins felt decidedly nervous as he left the dressing-room with Pug and his two chums. The large audience somewhat awed him. He ducked under the ropes and saw Higgs seated in the opposite corner exchanging loud remarks with his friends in the audience.

He scowled at Figgins.

Pug Hawkins continued to give the St. Jim's junior heaps of advice; and then the promoter, who also acted as master of ceremonies, took the centre of the ring.

"The next contest will decide the eight stone championship of Wayland and district for another year," he said. "Bill Higgs, the present holder, will defend his title against an unknown. The contest will be ten rounds."

After the applause had died down he announced:

"Hon my right, Bill Higgs!"

That the champion was popular with a certain section of the audience was evident by the cries of "Good old Higgs!" and "Go it, Bill!"

"Hon my left, A. N. Other!"

"Seconds out!"

Pug and the other seconds scrambled out of the ring with a dexterity that only long years of experience could have taught them.

"Time!"

On the word Figgins' nervousness vanished and he was at once master of himself. He was not, however, prepared for the opening minute. Higgs hardly touched his proffered hand, and led straight off with a powerful left.

Completely taken back with the unexpectedness of the blow, Figgins could barely counter, and Higgs went out for him, raining blows everywhere.

Figgins covered up and skilfully side-stepped out of the corner into which his opponent had tried to trap him. Gradually Figgins recovered, and Tom Merry & Co., in the front row, could hardly contain their excitement as Figgins cleverly blocked one of Higgs' wild

blows and knocked his opponent down with a well-timed left to the jaw.

Higgs remained down till the count of seven, and then, scrambling to his feet, fell into a clinch just as the bell clanged for the end of the round.

The second round found Higgs circling round his younger opponent, seeking for an opening. He had learnt a lesson in the previous round, and was more wary. Feinting with his left, he brought off a vicious uppercut with his dangerous right which set Figgins groggy, and almost dropped him. Covering up, the St. Jim's junior retreated from the triumphant rush of Higgs, and kept Higgs "dancing" until the bell rang out.

During the third round Figgins began to enjoy himself. He had completely got the measure of his man, and proceeded to give him a good hiding. Twice Higgs was down.

The fourth round saw the finish. Skilfully drawing his opponent on, Figgins retreated to the ropes; then, side-stepping neatly as Higgs made a swing, he saw an opening and put all his strength into a punch which connected.

Crash!

The big youth was down, and the time-keeper droned out the seconds:

"Seven, eight, nine—out!"

The audience were yelling themselves hoarse. Pug rushed into the ring and joyfully hugged the youthful champion. Not to be outdone, Tom Merry and the other juniors scrambled under the ropes, and George Figgins was borne triumphantly to his dressing-room.

Figgins was satisfied. For the championship he had no wish, and it was certain he would not defend his title. He had, however, beaten a bully, and, moreover, established the fact for those who doubted it that he was not a funk.

It was a happy party which assembled in Study No. 4 of the New House to celebrate the victory; Figgins being the modest guest of honour.

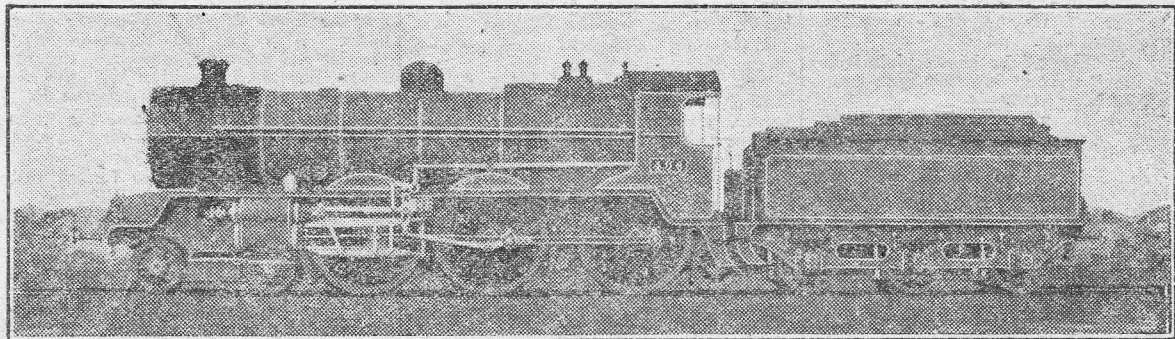
"Three cheers for old Figgy!" bawled Fatty Wynn, a bun in one hand and a glass of ginger-beer in the other. "Hip, hip—"

And the cheers which followed caused many St. Jimites who were not in the know to wonder what had happened.

THE END.

(You must not miss the splendid story of Tom Merry & Co., entitled "Tom Merry's Great Catch!" by Martin Clifford, in next week's issue of the POPULAR.)

## THIS GRAND COLOURED ENGINE PLATE GIVEN AWAY



Subject: The Latest Type of Great Southern and Western Railway (Ireland) Express Locomotive.

## IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

THE BOUNDER TRIES TO PROVE THAT FRANK CLEVELAND HAS COME TO GREYFRIARS UNDER A FALSE NAME, BUT HE FAILS IN HIS SCHEMING!



A Magnificent Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS

(Author of the Famous Greyfriars Tales appearing in the "Magnet" Library.)

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### A Strange Discovery!

MARK LINLEY, of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, came into his study, fresh and ruddy from cricket. Cleveland was there, with his books on the table, but he was not working. He was gazing from the open window upon the cricket-field. He turned round as the Lancashire lad came in. "Watching the cricket?" said Mark cheerily. "Yes; I'm ready to begin now, if you are."

"Quite ready." Mark Linley had taken very much to the new boy. Mark had won his scholarship to Greyfriars by hard work, and he liked hard workers. And the new boy was a hard worker. Greek was not a compulsory subject at Greyfriars; but the new boy had taken up Greek, and Mark was only too willing to help him. Mark did not quite understand his new friend. Cleveland worked hard, very; but he did not seem to be naturally what the fellows called a "swot." More than once it had seemed to Mark Linley that Cleveland was forcing himself to his task—that he would gladly have escaped from it into the open air. But if Cleveland had other tastes besides swotting, he kept them strictly to himself, and he worked very hard, whether willingly or not.

"Brought your Greek lexicon?" asked Mark. "I haven't one. I usually borrow Mr. Quelch's when I want one. He is very kind. But I think you said you had one." "Here it is," said Cleveland, taking the lexicon from a pile on the table. "Liddell & Scott, abridged—that's the one you want." "That's it."

The two juniors settled down to work. They were going through a speech of Demosthenes, and the lexicon would be required. As they worked, Cleveland's eyes wandered to the open window many times. The cool breeze of evening came in, and it bore to their ears the shouts of the fellows on the distant cricket-field.

"You don't feel up to it now?" suggested Mark. "After all, there's plenty of time. If you'd rather be out—"

Cleveland shook his head.

"No, I want to work. I've got to work—"

to get on, to prove that there's something in me. I've promised my uncle."

Mark nodded. "Are you thinking of a scholarship?" he asked. "It means hard work, but there's a lot of kudos if you get it, especially if you're a rich chap, and don't need it," he added, with a laugh.

"I want to show that I can work, and satisfy my uncle," said Cleveland.

"Well, that's good enough. Pile in!" Mark Linley opened the dictionary to look out a word. He wanted the letter "S," and he turned the pages to come to it. Suddenly he paused.

His eyes remained riveted upon a pencilled scrawl on the margin of the lexicon page open under his eyes.

Cleveland looked up suddenly.

"Found it?" he asked.

"N-n-no!" stammered Mark.

"What's the matter?"

"N-nothing!"

"You've got the 'B's' there, not the 'S's,'" said Cleveland, in wonder. "What are you staring at in the book?"

Mark Linley hesitated a moment.

"I'd better show you, I think!" he said.

"Look at that!"

He pushed the lexicon towards the new boy.

On the margin was scrawled, in Cleveland's handwriting, or a handwriting very like it, the name, "Hubert Osborne."

Hubert Osborne—the junior who had been expelled from St. Wode's—a thief; the name Vernon-Smith had declared was Cleveland's own, written in Cleveland's lexicon, in Cleveland's hand!

Mark Linley felt as if the study was turning round him.

He had been one of the firmest supporters of the new boy when the Bounder had accused Cleveland of being Hubert Osborne. He had refused to believe a word of it. Now, for the first time, a terrible doubt shot into his mind. How came that name to be written there? He knew Cleveland's hand well enough. Cleveland had written a great deal in his study. How came that name to be written in Cleveland's hand in Cleveland's book? It looked as though it had been carelessly scrawled there in a moment of idleness, and forgotten.

Cleveland looked at it. His face went red, and then very pale. Mark Linley looked at him steadily. "Well?" he said. Cleveland faltered. "That's the name Vernon-Smith was mentioning the other day," he said. "Yes."

"And it's been written in my book. I suppose this is a joke of Vernon-Smith's."

Mark breathed again.

"Oh, you didn't write it!"

"I should not be likely to write any name but my own, I suppose," said Cleveland.

"You'll find my name, 'Frank Cleveland,' written on the fly-leaf."

Mark turned back to the beginning of the volume.

"I mean the title-page," said Cleveland.

The fly-leaf was gone. It had been torn out; but Frank Cleveland's name was there, on the title-page, and it was in the same hand as the "Hubert Osborne" scrawled on a page of the book.

"You think Vernon-Smith wrote that?" asked Mark, after a long pause.

"Somebody did."

"Whoever wrote it imitated your hand?"

"Looks like it."

Another long pause.

"I suppose it's a trick of Smith's," said Cleveland at last. "He knows I work at Greek with you, and that I should be using this volume. Sooner or later you'd be bound to see the name written there, you see."

"I—I suppose so."

Cleveland looked at him quickly.

"You believe me, I suppose?" he asked sharply.

"Ye-es, I believe you. But—but it looks as if it had been scrawled there carelessly, some day when you were bored with lessons. And—and the ink is old," said Mark.

Cleveland scanned the writing. He was perfectly calm now. Mark looked at his quiet face, and felt ashamed of the doubt that had crept into his breast, in spite of himself. The boy was honest. It was a trick of the Bounder's, and Mark knew that the Bounder was fully capable of such a trick. He had played worse tricks than that on fellows he disliked. Mark had not forgotten how the Bounder had plotted and

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schemed to get him sent away from Greyfriars. He did not trust Vernon-Smith one inch, and he would not have been surprised at any baseness on the part of the cad of the Remove.

"It looks like my fist, and somehow he's made the ink look old," said Cleveland. "It's a rotten trick!"

Mark was quite convinced now. "Rotten isn't the word!" he exclaimed indignantly. "It's simply revolting! He ought to be shown up to all the fellows! I'll take this book down to the Common-room—"

Cleveland laid his hand on the arm of the indignant Lancashire lad as he rose excitedly from his chair.

"Don't do that," he said quietly. "He would deny it, and there's no proof. I'd rather keep it quiet."

Again Mark felt for a moment that miserable, creeping doubt; but he drove it away, as if it had been an unclean thing.

"Just as you like," he said. "But I think you'd do better to show him up, and let the fellows see what a cad he is."

"I couldn't prove that he had done it." "Oh, nobody would be in any doubt about that—they'd know!"

"Better let it drop," said Cleveland. "I'm sick of that matter! I only wish Vernon-Smith would drop it, and let me alone! Better say nothing about it. I'll cut off that margin, and burn it, and it will be all right."

"Very well."

Cleveland cut the margin of the page off, and lighted a match, and carefully destroyed the strip of paper bearing that tell-tale name. Then the juniors resumed their work. Cleveland worked away hard, and the matter was not mentioned again; and, at last, when the task was done, the new boy left the study. He took his books with him. He returned to his own study, which he shared with Russell and Ogilvy. Russell and Ogilvy, however, were out of doors now, and he had the room to himself.

He laid his books on the table, and took out several more from the bookcase, and sat down at the table, and turned over the leaves. He was not reading. He was examining every page of every book with persistent patience. Once, across a leaf of Virgil, he came upon a scrawled name again—"Hubert Osborne." In another place there were the initials, "H. O." In each case he burnt the page, careless of the damage to the book. Then for a long time he sat silent.

His head rested upon his hand, his elbow on the table. He was plunged in deep thought, and his face was white and strained.

"Is it any good—is it any good?" he muttered, aloud.

The study door opened, and Ogilvy came in. He stared at Cleveland.

"Penny for your thoughts!" he said.

Cleveland started and flushed, and jumped up.

"Thinking over that rotten Greek?" said Ogilvy, laughing. "Enough to give a chap a pain in the brain-box, I should say! Chuck it up, and let's have tea!"

And they had tea, Russell coming in and joining them; but Cleveland, in the place of his usual cheeriness, was very silent during the meal. Was he thinking of the scheme of the Bounder against him—of that name written in his books, in his hand? Was he thinking of the Bounder at all—or what?

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.**

**The Bounder Makes Another Test!**

"DUCKER" was a regular institution at Greyfriars in the summer. All the fellows took part in it, and those who did not know how to swim were given instruction, either by those who did, or by the school instructor. In the pleasant summer weather it was very agreeable to bathe in the cool, clear waters of the Sark, under the shade of the old wide-spreading trees that sheltered the bank. On Saturday afternoon, ducker was in full swing. The raft and the banks were crowded with fellows in exceedingly brief bathing-costumes, their white skins glistening in the sunlight, and the air was loud with shouts of merriment and the sounds of splashes.

There was a sudden yell over the shining water.

"Lend me a hand, Tubb!"

It was Bolsover minor of the Third Form.

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Bolsover minor and Tubb and Paget were swimming together, and they were in the middle of the stream. Only good swimmers were allowed to go out of their depth; but these three were excellent in the water, and they were fifty yards from the raft, when Bolsover minor called for help.

Tubb and Paget were some little distance from him.

"What's the matter?" called out Tubb. "What do you want?"

"Cramp!" gasped the fag.

Tubb and Paget turned at once. But before they could reach him, Bolsover minor's head was under. Paget and Tubb struggled frantically to get to him, and there was a shout from the boat stationed in midstream in case of accidents. Wingate had seen the fag's danger, and he was running along the boat to dive.

On the landing-craft the juniors all had their eyes fixed on the stream where Bolsover minor had gone under. Their faces were pale.

Cleveland was there. He caught Wharton's arm.

"Will Wingate get him, do you think?"

Wharton nodded.

"Sure to! He's in now—"

"We—we—" faltered Cleveland.

"We couldn't reach him from here as soon as Wingate can," said Wharton. "Wingate will have him in a jiffy!"

"There he is!" shouted Nugent.

"Hurrah!"

Wingate had the exhausted fag in his arms, and was swimming towards the raft with his free hand. The juniors cheered him loudly.

"Thank goodness!" muttered Cleveland.

"I nearly—"

He paused, and flushed.

"Nearly went in for him!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Lot of good that would have had been! You can't swim!"

"No; that's so," said Cleveland.

A dozen hands dragged Bolsover minor from Wingate as he reached the raft. The fag was landed, dripping.

"Go and rub yourself down, and don't get out of your depth again!" growled the captain of Greyfriars.

"You young ass!" said Bolsover major, taking his young brother by the ear. "You turned me cold all over! If you get out of your depth again, I'll warn you!"

"Yes, Percy," said the fag meekly.

"I guess I should have gone in for him and got him out all right," remarked Fisher T. Fish.

"But who'd have got you out?" asked Johnny Bull.

And the juniors laughed.

"Osborne could have got him out if he'd liked," said Vernon-Smith, who had joined the crowd on the raft.

There was a general shout:

"Shut up, Smithy!"

"Can't you see we're fed up with that?"

bawled Bob Cherry. "If you can't put on a new record, Smithy, why don't you ring off?"

"Osborne was the best swimmer at St. Wode's, and he could have got him out easily," said Vernon-Smith. "I don't know that he would, but he could."

"Dry up!"

"Cheese it!"

"If you don't ring off we'll pitch you in!" said Bulstrode.

"Pitch him in, anyway!" said Nugent.

"Good egg!"

The Bounder backed away.

"Oh, don't play the giddy goat!" he exclaimed. "You say this chap can't swim, because he's told you he can't. I know he can, and I'll prove it!"

"How?" said Bulstrode.

"This way!"

And the Bounder, turning like a flash upon Cleveland, knocked him off the end of the raft. There was a splash in the water, and Cleveland disappeared under the glimmering surface.

"You—you villain!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"You ruffian!"

The Bounder laughed contemptuously.

"Oh, he can swim!" he said. "You'll see!"

The juniors lined the edge of the raft anxiously. Cleveland came up to the surface. If he could swim, there was little doubt that he would swim then, for he was in deep water, and out of reach of the raft.

Perhaps some of the juniors were interested in the test, though they condemned the Bounder's action. But Cleveland soon proved that the test was of no use, so far as surprising him into betraying himself was concerned. He was not swimming. His hands came up helplessly from the water, and his face gleamed in the sunshine a moment, and then went under again. In a flash a dozen of the fellows were in the stream, catching him and dragging him up. Cleveland came, choking and gasping, to the surface.

"Hold on to me!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Hold on!"

"Grooh! Oh! I—I've swallowed a lot of water! I—"

"Hold on!"

They brought Cleveland up to the raft, and the juniors above dragged him safely on the planks. He lay there, gasping and panting. Then the fellows gathered round Vernon-Smith with grim looks.

The Bounder was uneasy. His test had failed. Cleveland, in danger of his life, had not swum a single stroke—he had acted like the veriest duffer in the water! And, if he could not swim, the Bounder had thrown him into terrible danger by pushing him off into deep water.

"Well," said Bob Cherry, "are you satisfied now, you cad?"

"No, I'm not!" said Vernon-Smith savagely. "I'm not satisfied! I—"

"Neither are we!" said Harry Wharton.

"As Smithy is so fond of showing chaps into the river, I vote that we shove him in—clothes and all!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Hands off!" yelled the Bounder furiously, as the juniors grasped him.

The Bounder had not come down to bathe, and he was in his ordinary clothes.

But the juniors did not take their hands off. They were fed up with Vernon-Smith and his attacks upon the new boy. The Bounder was swept off his feet, and swung in the air, and tossed out bodily upon the glimmering waters of the Sark.

Splash!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Vernon-Smith came up, panting and gasping. He struggled to the landing-raft, but the juniors had lined the edge of it, and pushed him off.

"You can swim!" said Bob Cherry blandly. "Get along somewhere else! You're not coming back here! We're fed up with you!"

"Fed up to the chin!" growled Johnny Bull. "If you put your paws on the plank, Smithy, I'll tread on 'em!"

And the Bounder, white with rage, swam along the raft, and landed on the shore near the boathouse. Followed by jeers, he tramped away towards the school, leaving a trail of water behind him as he went.

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## GEORGE ROBEY

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THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Fed Up!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! What's that?"  
 "Looks like a school rag!"  
 "What is it?"

A number of juniors had caught sight of it at once. It was pinned up on the wall of the Common-room, where it caught the eyes of the fellows on entering. It was a small magazine, with shiny leaves and large print well spaced. Bob Cherry turned over the cover, and read the words, "St. Wode's School Magazine." It was pinned open, however, and on an open page a portrait was printed.

Bob took the book down and laid it on the table, and the juniors gathered round it. They understood now. Someone—evidently the Bounder—had obtained a copy of the school magazine published at St. Wode's, containing a portrait of the boy Hubert Osborne, whom he suspected Cleveland to be. The fellows gathered round thickly, looking at the portrait. It was taken from a photograph, evidently, and it showed a handsome face with clear-cut features—a face that was remarkably like Cleveland's, and might, indeed, have passed for his portrait. Under the picture was printed, "H. Osborne, Lower IVth, Winner of the Swimming Championship!"

"H. Osborne!" said Harry Wharton. "That's the portrait of the chap Vernon-Smith took Cleveland for, then."

"Looks awfully like him!" said Nugent. "The likeness is terrific!"

The juniors could not help being struck by it. The Bounder's assumption was easily accounted for now. The likeness was remarkable. Indeed, some of the juniors, as they gazed at it, felt a creeping doubt. Mark Linley remembered the name written in the Greek lexicon. Vernon-Smith might have written that, even imitating Cleveland's writing for the purpose. He could not have produced this likeness. Had the Bounder, after all, written that name in Cleveland's lexicon, or— Mark drove the thought from his mind.

"It's extraordinary, the likeness!" said Johnny Bull. "Still, it's only a likeness. There have been such things before, and will be again."

"Yes, rather!" said Wharton. "I heard about a chap at St. Jim's getting into trouble because of a fellow just like him who was seen going into pubs and places. Such things will happen."

"Still, it's remarkable," said Tom Brown, rather uneasily. "Jolly unlucky for Cleveland to have a double who was expelled from a school for stealing."

"That's a reason why we should stand by him, and not why we should be down on him, isn't it?" said Mark Linley.

"Quite so! It's rotten for him!"

"It—if it isn't the same chap!" said Morgan.

"It isn't!" said Harry Wharton. "Look here! Winner of the swimming championship! You saw what a duffer Cleveland was in the water to-day. He'd have been drowned if we hadn't pulled him out!"

"Begad, yaas!" remarked Mauleverer. "He can't swim for toffee!"

"Vernon-Smith pushed him in on purpose, to make him betray himself if he could swim," said Wharton. "He didn't swim a stroke. He was going down like a stone when we pulled him out."

And the juniors were satisfied. The Bounder, much against his intention, had proved the new boy's case by that ill-natured action on the raft. The fellow who had been so utterly helpless when he fell into the water was not likely to be the same fellow who had won the swimming championship of his school.

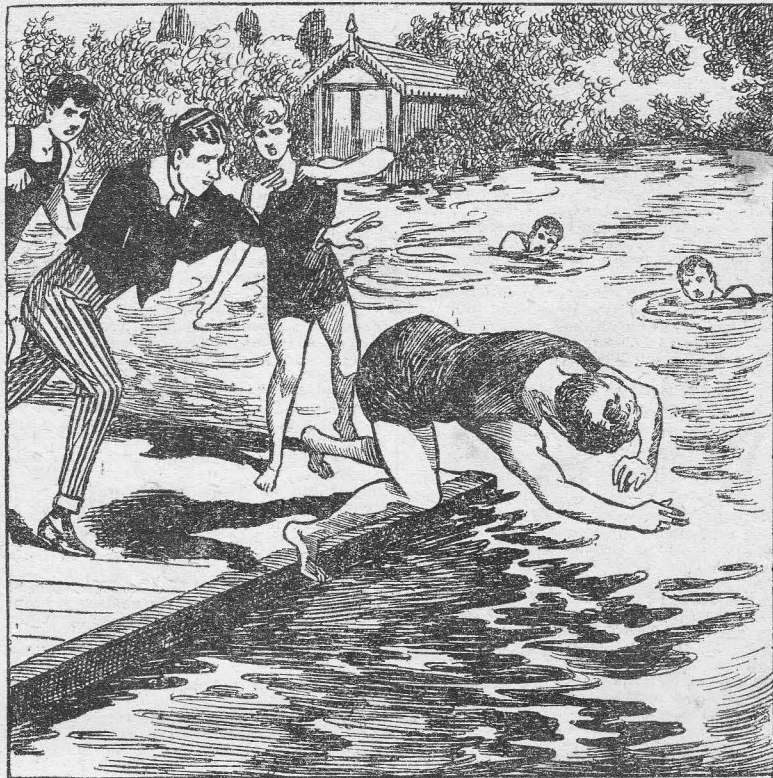
"It's as clear as daylight," said Nugent. "Smithy has proved the case—against himself. I suppose he's still sticking to his guns, to judge by this rag being pinned up here. He ought to be talked to pretty plainly."

"Let's talk to him, then," said Bulstrode. "We'll make him eat this magazine!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We'll make him burn it," said Harry Wharton. "Come along; we'll all go together. He's in his study now, and we'll talk to him. It's about time he learned that we're fed up to the chin with his blessed rot about Cleveland!"

And the juniors proceeded in a body to



THE BOUNDER'S TEST! Vernon-Smith, turning like a flash upon Cleveland, knocked him off the end of the raft. There was a splash in the water, and Cleveland disappeared under the gleaming surface. "He can swim out!" said the Bounder, with a sneer. "You'll see!" (See Chapter 2.)

Vernon-Smith's study, Bob Cherry in advance, carrying the St. Wode's school magazine in the tongs from the Common-room.

Johnny Bull kicked open the Bounder's door, and Bob Cherry marched solemnly in, the magazine held out in front of him with the tongs.

The Bounder started up. "We've brought you your property," said Bob, depositing the magazine on the table, and giving Vernon-Smith a playful dig on his fancy waistcoat with the tongs.

"Ow! You fathead!"  
 "We found it in the Common-room, and we don't like it in the way of mural decoration, so we've brought it back."

"Look here—"  
 "You put it there, Smithy?" said Wharton.

"Yes, I did! I thought when you fellows saw Osborne's portrait, you'd know that he was the fellow who's calling himself Cleveland here."

"That's a little mistake—we know that he isn't! We've all come together to tell you we're fed up. 'Nuff's as good as a feast!"

"Quite as good, or better," said Frank Nugent. "You've got to chuck it, Smithy. Understand? We're not having any more of it. Mr. Quelch told you to chuck it. Now we tell you, if you keep on, you'll get it in the neck."

"Then you're not convinced yet?" asked the Bounder, with a bitter sneer.

"No—only that you are a slanderer!" said Nugent.

"You're going to burn that magazine before our eyes, and shut up on the subject," said Bob Cherry. "That's the programme."

"I won't!"  
 "It's by order of the Form!"  
 "Hang the Form!"

"Oh, that's the way the wind blows, is it?" said Bob. "Gentlemen, is this rank outsider going to obey the order of the Form, or isn't he?"  
 "Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific!"  
 "Yaas, begad!"  
 "Take up the magazine, Smithy, and put it in the fire!"

"I won't!"  
 "Collar him, kids, and I'll take his proboscis in the tongs. When I've given it a little squeeze, I dare say he will come to reason."

"Look here—"  
 "Nuff said! Collar him!"

The Bounder was promptly collared. And as he stood struggling in the grasp of the juniors, and glowering with rage, Bob Cherry extended the tongs, and took a grip upon his nose with the end of them. The Bounder gave a snuffling yell.

"Now, then," said Bob Cherry cheerfully, "are you going to burn that rag?"

"No!" snorted the Bounder.

Bob Cherry compressed the tongs, and the Bounder's nose was squeezed hard. The nip of the tongs brought the water to his eyes.

"Grooh! Oh!"  
 "Are you going to burn that rag?" demanded Bob.

"Groogh! Oh! Yes!"

"Good! I thought I should be able to bring you to reason, with argument and a pair of tongs!" said Bob, with a grin, as he released the Bounder's nose. "Now burn it, and no more talk!"

The infuriated Bounder clutched up the magazine, and jammed it into the fire. It blazed up merrily. The juniors grinned. On either side of the Bounder's nose was a patch of black left by the tongs, and it looked funny.

The St. Wode's school magazine was consumed.

"That's done!" said Bob Cherry. "Now, you remember the order of the Form, Smithy—you're to stop this rot—we're fed up!"

"Go and eat coke!"

"And I should recommend you to rub the soot off your nose before you go down," added Bob.

The Bounder rubbed his nose with his

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handkerchief, and drew two long streaks of soot across his cheeks.

"Ha, ha, ha! That hasn't improved matters!" roared Bob Cherry. "Better try soap and water!"

And the juniors crowded out of the study, leaving the Bounder rubbing his nose furiously. Vernon-Smith was left alone in a savage mood. Every move he made against the new boy seemed to recoil upon himself, and it was only too clear that the Remove had not the slightest intention of listening to him on the subject any further. They were, as Bob Cherry said, fed up. But as the Bounder sat alone in his study, with scowling brow, he was not thinking of obeying the order of the Form and ceasing his persecution of the new boy. He was thinking of ways and means of bringing his charge home against Cleveland, and any ways and means that had occurred to his mind would have been good enough for the Bounder of Greyfriars.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER. The Unexpected!

**W**ERE in for it, my sons!" said Bob Cherry.

It certainly looked like it. Bob and Harry Wharton were sauntering along the lane from Friar Dale village to the school, when half a dozen youths of about their own age came into sight in front of them. The juniors knew them at once—they were fellows of Highcliffe School—Ponsonby, and Gadsby, and Monson, and Vavasour, and others.

There was a very bitter feeling between the juniors of the two schools, and though Harry Wharton & Co. were not exactly faultless, it was undoubted that the fault was on the Highcliffe side. As the Greyfriars juniors complained, the Highcliffians never would play the game. They played even footer and cricket as unfairly as they could, with the result that Greyfriars had scratched all their fixtures with the neighbouring school. That was a slight that rankled very deeply in the Highcliffe mind, and feeling had been more bitter since.

The rival juniors seldom or never met without a row; but the Highcliffians were not given to fistfights unless the odds were on their side. On the present occasion the odds were very much on their side, and the chums of the Greyfriars Remove were right in their anticipation of trouble.

Ponsonby & Co. grinned at one another as they sighted the two. They quickened their pace, and bore down upon the chums of Greyfriars.

Wharton and Bob Cherry halted, and drew together in the middle of the lane. They could have dashed through the hedge and escaped, for the flabby youths of Highcliffe were by no means up to their form in running. But they disdained to run. They had a hearty contempt for the Highcliffe fellows. Ponsonby & Co. were "bloods," as they called themselves, and their idea of doggishness was not at all in accordance with Harry Wharton & Co.'s ideas. Ponsonby had a cigarette between his lips at the present moment, in the open road, careless of observers, and Gadsby had a pink sporting paper under his arm. Under old Dr. Voysey's rule, in fact, Highcliffe was in a state of "rot," and the Highcliffians did with impunity what would have brought floggings, if not expulsion, upon Greyfriars fellows.

The Highcliffians stopped quite near to the chums of the Remove, and all of them raised their silk hats at the same moment with an air of exaggerated politeness. Ponsonby & Co. prided themselves upon their extreme urbanity and upon the exceeding high class of their school. Highcliffe fairly reeked with titles, and in all Greyfriars there was but one lord. And Ponsonby & Co. were very proud of the fact. The elegant young gentlemen were the salt of the earth, in their own opinion, and if they could not play cricket or footer without making observers smile, it was really because such trifles were beneath their lordly notice.

"Dear me!" said Ponsonby. "Our young friends again!"

"So glad to meet you!" simpered Monson. "Absolutely!" yawned Vavasour.

"Oh, rats!" said Bob Cherry in his direct way. "If you're looking for trouble, come on! If you're not, get out of the way!"

"What a nice, civil, well-bred manner the dear boy has!" said Ponsonby. "So like a

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Greyfriars chap—picked up, no doubt, from the aristocratic factory-lads who come there on scholarships!"

And the Highcliffians chuckled together. Wharton glanced down the lane. There was going to be trouble, and he wished that some other Greyfriars fellows were at hand. But there was none in sight. Another Removee had been in the village; but it was only Cleveland, the new boy in the Remove, and he was of no use in a fight.

The two chums had to depend on themselves, and the odds against them were very heavy. And it was not a good-natured rag they had to expect from their old enemies. Ponsonby & Co., in spite of their assumed elegance of manner, could be hooligans and ruffians when they liked, and when they had force on their side.

"Is it worth while wasting a few minutes in teaching these kids how to speak to their betters, dear boys?" asked Ponsonby.

"It would be for their good," remarked Gadsby.

"Absolutely!" said Vavasour. Vavasour found it too great a fag to talk, and he frequently confined his remarks to that one word.

"Then I think we had better pile in," said Ponsonby. "We'll duck them in the ditch and stamp on their bats and split their jackets, but we won't hurt them."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on!" said Bob Cherry. "We'll give you some thick ears to take back to Highcliffe, you worms!"

The Highcliffians made a sudden rush at a signal from Ponsonby. In another moment a wild and whirling fight was raging in the lane.

There were six of the Highcliffe fellows and only two of the Greyfriars, but the Highcliffians did not have it all their own way.

Vavasour was put hors de combat at the start by a terrific drive from Bob Cherry which sent him spinning along the road. He collapsed into the dust, and lay there moaning and holding his chin, and wondering dimly whether a comet had suddenly struck the earth and brought all things to a violent end.

But before Bob could hit out again he was grasped by Monson and Gadsby, and dragged down, struggling, to the ground, and they sat upon him and kept him there.

Harry Wharton was fighting the other three, and holding his own gallantly against the odds. Ponsonby had gone down under a right-hander, and Merton dropped under Wharton's left; but another fellow was clinging to him, and before he could shake him off, Ponsonby and Merton were up again and attacking him from behind. Wharton rolled over in the midst of the Highcliffians, amid a cloud of dust and a chorus of gasps and yells.

"Duck the cads!" panted Ponsonby.

"Duck them!"

"You—your rotten funks!" panted Bob Cherry. "We'll take you two at a time, and give you the licking of your lives! Yah! Fair play, you cads!"

Smack!

Gadsby's hand descended upon Bob Cherry's mouth with a loud smack, and Bob Cherry gasped and struggled furiously. But he could not throw off his assailants.

"Greyfriars! Rescue!" yelled Wharton, in the faint hope that some Greyfriars fellow might hear him.

There was a sound of rapid running in the lane.

A junior in a Greyfriars cap came dashing along at top speed from the direction of the village.

He did not stop to speak.

He dashed headlong into the fray, hitting out right and left and with terrific blows.

Ponsonby & Co. jumped up from their prisoners to defend themselves, piling savagely on the newcomer.

But he was hitting out with terrific force. Ponsonby rolled in the dust, and Vavasour followed him. Gadsby was knocked headlong into the ditch, and splashed into a foot of muddy water. And then Wharton and Bob Cherry were on their feet—dusty and rumped and breathless, but still in fighting form. They piled in vigorously.

The Greyfriars fellows were only three against six now, but they were three of the best against six of the worst. Ponsonby & Co. had no taste for hard-hitting. Vavasour was the first to run, and Monson followed him, and then the rest dashed after them

down the road, ignominiously yielding the field. Gadsby dragged himself out of the ditch, squelching out mud and slime, and ran the last, Bob Cherry's heavy boot helping him to get a start.

"Licked!" roared Bob Cherry, as the breathless and discomfited Highcliffians disappeared down the road. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Then the juniors looked at their rescuer. In the excitement of the combat they had not given him a glance, knowing only that he was a Greyfriars chap. But now they uttered a simultaneous exclamation of amazement.

"Cleveland!"

"Great Scott!"

It was Cleveland!

The new boy—the duffer who had been so easily licked by Vernon-Smith in the fight in the gym! Cleveland, who did not know how to box, and who had dealt the Highcliffe fellows blows that would have done credit to a youthful prizefighter! Wharton and Bob Cherry could only stare at him blankly.

Cleveland laughed.

"I heard you yell, and sailed in," he said. "Glad I came along in time."

"I'm jolly glad, too!" said Bob Cherry. "But—"

"Thanks awfully!" said Wharton. "But—but—"

Their evident amazement recalled Cleveland to himself. He gave a little start, and coloured awkwardly. There was a very awkward pause.

"If you can fight like that, why did you let Smithy lick you?" demanded Bob Cherry, who was not a fellow to think things without saying them right out.

Cleveland's flush grew deeper.

"Well, I—I'm not a fighting chap," he stammered. "I—I was excited just now when I heard you call for rescue, and—and I just rushed in, you know."

"You knocked them right and left!" said Harry.

"I don't think I hit very hard."

"I'll bet Ponsonby & Co. think you did!" chuckled Bob. "Why, you lifted Gadsby right into the ditch with one wipe! I saw you!"

"I—I was excited."

"Then you'd better get excited next time Smithy rags you!" grinned Bob. "My hat! I should like to see you handle the Bounder like that!"

Wharton and Bob Cherry dusted their clothes down, and the three walked away towards Greyfriars. Cleveland was very silent. Bob was in a state of great surprise at the unexpected prowess the supposed duffer had shown. But Harry Wharton was thinking a little more deeply than Bob on the subject. He liked Cleveland, and Cleveland had just rendered him a service in the most plucky way. He hated himself for the miserable suspicion that crept into his mind. But—

There was a "but." If Cleveland could fight like this, how was it that he had been licked so easily by the Bounder? Vernon-Smith had maintained that the new fellow could have put up a good fight if he had liked. And certainly what had just happened seemed to bear out the Bounder's statement.

Was it possible, after all, that Cleveland was playing a part—that he was pretending to know nothing about boxing or swimming or cricket simply in order to make the distinction more marked between himself and Osborne of St. Wode's?

Osborne of St. Wode's had been famous in his school for all athletic sports—the junior champion in every line. Cleveland of Greyfriars was a swot, and never went in for sports. That had been a complete answer to Vernon-Smith's charge, sufficient to discount even the remarkable resemblance to the portrait in the school magazine.

But—but—but if Cleveland was only pretending—if he could fight well when he chose, as was undoubtedly the case after this, what then? Was his fumbling at cricket and his helplessness in the water equally deceitful appearances, kept up for purposes of his own? Was the Bounder right, after all? Right or wrong, nothing could excuse the rancorous bitterness the Bounder had shown. But was he right?

At a moment when he should have been feeling grateful for the timely aid the new boy had given him, Wharton hated himself for the doubts that forced themselves into his mind. But he could not drive them

A GRAND TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. :: By FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT  
TUESDAY!

"CLEVELAND'S SPLENDID SACRIFICE!"

away. Bob Cherry, too, fell very silent as they neared the gates of the school. Something of the same sort had evidently come into his mind and was troubling his thoughts.

Cleveland broke the silence. "I—I suppose I've rather surprised you chaps?" he said.

"You have!" said Wharton. "It was jolly lucky you came along!" said Bob awkwardly.

"Lucky for you, you mean," said Cleveland. "But it's given you an impression that I am a bit of a humbug, I'm afraid. Look here, I'll tell you how it is. I'm sent to this school by my uncle, and he's rather a hard man. I've got to get on or get out—see? I've got to work—and work hard. I can't afford to let time go by as you chaps do; it wouldn't do for me. I've no time to take up sports, and I don't want to get mixed up in rags and rows. They would put me off my form for my work. You think I could have put up a better fight against Smith the day I came here—"

"We know you could have—now," said Harry Wharton quietly. "There's no sense in mincing words. We know it. You were spoofing. You could have knocked Vernon-Smith all round the gym with one hand if you'd chosen to."

"I—I must say it looks like it!" stammered Bob Cherry. "It's rotten to say so, after what you've done, Cleveland. But—but a chap can't help his thoughts."

"I hope you won't think badly of me, just because I chipped in to help you," said Cleveland. "I could easily have kept away, you know. But when I heard you call for rescue, I piled in without stopping to think."

"It was jolly decent of you!" said Harry. "I know you've got plenty of pluck. We all like you, and think you're the right sort. We don't believe a word of Smith's rotten yarn about you. But why did you spoof us all? Why did you let that cad lick you, when you could have wiped up the ground with him?"

"That's what I'm trying to explain. I came here to work—to swot—to drive away as hard as a fellow can. If I'd licked Smith I should have had rows with him without end. He would never have been satisfied, and other fellows would have tackled me, and I thought it simplest to take a licking and get it over. I wanted a quiet life, and I didn't want to score over anybody. That's all."

It was a lame explanation. But it was spoken frankly enough, and the juniors had no choice but to believe it. For if they had doubted it they would have had to admit that they had been deceived in Cleveland, and that the Bounder, with his hateful accusations, was in the right.

"Well, I think you're an ass, and that you went the very worst way to work if

you wanted a quiet life!" said Harry. "But I suppose every fellow's entitled to go his own way with his own methods."

"You believe me?"

"Of course I do!"

"I'm glad of that! And—the new boy hesitated—the less that's said about this in the school the better I shall like it. I don't want to be dragged into prominence, and I don't want to have to keep on explaining. All I want is to be let alone—to work. If I don't get a first-class report from the Head at the end of the term my uncle is going to take me away from Greyfriars. He wanted a lot of persuading to give me this chance. I simply dare not run any risks!" Cleveland's face had grown white and strained, and his voice was almost husky. "I've got to prove that I can work—that I can do something creditable. Everything depends on that—all my future, all my chances for a lifetime. I don't know if you fellows can understand, but I depend entirely on my uncle, and I've displeased him once—and he'll never give me another chance!"

"I understand," said Harry. "About this we won't say anything—"

"I don't care about that. I want to be left alone, that's all. I've been talked about too much in the school as it is."

"Just as you like, then."

Afterwards, in the study, Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton exchanged a long and silent glance full of trouble.

"He's a good chap!" said Bob at last.

"One of the best!" said Harry.

"He handled those cads first rate!"

"He did!"

"I suppose he's an ass. He hasn't gone the right way to work. But a fellow can't help being a bit of an ass!"

"Quite so!"

"Look here, Harry!" blurted out Bob, reddening. "You believe him, don't you?"

"Yes!" said Harry, with a deep breath.

"So do I! He's the right sort. But I—I wish it hadn't happened!" said Bob. "I—I wish he had gone a different way to work. We believe him—we know he's all right. But—but a lot of the fellows would be suspicious. Upon the whole, he's right. It's better to say nothing about it!"

And the chums of the Remove said nothing about it. They believed Cleveland. But the incident had left them with an uncomfortable feeling that refused to be banished.

THE END.

(Be sure you do not miss "Cleveland's Splendid Sacrifice!" by Frank Richards, a wonderful tale of Harry Wharton & Co., the famous chums of Greyfriars, in next Tuesday's bumper issue. Order your copy to-day.)

## "TAKEN IN!"

(Continued from page 10.)

somewhere. He won't get any dinner before lessons if he don't turn up soon."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wha-a-a-at! What are you laughing at?"

"All serene, Bob." The outcast's foreign accent was gone now, and Bob Lawless fairly tottered as he heard his natural voice. "Gunten, you worm, do you admit now that I can act?"

There was a gasping yell.

"Frank Richards!"

"Frank!" panted Beauclerc, in utter bewilderment. "You! Then who—what—"

Gunten's face was a study.

"Richards! You! Then— Oh!"

He fairly gasped.

"Richards!" yelled Chunky

Todgers. "Oh, you spoofer!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here's Miss Meadows!" murmured Beauclerc.

The schoolmistress stepped out of the porch. Her face was amazed, and very severe. She scanned Frank's made-up face.

"What is this?" she exclaimed.

"Is it possible—"

"Excuse me, ma'am," said Frank meekly. "I'm Richards, made up as a fat-headed Swiss. Only amateur theatricals, ma'am. It was a lark on Gunten, who thought I couldn't act, I—I never meant to spoof you, ma'am; but—but when I was taken indoors, I—I kept it up," he stammered. "I—I'm sure you wouldn't think I meant to be disrespectful, ma'am."

"Then—then you are not Gunten's cousin— But of course you are not!" exclaimed Miss Meadows. "I forgive you, Richards. But kindly do not play these tricks again. You are certainly a very clever actor, however."

Miss Meadows stepped back into the School House, smiling. The school-boys gathered round Frank, even now unable to recognise him, though they knew his voice and his merry laugh.

Gunten, gritting his teeth, stalked away. The seedy stranger was not, after all, his cousin, and that was a relief; but his brutal and heartless nature had received a pretty thorough exposure.

"Well, I can act, can't I?" grinned Frank Richards. "I am going to get a wash now. This complexion won't do for school. But what price the Thespian Club now, you fellows?"

"Hear, hear!" chortled Bob Lawless. "The Thespian Club is a go; and you're first president, Franky! I've a jolly good mind to punch your nose for taking me in, all the same!"

Frank Richards laughed. He was his usual self again in time for afternoon school; and certainly, if he liked the limelight, he had plenty of it now. And the Thespian Club, of Cedar Creek School, dated from that afternoon.

THE END.

(There will be another grand story of the Backwoods Chums, entitled "Gunten's Revenge!" by Martin Clifford, in next week's issue.)

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#### WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

FERRERS LORD, having cleared up the mystery of the great German treasure trove, decides to make tracks south for an island he has bought from the Portuguese Government. The island is named Desolatia, and the millionaire adventurer puts it up for sale between his friends, PRINCE CHING LUNG, RUPERT THURSTON, HAL HONOUR (his engineer), and GAN WAGA, a fat Eskimo attached to the crew of the Lord of the Deep.

The money from the four friends is given to Rupert Thurston's little hospital, and they agree to play "Put and Take" for the ownership of Desolatia. After once trying with Ching Lung, Gan Waga has the great luck to win the island.

On the way south the yacht is overtaken by a terrific storm. They are swept far out of their course, and the yacht runs foul of a gigantic iceberg in the intense darkness. The ship crashes through the side of the hollow berg, and the entrance freezes up, imprisoning them. They discover a small tunnel leading out of the iceberg, and they find themselves on the shore of Gan Waga's Island. Ferrers Lord, Ching Lung, and Gan Waga are scouting on the island when they are held up by a Mexican millionaire, who tells them he has taken possession of the island, and orders them off. Ferrers Lord & Co. leave the island and return to the camp, which is being built on the ice-floe. Castaro sends Dan Govan with a letter to Ferrers Lord, telling him to surrender while he has the chance; but the millionaire refuses the Mexican's offer, and decides to fight for possession of the island.

During the next few days the weather becomes milder, and causes the ice-floe to break away from the rest of the island.

Ferrers Lord is thinking of accepting Castaro's offer to take him off to the floe and to the north, where they will pick up a home-bound ship, when there is a shout from the look-out on the floe, and the men rush out of the hut to see a great shadow ship in the sky.

(Now read on.)

#### Ferrers Lord Decides to Surrender!

THOUGH the vessel was a mere shadow, the ghost of a ship, there can be no effect without a cause. The mirage was due to some atmospheric trick. As the shadow-ship did not resemble a whaler, the only kind of craft that was likely to be cruising so far south, they were sure they had seen the reflection of the vessel bound for Gan Waga's island with stores and labourers.

"Perhaps Gan saw it before when he was half awake and half asleep after that horrible feed of tinned lobster and marmalade, and fancied he was dreaming he saw the Lord of the Deep," said Ching Lung. "After tinned lobster and marmalade in vast quantities he could imagine anything. I don't like the way the boys shouted when they sighted the old thing, Rupert. Seemed a bit excited, didn't they?"

"Yes. But you can't blame them," answered Thurston. "They're fed up with this rotten floe, and so am I. I'd sooner be aboard that rusty old tramp steamer than here. There's nothing to worry about if that's what you mean, for they're as staunch and sound as solid oak."

The next three days were quite uneventful, almost monotonous, for those who were not employed. The building of the launch went on rapidly. Ching Lung organised football matches and sports, but in the snow neither were highly successful for the players and competitors, though their antics amused the spectators. And still no message came from the outer world through the wireless. Some mysterious barrier seemed to exist. The puzzled operator was confident that they were being called, but nothing came through from the north that he could possibly piece together into an intelligent sentence. Some unknown force seemed either to intercept the electric waves or to break them and mutilate them until they had no meaning.

On the fifth day after they had seen the mirage, Harold Honour walked towards the millionaire's hut, filling his pipe as he went, for he could use his fingers again, though

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only with difficulty, and opened the door after knocking.

"Ready," he said.

Ching Lung and Rupert Thurston were with Ferrers Lord. The millionaire nodded to the engineer.

"You had better launch her then and give her a trial trip," he said. "And when will the tender be completed, Honour?" The engineer held up two fingers. The tender was almost completed. Ching Lung called it Noah's Ark, for it bore a strong resemblance on a large scale to the toy-shop ideas of the craft that had successfully weathered the great flood. It had become imperative now to leave the floe. Ferrers Lord had examined it very carefully, and he knew that it was rotten to the core.

"We have been talking over matters," he went on. "We can get no frost worthy of the name, and the condition of the floe is becoming alarming. Our only hope seems to get away from it while the fine weather lasts. For the sake of my men, though I feel it bitterly, I have decided to make terms with Estaban Castaro. Rather than lose any lives, if it comes to the worst we must hand him over the island unconditionally."

"And that's almost enough to send a decent chap raving mad," said Ching Lung. "Fancy having to grovel to that fat beast, Chief."

"There will be no grovelling, Ching," said the millionaire. "Honour has built us a fine launch and as good a tender as could possibly be built with the materials on hand, but it is hardly possible that we can tow the tender far enough to fall in with a ship. These are seas of peril, gentlemen. We'd lose the tender in the first big storm we encountered, and only good luck would help the launch to weather it."

"It's the nastiest pill I've had to swallow yet," said Rupert Thurston, making a wry face. "Bah! I think it will choke me."

"It is quite as unpalatable to me, too, I assure you," said Ferrers Lord, "but I must consider my men, for they come first. Storms and ice are not so dangerous as Estaban Castaro. If he attacks us we would be hard put to defend that heavy, crowded tender.

You may be sure he will accept no terms from us with conditions. The only bargain we can hope to make with him will be to exchange Gan Waga's island lock, stock, and barrel and give up every claim to it in exchange for the vessel whose picture we saw the other day in the sky."

"And what if the brute, knowing that he has us at his mercy, refuses, Chief? He's quite capable of refusing, isn't he?"

"Quite. If he has a long-range gun on his yacht and chooses to bring her out and use the gun on us, we shall take back no secrets," answered the millionaire grimly. "Even that unscrupulous rogue has one curious good quality. I think he will accept our word of honour to divulge nothing and leave him in undisputed possession of Desolatia."

"But surely such a promise cannot be legal or binding," protested Rupert Thurston. "No man could be expected to keep a promise so much to his disadvantage forced out of him with a pistol pointed at his head. The very idea is monstrous!"

"True," said the millionaire, smiling; "but we are gentlemen, Rupert. It isn't much for an honest man to believe you when you pledge your word, but it is something when an unscrupulous rogue is willing to believe you. We are not afraid of pistols, and they would not frighten many pledges out of us. We have had so many victories that an ignominious defeat like this is like dust and ashes in our mouths. Perhaps it will do us good. You look astonished," he added, with a laugh. "My dear fellow, I am not unconquerable! This is not the first time I have had to haul down my flag. It is the same in war, in politics, in business. Show me the general who has always been victorious, the politician who has never met with a check, and the business man who has never had a bad bargain, and I'll tell you that he has been lucky. With regard to Estaban Castaro, the affair of Gan Waga's island may be, and will be, settled finally by my promise."

He paused, and reached for a cigarette, and twirled it round thoughtfully in his fingers before lighting it.

"The surrender may not end the little feud between Estaban Castaro and myself," he

A SPLENDID TALE OF ROOKWOOD.  
By OWEN CONQUEST. ::

NEXT  
TUESDAY!

"JIMMY SILVER CHIPS IN!"



concluded slowly. "We may fight that out in a sunnier clime than Desolatia, and I may not be defeated then."

"Defeated? Pah!" granted the engineer, striding to the door. "No such word!"

There was lusty cheering when the cradle containing the launch was run across the snow to the edge of the ice, in which a slipway had been cut. She took the water buoyantly, with Honour, Prout, and half a dozen others aboard. She had a powerful engine, but she had been built for sturdy, steady hard work, and was neither beautiful to look at, nor very speedy. With Harold Honour it was break or make. If the craft had any defect it was better to discover it at once. He headed south, getting every ounce out of her he could. Two hours later the launch emerged from the haze into which she had vanished, and came back to the slipway. The engineer said nothing at all, but Prout was pleased.

"By honey, she'll never rattle along fast enough to make her keel red hot; but with a bit more ballast in her she'll be as steady as an ocean liner," he told Rupert Thurston and the prince. "I reckon, with anything like fine weather, she could pull the old Noah's Ark all the way to Dover. I touch my hat to Hal. He hadn't a lot to work on, but a lot of worse graft have come out of a first-rate ship-building yard than that."

Maddock's whistle recalled the men who were preparing a second slipway for the tender to their meal. The engineer joined Ferrers Lord, who was examining the glaciograph.

"More quivers," said Ferrers Lord. "Nothing large, but these constant shakes show that the floe is cracking in all directions. It will be full moon to-night, as you know, and the fine weather may not outlast that very long. Can you shorten your two days by half, Honour?"

"I'll try," said Honour briefly, as he glanced at the instrument. "Necessary."

Ferrers Lord was anxious to get away from the floe, but outwardly he gave no sign that he was anxious. He had explored the floe alone, and he had found that the snow and frost had not kept the accumulation of weed from rotting and heating. In many places the snow had thawed away, and steamy, poisonous vapours were rising, gases that were dangerous to human life. The ignominy of having to make terms with Esteban Castaro must have cut him to the quick, but his clear-cut, handsome face betrayed nothing. It was his duty to save his men at any sacrifice, and the condition of the floe and its rapid decay into complete rottenness was swiftly turning it into a death-trap. One sudden gale might end all.

The moon rose clear and bright, almost unaturally large and brilliant. The light was so good that it was possible to work on the tender without using flares. Ching Lung had just grown accustomed to the noise of hammering, and was falling asleep,

when he heard the door open, and sat up in his bed.

"It only me, Chingy," said the voice of Gan Waga. "The roof of my igloo tumble in, or else some fatheads pushes her in. If yo' not awakful, go to sleep again, old dear. Yo' soon get wakened up. It going to blow again, Chingy. I gotted it in my bones there a merriness storm comings."

The bright moonlight, flooding into the hut through the window, and shining from a cloudless sky, promised anything but bad weather.

"You've been having tinned lobster and stolen marmalade, my son," said Ching Lung. "More of your silly dreams, I expect. You've been snoring like a hog, I expect, so no wonder your roof caved in. If you've come to camp with us, shut the door, and turn in on the hearthrug. And don't waken Rupert, if you do he may get ratty about it, and slap you hard. And don't grunt and snore in your sleep, or I shall help him to slap!"

"It blow, all the sameness, Chingy," said Gan Waga. "I think somebody better go and tell old Hal to get the launch ups. This old floa busted. Good-nights!"

Gan Waga curled himself up on the rug and went to sleep, and for ten minutes the prince tossed about restlessly. It was always wise to ignore the Eskimo's warnings about the weather. At last he got up, switched on the light, and looked at the barometer. The instrument seemed quite steady. Huddling on some clothes, Ching Lung went out and spoke to the engineer. Hal Honour took the pipe from his mouth, and glanced at the clear moon-and-cloudless sky.

"Safer," he said. "Yes."

When the launch had been hauled up close to the camp the change came. Two rings of bright orange colour encircled the moon. There was no wind, but great masses of cloud began to pile up in the southern sky as the engineer drove in the last nail.

**The Dream That Came True!**

**T**HE tender was ready except for her stores. When Ferrers Lord came out of his hut the whole floe seemed to be steeped in blood. A kind of red mist obscured the moon. The sea was flat, and though the inky clouds were piling higher and higher, there was not a ripple of breeze in the air.

"The fates seem against us, Ching," he said with a smile. "Is this to be an earthquake or a hurricane or both? In another ten or twelve hours I might have settled with Esteban Castaro and have had my men comparatively safe on Desolatia. Call them out and tell them to dress."

While Ching Lung went to waken the camp the millionaire folded his arms and watched the sky. Over the jagged edges of the clouds streamers of the southern aurora were flickering. Though the clouds had gathered in the south, when the first blast of wind

came it came hooting and whistling across the floe from the north. The clouds split from summit to sea level, and for an instant the southern sky behind them looked like a furnace of flame with a river of flame pouring through the gap towards the floe. The millionaire's voice rang out crisply and clearly.

"Lie down!"

A rumbling followed as the men dropped flat on the trampled snow, a rumble that swelled into a roar and then into a numbing, ear-splitting thunder of sound. Beneath them the floe shook and quivered. The dazzling glare was gone, and darkness shut down in an inky pall. It was filled with noises, creakings, and crashings, and the furious surging and lashing of water. Spray drenched them and fell with a rattle on the roofs of the huts. But the great sound had gone booming away northwards, leaving them dazed and half-deaf. And then, mingled with the minor grindings and creakings and crashing of ice against ice came a deluge of rain and the wild and furious rush of the wind gone mad. In a lull they heard the millionaire's voice through a megaphone shouting a warning. An instant later his voice could not have been heard.

"Keep out in the open. Get to windward of the huts and remain there. They are not strong enough to stand much of this."

Already some of the corrugated iron roofs had been stripped off and whirled away into the darkness like strips of paper. For two dreary hours it stormed and rained, and then at last the sodden moon looked down out of the driving clouds, and it was almost calm. Hal Honour and the millionaire, who had been crouching down side by side, raised themselves as the light grew clearer and looked round.

The whole camp was a wreck, a chaos of scattered boards, packing-cases, furniture, and utensils. The tender had been blown over on her side. Honour's first glance was for the launch. He was thankful Ching Lung had given him Gan Waga's warning, for the launch was safe. All that was left of the floe was a tiny island scarcely fifty yards across in its widest part, with the angry sea foaming and seething round it, and the masses of ice that had been torn from it grinding and crashing against each other.

"Call the roll, Prout!" cried Ferrers Lord, raising the megaphone to his lips. "Hurry, please, for this is not over yet!"

There was just time while the light lasted and before the rain came deluging down again. Prout had a list of names in his pocket-book, and as he bawled them out by the aid of a flash-lamp the responses came promptly. There was no answer from Barry O'Rooney, so he went on to the end.

"By honey, we're all clear and ship-shape barring O'Rooney, Mr. Thurston!" he said. "So will you report to the Chief while we look for him?"

(Continued overleaf.)

**BRITAIN'S FAR-NORTH RAILWAY!**

*All about the Famous Engine which forms the subject of our Free Plate.*

**T**HE little "Highland Railway" conjures up scenes of wild, sparsely-populated, mountainous districts, with rushing rivers and lochs. Such, indeed, is the character of the part of Scotland served by this railway.

With its headquarters at Inverness, the Highland Railway stretches one long single-line section northward for 160 miles to Wick, a second westward to Kyle of Lochalsh, 64 miles from Dingwall, on the Inverness-Wick line, and a third southward to Stanley, seven miles north of Perth, a distance of 111 miles. This last is by the modern route, via Carr Bridge, opened twenty-three years ago. The old Highland line, from the south of Inverness, is through Boat of Garten and Forres. By this line the distance from the south to Inverness was a good many miles farther, and made a fair competition with the route via Aberdeen possible; but the opening of the direct line made such competition of no practical utility.

Perth is the frontier station for the Highland Railway. Here passengers from the south, by Caledonian, N.B., L. & N.W., G.N., and Midland trains, change (if not in through coaches), to reach Perth the High-

land Railway trains travel seven miles of the Caledonian Railway from Stanley Junction.

The line northward to Inverness passes through the Pass of Killiecrankie, and at Dalnaspical reaches an altitude of 1,485 feet, the highest point attained by a British railway (excepting the Snowdon Mountain line).

For nine months of the year there is little traffic over the Highland Railway. The up and down mails, with, perhaps, a second train in each direction, is amply sufficient for the passenger requirements day by day over long stretches. Between Perth and Inverness six trains are quite sufficient for the traffic.

The scene is changed when "quality" is visiting the Highlands in the summer and autumn; then the line is choked with traffic, and, being single, much clever manœuvring is required to cross the trains at the passing loops with as little delay as possible. The climax is reached on the eve of St. Grouse, when everybody who is anybody seeks to reach the Highlands. Never are so many first-class passengers in evidence, nor such a number of sleeping-saloons. However, the

Highland engines work the heavy trains forward from Inverness over the steep gradients in fine style.

The new Clan class locomotives, such as "Glen Fraser," illustrated by the colour plate with this issue, can give a good account of themselves. These big engines, with their tender, weigh 104½ tons in working order. The six-coupled wheels are 6 ft. in diameter, the cylinders are 21 in. diameter by 26 in. stroke, heating surface 1,017 sq. ft., which, with water capacity 3,500 gallons and coal 7 tons, form illuminating figures.

Since motor-cars have become so common the summer traffic on the Highland Railway is not so dense as previously. During the war the Highland Railway performed extraordinary feats every day. With our huge fleet at Scapa Flow, provisions, coal, ammunition, and men had to be carried in huge quantities over the 270 miles of single line from Stanley Junction to Wick. It needed much experience and acumen to work for over four years all these specials every day besides the usual traffic, but the Highland Railway never failed in its big task.

O'Rooney was discovered lying near a broken packing-case surrounded by tins of tomato soup. He was just coming back to his senses when the bo'sun and the carpenter found him. He had a bump on his head. Finding that he was not seriously damaged, Maddock gave him some brandy and stayed with him while Joe the carpenter went back to report that the missing man was alive.

"He lay like a warrior taking his rest with the termarter tins around him, Tom!" he told Prout. "A case of tinned soup came down with a wallop and busted! One of the tins got Barry. P'raps he thought he was playing football, and tried to head a goal with it, but the tin beat him."

"By honey, I'd have backed his thick head to beat any tin of soup!" said Prout. "I'm glad he's safe, though, for though at times he's nearly as big a nuisance as the Eskimo, he's not such a bad sort. You've had a squint around, haven't you, Joe? Nothing to start cheering about, is there?"

"I don't know, mate, but we're all alive still," answered Joe. "There's precious little of the floe left, but we're on the thickest part of it. If we don't get another shock of earthquake, we might keep afloat another month. It was an earthquake right enough, I take it. Something went pop down yonder."

A sudden downrush of rain made further conversation difficult. It fell almost horizontally, with no wind behind it. Just like a tropical rain, and its force and weight quickly told on the angry sea. The soaked men began to look round for tarpaulins and sheets of corrugated iron, and to erect flimsy shelters; and so the dreary hours passed. They were chilled to the bone and utterly wretched, but a few managed to fill and light their pipes, and no one complained.

Just as the first ghostly ray of dawn began to break over those desolate seas, the furious wind swept out of the north once more, sweeping away the shelters, and the gloom of night again descended. But day was breaking. Hal Honour went in the direction of the launch, buffeting against the wind with one burly shoulder. He stopped to dash the rain out of his eyes, uttered a soft, low whistle, and then turned back. He touched Ferrers Lord on the arm, and the millionaire followed him.

In the gloom they found the launch lying thirty yards down the slipway. She had drawn her mooring-posts. Only the fact that the slipway had become blocked, with ice had kept her from plunging into the sea.

"Wrecked," said the millionaire. "A bad business this, Honour."

Her nose was beaten in, and every surge of the sea through the cracks in the ice sent the salt-water rushing into her. She must have descended the slipway rapidly, and the impact had loosened every rivet in her and displaced her engine. Hal Honour smiled grimly and shook his head.

"Bad!" was his brief comment. Then he dragged the millionaire back as the ice that blocked the slipway slid away, and grasped the iron bar to which a cable was still attached.

Ferrers Lord seized the other end of the bar. It was useless to shout in such a wind, and it was still too dark for any of the men to see what was happening. For several minutes they clung to the bar with cracking muscles holding the launch up and hopping against hope that the ice would wash back and again block the slipway, for, badly as the launch had been damaged, she was not utterly beyond repair; but it was beyond them.

"Too much," said Honour, between his clenched teeth.

They let go, for the strain was too great for any two men to bear. The launch slid on and sank without lifting her nose into depths unknown. Only the tender was left now, a heavy, clumsy thing that they might possibly fit with sails and sweeps. With time and the materials he had left, the engineer might have built a smaller launch; but the crumbling remains of the floe might not hold together for another day. Towards the slipway it was terribly shaky. A fissure was forming that might cause a split right through the centre of the wrecked camp. In fact, the floe was no longer a floe, but only a low-topped iceberg, and badly balanced at that. It was doubtful if she could weather another moderate gale if it lasted long, and it was certain that if another volcanic shock came it would rattle her to pieces. Luckily,

THE POPULAR.—No. 176.

with the dawn, the wind was beginning to moderate.

Like the launch the wireless had gone. The rain ceased to fall as the storm blew itself out, and a mist gathered over the sea.

"Come along now, by honey!" cried Prout. "Wake up, my lads, and do something to keep yourselves warm before breakfast! Bustle round, and shove up something to keep the wet out in case it should happen to rain, if there's any left. You needn't make the shacks very artistic, for we're not staying long, so we'll not bother to lay carpets and put in marble bath-rooms and things."

Very little seemed to have been lost, though everything that could hold water was saturated with it. The cook and his mates collected their pots and pans and primus-stoves and prepared breakfast. As the men worked the news passed that the launch had broken away and sunk. All the men understood how desperate their position had become, but there was no grumbling, for their faith in their employer, Ferrers Lord, remained unshaken.

"Honour," said the millionaire, as they sat at breakfast with a damp plank for a table and the grey sea-mist dense and damp around them. "You must fit your boat with an engine of some kind. We could never sail her. We'd have to tack and turn, for the

They held well for an hour or two, and then the ends came away from the crumbling ice.

"The beginning of the end," said Ferrers Lord. "It would be pure folly to wait for Honour's engine, Ching. We must shore the boat and launch her."

Bitter experience had taught them how swiftly even a small flaw in the ice spread to huge proportions. Their store of fresh water was running low, but this was not a danger, for there was little salt in melted ice. They launched the heavy boat successfully, after they had loaded up enough stores to last for several weeks, and now they were playing their last card. They could find no safe moorings. At the first sign of wind they would have to put out to sea or the boat would be battered against the ice and smashed, and that would be the end of all things.

The least miserable person of all was Gan Waga, for wet clothes on his back and a mush of half-thawed snow under his feet made little difference to the Eskimo. There were eatables lying all about the place, and he could help himself to what he liked without asking leave or being chased by an angry chef with an iron saucepan or a carving-knife. For once in his life he got quite tired of tinned lobster and marmalade.

"That Eskimo has gorged himself, Ching," said Thurston. "I saw a pair of feet showing out of an empty packing-case, and there he was, fast asleep, and about three sizes larger round the waist than he ought to be. That's a bad sign, isn't it?"

"It would be a worse sign if he didn't gorge himself," said the prince. "I don't quite gather what you mean by it?"

"Primitive instincts," said Thurston. "Laying in a store, as if he weren't sure when he would get another meal."

"I know bees gorge themselves with honey when the hive is in danger, but then Gan isn't a bee," said the prince with a laugh. "He isn't quite such a savage as all that, Rupert. He knows we can't take a hundredth part of all this stuff with us, and he thinks if a pity to waste it, that's all."

Ching Lung had a look at the Eskimo and found him sleeping placidly in his wooden bunk. Then the prince received a shock. On another packing-case he saw the engineer; for once Hal Honour was idle. He had his elbow on his knees and his bearded chin was resting on one cupped hand. To see him doing nothing was almost startling. He raised his clear blue eyes as Ching Lung approached and then looked out into the fog.

"No good," he said. "No time."

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and stooped down as if to listen. Ching Lung did the same. Some movement was taking place on the ice below.

The prince could hear faint cracking noises and dull sucking sounds. The millionaire joined them, and he, too, stooped to listen.

"We'll remain to the last," he said, "for I'm not eager to put off in this fog till we are forced. I know when the split will come. We'll keep to the south side, and get away the moment the fog lifts, if it means to lift. There is so much floating ice about that if we put off in this abominable gloom we run the risk of getting nipped. You fellows had better collect your valuables, if you have any," he added. "Our time is growing short."

A revolver shot rang out through the mist. It was a warning from Maddock, who was on watch at the slipway. When the ice broke it broke almost noiselessly and evenly as if a knife had sliced through it. A yawning fissure opened almost across the centre of the camp, dead straight, and then bent into a curve. The ice on which they stood was shaped like a badly-warped tennis racket, the handle being the ship of ice south of the slipway. As the gulf widened, stores and shelters drifted away and were hidden by the fog. Presently the long narrow handle of the huge ice racket snapped, and all that remained was the oval. Its very shape gave a sense of security, but the handle was a danger, and they watched it with anxious eyes to see which way it would swing. The sweeps had been made and a score of men sprang about the boat to pull her clear, for if the long ship of ice had swung that way it would have drawn her against the oval and smashed her flat.

Fortune had not favoured the castaways, but at least it was kind, and very slowly the ship of ice swung away in the other direction. The engineer uttered a satisfied grunt. Although no order had been

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sea must be full of ice, and she's incapable of that. Sweeps might help her out, but it would be a heart-breaking business. Do you think you can fit up an engine at short notice?"

"It depends upon what you mean by short notice, Chief," said Ching Lung. "I'm jolly sure that, if you gave Hal a bit of old iron, a few tins and a pen'n'orth of nails, and time to do it in, he'd build you an engine. It will be a bit of a come-down if we have to row that old barge to Desolatia."

The engineer pushed away his coffee-cup and plate and stood up without giving any answer.

"There's one consolation about it," said Thurston, "that this takes a bit of the sting out of the thought of surrendering. There's no disgrace in it now. Storms and earthquake have beaten us, not Esteban Castaro, for there's precious little to brag about in a victory over people in the desperate mess we're in. This fog is beastly, and goodness knows how long it will hang round, but there's some good even in the beastly fog, for while it stops with us it means quiet weather and calm seas, and we may manage to hold together till Hal knocks up something to push our Noah's Ark along."

The growing split at the slipway was a peril. Ferrers Lord sent the smith and his mate there. An attempt was made with iron bars, with their bent ends sunk into the ice on either side of the gap to stop breakage.

"GUNTEN'S REVENGE!"

A MAGNIFICENT STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

NEXT TUESDAY!

given, the men fell in and lined up. They were shabby and dirty, but they stood very erect, and as the millionaire faced them, their hands went to the salute.

"Men," said the millionaire, in his deep, quiet voice, "we are going to attempt to reach Desolatia. It is a long journey, but I need not warn you that it may be a very perilous one, and a very toilsome one. If we fail to reach it, it will not be our fault. I have nothing else to tell you."

"And, bedad, there'll be a glorious scrap at the end of it, boys!" said Barry O'Rooney, whose sore head had not caused his spirits to drop. "We'll hang ould Castaro on a sour apple-tree, and tame the rest of his dagoes. Never say die! We're the boys of the ould brigade, and don't forget it!"

Ignoring this grave breach of discipline on O'Rooney's part, which raised some cheers and much laughter, the millionaire turned away. He had not told the men that if they were lucky enough to reach the island it would not be to fight, but to surrender. Would they ever reach it? It seemed the forlornest hope that a man had ever had. Perhaps the distance that separated them from Desolatia was only forty or fifty miles, but it was fifty miles of ice-choked sea, a sea where storms sprung up without warning and the restless volcanic fires of the Southern Pole burst into sudden fury. And the boat was as heavy and lifeless as a hollow log. Even with a fair wind she was almost too

clumsy to sail. Every chance was against her.

The men seemed to realise it, too. They gathered in little groups, talking together in undertones. Then someone started a chorus, and the others took it up. They sang "Home, sweet home." Their dear ones were there. As their voices blended and swelled and died away, Garn Waga awoke and rolled out of the packing-case.

"Chingy!" he yelled, and rubbed his eyes. "Look, look! My dream, my dream! Look, look! Chingy! The Lord of the Deep!"

The fog had lifted. With parted lips and shining eyes the men gazed seawards, dumb and breathless. Was it reality or another mirage?

What they saw did not fade away, turn turtle, and float upwards, to vanish into the mist. It was no phantom, no mirage. Gan Waga's strange dream had come true, and a great shout went up. It was the Lord of the Deep risen again from her tomb in the cavern of ice in some miraculous fashion. Her keel was not in the water, but was poised on a long, sloping berg, and sunk in it port-hole deep, not quite evenly, but at a slant, her bows raking downwards. Not a spar or stay seemed to have gone. In one respect Gan Waga's dream was incorrect, for her bowsprit was not broken, but seemed to be intact. Her upper-works and deck were thick with ice and piled snow, as if she had drifted through a blizzard, but she was there, and the

astounded men found their voices when they were certain that she would not melt into nothingness, and cheered madly.

Perhaps they were cheering too soon. She looked sound enough, but it was quite possible that she had broken her back and been flooded, and that her interior, from her bilge to her deck-beams, was one mass of solid ice. At the moment no such doubts entered their minds. Prout seized a megaphone, and silenced the babel of cheering.

"That'll do!" he roared. "This ain't an election or a howling match. Crew to sweeps! Get your sticks lively, and follow the bosun aboard! Where's the storekeeper? Spiked boots here and ice-hatchets, if you can find any storekeeper!"

They pulled the boat under the berg, and with some manœuvring Prout managed to get a grapnel fast. The millionaire climbed the rope, and by hanging by one hand, backed steps in the slippery surface of the ice with his axe. Finding foothold, he cut more steps and climbed up.

"Ready, sir?" cried Prout. "Catch!" He tossed a coil of rope upwards, and the millionaire caught it, and hauled up a rope-ladder which he made fast to the yacht's rail.

Two minutes later Thurston, Ching Lung, and the engineer were standing beside him on the ice-bound deck of the Lord of the Deep.

(Another splendid instalment next week.)

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lished last week. Write your solution on a sheet of paper, sign and attach to the paper the coupon below the puzzle, and wait until you have the four pictures solved. Then you will be informed where

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POPULAR Puzzle No. 2.

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# A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR!

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Address: The Editor, The "Popular," The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

## FOR NEXT TUESDAY.

There is another splendid batch of stories in preparation for our next issue, which will appear on sale at all newsagents next Tuesday morning.

The title of the Greyfriars story is:

### "CLEVELAND'S SPLENDID SACRIFICE!"

By Frank Richards.

In this story you get to know the very best of Cleveland, whom the Bounder has badgered ever since he put his foot at Greyfriars. Cleveland is called upon at a critical moment, and if he does his duty he has much to sacrifice. He does his duty, and by doing so he punishes himself severely.

The title of the Rookwood story is:

### "JIMMY SILVER CHIPS IN!"

By Owen Conquest.

Cheerful, smiling Jimmy Silver has chipped in on many occasions, and by chipping in he has been chipped himself—in more ways than

one. But, on the whole, Jimmy seldom chips in. It is really necessary, and as I think it would be unfair to tell you why Jimmy Silver chips in, I shall leave it at that. (Our office-boy has just informed me that if I put any more "chips" in, I shall have enough to stock a "tater shop!")

The third long complete school story is of Tom Merry & Co., and is entitled:

### "TOM MERRY'S GREAT CATCH!"

By Martin Clifford.

This story is really very funny. Several juniors go fishing, and make a haul. Others follow suit, with what the first fishermen thought would be dire results. You know the old saying: "The plans of mice and men—". "Nuff said!"

Our fourth long complete story is of the school days in the Backwoods of Canada of famous Frank Richards, written by his friend Mr. Martin Clifford, and entitled:

### "QUNTEN'S REVENGE!"

In this week's story you will have read how Frank Richards had a little game with Quenten. The bully of Cedar Creek School sets out to have his revenge. You will read all about it in our next week's issue!

To complete this splendid number, there will be the final instalment of "Gan Waga's Island," another splendid supplement, "Billy Bunter's Weekly," and a fine chance for you to win a big money prize in a simple competition.

Finally, please tell all your chums that Mr. Sidney Drew is writing a splendid new serial for us, entitled, "The Pearl Poachers," and the first instalment will appear the week after next.

## OUR FREE GIFTS!

This week the famous group of periodicals known all over the world as the Companion Papers continues to give away magnificent FREE REAL PHOTOS to every reader. The "Magnet" Library, now on sale, contains TWO real photos of W. Flint and W. Cringau, two famous footballers, whilst the "Boys' Friend," also on sale now, is presenting every reader with a splendid REAL PHOTO of Charles Ledoux, one of the finest boxers the world has ever seen.

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