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Week Ending—
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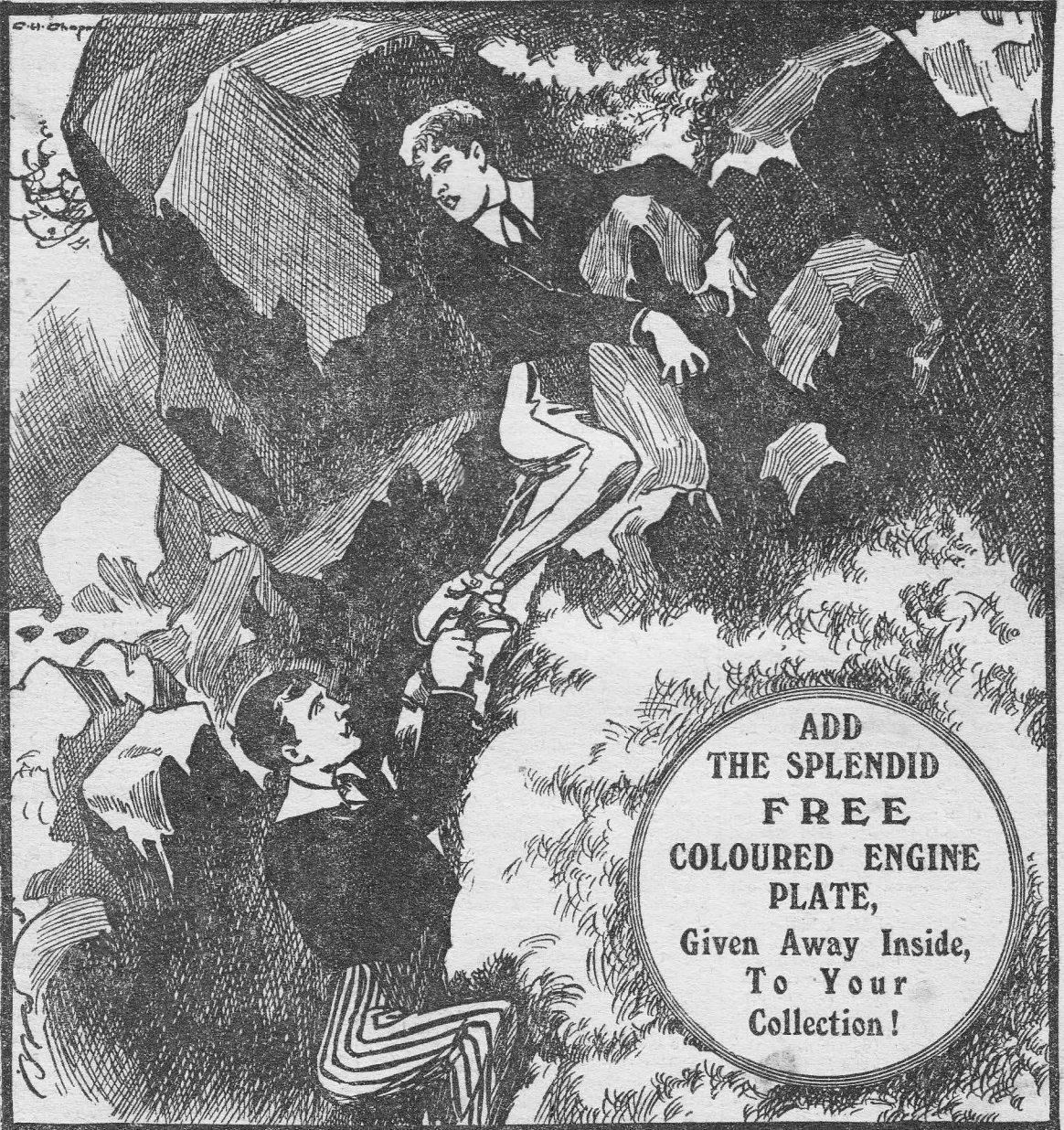
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OVER THE CLIFFS! BOB CHERRY'S GALLANT EFFORT TO
SAVE THE BOUNDER!

(A Dramatic episode from the long complete tale of Greyfriars inside.)

2 Two Splendid Real Photos for Readers of the "Magnet" This Week!

TELLING HOW THE FAMOUS CO. ARE ONCE MORE UNITED, AND HOW BOB CHERRY SAVES THE BOUNDER'S LIFE AND HIS FATHER'S NAME!



A Magnificent Long
Complete Story of
Harry Wharton &
Co., at Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS

(Author of the Famous Greyfriars Tales appearing in the "Magnet" Library.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Micky Wants to Know!

BOB CHERRY was not in a cheerful mood as he sat down to work in his study in the Remove passage at Greyfriars. Bob was working for the Bishop's exam, success which meant that he could remain at Greyfriars.

For Bob was in trouble all round. His father had had to find a large sum of money to cover the debts of a wastrel nephew, and he had written to Bob to say that this was to be his last term at the old school.

Mark Linley had suggested the Bishop, and Bob had jumped at the chance, although he knew that Herbert Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of the Remove, was to compete against him.

Major Cherry had borrowed money from a firm of moneylenders, and the extortionate interest was ruining the major. Vernon-Smith in some way had got to know of the transaction, and had spread it over the Remove.

Bob thought that his chums, Harry Wharton & Co., knew the exact nature of the trouble. It was not surprising, therefore, that when the whole of the Remove started talking, Bob should think that Harry Wharton & Co. had broken faith with him and in some injudicious moment had "let the cat out of the bag."

With the exception of Mark Linley, his old friends had nothing to say to him now. Even Hurree Janset Ram Singh, the good-natured, good-tempered Nabob of Bhanipur, had taken to avoiding Study No. 13. Hurree Singh had shared that study with Bob Cherry and Mark and little Wun Lung, the Chinese. But of late the nabob had taken to doing his work and having his tea in Study No. 1 with Wharton and Nugent, or in Study No. 14 with Johnny Bull.

Bob Cherry's suspicions were natural, but they were unjust. And his friends

could not be expected to accept them cheerfully.

They had promised Bob not to say a word about his confidences in them, and he believed that they had failed him.

Under the circumstances it would have been difficult for him to believe anything else.

But that did not make his suspicions any the less bitter and galling to the fellows who were conscious of having kept their word faithfully.

In the present stress that Bob was labouring under his chums were very loth to desert him. But Bob's action had left them little choice. They could not pal with a fellow who declared his belief that they had broken their faith with him.

Bob tried to drive the miserable thoughts out of his mind by hard and harder work, and Mark Linley backed him up manfully in that.

And, hard and distasteful as swotting was to the junior, he found that work and resolution were felling, and that he was making altogether surprising and unexpected progress.

His hope of getting the Bishop's Scholarship strengthened.

Vernon-Smith was his most dangerous opponent. Even Benson of the Shell, though almost a senior, was nowhere near the form of the Bounder, and Temple of the Fourth was much less dangerous than Benson.

It was the Bounder he had to beat.

And Bob slaved away in the hope of getting into the required form to beat the Bounder. He knew that Vernon-Smith was working with unusual diligence lately to prepare himself for the exam, and leave nothing to chance.

It was at this time, when he was fighting the hardest battle of his young life, that Bob most needed the help and encouragement of his friends.

And that was precisely what he now lacked, owing to the machinations of the Bounder.

For days now Bob had not spoken a word to his old friends.

When they met they affected not to see one another.

The rift in the Famous Five excited a good deal of comment in the Remove, and many curious inquirers wanted to know what was the matter.

"Sure, you're not speaking to Wharton & Co. now, Cherry darling," Micky Desmond ventured to remark one day, in spite of Bob's forbidding look.

"No," grunted Bob.

"And for why, Cherry?"

"Find out!"

Micky grinned.

"Sure, and that's what I'm thyrin' to do," he said.

Bob snorted and walked away.

Micky Desmond, having failed to obtain any enlightenment from Bob, proceeded to lay siege to the other members of the old Co.

"Ye're on bad terms with Bob Cherry intoirly, Wharton," he remarked to the captain of the Remove.

"Who told you that?" Wharton asked.

"Faith, it's aisy to see it," replied Micky. "Phwat is it about?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"Faith, yes."

"Better ask Bob."

"Sure, I've asked him, and the spalpeen told me to find out," said Micky plaintively.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Well, I can't do better than repeat what he said," he answered. "Find out."

And Wharton walked away.

Nugent and Johnny Bull were equally uncommunicative. Micky Desmond, in despair, tackled Hurree Janset Ram Singh. The nabob was so good-tempered a fellow that he could scarcely fail to satisfy a junior who was simply agonising for information.

"Sure, and ye're not so much in ye're own study now, Inky," Micky remarked. The nabob shook his head.

"You don't get on with Bob as you used to."

"The honourable penetration and perspicacity of the esteemed Micky are terrific," said the Nabob of Bhanipur gravely.

"But what's the reason?" demanded Micky.

"The reasonfulness is great."

"Yes, but phwat is it? What have you got against Bob?"

"Nothing, my esteemed chum."

"Phwat has he got against you?"

"Nothing, my worthy and ludicrous Micky."

"Then ye're quarrelling over nothing intoirly?"

"The exactfulness of the esteemed Micky's honourable statement of the case is terrific."

"Then I think that ye're a pair of silly gossoons," said Micky.

Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh nodded assent.

"The rightfulness of that esteemed opinion is also terrific."

"But sure, you can tell me what it's about?"

"The weatherfulness to-day is very good," said the nabob, with a nod towards the window. "The sun is shining brightly."

"I wasn't talking about the weather. What have you rowed with Cherry for?"

"But the sunful shine may be followed by the rain," continued the nabob imperturbably.

"Blow the rain! Will you tell me about Bob?"

"The rainfulness, however, will be good for the crops."

"Look here, Inky—"

"And, after the rain, the shinefulness of the esteemed and august sun will again be terrific," said Inky calmly.

And Micky gave it up in disgust. There was evidently nothing to be extracted, in the way of information, from the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur.

Other fellows burning for knowledge asked many questions, as well as Micky, but they were all left equally unsatisfied.

The Famous Five had lost their old harmony, but they were not disposed to let outsiders into the secret of their little differences.

And, ere long, the rupture of the once united Co. became a matter of course, and ceased to be remarked upon.

Matters were in this state when, one afternoon, as Bob was swotting in his study, Trotter, the house page, brought up a letter for him.

Bob took the letter, and Mark, who was expounding some terrifically difficult point in Latin prose composition, paused.

"It's from my pater, Marky," said Bob. "I'll look at it now, if you don't mind."

Mark smiled and nodded.

"Of course," he said.

Bob opened the letter.

He read it quickly, and a sudden exclamation broke from his lips, and he started to his feet, his eyes flaming.

"Oh, the villain!"

"Bob!"

"The utter scoundrel!"

"What's the matter, Bob?"

"The awful liar!"

Mark rose, too, in amazement.

"Whom are you talking about, Bob?" he asked.

"Vernon-Smith—the liar, the cad, the thief, the worm!" roared Bob. "I never guessed it—I couldn't guess it—I was an ass; but—"

"What on earth do you mean?"

Bob gasped.

"About my affairs getting out—I thought one of the fellows had told

about them—you know—but it was wrong! It was Smithy!"

"Yes, we know it was Smithy—he says he heard it from them," said Mark.

"He lied—as he always does."

"How do you know?"

"Listen to this!" panted Bob. He read out a paragraph from the letter from his father:

"The moneylending firm is called the English Loan Office, but it is, in fact, a business run by a single man, whose name you must have heard—the well-known millionaire, Samuel Vernon-Smith. This is kept a secret from the public, and I did not know it myself until quite lately."

Bob stared at Mark.

"Do you understand that?"

"Vernon-Smith's father!" said Mark.

"Yes. I remember, now, hearing a long time ago that Smithy's father was a moneylender, as well as a lot of other rotten things. He had a claim on the Head once, and ground him down, too," said Bob. "I'd forgotten all about that. But that makes it clear. That's where Smithy got his information from—not from Wharton or Nugent, or Johnny Bull or Inky—but from his father."

Mark nodded. It seemed clear enough now. The discovery that Major Cherry's creditor was Samuel Vernon-Smith, the millionaire, let in a flood of light upon the subject. It was from the moneylender millionaire, his father, that the Bounder had learned of Bob Cherry's private affairs—though, of course, Bob could never have guessed that.

"The awful cad!" said Mark. "He deliberately led you to suppose that one of our chums had told him!"

"Yes—to make trouble between us—and I let him do it, like a fool!" said Bob, with bitter self-reproach.

"You couldn't help it, Bob. You couldn't possibly have guessed this—no-body could have guessed it. I've thought hard enough about the matter, but nothing of this sort ever occurred to my mind, for a moment," said Mark.

Bob clenched his hands hard.

"I'll make the cad pay for it," he said, between his teeth, "and—and I must go and find Wharton and the rest, and tell 'em I know, and that I'm sorry. Good heavens, I think I owe them an apology, don't you think so?"

"That's right enough."

"You said all along that you didn't believe they had blabbed," said Bob.

"You were right, Marky, old man, only I couldn't see it. I'll buzz off now."

"They're on the cricket-ground," said Mark.

"Good!"

And Bob Cherry ran out of the study.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

All Serene!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. had gone down to the cricket. It was a half-holiday, and they were playing the Upper Fourth team.

The Remove were batting, and Temple, Dabney & Co., of the Fourth, were in the field when Bob Cherry arrived on the scene.

The Remove innings had opened with Ogily and Penfold, and the rest of the batsmen were lounging before the pavilion, looking on, waiting for their turn.

Harry Wharton and Nugent, Johnny Bull and Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh were standing in a little group by themselves, chatting.

"Hallo!" murmured Johnny Bull, as he caught sight of an excited junior

dashing at top speed towards the ground.

"Here comes Bob!"

"He looks excited!" said Frank.

"The excitement is terrific!"

The chums of the Remove watched Bob as he came panting up. Bob Cherry's face was crimson with excitement and exertion.

The juniors looked at him rather grimly. It was evident that Bob was about to break the ice that had grown up between them. But unless he withdrew his accusation against them they were not inclined to meet him half-way.

"You fellows!" gasped Bob. "I—I beg your pardon!"

"Good!" said Johnny Bull dryly.

"I've found something out," said Bob breathlessly.

"What is it?"

"About Smithy—about how he knew—"

Wharton's face cleared.

"You mean that you've found out that you were wrong in suspecting us of having given you away?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Oh, good!"

"The goodness is terrific, my worthy chum," said Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh. "The cloudfulness has rolled by."

"I'm awfully sorry," said Bob. "I—I hope you'll forget about it. I'm willing to admit I was an ass!"

"Hear, hear!" said Johnny Bull.

"But what was I to think?" asked Bob. "Smithy knew, and he couldn't have known unless somebody told him. You must see that it was—was—"

"But that's still the case," said Frank Nugent. "Do you mean that you haven't altered your opinion of us, after all?"

"No, no! I've found out who told Smithy."

"Who was it?"

"His father!"

"His father!" exclaimed all the juniors together.

"Yes; I know it now. I mean, there can't be any doubt about it. You remember some time ago hearing that Smithy's father was mixed up in a moneylending business?"

"Yes; I'd forgotten it," said Harry.

"I remember now. But what—"

"Smithy's father is the moneylender who's got my pater in his clutches."

"Great Scott!"

"I've just had a letter from the dad, and he's told me. That makes it quite clear, of course, where Smithy got his information from. He led me to believe that one of you chaps had told him. He put it to me that he couldn't possibly have got his information from any other source. I didn't know anything about his father being head of the British Loan Office. How was I to know anything of the sort?"

"Well, there's something in that," said Harry. "But I think you might have had more faith in us, all the same."

"Well, I'm sorry," said Bob.

"Chap can't say more than that," said Nugent oracularly. "If Bob admits that he was wrong, owns up that he was an ass, and says he's sorry, that's all we want."

"Well, I do," said Bob.

"Then it's all over."

"The all-overfulness is terrific."

"And I'm jolly glad you've found out the facts, Bob," said Harry Wharton. "It was rotten to have you suspecting us, and we couldn't take it quietly. But as for Smithy, he ought to be scragged. He deliberately put it into your head that we had given you away to cause trouble among friends."

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A STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"THE FORM-MASTER'S DOUBLE!"

"The cad!"

"The rotter!"

Bob Cherry's eyes glinted.

"I'm going to see Smithy about it," he said. "I'm going to tell him what I think of him, and make him smart for the trick he's played. But I wanted to tell you fellows first."

"Good! Give Smithy one extra for me," said Johnny Bull.

"And another for me!" grinned Nugent.

"And a hardful one on his esteemed nose for me," murmured the nabob.

There was a shout from the cricket-field. Penfold's wicket was down.

"Man in!" said Wharton.

Bob Cherry hurried away.

His first impulse had been to see his old chums, and to tell them that he was sorry for his unjust suspicions. His second thought was to find the Bounder, and to make him sorry for the cowardly and treacherous trick he had played.

The thought of the ease with which the Bounder had gulled him made Bob writhe with rage. He had been twisted round the schemer's finger with hardly an effort. His plain, blunt, honest nature was no match for the cunning of the Bounder. It had pleased Vernon-Smith to put him on bad terms with his old friends at a time when he most needed their friendship and help; and Bob had fallen blindly and helplessly into the trap. He ground his teeth now as he reflected how he had been taken in.

He wanted to find the Bounder now; and he wanted to find him badly. The afternoon's "swotting" could wait until he had dealt with his treacherous enemy.

But the Bounder was not to be seen in the Close. Bob Cherry looked for him high and low, but he did not find him. He spotted Billy Bunter outside the tuck-shop, and bore down upon him in quest of information. Bunter generally knew everything that was going on, and he probably knew where Vernon-Smith was.

"I say, Cherry," said Bunter, blinking at the red and excited junior as he came hurrying up—"I say, can you cash a postal-order for me?"

"No, I can't. I—"

"Mrs. Mumble has got a fresh lot of tarts in," said Bunter eagerly. "If you can't cash a postal-order for me, will you lend me a bob?"

"Have you seen Smithy?"

Billy Bunter sniffed.

"Blow Smithy!"

"Do you know where he is?"

"Yes, I do, and I think it's rotten! I offered to go with them. You know Marjorie would rather see me than Smithy any day."

"What are you talking about, you fat duffer?"

"Marjorie doesn't like Smithy, and she doesn't like Hazel taking him to tea at Cliff House," said Bunter. "Smithy must have a jolly thick skin, or he wouldn't go. I know jolly well why Hazel takes him, too—he owes Smithy money, and—"

"Has Smithy gone to Cliff House?"

"Yes. They went nearly half an hour ago," said Bunter. "I offered to go."

"Which way did they go?" asked Bob.

"I think they went along the cliffs. They're not due at Cliff House until five o'clock, so they've plenty of time," said Bunter. "I consider—"

Bob Cherry did not wait to hear any more. He ran.

Bob Cherry ran out of the school gates and down the lane to the cliffs.

If Vernon-Smith and Hazeldene were not to reach Cliff House till five o'clock

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they would take it easy on the way, and he had a good chance of overtaking them there, and having his little explanation with the Bounder.

By the time the "explanation" was over, the Bounder would not be feeling quite fit for a tea-party, at Cliff House or anywhere else, Bob reflected grimly.

He came out on the cliff path. The path ran along the summit of the great cliffs, with a sudden descent on the left, hundreds of feet down to the sandy beach below, and the shining sea. In the clefts of the rocks were the nests of innumerable seabirds, and adventurous lads sometimes climbed down on ropes to capture the eggs—a risky task that required a strong nerve and a cool head.

Bob Cherry caught sight of a figure ahead of him on the cliff path, and recognised Hazeldene of the Remove. He redoubled his speed, and came panting up.

Hazeldene, who was staring towards the abrupt edge of the cliff, looked round quickly at the sound of his footsteps on the chalky soil.

Bob noticed that his face was white.

"Bob Cherry! I—I'm glad you've come!" stammered Hazel.

Bob caught him by the arm.

"Where's Smithy?"

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"Smithy! He—he's—"

"What are you stuttering about?" demanded Bob angrily. "Where is he hiding himself? I've got an account to settle with the cad. Do you hear? I'm going to hammer him till he won't know his own face in the glass! Where is he, you ass?"

Hazel groaned, and pointed towards the cliff.

"What, you—"

Bob ceased to speak. From the precipice came a faint, anguished voice—the voice of someone who was clinging to the cliff over the dizzy void!

"Help!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

To Save His Enemy!

"HELP!"

Bob Cherry looked round quickly.

"Help! Hazel, you funk, come and help me!"

For a moment Bob Cherry's heart almost ceased to beat.

"Hazel! He has fallen—"

"He would go!" muttered Hazel. "He said he could get at the nest in the left down there; and he slipped. He will be killed!"

Bob set his teeth.

His brain was in a whirl. He had come there with anger and bitterness in his heart, thinking only of vengeance. He had found his enemy, and he had found him in the shadow of death.

Vernon-Smith was over the cliff.

Bob Cherry knew the ground well;

knew what was beyond that steep, sudden edge. For a dozen feet or so the cliff sloped. At the end of the slope was a sheer drop of two hundred feet or more, and at the bottom the curling waves among sharp rocks. A fall meant instant death—a death too horrible to be thought of without a shudder.

And the Bounder was there.

Hazel was white as death. He was not a lad of strong nerve, and he dared not even approach the edge of the cliff that hid his companion from sight. Even within three or four feet of the edge his brain was dizzy.

"I—I can't help him!" stammered Hazeldene. "I—I should fall if I just looked over. He knows that! He shouldn't have gone. I warned him not to. He wanted to take the eggs with him to Cliff House, to show off to the girls. It's his own fault!"

The faint voice came again from the void:

"Help!"

"Keep back, Hazel," said Bob quietly. "You can't do anything."

Bob Cherry dropped on his hands and knees, and crawled to the edge of the cliff. Hazel watched him in terror. Even for that much he had not the nerve. But Bob Cherry was made of sterner stuff.

Bob approached the edge cautiously, and looked over.

Below, the rock sloped away a dozen feet—rough and broken, offering hold for the hands of a cool and steady climber. There were nests in the clefts of the rocks, but the boldest egg-hunters of Pegg had left them untouched. At the end of the slope a sheer drop.

And on the very verge, clinging to a point of rock, was the Bounder.

Bob understood what had happened. The Bounder was a good climber, and he had a nerve of iron. He had ventured upon a place that would have turned many a fellow sick, even to contemplate. And then, a slip of the foot, and he had rolled down the slope to the dreadful edge.

He had caught at the point of the rock at the very verge of the precipice, and was holding on convulsively, with his body and legs out of sight below, swinging over space.

Bob Cherry could see his head and his arms clutched on the rock, and that was all. Evidently he was not able to drag himself up.

His strength was going! Sea and sky were swimming round his eyes; the very horror of his position, the terrible necessity to hold on, sapped away his nerve, and at any moment he might let go! And then, a rush through the air, a crash upon the hard rocks far below!

Bob Cherry shivered.

The Bounder's face was haggard; his eyes seemed to be starting from his head. His wild gaze was fixed upon the cliff above him, in the hope of seeing Hazel's face looking over, and he saw Bob Cherry's.

His ghastly face lighted up. It was the face of the fellow he had injured and plotted against. But it was the face he would have wished most to see in that dreadful moment. For it was the face of a fellow full of courage and generous devotion, a fellow who would have risked his life even for an enemy.

"Bob Cherry!" he panted. "Help me!"

Bob looked at him steadily.

"I'll try," he said.

"Help me, Bob Cherry! I—I've been a beast to you!" panted the Bounder. "I'll make up for it. I can make up for it. I—"

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By FRANK RICHARDS.

"That's enough! Save your breath."
 "But help me!"
 "I will help you if I can!"

Bob Cherry scanned the slope before him. In venturing upon it at all he would be taking his life in his hand. And to venture down to the horrible edge—there to be seized by the Bounder, and to bear his weight—it seemed like throwing his life away. Yet the brave lad did not hesitate.

The Bounder's starting eyes never left his face. He could hardly believe that Bob would run that frightful risk for him; but he hoped. It was his only chance of life. He knew that he could not hold on many minutes longer.

"Keep cool!" said Bob. "I'm coming."

"I'm cool enough. I'm not a coward," said Vernon-Smith, with a touch of his old arrogance. "But my arms are aching. I can't hold on much longer."

"You can't pull yourself up?"
 "There's nothing to get a hold on, or I could."

Bob scanned the rock. Just above the Bounder the sloping cliff was as smooth as glass—no hold for a hand or a foot—for a space of five feet, at least. On the smooth rock the Bounder had clawed and clawed again, without finding a grip for his hand. A rope would have enabled him to climb; but there was no rope, and the nearest house was more than a mile away.

"There's only one way, Smithy," said Bob steadily. "I'll lower myself down till my feet are within your reach. Understand?"

"Yes, yes."

"Then you must take hold of me, and climb over me."

"You—you can't stand the strain—"

"I must stand it."

The Bounder groaned.
 "It's the only way!" said Bob. "The only chance! You must use me to climb over. I'm coming!"

"God bless you!" said the Bounder wretchedly.

Bob did not reply. He lowered himself carefully over the dizzy slope, feet first, taking a firm grip on the rough rock with his hands.

Then he lowered himself down the slope towards the clinging junior.

He moved slowly and cautiously, finding a strong hold for his hands on the rough edges of weather-worn rock.

Half-way down the slope he paused.

"Can you reach me yet, Smith?"

"No; a couple of feet more."

"Good!"

Bob Cherry wormed on again. His body was over the smooth slope of rock now; his hands were upon the last hold to be found on the surface of the declivity.

But now his feet were within reach of the Bounder's clutching hands.

"Can you reach me?"

"Yes," muttered the Bounder. "Hold on! You've got a good hold?"

"Yes, climb!"

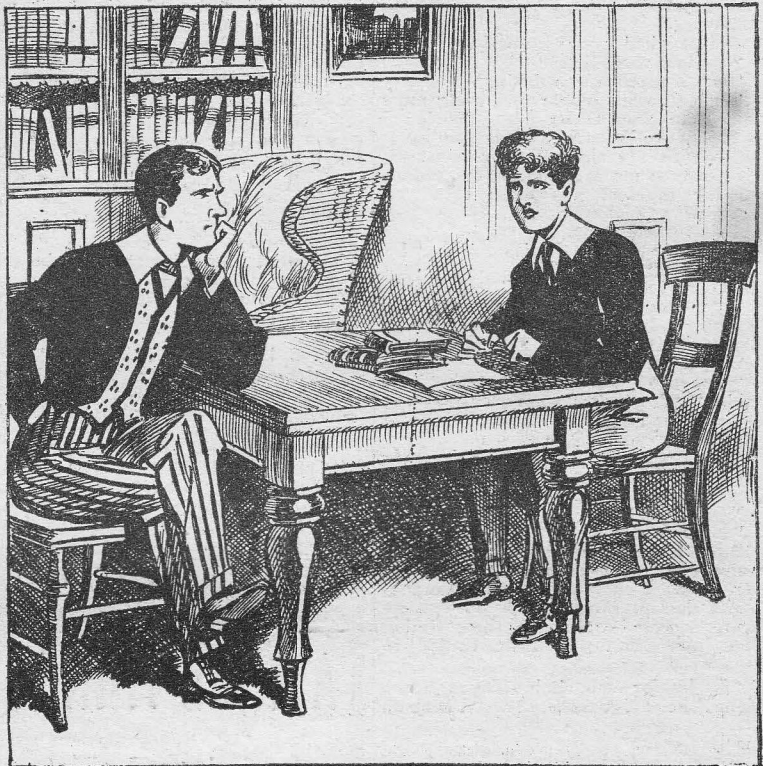
"I'm coming!"

A grip like iron was laid upon Bob Cherry's ankles. The Bounder reached him, first with one hand, and then with the other.

The strain upon Bob was terrible.

The dragging weight of the Bounder was thrown heavily upon him, and it seemed to the junior, as he lay face down on the cliff, that the strain must tear him away from his hold; but he clutched on grimly, desperately.

The Bounder was climbing now. Bob Cherry's limbs and clothes afforded him the hold he wanted, and he had not lost



QUITS! "I've asked my father to cancel Major Cherry's debt. So he is quite clear now!" said the Bounder. "And I'm retiring from the exam."
 "What are you doing this for me for?" asked Bob Cherry. "You saved my life and risked your own!" returned Vernon-Smith. "And I want to be quits with you!" (See Chapter 4.)

his nerve or his courage. With all his remaining strength thrown into the effort, he climbed.

Bob Cherry held on, breathing hard. Higher came the Bounder, dragging himself desperately up till his grip was on Bob's jacket, and then on his shoulder.

Then he climbed on again, and took a grip upon the broken rock higher up, where Bob Cherry's hands were clutching tight.

The strain was taken off Bob at last. It was time; his strength could not have held out much longer.

"All right!" he muttered.

"Yes," breathed the Bounder.

The rest was easier. The Bounder had a good hold now, and he climbed on, and dragged himself over the top of the cliff.

Bob Cherry remained where he was, resting, to get his strength back.

Vernon-Smith lay on the top of the cliff and peered over anxiously.

"Bob Cherry! Come on!"

"I'm coming!"

Bob climbed up, dragging himself up slowly, with failing strength.

But at the top the hand of the Bounder was stretched out to help him, and he dragged himself into safety.

He fell exhausted on the cliff path, and then, for several minutes, the sky and the cliffs swam before him.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Quits!

BOB CHERRY sat up dizzily at last. He passed his hand across his throbbing forehead.

The Bounder was sitting upon a chunk of chalky rock near him, re-

garding him with a curious expression. Hazel was standing near, his face still deathly white.

"We're well out of that!" said the Bounder, as he met Bob Cherry's gaze.

Bob nodded.

"You've saved my life!" said Vernon-Smith.

"I know that!"

"You nearly went yourself in doing it. It was touch-and-go!" said the Bounder.

"I know."

"It was a decent thing to do," said the Bounder.

"I don't want your thanks," said Bob Cherry, rising to his feet with an effort. "I came here to look for you, Vernon-Smith."

"Jolly lucky for me."

"Yes, as it turned out. But do you know what I came for?"

The Bounder shook his head.

"I've discovered that you were deceiving me—that it is your father who is my pater's creditor—that you led me to suppose my chums had given me away, when you really had your information from your father."

"I don't deny it."

"I came," said Bob, his voice trembling with anger, "to give you a hammering—to give you the licking of your life!"

The Bounder smiled strangely.

"And you've saved my life instead!" he remarked.

"Yes, I can't lick you now," said Bob. "I hope you'll have the decency to feel ashamed of yourself, but after what's happened I don't feel I can touch you."

"You can lick me if you like," said Vernon-Smith quietly. "After what

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"THE FORM-MASTER'S DOUBLE!"

you've done, I won't raise a hand to stop you!"

Bob laughed contemptuously.

"I don't want that!"

"No, I suppose you don't!"

"I don't want to have anything more to say to you, that's all. I've found out your rotten trick, and I've made it up with my chums. You won't be able to take me in again. You've done all the mischief you could, but you can't do any more."

Bob turned away.

"Hold on!" said the Bounder. "I'd like to speak to you."

"I don't care to listen."

"I've treated you badly," said the Bounder slowly. "You've saved my life. I'm in your debt."

Bob Cherry's lip curled.

"You needn't trouble about that," he said. "I don't want your gratitude, and I don't want your thanks. Don't let that worry you."

"I don't choose to remain in your debt, anyway," said the Bounder. "I can make it up to you, and I will!"

"Oh, rats!"

"Look here——"

Bob Cherry did not stay to listen. He tramped away over the cliff path, turning his back on the Bounder. Vernon-Smith looked after him, a strange expression on his face, till the cliffs hid him from view. Then he turned to Hazeldene.

"Lucky for me Bob Cherry came along," he said sarcastically. "I suppose you were going to stand there and let me fall over?"

Hazeldene flushed.

"I—I couldn't help you!" he stammered. "I—I——"

"I know you couldn't, you funk!" said the Bounder, dusting down his clothes. "Well, it's time we got on, or we shall be late for tea."

"You're—you're going to tea, just the same," said Hazel, staring at him.

"Why not?"

"No reason why not; only—only I shouldn't have thought you'd feel fit——"

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders. "I'm not a funk!" he said. "I've been in danger, but it's over now. No good sitting down and trembling over a danger that's past, that I can see. Come on; I'm hungry!"

And they proceeded up the path towards Cliff House.

Bob Cherry walked back to Greyfriars in a subdued mood. The danger he had been through had made an impression on his mind. His dislike of the Bounder was as strong as ever, but his anger was gone, and he felt no desire now for vengeance. After all, the harm that his enemy had done had been undone again, and he was on good terms with his chums once more. He paused on the cricket-ground to look at the play before he went back to his study. Mark Linley was there, his work finished.

Harry Wharton and Tom Brown were batting and they were piling up runs. It came queerly into Bob's mind that the match had been going on all the time that he was clinging to the cliff between life and death, his chums unconscious of his danger.

There was a shout from the Removites as Tom Brown drove the ball away to the boundary, and Bob joined in it.

"Bravo! Well hit!"

Bob walked away slowly and thoughtfully towards the house. He went to his study, and with a sigh settled down to his books again. While the other fellows were enjoying the sunshine, and THE POPULAR.—No. 180.

the glorious game of cricket, it was for him to grind, to swot, only consoled by the knowledge that he was doing his best to help his father in the dark days that had come upon the brave old gentleman.

He was hard at work some time later when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" said Bob, and he looked up, expecting to see his chums fresh from the cricket-field.

But it was Vernon-Smith who entered. Bob frowned.

"I didn't know it was you," he said abruptly.

"Or you wouldn't have told me to come in, I suppose," said the Bounder quietly.

"Well, here I am, all the same." The Bounder closed the door and sat down, Bob eyeing him grimly. "Sorry to bother you, but I've got something to say, and I've got to say it."

"I told you——"

"Yes; you don't want any thanks, and you don't want any gratitude," said the Bounder, with a grin. "Quite so. I know that. I haven't come to thank you or to make any speeches about gratitude. I'm not that sort. You saved my life—and I'm not all bad. I've

"That's all I want," said Vernon-Smith cheerfully. "We shall never be friends, and I'm not asking you to pal on with me. I don't want you to. But I'm going to pay the debt I owe you, with interest. I've written to my father."

Bob stared at him.

"What's that got to do with me?"

"Lots! My father will do anything I ask him, and I've asked him something."

"What?"

"I've asked him to cancel your father's debt to him and let Major Cherry alone. He would do more than that if I asked him, and he will do that. I've explained the circumstances to him, you see. I shouldn't wonder if he comes down here and hugs you when he knows that you saved my life. He values me highly, for some reason best known to himself," the Bounder added, laughing.

"But—but——"

"So your father will be saved from all his trouble. As a matter of fact, he has paid his debt. It's a question of interest, and the British Loan Office's claim to interest will now be cancelled," said Vernon-Smith. "I think that is a favour you won't refuse, Bob Cherry!"

"It's only justice," said Bob. "My father was——"

"Swindled, you were going to say."

"Well, yes. It amounts to swindling."

"Thanks! Anyway, the debt will be cancelled now. Your father won't have to pay another penny!"

There was a long silence in the study. Bob Cherry did not know what to say.

As the Bounder had declared, this was a favour he could not refuse. To save his father from the ruin that impended, to lift the weight of care from the kind old man—the mere thought of it made Bob's heart lighter, and cleared the clouds from his brow. The Bounder watched his face with a curious half-cynical smile.

"What are you doing this for me for?" asked Bob, at last.

"You saved my life, and risked your own. I want to be quits with you," said the Bounder tersely.

"It will make us more than quits!" said Bob. "I can't refuse, and—and I don't want to refuse. And—and I'll say that you're not such a rotter as I've thought."

"That's all right; it's a go, then. We're quits!"

And without another word the Bounder left the study. When Mark Linley came in, a little later, he was surprised to see the sunny expression upon Bob's face. Bob Cherry seemed his old self again.

"Had good news?" asked Mark. "Yes, rather!" And Bob explained. "Well, my hat!" said Mark. And that was all he could say.

Harry Wharton & Co. were surprised enough when they heard of the action of the Bounder. Perhaps they had some doubts; but, if so, Bob's next letter from his father removed them. Major Cherry's troubles were over. But Bob Cherry did not slack on that account, and he made a good fight for the Bishop's Scholarship, and—perhaps owing to the fact that the Bounder had withdrawn, as well as his own industry—he won it! And there was a great celebration in Study No. 1 in the Remove when Bob Cherry's name was announced as the winner.

THE END.

(There will be another splendid long complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled "The Form-master's Double!" by Frank Richards. You must not miss it.)

A GOOD THING!

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in next week's

BUMPER NUMBER.

treated you badly, and I'm going to make up for it. That will make us quits. I can't save your life, as you're not in any danger, and, to tell the truth, I don't know whether I'd do for any chap what you did for me this afternoon. But I can do something for you!"

"I don't want you to do anything for me."

"In the first place," pursued the Bounder, unheeding. "I've withdrawn my name from the list for the Bishop's Scholarship. I sha'n't enter for the exam."

"What rot!"

"Although I say it myself, I had the best chance of bagging the scholarship," said the Bounder. "That's off now."

Bob flushed.

"Look here, I'm not asking any favours at your hands," he said angrily. "I jolly well won't allow anything of the kind!"

"You can't help it. I've spoken to the Head, and he's taken my name off the list," said the Bounder, unmoved.

"Well, I think it's like your rotten cheek to persist in doing me a favour against my wish," said Bob bluntly. "That's all the thanks you will get from me."

WHEN "OLD MAN" GUNTEN TRIES FORCE TO GET HIS EXPELLED SON BACK TO THE BACKWOODS SCHOOL, HE FINDS HIMSELF UP AGAINST IT!



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.

Old Man Gunten Looks In!

"IT'S Old Man Gunten!" There was a buzz of voices among the fellows standing near the gateway at Cedar Creek School.

A buggy came dashing up from the rough trail, towards the school gates, with a fat, hard-featured man at the reins.

Frank Richards, Bob Lawless, and Vere Beaulere were in the group, and they looked very curiously at the buggy and its driver.

Mr. Gompers Gunten, the Swiss storekeeper of Thompson town, and postmaster of the section, was a quite important personage in the little world of the Thompson valley.

He was a hard-fisted man of business, and reputed to be one of the richest men in the section, and not over-scrupulous in his dealings.

And he was the father of Kern Gunten, the blackest sheep at the lumber-school of Cedar Creek.

The fat storekeeper's face was unusually hard and grim now. He was evidently very angry.

He was lashing the horse as he came dashing up, in a way that made Frank Richards' eyes glint as he saw it.

The buggy stopped at the school gateway, and Mr. Gunten jumped down.

He called to Frank Richards, who happened to be the nearest of the group of Cedar Creek fellows.

"Hold my horse, boy!"

"What?"

"Hold my horse!"

Frank Richards did not move.

That peremptory order, from a man he hardly knew and did not like, was not likely to be obeyed.

Frank simply looked at the Thompson storekeeper.

"Do you hear me?" rapped out Mr. Gunten harshly.

"Yes, I hear you," assented Frank.

"Take the horse, then!"

"Did you ever come across the word 'please' in your dictionary, Mr. Gunten?" asked Frank Richards quietly.

"Hear, hear!" murmured Bob Lawless, and Vere Beaulere smiled. Chunky Todgers burst into a chuckle.

Mr. Gunten scowled blackly.

"Do you want me to lay my whip round you, you young cub?" he roared.

"You'd better not!" said Frank.

"What—what!"

The fat storekeeper fairly glared at the English schoolboy. But he did not take up his whip.

He muttered something under his breath, and threw his reins over a post, and strode in at the gates, without another word.

With a quick, angry step, he went towards the log schoolhouse, and disappeared into the porch.

"My word! Old Man Gunten's mad!" grinned Eben Hacke. "I've seen him in a tear before, but never quite so mad as this."

"Cheeky old duffer!" said Frank Richards indignantly. "Does he think he can order us about, like his Chinese shopman at the store?"

"I guess he's found out that he can't," chuckled Bob Lawless. "The old sport has come here to bulldoze Miss Meadows, about his precious son being turned out of the school. I fancy Miss Meadows will give him his change, though."

"Gunten doesn't seem to be coming back to the school," Vere Beaulere remarked.

"Miss Meadows won't let him," said Tom Lawrence. "A jolly good thing, too! But Old Man Gunten's wild about it."

There was no doubt that Old Man Gunten was "wild."

He was breathing wrath as he strode into the porch of the lumber-school, and his glare almost scared Black Sally when she came to see what he wanted.

"Is Miss Meadows here?" snapped the storekeeper.

"Missy here," said Black Sally. "Loramussy! What de matter, Mass' Gunten?"

"Show me in to Miss Meadows."

"Loramussy!" gasped Sally.

A door on the passage opened, and Miss Meadows looked out of her little study and sitting-room.

The face of the Cedar Creek schoolmistress was cold and severe.

"Kindly step in, Mr. Gunten," she said lolly.

The fat storekeeper tramped into the room. Miss Meadows did not ask him to be seated, and she did not sit down. She stood facing the angry man, with cold calmness.

Mr. Gunten was the richest man in Thompson, and what the cattlemen called a "big bug" in his way, but his trown had no terrors for the schoolmistress of Cedar Creek.

"You wished to see me?" asked Miss Meadows quietly.

Mr. Gunten breathed like a grampus. "Yes!" he snorted. "I came to see you, Miss Meadows, about my son."

"I explained the matter fully in my letter to you."

"I guess that doesn't go with me. You said that Kern could not be allowed to return to Cedar Creek School."

"Quite so."

"Well, I cannot agree to that."

Miss Meadows' lips hardened.

"I am afraid you have no choice in the matter, Mr. Gunten," she said. "I am headmistress of Cedar Creek, and I cannot allow your son to come to the school any longer."

"I guess a Canadian school isn't the property of a paid teacher!" snorted Mr. Gunten.

Miss Meadows did not reply to that.

"My boy must go to school," continued Mr. Gunten. "There is no other school near my home—and he must come here. You have no right to exclude him!"

"I should not have done so if I had not the right," said Miss Meadows coldly. "Kern Gunten cannot return here."

"What is your complaint against him?"

"I have told you. He inserted an advertisement in the 'Thompson Press,' with my name attached, which was intended to cover me with ridicule. In a mean and cowardly manner, he made me believe at first that another boy—Richards—had played that wretched trick. Moreover, I have never been satisfied with him. I have found him gambling, and inducing other boys to gamble with him. That kind of thing cannot be allowed at Cedar Creek."

Mr. Gunten grunted.

"I guess everybody gambles on the frontier," he said. "Mein Gott! In my native country, Switzerland, I kept a gambling-saloon before I emigrated, and Kern was employed in it!"

"Switzerland is not Canada," said Miss Meadows dryly.

"If he has done wrong he can be

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NEXT TUESDAY!

"THE SHAM HERO!"

A MAGNIFICENT STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

punished. Perhaps he should not gamble among schoolboys. I will give him the cowhide if you wish. But he cannot be sent away from school. What is he to do?"

"My concern is to see that my school is kept in a proper state of order," said Miss Meadows. "Gunten has deliberately defied all authority. He knew what he was doing."

"He will express his sorrow——"

"He will speak falsely, as he has done many times before."

"You appear to have a bad opinion of my son, Miss Meadows."

"I am sorry. But that is so."

Mr. Gunten snorted again. He was not accustomed to opposition, and he did not like it.

He was surprised, too, and annoyed, to find calm and quiet resistance to his lordly will in the slim, quiet Canadian girl.

"It is a slight to me!" he exclaimed heatedly. "What is this school? A lumber-school of the backwoods! I am the most prominent citizen of Thompson. I may become a member of the Legislature. And you calmly propose to turn my son out of this backwoods school! It is an insult! I shall be laughed at by all Thompson!"

"I am sorry. It cannot be helped."

"It can and must be helped!" exclaimed Mr. Gunten. "I am willing to be reasonable. I am rich. If it is a question of compensation——"

"It is nothing of the kind!" said Miss Meadows, a flush creeping into her cheeks. "You mean that you will not allow Kern to return on any conditions?"

"Yes."

Another snort.

"Well, he must return, Miss Meadows! I am not a man to be trifled with. Kern must and shall return to this school!"

And the angry storekeeper emphasised that statement with a heavy stamp on the floor which almost made Miss Meadows' desk dance.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. The Boot for the Buldozer.

"BY thunder, the old galoot's going it!"

"Cheeky old ass!"

Outside the lumber schoolhouse the fellows were gathering with excited and angry faces.

Mr. Gunten's bull voice could be heard easily outside the house, and, in fact, half-way across the school grounds.

The angry storekeeper did not care who heard him.

The idea of their schoolmistress being "bulldozed" in her own study by the fat storekeeper from Thompson naturally made the fellows angry.

Mr. Gunten might be a most important personage in his own estimation, but the opinion of all Cedar Creek was that he was not worthy to black Miss Meadows' shoes. And Cedar Creek was about right on that point.

"Say, let's go in and chuck him out!" suggested Eben Hacke.

Frank Richards grinned.

"Miss Meadows wouldn't like it," he said.

"I guess we shall chip in if he buldozes Miss Meadows!" exclaimed Bob Lawless indignantly.

"The man's a howling cad!" said Beauclerc.

"Like father like son!" snorted Chunky Todgers.

"Hark! There he goes again!"

"Cheeky rotter!" growled Frank Richards.

"Miss Meadows, I repeat that my son must be taken in at this school! There is an appeal from you to the school authorities, and I have influence with them. It would not be difficult for me to have you, Miss Meadows, replaced by another head teacher if I chose!"

"You will do as you think best, Mr. Gunten. At present I am mistress here, and I decline to have my authority questioned."

"Madam!"

"Good-afternoon, sir!"

"I am not going yet!" said Mr. Gunten.

"I have to take the afternoon class in a few minutes, Mr. Gunten," said Miss Meadows quietly. "Will you oblige me by retiring?"

"I guess not."

"Then I shall leave you here!"

Miss Meadows, at a loss how to deal with her obstreperous visitor, made a movement

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THE SHAM

towards the doorway, where Black Sally stood blinking.

The storekeeper stepped to the door, slammed it in Sally's black face, and put his back to it.

Miss Meadows started back. The storekeeper was purple with wrath, and so enraged that he did not think or care what he was doing.

"Will you allow me to pass, Mr. Gunten?" exclaimed Miss Meadows, her voice trembling with anger.

"No, madam; I will not until this matter is settled!" shouted Mr. Gunten.

"Are you out of your senses, sir?" exclaimed the schoolmistress, in mingled anger and consternation. "Let me pass at once!"

"I will do nothing of the sort!"

"You have come here, then, to act like a ruffian!" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

"Put it as you like! I guess——"

The door behind Mr. Gunten's broad back was suddenly opened—so suddenly that it crashed on him, and sent him reeling forward towards Miss Meadows.

In the doorway there appeared the flushed face of Frank Richards, with Bob Lawless and Beauclerc just behind him, and behind them a crowd of the Cedar Creek fellows.

Mr. Gunten spun round, in fury.

"Get out!" rapped out Frank Richards.

"Richards!" ejaculated Miss Meadows.

"Leave him to us, ma'am," said Frank.

"Mr. Gunten, Miss Meadows has told you to go. Are you going on your feet, or on your neck?"

"Sharp's the word!" exclaimed Bob Lawless. "Now, then!"

"Kick him out!" roared Chunky Todgers.

Mr. Gunten, instead of replying to Frank Richards, made a rush at him, lashing out savagely with a heavy fist.

He was too enraged to make any other answer.

But it was an unfortunate reply, for him. Frank Richards knocked his blow aside, and was upon him like a cat.

Bob and Beauclerc were not a second behind.

In the grasp of the three schoolboys, the fat storekeeper went to the floor with a crash and a yell.

"Hurrah! Out with him!" yelled Tom Lawrence.

"Boot him out!"

"Fire him!"

"Good gracious!" gasped Miss Meadows.

A dozen fellows were swarming round Mr. Gunten now.

In the clutch of as many pairs of hands, the prominent citizen of Thompson town was whirled through the doorway.

He yelled and spluttered as he was whirled away into the porch and then out into the open air, heels uppermost.

It was like an earthquake to Mr. Gunten. He had supposed that he could bully the schoolmistress, but he had counted without the Canadian schoolboys.

They were not in the least disposed to stand by idly while the "foreign trash" bullied Miss Meadows.

"Out with him!" roared Bob Lawless.

"Hurrah!"

"Yank him along!"

"Ride him out on a rail!" yelled Eben Hacke.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pitch him into his buggy!"

"Head first! Ha, ha!"

In a terrific roar, Mr. Gunten was whirled away to the gates, hardly knowing what was happening to him.

He came up to his buggy with a rush, his arms and legs flying wildly, and the shouting schoolboys heaved him into the air, and he landed inside the vehicle with a crash.

The horse started and reared.

"Cast him loose!" chuckled Lawrence.

Frank Richards dragged the reins from the post. He snatched the whip from the buggy at the same time.

So far as he could prevent it, the bullying storekeeper was not to be allowed to "take it out" of the horse, as the cruel-natured man certainly would have done.

The horse was turned, and sent up the trail at a run.

Frank Richards tossed the whip away among the trees.

Mr. Gunten was on his back in the buggy, with his legs sprawling over the seat. Only his boots could be seen as he went down the trail.

The horse trotted away, with the reins on his back, and the buggy disappeared round the timber, Mr. Gunten's boots being the last the Cedar Creek fellows saw of him.

A roar of laughter followed him as he departed.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Lawless wiped his eyes.

"Oh, Jerusalem!" he gasped. "I reckon Old Man Gunten won't come here to buldoze Miss Meadows again in a hurry!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The school bell began to ring. The schoolboys streamed towards the house, still chortling.

Miss Meadows' colour was heightened as she came into the school-room to take her class.

Frank Richards & Co. judiciously set the example of being extra quiet and respectful that afternoon. They had chipped in for Miss Meadows' sake, and the schoolmistress could scarcely reprimand them. But it was just as well to be very quiet and orderly afterwards.

School passed off that day without the attendance of Kern Gunten.

Neither did Mr. Gompers Gunten return.

The storekeeper of Thompson had had enough of the Cedar Creek fellows.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Outcast!

BOB LAWLESS was chucking as he led his pony down the trail after school.

Frank Richards and Vere Beauclerc wore smiles.

The incident of the afternoon had tickled them immensely.

The bullying Swiss had learned that he could not carry matters with a high hand at Cedar Creek School, however great a man he might be in his store at Thompson.

"The cheeky jay!" said Bob, between two chuckles. "As if we'd stand his buldozing at Cedar Creek, you know! What a nerve!"

"I suppose there's nothing in what he was threatening?" asked Vere Beauclerc. "Could he cause Miss Meadows any trouble with the school authorities?"

Bob shook his head.

"I guess not! That was only bluff, I reckon. I don't see how Miss Meadows could allow Kern Gunten to come back, after what he did."

"And it's good riddance to bad rubbish!"

"You bet!"

"Hallo! Talk of angels!" exclaimed Bob Lawless suddenly.

As the three chums came up to the fork of the trail their eyes fell upon the fellow they had been discussing.

Kern Gunten was standing there, leaning on a tree, and he seemed to be waiting for them.

The Swiss did not look happy. His heavy face was morose in expression, and he had a generally unquiet and troubled look.

The three chums stopped at the fork of the trail, where Beauclerc usually left his companions to go his different way home.

As they stopped, Kern Gunten came towards them, greeted by rather grim looks.

"Hold on a minute, you chaps!" he said. "Well?"

"Has my popper been to the school this afternoon?"

Bob grinned.

"I guess so!"

"What's the verdict, then?"

"You haven't been home since?" asked Bob.

"Nope. I want to know how it turned out before I see my father," said the Swiss.

"He's not got a good temper, and he's rather fond of using the cowhide when he's mad. What happened at Cedar Creek?"

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A MAGNIFICENT STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

HERO!

Bob Lawless explained. He did not want to score over the fellow who had been turned out of the school, and he put it as gently as he could.

As a matter of fact, the chums were feeling rather sorry for Gunten.

He was a rogue and a rascal—there was no denying that—and he had played a cruel trick on Miss Meadows, and very nearly succeeded in getting the blame thrown upon Frank Richards' shoulders.

But he was down on his luck now, there was no doubt about that.

Judging by Mr. Gunten's actions at the school, his reception of his son could not have been a pleasant one when he learned that Kern had been turned out of the school.

And it was evident that Kern Gunten was very unwilling to face his father now, after the unsuccessful interview with Miss Meadows.

The Swiss stood with a gloomy face, his hands driven deep into his pockets. Frank Richards & Co. looked, and felt, uncomfortable.

Gunten had brought it all upon himself by his own rascality; but he was hard hit, and he was down on his luck.

"I suppose you fellows are pretty glad I've been turned out?" said Gunten, at last, with a sneer.

"Can't say I'm sorry," said Bob Lawless candidly. "Cedar Creek won't be any the worse for missing you. Still, I'm sorry for you personally."

"It doesn't look as if Miss Meadows will let me come back."

"I guess not."

"I—I guess the popper will be mad about it. He says that I'm to go to school whether Miss Meadows likes it or not."

"You can't do that."

Gunten made a restless gesture.

"I guess I've got to do as popper says. He's got a heavy cowhide at home to back up his orders."

"But what the dickens!" exclaimed Frank, in astonishment. "He can't send you to school when the schoolmistress won't admit you!"

"You don't know my father. He's obstinate, and he's not very bright, either. He's a big bug in Thompson and the whole section. A lot of the farmers are in his debt, and they're very civil, and it's got into his head. He fancies he can override everybody and everything, even the law, like a millionaire in an American town. Of course, he can't; he doesn't understand

Canada really. But I can't argue with his cowhide!"

"By gura, you've brought a lot of trouble on yourself, Gunten!" said Bob. "I'm blessed if I see any way out for you! But I'm pretty certain Miss Meadows won't let you into the school if you come there again."

"I guess popper will make me come." Gunten gave the chums a short nod, and strode glumly away.

Frank Richards and his comrades looked at one another curiously.

"Poor brute!" said Vere Beauclerc at last. "He seems to be between the devil and the deep sea. He brought it on himself. Miss Meadows stood a great deal before she turned him out."

"Can't help feeling sorry for him," said Bob, with a rather worried look. "But, all the same, if he was let into the school again, he'd be just as big a rotter as before, only perhaps a bit more cautious about it."

"And if it gets out about his gambling among the fellows, the parents will begin complaining, and it will be awkward for Miss Meadows," remarked Beauclerc. "She can't be expected to take him back."

"So it's the cowhide for Gunten," said Frank.

"Poor brute!"

The chums parted, Beauclerc striding away towards his home, and Frank and Bob trotting off on their ponies to the Lawless Ranch. They were very thoughtful.

They did not like Gunten, and his baseness had disgusted them, but they felt compassion for the wretched fellow.

But there was nothing they could do to help him, if they wanted to.

The decision rested with Miss Meadows, and she had decided.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Fixed Out!

FRANK RICHARDS and his chums were thinking of Gunten when they arrived at the lumber school on the following morning.

That even the high-handed and arrogant Gompers Gunten would send his son there, against the express orders of the schoolmistress, seemed incredible.

But Kern Gunten evidently thought so, and they were curious to see what would happen.

Keller, Gunten's chum, met them as they came in at the gate. Keller was looking very serious.

"Have you seen Gunten?" he asked. "Not since last evening," said Bob Lawless.

"He's coming here to-day," said Keller. "Phew!"

"His father's ordered him to."

"Silly old donkey!" commented Bob. "Well, he is an old chump, and no mistake!" said Keller. "But Gunten dare not disobey him. He'll come, right enough. I'm expecting him."

"My hat!" murmured Frank.

Most of the Cedar Creek fellows were on the look-out for Kern Gunten after that.

And a few minutes before the school-bell rang for lessons the outcast of the lumber school rode up, turned his horse into the corral, and came in.

He was surrounded at once.

"What's this game, Gunten?" asked Eben Hacke.

"You're looking jolly happy!" chortled Chunky Todgers.

"Shut up, Chunky!" muttered Bob.

Kern Gunten was not looking happy, by any means.

His hard and heavy face was troubled and worn in expression.

Evidently his latest interview with his father had been an unpleasant one, and probably the family cowhide had been introduced into the conversation.

"I've come to school!" he said doggedly.

"But you don't belong here now," said Dick Dawson.

"Popper says Miss Meadows hasn't any right to turn me out," said Gunten, in a sullen tone. "He's made me come, anyway!"

"Well, my hat!" said Frank Richards. "But—but you can't come, Gunten. It's all rot!"

"I've got to do as popper says, I guess. He's too hefty with the cowhide for me to argue with him."

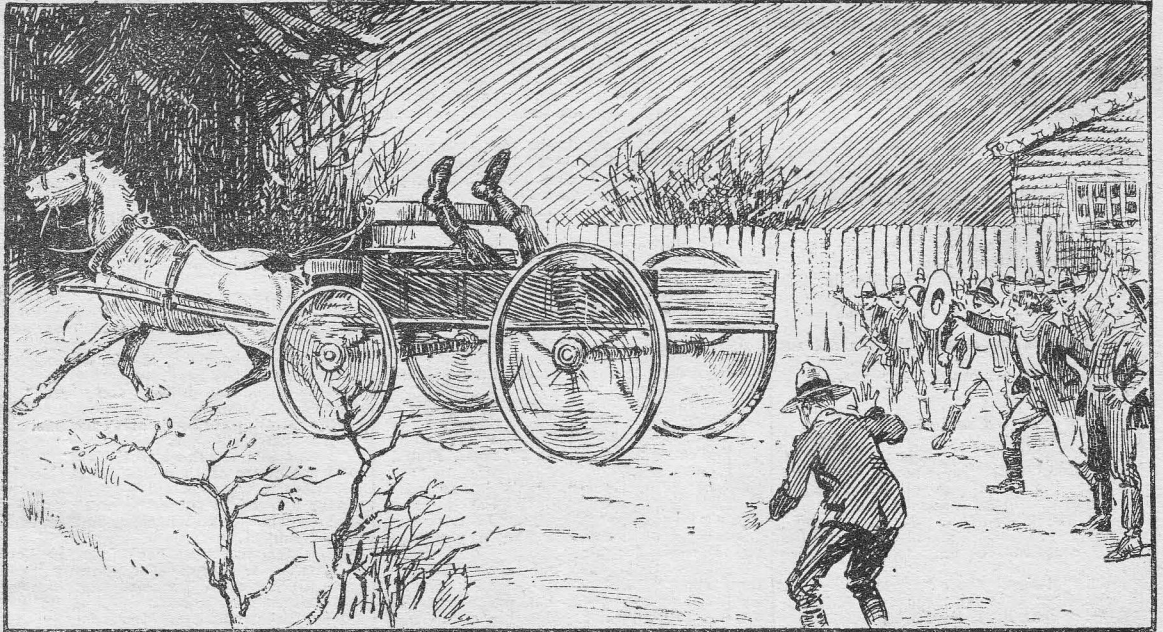
The bell rang, and Kern Gunten slipped into the school-room in the crowd of fellows, and took his former place.

There was deep, subdued excitement among the boys and girls in Miss Meadows' class. Most of them felt sorry for Gunten, in his peculiar circumstances.

He fully deserved his punishment, but certainly he was in a most unenviable position.

What Miss Meadows would do when she found the Swiss in her class was a very thrilling and interesting question.

Frank Richards had a remembrance of a



THE BOOT FOR MR. GUNTEN! The horse was turned and sent up the trail at a run. Mr. Gunten was sprawling over the seat. Only his boots could be seen, as he went down the trail. "I reckon Old Man Gunten won't come here bulldozing Miss Meadows again!" said Bob Lawless. (See Chapter 2.)

fellow who had been expelled at his old school in England.

From the decision of the headmaster of St. Kit's there had assuredly been no appeal. But Cedar Creek was not much like St. Kit's.

Exactly what powers the Canadian schoolmistress possessed, or did not possess, was unknown to her pupils.

But it was impossible that she could allow her decision to be overruled by the arrogant storekeeper of Thompson.

Mr. Slimmey, the assistant-master, came in, and he caught sight of Gunten in the class, and started.

Mr. Slimmey took the younger class, and had nothing to do with the others.

But on his way to his class he paused, and spoke to Gunten:

"Gunten!"

"Yes, sir?" said Gunten, very respectfully.

"Has Miss Meadows given you permission to be here?"

"No, sir."

"Then why are you here, Gunten?"

"My father sent me, sir."

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Slimmey.

He went on to his class; it was not his business to deal with Kern Gunten.

That problem was left to the schoolmistress, in whose class he was.

But he glanced round several times at the sullen face of the Swiss, evidently in a perplexed mood.

There was a hush in the class as Miss Meadows came into the school-room.

Expectancy was at its height.

The schoolmistress did not notice Gunten, for the moment, among the crowd of others, and the Swiss made himself as small as possible.

But as she caught sight of him she started abruptly.

"Now for it!" murmured Bob Lawless.

Miss Meadows came towards the desks.

Her lips were set, and her eyes were glinting.

"Gunten!"

Gunten stood up.

"You should not be here!" said Miss Meadows sternly.

"My father sent me, ma'am."

"Indeed! Your father has no right, and no authority, to do anything of the kind, Gunten! You will leave the school at once!"

There was a breathless pause.

Kern Gunten's hard face paled a little, but he did not move.

"Do you hear me, Gunten?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Kindly obey me, then."

Still the Swiss did not move.

Miss Meadows' eyes were gleaming now.

Her authority in the school was at stake, and she could not have given way now, even if she had desired to do so.

"Gunten, leave the school-room at once!"

The Swiss stood as if rooted to the floor, though the colour was changing in his face.

"Will you obey me, Gunten?"

No answer.

"You surely cannot suppose, Gunten, that you can remain here without permission!" said Miss Meadows severely.

"Unless you immediately leave the school-room. I have no alternative but to have you removed by force!"

Gunten licked his dry lips.

"Popper's told me to stay here, Miss Meadows!" he muttered.

"Your father has no authority in this school, as you very well know. For the last time, will you leave the school-room, Gunten?"

The Swiss did not answer; but he did not move.

Miss Meadows compressed her lips.

"Todgers!"

"Yes, ma'am?"

"Fetch Washington here at once!"

"Ye-es, ma'am!"

Chunky Todgers left the school-room.

Washington, otherwise known as Black Sam, was the handyman of Cedar Creek School, and performed many duties.

Among his duties, that of "chucker-out" had never yet been included. But the negro servant was the only resource in this case.

Gunten still stood where he was.

It was clear that his fear of his father was greater than his fear of Miss Meadows.

There was a grim silence in the school-room till Chunky Todgers came back, followed by the burly negro.

"You want me, Missy Meadows?" said Black Sam. "Here I is, missy."

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"Gunten is here without permission. Please take him away, and leave him outside the school gates."

"Yes; marm."

Black Sam made towards Gunten, coming among the desks.

The big negro was looking grim.

As a matter of fact, the negro servant had been the victim of more than one ill-natured trick of Gunten's, and he was not sorry to be allowed to "handle" him.

Apart from that, the Swiss' defiance of Miss Meadows was more than enough to make Black Sam angry.

Miss Meadows was little short of a goddess in Sam's simple eyes.

"You come with me, Mass' Gunten," said Sam.

Gunten panted.

"Hands off, you confounded nigger!" he hissed. "Don't you dare to touch me, you black bound!"

Sam grinned, and "touched" Gunten fast enough.

Gunten struck out savagely. He had a good deal of his father's arrogance, and he was enraged at being handled by a nigger.

But the nigger did not mind. He received a savage blow on the chest from Gunten's fist without heeding it, probably without feeling it much.

Then his powerful grasp closed on the Swiss, and Gunten was whirled out from the desks.

"Let me go!" shrieked Gunten, struggling fiercely.

"Take him away!" said Miss Meadows.

"I'se taking him, missy!"

Grasped in the powerful arms of the negro, Gunten was carried out of the school-room like an infant.

He kicked and struggled, but it did not avail him.

The two disappeared from sight out of the doorway, and Gunten's furious yells were heard dying away in the direction of the gates.

Black Sam deposited him on the trail outside the school gates with a bump.

"Now you vamoose, Mass' Gunten!" he said. "You come roun' here agin, and I lay my stable mop round you!"

He went in, and closed the gates and locked them.

Gunten stood in the trail, panting with rage.

In the school-room lessons commenced.

Gunten's place was empty, and it remained empty.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Missing!

THERE was a rush out of the gates when morning classes were dismissed at Cedar Creek.

The fellows were anxious to see whether Kern Gunten was still hanging about the school.

The Swiss was not to be seen, however.

"I guess he's gone home," remarked Tom Lawrence. "I don't envy him when he got there. But it's his own fault."

But, as it happened, Gunten had not gone home.

Frank Richards & Co. strolled down the creek, and at some distance from the school they suddenly spotted Kern Gunten.

The Swiss was standing by a tree, leaning on it, staring at the creek with a morose and gloomy face.

He looked up at the sound of footsteps, and a sneering, sullen expression came over his hard face at the sight of Frank Richards and his chums.

"You've not gone home?" asked Bob Lawless.

"None!"

"You're going, I suppose?" asked Frank.

"I guess not."

"Look here, Gunten, don't be an ass!" exclaimed Frank. "What's the good of playing this game? You may be hurt next time Black Sam handles you, if you come into the school again."

"I know that. I'm not coming back to the school," said Gunten. "I knew it wouldn't be any good, but popper was set on it. But I'm not going home. It only means another row, and I've had enough of the cowhide, I reckon!"

"What on earth are you going to do, then?" asked Frank.

"I'm going to stick it out in the woods."

"Wha-a-at?"

"I'm not going home to the cowhide," said Gunten sullenly. "Miss Meadows won't let me come back to school, and popper will rage if I go back and tell him. He'll send me again to-morrow. What's the good? Well, I'm not going home. I've got plenty of money, and I'm going to get somebody to take me in. Rube Bailey will take me into his shack if I ask him."

"Rube Bailey—that blessed horse-thief!" exclaimed Bob.

Gunten shrugged his shoulders.

"I can't camp out in winter," he said.

"If it was summer I'd take a trip down the valley, and stay away till my money was spent. I guess I'm not going home, anyway. If popper don't come round and be reasonable, I'm goin' to light out. I could get a job over the line, in a fero bank."

Keller came along the creek, and started as he saw Gunten.

Frank Richards & Co. walked on, and left the two Swiss together.

Gunten's position was not a pleasant one, and they wondered how it would all end.

When Cedar Creek turned up for afternoon lessons, Miss Meadows' glance swept sharply over her class.

Frank Richards guessed that she would not have been surprised to see Gunten there again.

But Gunten was not there, and nothing more was seen of him that day at Cedar Creek.

The next morning, as Frank Richards and Bob Lawless trotted up the trail to school, they caught sight of two figures in the wood.

They were Kern Gunten and Rube Bailey—the latter a decidedly shady character, more than suspected in the section of being a horse-thief.

Gunten had a gun under his arm, and was evidently out looking for game with his new acquaintance.

Bob hailed him from the trail.

"Hallo, Gunten!"

The Swiss looked round, and nodded.

"Been home?" asked Frank Richards, drawing rein.

"No."

"I say, won't you: people be anxious about you?"

"Let them," said Gunten coolly.

The chums rode on.

Vere Beauclerc joined them on the trail, and they arrived at Cedar Creek School together.

From the direction of Thompson a buggy came in sight.

"Old Man Gunten!" grinned Bob.

It was the Swiss storekeeper again, driving to the school. The juniors watched him curiously.

"Oughtn't we to tell him that we've seen Gunten?" asked Vere Beauclerc.

Bob shook his head.

"He would go after him with the cowhide," he said. "Gunten's a regular worm, but I guess he's had enough cowhide. Let the old jay rip!"

Mr. Gunten left his buggy at the gates and strode in.

Frank Richards & Co. followed him to the schoolhouse, with most of the Cedar Creek fellows.

Miss Meadows was in the schoolhouse porch, and the Thompson storekeeper stopped, and actually raised his Stetson hat as he saw her.

The schoolmistress gave him the slightest inclination of the head.

"Miss Meadows, is my son here?" exclaimed Mr. Gunten.

Miss Meadows raised his eyebrows.

"No, certainly not."

"I sent him to school yesterday."

"I am aware of that," said Miss Meadows impatiently. "He is not here, and he will not be allowed to enter the precincts of the school again. I have nothing further to say on the subject."

Miss Meadows went back into the house, leaving the fat storekeeper gnawing his lip.

Mr. Gunten stood for some minutes, scowling, evidently at a loss.

Then he strode away towards the gates.

And though some of the fellows wondered what had become of the Swiss schoolboy, it could not be denied that Cedar Creek School was all the better without him.

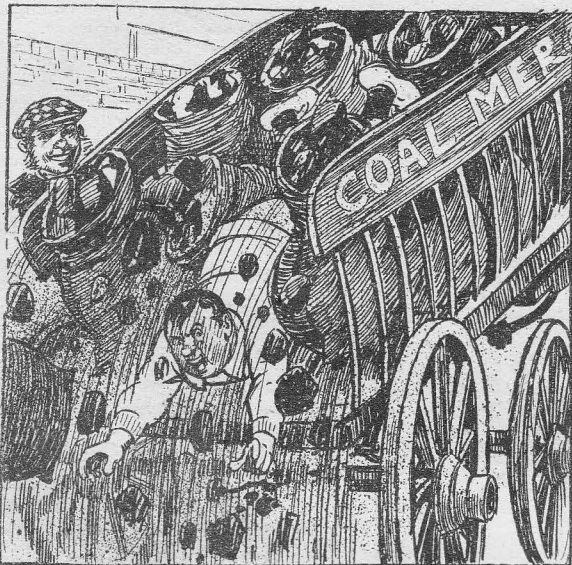
THE END

A MAGNIFICENT STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"THE SHAM HERO!"

FIGGINS & CO. COME TO THE UNPLEASANT CONCLUSION THAT THE NEW HOUSE HAVE FARED VERY BADLY IN SPORTS, AND IT'S HIGH TIME THEY "PULLED UP THEIR SOCKS"!



FIRST MAN HOME!



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 now appearing in The "Gem" Library.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Rivals of the Road.

"IT'S got to be done!" said Figgins. "And it's going to be done!" said Kerr.

"And Figgy's the fellow to do it!" added Fatty Wynn.

The three chums of the New House were reclining in the long grass, in a corner of the St. Jim's cricket-ground.

Figgins, the leader of the trio, lay at full-length, with his chin resting beneath his hands. He was looking very thoughtful.

On Kerr's face, too, there was a thoughtful expression. And Fatty Wynn, eating jam-tarts out of a paper bag, looked unusually solemn.

"Time we pulled up our socks," remarked Figgins. "People are saying that the New House is going to pot. They're saying that we are a back number and a wash-out."

"Well, we certainly give 'em cause to say it," said Kerr lugubriously. "Things have come to a pretty fine pass. Take the House-match. School House licked us by nearly a hundred runs——"

"Don't!" muttered Figgins. He was being constantly reminded of that fearful debacle.

Tom Merry & Co., by an exhibition of sound, forceful cricket, had "put it across" their rivals of the New House in smashing style.

"Then there was the inter-House boxing," said Kerr. "Talbot was too good for you, Figgy. When he gave you that knock-out——"

"Don't rub it in!" implored Figgins. That's dead and done with now. I want to forget it!"

"Well, we've got to look facts in the face, you know," said Kerr. "School House has licked us all along the line. They pranced off with the cricket honours and the boxing honours, and they were all over us in the swimming tournament. We've got to turn the tide."

"Oh, absolutely!" said Fatty Wynn. "It's up to you, Figgy. With your long legs and mighty stride, you ought to win

this giddy walking championship, and bag the cup for the New House."

"Figgy is our chief hope, anyway," said Kerr.

The walking championship was due to take place on the morrow.

It was to be a ten miles walking-race, and juniors in both Houses were competing.

The winner was to receive a magnificent silver cup, which would be proudly paraded in the victorious House.

Up to the present, nearly all the cups and shields and medals were in the School House.

The New House had struck a bad patch. They had fallen sadly from grace during the past few weeks. The contests between the two Houses were becoming very one-sided affairs. School House triumphs were as plentiful as leaves in Vallombrosa. New House triumphs were nil.

Now came the walking championship. And Figgins & Co. were desperately anxious to turn the tide. That was why Figgy had declared, with emphasis: "It's got to be done!" And, as Fatty Wynn had remarked, Figgins himself was the fellow to do it. A fine walker was Figgins. He covered the ground at a long, loping stride, and the School House would have to produce a very good man to beat him.

Everything pointed to a keen race. Over a score of fellows were competing. And among them was Baggy Trimble of the School House.

Baggy's entry into the contest was regarded as a screaming joke. Baggy had scarcely ever been known to walk ten miles in his life. It was generally believed that he would give up the ghost when he came to the first eating-house. The temptation to stop for refreshments would be altogether too powerful for Baggy to resist.

The fellows whom Figgins feared most were Tom Merry, Talbot, Jack Blake, and Harry Noble. These four were wonderful walkers. They would certainly set a warm pace, and it would be a close thing at the finish.

A girl in a white summer dress was moving gracefully across to the spot where Figgins, Kerr, and Wynn lay discussing the walking championship.

Marie Rivers, the school nurse, was off duty. She smiled pleasantly at the New House trio, who jumped to their feet and capped her.

"Am I interrupting a council of war?" inquired Miss Marie.

"We were just jawing about the walking-race," explained Figgins.

"Have you made up your mind who is going to win it?"

"Oh, quite!" said Figgins. "If I'm not the first man home, I'll swallow my Sunday topper!"

Miss Marie laughed. "I should like to see the New House carry off the honours," she said. "Everybody is saying that the New House is a dead letter."

Figgins squared his shoulders. "They'll have reason to eat their words after to-morrow!" he said grimly. "Shall you be watching the race, Miss Marie?"

"Of course! I shall see the finish. And Miss Cleveland will be there, too."

Figgins blushed. He invariably did at the mention of D'Arcy's cousin Ethel.

Nothing would delight Figgy's heart more than to breast the tape first, to the accompaniment of handclaps from Miss Marie and cousin Ethel.

"I hope it will be a finish worth seeing," he said. "So long as a New House fellow gets in first, everything in the garden will be lovely."

"Are you taking part in the race, Wynn?" asked Miss Marie.

"No jolly fear!" said Fatty. "I've too much weight to carry. I shall sit on the school wall and watch the finish, and yell myself hoarse through a megaphone."

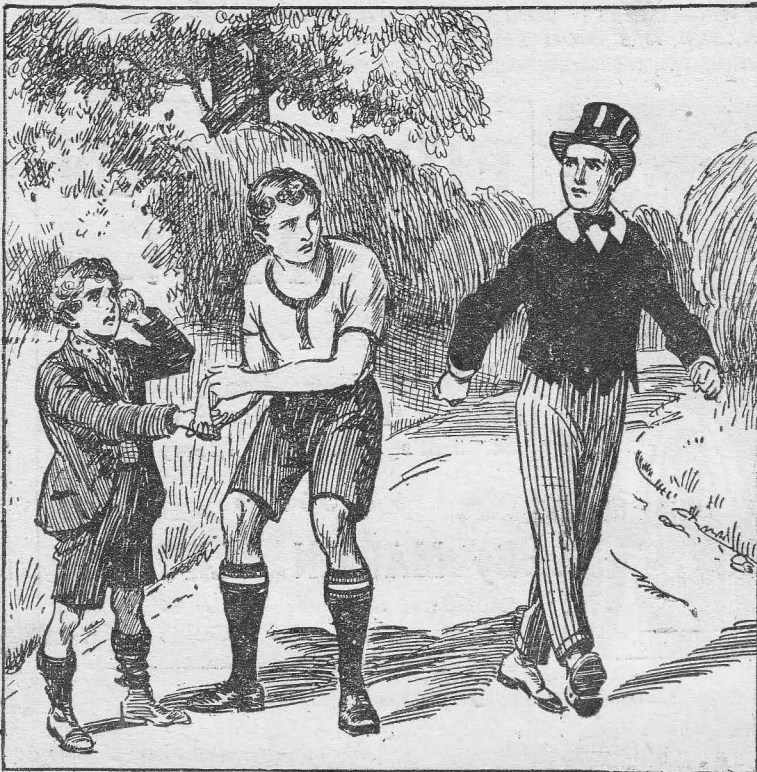
"You ought to be downright ashamed of yourself!" said Miss Marie jestingly. "Trimble is competing, so why not you?"

"Because Baggy Trimble chooses to

THE POPULAR.—No. 180.

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

NEXT TUESDAY: "AT GRIPS WITH GREYFRIARS!"



FIGGINS THE GOOD SAMARITAN! Figgins halted and whipped out a clean handkerchief from his belt. "Come here!" he ordered. "Quickly!" The youngster advanced, and Figgins bound up his injured hand. Cardew, who was second, came up to him before Figgy had finished. "You go on!" said the New House leader. "Never mind about me!" (See Chapter 3.)

make a priceless ass of himself, that's no reason why I should follow in his footsteps," said Fatty Wynn.

"Trimble might win, you know."
 "And pigs might fly!"
 "Anyway," said Figgins, "that giddy cup's going to find a home in the New House. A back number, are we a dead letter? The New House is played out—what? We'll show 'em! We'll show 'em that we're still a force to be reckoned with!"

And Figgins and Kerr responded with great heartiness:
 "Hear, hear!"

Miss Marie smiled upon the trio.
 "Good luck!" she said cordially.
 And then she glided away across the greensward—a vision in white.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.
 A Vision in Black.

TWENTY-FOUR competitors lined up for the start—a dozen from each House.

All except two were attired in vests and shorts.

The exceptions were Baggy Trimble and Ralph Reckness Cardew, of the School House.

Baggy Trimble's appearance was extraordinary. He wore a pair of white flannel trousers, which he had "borrowed" from the wardrobe of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

Now, there was all the difference in the world in the dimensions of Baggy and Gussy. The flannel trousers were not nearly roomy enough for the fat junior. They fitted him like a pair of tights.

THE POPULAR.—No. 180.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"AT GRIPS WITH GREYFRIARS!"

The upper part of Baggy Trimble's person was encased in a tight-fitting sweater, through which Baggy seemed likely to burst at any moment.

The fat junior's appearance caused shrieks of laughter. The only person who saw no reason for merriment was Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Twimble, you fat wetta! Those are my bags that you're wearin'—"

"Oh, really, Gussy—"

"Well, nobody can say that Baggy's bags are baggy!" chuckled Monty Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "I believe that's my sweatah, too!" said Arthur Augustus indignantly.

"You've been helpin' yourself from my wardwobe, Twimble! Bai Jove! I will administrah a feahful thwashin'—"

Baggy Trimble edged away from the wrathful Gussy.

At that moment Mr. Railton came striding on the scene, so that Arthur Augustus was unable to carry out his threat.

The appearance of Cardew of the Fourth was almost as extraordinary as that of Baggy Trimble.

Cardew was attired in what appeared to be his Sunday best. He wore a spotless suit of Etons and a pair of patent leather shoes. On his head was a shining silk topper.

Cardew's schoolfellows blinked at him in astonishment.

"My only aunt!" ejaculated Tom Merry. "Aren't you going to change, Cardew?"

"No, dear man."

"But you—you can't walk like that."

"An' why not, pray?" murmured Cardew, elevating his eyebrows.

"Well, it—it isn't done, you know!" stammered the captain of the Shell.

"It's goin' to be done on this occasion, anyway," said Cardew. "I've contracted a little wager with my pal Levison. I've wagered him a dish of doughnuts that I compete in my Sunday best, an' finish in the first three!"

"Then you'll lose, for a cert!" said Manners.

"That remains to be seen," said Cardew, with a smile.

Mr. Railton blew his whistle for silence.

"Is everybody here?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," said Tom Merry, glancing along the line of competitors.

"Very good. You all know the route, I take it?"

A chorus of voices answered in the affirmative.

The Housemaster's eye lighted upon Cardew.

"Are you not participating in the race, Cardew?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why have you not changed?"

"I prefer to toddle along as I am, sir."

"Then you can bid good-bye to any chance you might have of winning the cup?" said Mr. Railton.

Cardew smiled his sardonic smile.

"So long as I finish in the first three, sir, I shall be quite happy an' satisfied," he said.

"You are far more likely to be the last man home," said Mr. Railton.

"With the possible exception of Trimble," he added, glancing towards the fat junior. "Now, stand by, everybody!"

The competitors toed the line. Very grim and determined most of them looked, and none so grim and determined as Figgins of the New House. Figg's lips were set in an almost fierce frown.

Mr. Railton blew a shrill blast on his whistle. Instantly the long line of figures sprang into activity.

"Now they're off!"

"Go it, School House!"

"Put the pace on, Figgy!"

The competitors had a great send-off. Practically all St. Jim's had turned out to see the start of the race.

For the first hundred yards there was a congestion. Then the walkers began to sort themselves out.

Talbot of the School House drew ahead, walking strongly. Behind him, walking side by side with clockwork precision, came Figgins and Redfern of the New House.

Cardew was content to take things fairly easily at the outset. But he made surprising progress, considering the handicap under which he had placed himself.


Baggy Trimble waddled briskly for a matter of fifty yards or so, then he dropped hopelessly behind.

Baggy had not entered the race because he was fond of walking. He loathed it. Exertion of any kind was repellent to him. But a little bird had whispered to him that, in addition to the silver cup, there was to be a cash award of five guineas for the winner. Baggy thought of the vast amount of tuck which could be procured for such a sum, and he decided to enter the lists.

(Continued on page 17.)

ANSWERS
 EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2!


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 TUBBY MUFFIN.

My Dear Readers.—This is a big ser-prize packet for you, is it not?

Little did you dream that Billy Bunter would ever yeeld the editorial chair to me. But Billy has got no option in the matter this week.

Whilst playing cricket at Greyfriars, Billy got a touch of the sun. Not egg-sactly sunstroke, but something very similar. He has been ordered to the sanny for a few days. And he has been forbidden to undertake any jernalistic work until he is better.

Of course, Billy Bunter's illness has created a krysis. He was in a proper dilemmer. He couldn't ask his minor Sammy to edit the paper, bekwase Sammy is such a babe, and he lacks egg-sperifense. So Billy sent an urgent message to Fatty Wynn, of St. Jim's, rkwesting Fatty to edit the paper for one week only.

To Billy's konsternation, Fatty Wynn declined. Said he had to take part in some important cricket matches, and he couldn't be bothered to take over the control of the "Weekly."

Billy was in a bigger dilemmer than ever. But he thought of a splendid way out. He sent a tellygram to me at Rookwood, asking if I would take on the job; and I konsepted.

So hear we are! For one week only, I am in possession of the editorial chair, and I mean to make the most of it.

I have got together some topping kontributions, and I think you will all agree that this number is as good as any that Billy Bunter has lornched. Bunter is a 5th-rate jernalist; I am a 1st-rate one. I know what's what; and which is which, and who's who. Why, bless me, I could run this paper blindfolded! I'm a born jernalist, and I know egg-sactly the sort of stuff that pleases the publik.

Yours to a sinder,
TUBBY MUFFIN.

FOR NEXT WEEK:—

A Special Discipline
Number.

A Laugh in Every Line!

THE MIDNIGHT FEAST!

By Dick Penfold.

Now, you fellows, shut the door.
Lay the stuff out on the floor.
Cakes and pastries, puddings and pies,
All that gladdens a schoolboy's eyes.
Tie old Bunter to his cot,
Or else he'll scoff the jolly lot!
Morgan! Stand upon the stairs
In case a master, unawares,
Comes in fury and in hate,
With ashplant, to investigate.
Now then, Nugent, cut the bread;
You can do it on the bed.
Wharton, there's no ginger-pop,
Better bag some from the shop.
We can settle with Mrs. Mumble
In the morning—please be nimble!
Buck up, Cherry! Carve the cake!
It's a beauty, no mistake!
Anyone seen the jam?
Help! It's leaking on the ham!
What's that, Bunter? Can you carve?
No, you can't! Stay there and starve!
Light a candle, dear old beans,
Then I'll search for the sardines.
Jove, the milk has run to waste,
And someone's bagged the bloater-paste!
Hark! The midnight hour is striking.
Hope these buns are to your liking.
Eat and drink, and merry be,
This is quite a topping spree!
Now, then, what's the trouble, Dutton?
You'd prefer some nice cold mutton?
Rats! You'll be content with ham,
Thickly smeared with strawberry jam.
Get a move on, everybody!
Will you pass the mustard, Toddy?
Hope old Quelchy doesn't come
Before we've gobbled every crumb.
Ah! Here's Wharton with the drink,
Plucky feat of his, I think.
Going to the shop at night
Would fill a craven chap with fright.
Everybody happy now?
That's the style—not too much row!
Here's a health to one and all.
Now, then, chappies, on the ball!

IT HAS COME TO MY NOLLIDGE!

By Tubby Muffin.

THAT Billy Bunter regards me as the pick of his four fat subbs.

THAT if I hadn't turned up trumps, and offered to edit this issev, Billy would have been in a feerful whole.

THAT a lot of readers are klammering for me to become the permanent editor.

THAT Jimmy Silver is actually going to give me a place in the Rookwood junior eleven next Saterdag. The match is against Old Men of Coombe (avveridge age seventy-five years).

THAT my weight is fourteen stoan, so I have despaired of ever becoming a jockey!

THAT the Head has ordered a light diet for the Rookwood fellows during the summer. He beleeves in lettis and water-cress and sallad. All the "hevvy stuff," like stake-and-kidney poodings, will be given a miss. Woe is me!

THAT the serkulation of "Billy Bunter's Weekly" will sore like anything after this issev has appeared.

THAT I sha'n't draw any eggstra munney for editing this number. Beestly shame, I call it!

THAT Jimmy Silver & Co. are having a picknick on Wednesday afternoon, in Latcham Woods. Trussed me to be there!

THAT there is going to be a big drop in the price of tuck. Loud and harty cheers!

THAT Tommy Dodd is to give a berthday party in his studdy. I shall be konsealed under the table!

THAT there will be weeping and nashing of teeth when I give-up the editorship next week to make way for Billy Bunter!

THAT there is shortly to be a Beauty Contest, open to all the fat boys in the kingdom. You will be able to guess the winner's name in advanse!

THE POPULAR.—No. 180.



Alphabetical Rhyme.

SPECIALLY KOMPOSED BY
THAT PRINCE OF POETS,
TUBBY MUFFIN.

A's for AMBITION, of which I have plenty.
I'll become a grate orther, as famus as Henty.

B's for the BUNS that I daily devour.
I've been known to konsume twenty-four in an hour!

C is for COURAGE; I have quite a lot.
A braver young hero you never could spot.

D is for DOUGHNUT, all jooey and sweet.
The jolliest thing that a skoolboy can eat.

E is for ENERGY—Jove, I've got tons!
I never was one of the work-dodging ones!

F is for FAT, I possess a good deal.
I never could bear to be thin as an eel.

G is for GRUB, the finest thing out.
Although a dispeptick thinks different, no doubt.

H is for HEALTH; if you want to be fit,
Buy a jolly good dinner, and eat every bit!

I is for INK; I use quite a quart
In writing romance and advencher and sport.

J is for JOLLITY—splendid thing, that.
I'd like to see everyone laugh and grow fat.

K is for KITCHEN, where poodings are stirred.
I raided a cupple last night. (Mum's the word!)

L is for LESSONS, I relish them not.
It's only the highbrows who study and swott.

M is for MARBLES, a wonderful game
At which I have gained lots of glory and fame.

N is for NOTHING—I'm not being funny,
But that's the amount of my week's pocket-munny!

O's for the ORGIES we have in the night.
A grand midnight feest keeps us merry and bright.

P is for POODING; it's made out of suet.
Cook turns out some beauties. Oh, how does she do it?

Q's for the QUALMS which are konstantly dogging.
A fellow's who brought to the Head for a flogging.

R's for the RATIONS which keep us alive.
To eat like an ostrich you always should strive.

S is for SILVER, who bosses the Form.
Whole flocks of admirers around him swarm.

T's for the TEA that we get in the hall.
Some thick bread-and-butter, and scrape, that's all.

U's for my UNCLE, who gives me a tip.
I then dance with glee, and shout gaily: "Hip-pip!"

V's for the VIGGER with which I hit out
Whenever there's rotters or bullies about.

W's the "WEEKLY," by Bunter kondukted.
But this week I'm running the rag, as instructed.

X is the XCELLENT stuff I've provided.
Why, not even Bunter could mannidge like I did!

Y's for the YOUTH who exclaims: "There's good stuff in the issew got up by that fine fellow Muffin!"

Z is the ZEAL I've undoubtedly shown
In getting this grand number out on my own!

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—Don't talk about Dick Penfold's poettick achievements after this! Penfold would find it impossibul to make up such ripping rhymes. I konsider that the above is worthy of Byron or Cromwell or Charlie Chaplin, or any of the grate poets—don't you, dear readers? Next time your master asks you, in class, to name the gratest poet of the day, you should jump up and say: "Tubby Muffin, sir!" Then the master—if he's any judge of poetry at all—will say: "Quite korrekt! Go up one!")

FEELING THIRSTY?

Then Patronise the
AMERICAN SODA FOUNTAIN,
situated in the Close at Greyfriars.
Proprietor: Fisher Tarleton Fish.

If the sun has parched you, stop
And try my foaming ginger-pop!

Thirsty fellows should not fail
To try my topping ginger-ale.

When it's eighty in the shade,
Call for Fishy's lemonade!

Are you cycling? Every rider
Simply loves my cooling cider!

When you're eating Gorgonzola,
Wash it down with Fishy's kola!

A summer drink that's really "posh"
Is my famous lemon-squash.

Even the headmaster's daughter
Stops and drinks my soda-water.

Scores of fellows, after lunch,
Come and try my ginger-punch.

A drink, refreshing and divine,
Is Fishy's glorious ginger-wine.

Hundreds drink, and come again
For my delightful sham champagne!

Cooling drinks of every kind
At my refreshment-bar you'll find.

If to quench your thirst you wish,
Come to Fisher Tarleton Fish!

A SELECT ASSORTMENT OF ICES ALSO
IN STOCK.

POPULAR PRICES.

CIVILITY AND PROMPT ATTENTION TO
ALL ORDERS, HOWEVER SMALL.

Don't insult your thirst
by drinking cold water.

VISIT THE AMERICAN SODA FOUNTAIN!

POPULAR PERSONALITIES!

Bernard Glyn.

I'm Bernard Glyn of St. Jim's,
A fellow of wheezes and whims.
Inventing this, and inventing that,
From an aeroplane to a clockwork cat,
A giddy marvel, I tell you flat,
Is Bernard Glyn of St. Jim's!

Yes, my inventions are the real thing.
Not like Baggy Trimble's "inventions,"
which are merely fairy tales.

I think the inventive genius must have
been born in me. In my childhood I
was always tinkering about with things,
and wondering how they worked or what
was inside them.

As a youngster, I once took my pater's
typewriter to pieces. With the aid of a
screwdriver, this was easy. But when
it came to putting the beastly thing
together again, I was fairly fogged. The
pater came in and found small portions
of the typewriter littered about the room,
and there was a painful scene. I was
hoisted across his knee, and received a
dozen hearty whacks with a slipper.

But my keenness on inventions was
not diminished by this experience. I
was for ever pulling things to pieces. My
pater's bicycle was dissected and scattered
upon the lawn; and the mater's
sewing-machine also suffered.

In due course I was sent to St. Jim's.
And many merry inventions have I
sprung upon the public from time to
time. Mechanical ghosts, and clockwork
bowlers, and flying-machines, and good-
ness knows what.

I've made quite a name for myself in
the inventive line. My little workshop
near the woodshed is the home of many
brain-waves.

Well, I reckon you are just about fed-
up with hearing about me and my
inventions, so I'll ring off.

Just a final spasm:

I'm Bernard Glyn of St. Jim's,
A fellow of wonderful whims.
Inventing this, and that, and t'other,
The fellows all love me like a brother—
I'm Bernard Glyn of St. Jim's!

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE.

By George Kerr.



KIT ERROLL. (Rookwood.)



By FATTY WYNN.

(of St. Jim's.)

"GOOD!" said Tom Merry, standing on the pavilion steps and gazing on to the cricket-field. "Herries has broken his duck!"

Skimpole of the Shell happened to be passing. Skimmy was ambling along, with his nose buried in an open volume—the "Works of Professor Balmycrumptet." But he was not too preoccupied to hear Tom Merry's remark.

Skimmy stopped short. He turned to the captain of the Shell.

"What did you say about Herries?" he asked.

"I said he'd broken his duck."

"How?"

"Ass! There's only one way of breaking your duck," said Tom Merry, "and that's by a mighty hit."

Skimpole looked aghast. He closed his volume of Balmycrumptet, and hurried away towards the school building.

Tom Merry's words had conveyed to Skimmy's mind a terrible tragedy.

Not being a cricketer, Herbert Skimpole did not rightly understand the meaning of the term "breaking his duck." He took it literally. He supposed that Herries had a duck for a pet, and had damaged the unfortunate bird by means of a mighty hit.

Now, if there was one thing that Skimpole could never tolerate, that thing was cruelty to animals and birds. He had once seen Mellish wring the tail of the kitchen cat, and he had reported the cad of the Fourth to Kildare, who had given Mellish a licking.

It now seemed as if Herries was following in Mellish's footsteps.

"A fellow who ill-treats his pets," murmured Skimmy, "ought not to be allowed to keep them. Herries has actually broken his duck! Good gracious! What terrible suffering the poor thing must have endured!"

He walked on, shuddering as he pictured the duck's untimely fate.

"There ought to be a S.P.C.F.F. formed—a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Feathered Fowls," muttered Skimpole. "I will suggest it to Mr. Railton."

And he made tracks for the Housemaster's study.

"Herries has never struck me as being a cruel sort of fellow," he mused, as he went along. "He has always been very kind and devoted to Towser, his bulldog. But cruelty takes a peculiar form with some people. When they are kind to animals they are cruel to birds, and vice versa. But fancy Herries being such a barbarian as to break his duck! Had I looked on the cricket-ground I should doubtless have seen the poor thing's feathers littered about. Dear me, how very distressing!"

Skimpole halted, and tapped on the door of Mr. Railton's study.

"Come in!" said a deep, pleasant voice. Skimpole stepped into the study. He found Mr. Railton examining a new set of golf-clubs he had just bought.

The Housemaster looked up.

"Well, Skimpole," he said kindly, "what is it? You look rather upset, my boy."

"And I feel it, sir."

"What is the matter?"

"I hope you won't think me a tale-bearer, sir, but there are occasions when sneaking is justified, and this is one of them."

Mr. Railton frowned. Sneaks were his pet abomination.

"What have you to say to me, Skimpole?" he asked. And his tone was no longer kind.

"Herries of the Fourth has been guilty of gross cruelty, sir—"

"What!"

"I didn't see the dreadful deed myself, but I have Tom Merry's assurance that it was done. I am disappointed in Herries. I thought he was more humane."

"Good gracious!" gasped Mr. Railton, in astonishment. "What has Herries done?"

"He had a pet, sir—a duck—and he has brutally attacked it!"

Mr. Railton's brow grew stern.

"You are certain of this, Skimpole?"

"Well, I have Tom Merry's word for it, sir. And Tom Merry doesn't tell fibs. The poor feathered creature was sadly ill-used—broken, in fact."

Mr. Railton moved towards the door.

"I will investigate," he said promptly. "Where is Herries at this moment?"

"On the cricket-ground, sir."

In that direction Mr. Railton made his way with rapid strides. And Skimpole followed.

Herries was at the wicket, batting lustily. Tom Merry, with Manners and Lowther, stood on the pavilion steps.

Mr. Railton approached the captain of the Shell. His expression was grave.



"I understand that Herries has been guilty of cruelty to a bird—a duck, to be precise!" said Mr. Railton sternly.

"I wish to speak to you, Merry," he said. "I understand that Herries has been guilty of cruelty to a bird—a duck, to be precise?"

Tom Merry stared.

"I know nothing of that, sir. In fact, I'm jolly certain Herries could never be cruel to anything."

"Oh, Merry!" said Skimpole, in tones of reproach. "You distinctly told me that Herries had broken his duck!"

Tom Merry stared stupidly at Skimpole for a moment. Then his face cleared, and he broke into a peal of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! Oh, you champion chump! Didn't you cotton on to what I meant? Breaking one's duck is a cricketing term, you—your frabjous idiot!"

"Oh," gasped Skimpole, "I—I took the phrase literally. I imagined that Herries had pulled a duck to pieces!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" There was general laughter, in which Mr. Railton joined.

"I am relieved to find it is all a misunderstanding," he said. "You had better make sure of your facts, Skimpole, before you bring any further reports to my study."

Skimpole made no reply. Never had he felt such a fool in his life. With a gasp of humiliation, he faded away, in order to hide his diminished head!

Meanwhile, Herries of the Fourth collected fifty not out. So he broke his duck with a vengeance!

CRICKET TERMS EXPLAINED!

By TOM BROWN.
(of Greyfriars.)

"Stumps were drawn at seven o'clock."

This means that Coker of the Fifth paid a visit to Mr. Tuggett, the Friardale dentist, at the hour in question. Various stumps were extracted.

"Billy Bunter was caught out."

The fat junior had broken bounds, you see, and gone down to the village. Unfortunately, he bumped into Loder of the Sixth, and was hauled up before the Head next morning, charged with being "caught out."

"Harold Skinner got a six."

Three on each hand, for cheeking Quelchy. And serve him jolly well right!

"Hurree Singh delivered a long hop."

So would you have done, if somebody had let off a jumping cracker behind you!

"Johnny Bull gave a full toss."

Exactly the sort of thing you would expect a "Bull" to do!

"Peter Todd's innings was a lucky one. He had nine 'lives.'"

So we're going to call him "Tabby" in future!

"The wicket was very sticky."

Not surprising, considering that Billy Bunter had emptied a tin of treacle over it!

"Bolsover major was flogged out of the ground."

He was caught trespassing on Sir Hilton Popper's private estate, you see!

"Bob Cherry batted well. He kept the ball on the carpet."

It would have been a jolly sight safer to have kept it in his locker!

"Bulstrode kept the wicket."

Then he ought to be had up before the Greyfriars Police Court for stealing!

YOU CAN'T BEAT THEM:

The Grand Real
Photos Given
Away In

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.

DOES ADVERTISING PAY?

By **TUBBY MUFFIN.**

Personally, dear readers, I don't think it does.

It's brass, that's what it is! A cheap,

A few weeks ago I advertised a gold watch for sail, in the kollums of the local paper.

I only had one reply, and that was from a fellow in Latcham. He enclosed a postal-order, and asked me to forward him the watch. I did so. The next day he turned up at Rookwood in a towering rage, and brandished the watch under my nose.

"Call this a gold watch?" he hooted. "It's brass, that's what it is! A cheap, German-made thing that isn't worth tuppence! I want my munney back!"

"Then you can't have it," I replied. "I've blewed it at the tuckshopp."

Whereupon, my visitor rushed at me with clenched fists, and gave me a terribil hammering. When I tell you that he was over six feet in height, and as brawny as the villidge blacksmith, you will realize that I got it hot and strong.

I'm not going to advertise any more gold watches. I shall dispose of them by private treaty.

In the same issew of the paper, I inserted another advertisement, as follows:

"Young publick skoolboy offers his services, in spare time, to cook for a wealthy family in Latcham or districtt. Will accept a pound a week. A reelly ripping cook, with hundreds of testimonials.—Apply R. Muffin, Rookwood Skool."

Do you know, I didn't get a single reply! And the advertisement cost me one-and-six! A possitiff skandal, I call it.

I have often advertised in "Billy Bunter's Weekly," but never with sattisfactory rezzults. If I've got anything to sell, noboddy wants to buy it. If I want to buy something, noboddy wants to sell it!

Advertising is a hartbreaking bizziness. It costs you a small fortune, and you get nothing in return.

The only advertisement which ever brought me a flood of replies was when I challenged a fellow to a fight. Beleve me, half Rookwood jumped at the challenge! All day long, fellows were streeming in my studdy. Jimmy Silver was the first vissitor.

"Hallo, Tubby!" he said. "I've come along in answer to your advertisement. Take that—and that—and that!"

And he started hammering me as if I was a blessed punching-ball.

Then Lovell and Raby and Newcome and Erroll came along, and administered black eyes and other disfiggering sooveners. I was a fit case for the amberlanse by the time the day was out.

No, dear readers, I don't beleve in advertising. My kandid opinion is that the fellow who wrote, "Sweet are the uses of advertisement," didn't know what he was talking about!

In future, I mean to give advertising miss. Whatever you may say to the kontrary, I declare emfatically that advertising doesn't pay.

No more advertising for me! I'm jolly well fed-up with it.

THE POPULAR.—No. 180.

Extracts From THE "WAYLAND GUIDE!"

WAYLAND is a charming and picturesque town in Sussex. It has an ideal situation, and is much frequented by tourists. The town is controlled by a Mayor and Corporation, and contains many sights of interest, notably the Norman church and the Old Toll Gate. Population at last Census, 8,256.

Old Wayland—the Wayland of the days of the stage-coach and the highwayman—lies to the west of the town. Here, there are cobbled streets and quaint old cottages. The town is rather quiet, except on Monday, which is market-day.

The Romans had a large camp at Wayland, and many interesting relics of bygone days are unearthed from time to time.

Wayland is recommended by the medical profession as a very healthy spot. It boasts several attractions, including a spacious theatre, a recreation ground, and a cinema. There is a fine golf-course to the north of the town.

HOTELS, Etc.

THE ROYAL SUSSEX HOTEL, High Street. Centrally situated; homely and comfortable. Electric light, and all modern conveniences. Terms from three guineas per week.—A. P. JENNINGS, Proprietor.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, George Street. High-class family hotel. Lifts to all floors. Night porter. Newly-decorated coffee-room, and lounge on first floor. For special inclusive terms apply to B. HOMELIGH, Manager.

THE GREEN MAN, River Street. Choice wines from the wood. Up-to-date billiard-saloon. (No public schoolboys admitted).—J. JOLIFFE, Proprietor.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

ST. JAMES'S COLLEGE, Rylcombe. One of the finest scholastic institutions in the South of England. Accommodation for three hundred boys. Healthy and bracing situation. All outdoor sports catered for. Very competent staff of masters. For prospectus, apply:

RICHARD HOLMES, D.D.,
Headmaster.

RYLCOMBE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, near Wayland. A very historic foundation, and a splendid school for the sons of local gentry and tradespeople. Full details on application to Mr. MONK, Headmaster.

BELVEDERE (Preparatory School). Brighton Road, Wayland. Excellent preparation given for the public schools. Rev. P. WIGGINS, Headmaster.

PLACES OF ENTERTAINMENT.

THE THEATRE ROYAL, Wayland. (Established 1907.) Splendid up-to-date plays and variety concerts. General Manager, B. JOLLY.

THE WAYLAND CINEMA. Spacious, well-appointed picture-house in the High Street (opposite Town Hall). Continuous change of programme. Open every evening. Sundays excepted. Matinees Wednesday afternoons. A. FILMER, Proprietor.

HORSE DE KOMBAT!

By **BILLY BUNTER.**

Although I have been forbidden by the dockter and the matron and the Head to undertake any jernalistic work, I feel it is up to me to eggspain why I am not at the helm this week.

There will be pannick among my readers, I feel certain. I am hartbroken at the thought, but it reely can't be helped.

It's Bob Cherry's fault that I am down and out, chewing the cud of bitter reflexshun in the sanny at Greyfriars.

I was playing in a cricket-match against Bob Cherry's eleven. Bob won the toss, and he and Mark Linley opened the innings for his side. Do you know, dear readers, they batted solidly for the hole of the afternoon? They started their innings at two o'clock, and they were still together when stumps were drawn at seven. For five long, weery hours, they kept me and my merry men in the field, lether-hunting.

It was a skorching June day, and although I got sunstroke no less than five times, I kept going like a hero.

My flannels were scorched, and my hare was singed, owing to the fierce heat. But still I kept going. A Bunter never knows when he is beaten.

After the match, however, I kollapsed. I fell into the umpire's outstretched arms, and was carried off the field.

In a sollum procession, they took me away to the sanny. My temperament was at fever heat (is it temperament or temperature? I always forget.) Anyway, for two days and two nights I lay in a state of terribil delirium.

I ought not to be writing at all. The matron would have a fit if she saw me now, propt up on the pillows, with a writing-pad on my neeze.

At first, I thought of handing over the kontrol of my "Weekly" to Sammy. But Sammy has not yet arrived at years of discretion. He would be bound to make a hash of it.

I therefore got into tuch with Fatty Wynn, but Fatty refused to take on the job. (I shall deprive him of a week's salary, for insubordination.)

Finally, I handed over the paper to Tubby Muffin. Forgive me, dear readers, if he makes a horrible mess of it. He hasn't had the eggspereience and the training that I have. He can't spell for munkey-nuts, and as an editor he is bound to be a komepleet failure.

I hope to make a rappid recovery, so that I can resume the editorial chair next week. This is a trooly terribil bizziness, having to leave the kontrol of the paper to somebody else.

It's no joak in the sanny, either. The diet duzzent suit me one little bit. How can a fellow get fit on basins of grool?

It's a dreadful thing, being horse de kombat like this, but I eggspcet I shall soon pick up, as the small boy said when he saw a tanner lying on the pavement.

Here comes the matron with my next dose of grool, so I must buck up and finnish.

Try and bear up, dear chums, during this terribil crysis. I shall hope to be in harness again next week. So mind you order your copy of the POPULAR a fortnite in advance!

FIRST MAN HOME!

(Continued from page 12.)

In his colossal conceit Baggy had thought himself capable of walking such fellows as Tom Merry, Talbot, and Figgins off their feet. He now discovered that the reverse was the case. He was left far in the rear by his athletic schoolfellows.

"Oh dear!" he panted, mopping his perspiring brow. "This is simply awful! How shall I ever overtake that crowd in front? I'm beginning to feel fagged already."

He stumbled along desperately. The fierce sun scorched down upon him, as if with the object of converting him into roast pork.

Baggy began to despair of covering the ten-mile course, let alone finishing first.

There was a rumbling of wheels behind him. He paused, and looked round.

A coal wagon came into view along the road. It was a large wagon, drawn by a couple of hefty horses. And a score of sacks were piled up upon it.

The driver, a powerfully-built, coarse-looking man, with a complexion like a Christy minstrel, was nodding off to sleep on his perch. His head was lolling on his chest, and the motion of the wagon was rocking him into slumber.

Baggy Trimble feasted his eyes on the wagon.

The horses were going along at a decent pace, and Baggy saw an excellent chance of catching up with his schoolfellows. With the aid of that wagon he might even win the race.

Baggy allowed the vehicle to lumber past him. Then he hoisted himself up on to the tailboard. And here he sat, with dangling legs, while the driver dozed, and the wagon rumbled on its way.

"This is ripping!" muttered Baggy. "Jolly good way of taking part in a walking match! He, he, he!"

Presently a bicycle came into sight. Baggy could not recognise the rider, the distance was too great, but he fancied he could detect the St. Jim's cap.

"My hat! That's Kildare of the Sixth, I expect!" he murmured, in alarm. "It won't do for me to be seen riding on this tailboard. I'd better clamber up and lose myself among the sacks!"

With a great effort the fat junior hauled himself up among the coal-sacks. There was a convenient aperture between two rows of sacks, into which Baggy dropped. He was now invisible to anyone passing along the road.

"This is quite comfy," muttered Baggy. "I feel like a blessed stowaway on board ship."

He heard the clanging of a bicycle bell. The driver of the wagon bestirred himself, and drew the horses to one side. The cyclist, whoever he was, went whizzing past.

There was an interval of ten minutes, during which time the driver nodded off to sleep again. Then Baggy Trimble heard the patter of footsteps in the roadway. He raised himself, and peered cautiously over the top of the sacks.

Three juniors were striding along in great style. They were Jack Blake, Dick Julian, and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"I've beaten those three, anyway!" chuckled Baggy softly, as he dropped

back into his hiding-place. "If only these gees would go a bit quicker we'd soon overtake some more."

The wagon entered the town of Wayland. It proceeded up the High Street, which was part of the route taken by the walkers.

Baggy feared that at any moment the driver might start shouting "Coal!" But even if he did he was not likely to find many purchasers on such a broiling June day.

The flicking of a whip across the flanks of the horses announced that the driver had woken up. But he didn't start shouting, except to the horses.

"Come on, then! Git a move on, carn't yer? What's the matter with yer? Crawlin' along like a blinkin' 'earse, as ever was!"

Further flicks of the whip followed.

"Gee hup, there! You'll never win the blinkin' Durby at this rate! Lame, sick, and lazy, that's what's the matter with yer! Sufferin' from old age an' decrepitude, I s'pose!"

The horses, urged on by the whip, thundered along the High Street in great style.

Baggy Trimble was joggled and jostled this way and that way, and he began to feel a bit panicky. He had wanted the horses to go a bit faster, but they were going altogether too fast for his liking.

Suddenly the wagon gave a wicked swerve. Baggy just managed to suppress a yelp of alarm.

The horses had turned a sharp corner into a coal-yard.

"Oh crumbs!" muttered Baggy Trimble. "This is the end of the journey!"

He wanted to get down from the wagon. But it was not easy to do so without being seen by the driver.

Whilst Baggy hesitated the vehicle slowed up.

The driver descended from his perch. The horses were taken out of the shafts.

Crash!

The shafts were lowered none too gently to the ground. And Baggy Trimble was badly shaken up.

"Yaroooooh!" he yelled.

But the yell was muffled by the coal-sacks, and the driver failed to hear it.

The scene that followed was a very painful one for Baggy Trimble.

"Hi, Bill!" Baggy heard the driver exclaim to one of his mates. "Come an' gimme a 'and with this 'ere coal!"

"Right-ho, matey!" came the response. "What yer goin' to do with it?"

"Tip the whole blinkin' lot out into the yard, o' course! You 'eave one o' the shafts, an' I'll 'eave t'other."

Baggy Trimble gave a shudder of alarm. He was debating whether to advertise his presence; but while he hesitated, he was lost.

The shafts of the wagon were tilted upwards, and the sacks of coal shot out of the wagon into the yard. With them shot Baggy Trimble.

It was unfortunate for Baggy that some of the sacks burst in the process and disgorged their contents.

Baggy landed with a terrific bump on the ground, and an avalanche of coal, chiefly dust, descended upon him.

It was a black burial.

Baggy Trimble was completely obliterated from view! He struggled and kicked and spluttered, and at last managed to sort himself out.

The fat junior tottered to his feet. The flannel trousers he wore were no longer white. Neither was the sweater. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy would have had several sorts of a fit had he set eyes on his apparel at that moment.

Baggy Trimble was as black as any negro, and pretty well as black as the ace of spades. He stood gouging coal-dust from his eyes and ears—a pathetic picture.

Then the driver of the wagon caught sight of him.

"My heye!" he gasped. "What's all this? Didn't know I 'ad a blinkin' chimbley sweep on board the wagon!"

"Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow!" groaned Baggy Trimble.

"Bin 'aving a joy-ride, 'ave yer?" said the driver aggressively.

Baggy reflected that there hadn't been much joy about it, so far as the climax was concerned.

"Bin amosin' of yerself, 'ave yer?" continued the driver. "I'll amoose yer! I'll cut yer blinkin' sweater off yer back for yer!"

Baggy Trimble didn't wait for the horse-whip to reduce the "blinkin'" sweater to shreds. He turned on his heel and bolted out of that yard like a champion of the cinder-path.

Next day, the local paper—"The Wayland Gazette," with which was incorporated the "Rylcombe Recorder"—spoke of a young negro having been seen dashing about the countryside. And those who digested this alarming news had no idea that the young negro was none other than Baggy Trimble of St. Jim's!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

School House or New House?

TEN miles of hard, uneven road; ten miles of strenuous endeavour. And the strong sun blazing down upon the bared heads of the

walkers. A ten-mile walk for pleasure is a vastly different thing from a ten-mile walking match, as many of the competitors discovered.

A grim ordeal this—a case of the survival of the fittest. Some of the others collapsed by the wayside when there were yet several miles to go.

Figgins had been fighting hard to obtain the lead. At last he succeeded, when only a couple of miles from home.

Walking strongly, Figgins overtook Harry Noble and Tom Merry and Talbot in turn.

Now he was in front, with two miles to go. He could almost have shouted with joy.

Barring accidents, the race would be his. And the New House would claim the silver cup.

Figgy toiled up a steep hill. The heat was terrific. He was obliged to slacken his speed.

That hill proved a terrible test of endurance. Figgy felt as if he had an iron weight attached to each of his feet. He began to think he would never reach the top of the hill. He climbed and climbed, without seeming to get appreciably nearer the summit.

At last, after what seemed an eternity, he arrived on the brow of the hill, and permitted himself a backward glance over his shoulder.

A couple of competitors were coming up the hill. One of them was Talbot. The identity of the other caused Figgins to give a gasp of surprise. For it was Ralph Reckness Cardew!

Cardew had taken things easily in the early stages of the race. He was spurring now. He came up that hill as if it were level ground.

Figgins was astounded. Like many others, he had regarded Cardew's chances as hopeless. Was it reasonable to suppose that a fellow in

THE POPULAR.—No. 180.

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

NEXT TUESDAY! "AT GRIPS WITH GREYFRIARS!"

18 Two Splendid Real Photos for Readers of the "Magnet" This Week!

Eton's, patent leather shoes, a topper, and spats, could win a strenuous race of this description?

But the fact remained that Cardew was coming up that hill, not twenty yards behind Figgins.

Ralph Reckness had kept his energies in reserve. And he was now going all out.

Talbot was going strongly, also. "Two School House fellows!" muttered Figgins. "I'm the only New House chap in the running. I must shake that pair off, somehow!"

He struggled along gamely. In the distance arose the tall spire of St. Jim's. It was a welcome sight.

He thought of cousin Ethel and Marie Rivers waiting to witness the finish.

They wanted to see him win. They wanted to see the New House gain the honours, for a change.

"They sha'n't be disappointed!" muttered Figgins, bestirring himself for a final effort.

He was barely a mile from home, when he heard a sound as of someone crying.

A small, curly-headed youngster was sitting by the roadside. He was obviously in pain.

Cardew went ahead. And Figgins finished the bandage.

"There! That's better, kid, isn't it?" The boy shot his benefactor a look of gratitude.

"Better scoot home now and let your mother carry on the treatment," advised Figgins.

The youngster hurried away, and Figgins set off in pursuit of Cardew.

Talbot was close behind him now, and still going strongly. But Figgins, with a great effort, warded off his attentions. The gap between him and Talbot widened considerably. It was only Cardew he had to fear now. And Cardew was going ahead with long, swinging strides.

The school gates were in sight now.

Figgins called upon himself for a supreme effort. He must make up the leeway somehow. To be beaten by a fellow who wasn't even dressed for the part would indeed be bitter humiliation.

From the crowd on the school wall came a chorus of shouts.

"Come along, Cardew!"

"Buck up, Figgys!"

"He'll never catch him!"

"Bravo, the New House!" chimed in Marie Rivers.

"It was truly a great finish," said Mr. Railton, with a smile.

He assisted Figgins to his feet.

"Better now?" he asked kindly.

"I'm right as rain, sir!" was the cheerful reply.

There was joy in the New House camp that evening.

At last the tide had turned, and the New House had lifted a trophy. And there was a great feed in celebration of the happy event.

As for Cardew of the School House, he came down on his pal Levison for a dish of the choicest doughnuts which Dame Taggles supplied.

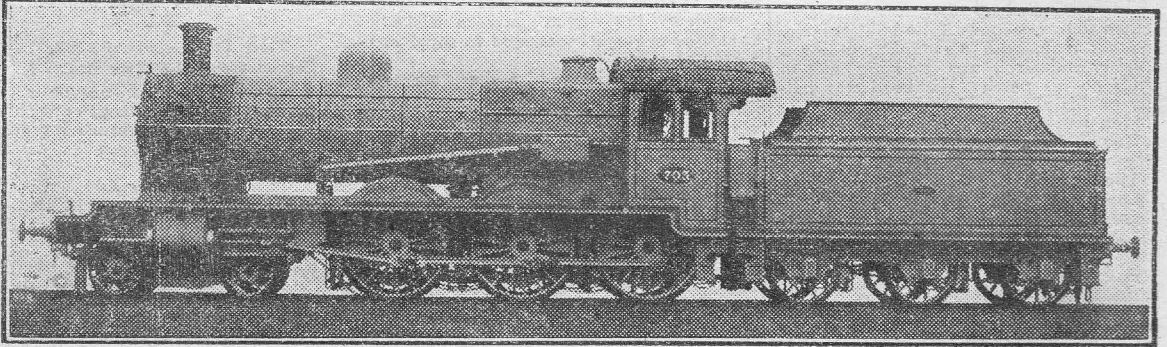
In a way, Cardew's achievement in finishing second had been almost as remarkable as Figgys's.

The School House accepted their defeat smilingly, like the sportsmen they were. It was admitted on all sides that Figgins had deserved his victory.

The only really disgruntled person at St. Jim's that evening was Baggy Trimble.

Baggy had a horror of water, whether hot or cold. So you may imagine his

This Grand Coloured Plate of a Famous Netherlands State Railway Express



GIVEN AWAY FREE With Next Week's Issue of THE POPULAR!

"What's the trouble, kid?" inquired Figgins.

The youngster extended his right hand. Figgins saw that it was bleeding profusely.

"How did you manage that?" he asked.

"Birds'-nestin'," was the reply.

"Tore my hand in the brambles. Yow! It doesn't hurt!"

Figgins saw that the scratch was a deep one—that it required instant attention.

If he stopped to render first aid, he would probably be throwing away his chances of victory.

Common-sense urged him to go on. Sympathy for the youngster bade him pause.

Figgins halted. He whipped out a clean handkerchief from his belt.

"Come here!" he ordered. "Quickly!"

The youngster advanced towards him, and Figgins deftly and securely bound his handkerchief around the injured hand.

Whilst this operation was in progress, Cardew overtook the couple. He called to Figgins as he passed.

"What's wrong, dear boy?"

"You go on," said Figgins gruffly.

"Never mind me."

"But—"

"Go on, I tell you! You needn't think I'm chucking up the race. I'll be after you like fury in a minute!"

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"Yes, he will! Look! See how he's gaining!"

Figgins was walking now as he had walked at no time during the race. He had forgotten his fatigue; he had forgotten everything save the fact that he must win.

Cardew was now beginning to feel the effects of his unorthodox garb. A fellow who enters a ten-mile walking match in Eton's and patent leather shoes cannot reasonably expect to win.

Cardew slowed up a little. Figgins came on.

It was neck and neck now. The spectators on the school wall were agog with excitement.

"Now, Figgys!" shouted Fatty Wynn.

"A final spurt, old chap!"

But Figgins was already spurring as hard as he could go. Every ounce of effort was thrown into that last grim struggle.

He came abreast of Cardew a couple of yards from the tape. He took one mighty, all-embracing stride, and the tape went fluttering down.

Amid deafening cheers, George Figgins won the race for the New House by the narrowest of margins!

The winner collapsed in a heap in the school gateway. But he soon rallied, to find cousin Ethel and Marie Rivers bending over him.

"Figgins," said cousin Ethel, "you did splendidly!"

feelings at having to spend the best part of the evening stewing in a bath!

Next morning there came a letter for George Figgins, bearing the Wayland postmark.

"Dear Sir,—Which my son George Henry, happening to know your name, told me when he came home yesterday of your great kindness to him on the road, for which I am very obliged.

"If it hadn't been for you, Sir, my boy might have got blood-poisoning, seeing as how it was a nasty scratch, and I will return you your handkerchief on washing-day.

"Which it serves George Henry right for going birds'-nesting, and I have spanked him according.

"I remain, Sir, Your obedient humble servant, MARTHA HUGGINS."

Figgins grinned when he read that epistle.

"George Henry Huggins jolly nearly lost me the race, he muttered. "If he had done, I don't think I should ever have forgiven him. But all's well that ends well. I just scraped home, and everything in the garden is lovely."

THE END.

(Grand tale of St. Jim's, entitled, "At Grips With Greyfriars!" in next week's issue.)

NEXT TUESDAY: "AT GRIPS WITH GREYFRIARS!" A GRAND COMPLETE STORY OF ST. JIM'S. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

THE ROOKWOOD CARAVANNERS FIND IT EXTREMELY NECESSARY TO RID THEMSELVES OF THEIR "CHAPERON"!



SPOOFING the SERGEANT!

A Splendid Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of JIMMY SILVER & Co. on Tour.

By OWEN CONQUEST

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Late Hours.

"O H dear!"
"Dry up!"
"I'm awfully tired!"
"Cheese it!"
"I say——"
"Shut up!" roared Arthur Edward Lovell ferociously.

And Tubby Muffin shut up, only emitting an occasional groan, to show how tired he was, and how hardly he considered that he was being used.

High over the woods and the Kentish lanes the round moon soared.

It was a beautiful night.

But the beauty of the night was lost upon the Rookwood caravanners.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were fatigued, and they wanted to stop and camp, but luck was not their way.

Raby was leading the horse, who was tired, too, and obstinately refused to proceed at more than a snail's pace.

Newcome gave the horse an occasional dispirited prod to buck him up.

Jimmy Silver and Lovell strode beside the van, and Tubby Muffin dragged on behind, groaning.

Tubby Muffin did not see why he should not sit on the van and ride.

The Fistical Four did see, however. The horse was tired enough, without having Tubby's tremendous weight to pull up hill and down dale.

Caravanning was a joyful way of spending a holiday, but it has its downs as well as its ups, and Jimmy Silver & Co., of the Classical Fourth at Rookwood, were experiencing some of the downs to begin with.

Having been shifted out of their camp at a late hour by an irate farmer, they had to take to the road again, and hitherto no favourable spot for a fresh camp had been sighted.

They passed sleeping villages and dark, silent farms, where dogs began to bark as the rumble of the wheels broke the silence of the night.

Jimmy Silver, who always looked on the bright side of things, declared that shortly they would find an ideal spot for camping.

His suggestion was to keep smiling. His comrades, however, seemed rather inclined to keep grunting.

"I say——" began Tubby Muffin dolefully. Lovell turned on him.

"Will you shut up?" he demanded. "I'm tired."

"Well, you can be tired without jawing. Give your lower jaw a rest!"

"We'll camp soon, Tubby," said Jimmy Silver.

"I say——"
"Shut up!"
"Yes, but I say——"

"My hat! I'll pitch him into the ditch if he doesn't dry up!" exclaimed Lovell, in great exasperation.

"But I say," persisted Tubby, with a wary eye on Lovell. "There's a field yonder that will do rippingly!"

"Oh! Why couldn't you say so, then?" grunted Lovell.

"I was trying to——"
"Oh, ring off!"

Arthur Edward Lovell was not in a very reasonable mood just then.

"Halt!" said Jimmy Silver.

Raby stopped the horse.

Jimmy looked over a gate by the roadside, which Tubby had spotted.

It led into a field, with a haystack at the farther end.

"It would suit us," said Lovell. "Only, it's too jolly late to ask leave of the owner."

"We don't want another blessed old Hun raging on our track!" said Newcome dismally.

"Let's risk it," said Raby. "After all, they can't do more than turn us out in the morning."

Jimmy Silver did not reply.

He was staring across the field at a large object that loomed up dimly in the moonlight.

"You fellows see that?" he asked, pointing.

"Looks like a cart, or something."
"It's another caravan."

"My hat! So it is!" exclaimed Lovell. "I say, if one lot of caravanners can camp in this field, another lot can! Let's chance it!"

"I wonder——" began Jimmy.
"Don't start wondering now, old chap! My legs are fit to drop off!"

"I wonder!" repeated Jimmy thoughtfully. "Tommy Dodd and those Modern worms are caravanning in this part, you know. That may be their outfit!"

"Jolly queer to run on them, if it's so!" said Lovell. "Like their cheek, to be camping there so jolly comfy, the Modern worms! Bless Tommy Dodd and Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle, and every other Tommy in the wide world! We're going to camp in this field!"

And Lovell opened the gate.

"Can't do better!" agreed Jimmy Silver.

The horse was led in at the gate, and the caravan rumbled into the field.

Glad enough were the tired juniors to come to a halt.

As soon as the caravan stopped, Tubby Muffin plunged into it, rolled into one of the berths, and fell fast asleep.

The Fistical Four took the horse out of harness, to graze or sleep, as he chose, and Robinson Crusoe lay down in the grass. The juniors had named the caravan horse Robinson Crusoe because he was monarch of all he surveyed.

The Co. looked at one another.

"What about the tent?" murmured Raby.

"Too jolly tired!" said Lovell, with a yawn.

"It's a warm night. Let's try rugs in the grass."

"Good egg!"
"There's another berth in the van," said Jimmy. "You have it, Newcome, and we'll camp out with rugs."

"Right you are!"
Newcome was asleep in two minutes.

Jimmy Silver, George Raby, and Arthur Edward Lovell took rugs and coats out of the van, and disposed themselves in the thick, rich grass.

Lovell and Raby closed their eyes at once. But Jimmy sat up on his rug, looking

across the moonlit field at the other caravan.

He was tired, but he was wondering whether that caravan belonged to Tommy Dodd & Co., the chums of the Modern side at Rookwood.

He nudged Lovell as that youth was settling into balmy slumber.

"Lovell, old chap,"
"Yaw-aw! Wharrer marrer!" Lovell sat up. "Don't say the beastly farmer is coming after us!" he gasped.

"No; it's nobody. But——"
"Go to sleep, then, fathead!" snorted Lovell, settling down again. "Can't you let a chap snooze?"

"I was thinking——"
"Br-r-r-r! You can't think, or you'd think it was time to go to sleep! Dry up, there's a good chap!"

"I was thinking, if that's the Modern caravan——"

"Blow the Moderns!"
"What a chance to jape the Modern bouncers!" urged Jimmy Silver.

"You frabjous bandersnatch!" said Lovell in sulphurous tones. "Are you thinking of japing at this time of the night, when we're all dog-tired? You dangerous maniac, go to sleep!"

Jimmy Silver grinned, and rose to his feet.

At Rookwood Lovell was one of the keenest on the rivalry between Classical and Modern, and always ready for a "rag," with Tommy Dodd & Co. as the victims.

But he was too sleepy now to care a brass farthing for Tommy Dodd or the whole Modern side, and japes did not appeal to him.

But Jimmy Silver was made of sterner stuff.

Leaving his comrades fast asleep, the captain of the Rookwood Fourth crossed the field to scout around the other caravan, with many humorous plans in his head if the caravanning party should turn out to be the Rookwood Moderns.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Jimmy Silver Gets Busy.

THE camp was silent as Jimmy Silver approached it in the glimmering moonlight. Only a steady crop-crop came from a horse tethered somewhere near.

Near the caravan was a tent, and as Jimmy Silver drew nearer he heard a sound that mingled with the crop-cropping of the feeding horse.

It was a low bass, rumbling sound, which rather surprised Jimmy for a moment.

But the sound came from the tent, and he grinned as it dawned upon him what it was.

"The merry old sergeant," he murmured, "snoring!"

He was aware that Mr. Kettle, the school sergeant, was with the Modern trio, his duty being to "look after" them on the tour.

And Jimmy recognised that powerful bass snore now. He had heard it before, at Rookwood School.

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A SPLENDID STORY OF ROOKWOOD.
By OWEN CONQUEST.

NEXT TUESDAY: "THE KINDNESS OF CLARENCE!"

up, eyeing the Classics very curiously and suspiciously.

"Same to you, and many of them!" answered Jimmy Silver affably.

"I didn't know you were camping here," said Dodd.

"We arrived rather late," explained Jimmy. "Had a good night's rest?"

"Did you come over to our camp during the night?"

"Did I?" said Jimmy reflectively. "Now I come to think of it, I may have taken a stroll in that direction."

"Then it was you, begorra—" exclaimed Doyle.

"Oh, you funny idiot!" said Tommy Dodd. "We thought it was the sergeant, and the sergeant thought it was us!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've a jolly good mind to wade in and mop the lot of you!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd wrathfully.

"Pile in, old scout!" grinned Raby. "I don't quite see how you're going to do it! But go ahead!"

Tommy Dodd felt very much inclined to "go ahead," but the three Moderns were hardly willing to mopping up four Classics, without counting Tubby Muffin.

"Too bad!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "Let's make it pax this morning, you kids, and you stay to brekker."

"Done!" said Tommy Dodd. "We'll get some grub, and pool supplies for brekker. I wish you'd take the sergeant along with you when you go!"

"No jolly fear!" grinned Raby. "You're welcome to him!"

"We're paying five bob for camping in this field," added Tommy. "You'd better get along to the farm and do the same, or the farmer-man may be crusty if he finds you here. See if you can get any milk, too."

"Right-ho!" said Jimmy Silver.

In great spirits, the caravanners set about preparing breakfast.

Jimmy Silver walked up to the farmhouse, armed with a huge enamelled jug.

He found a very good-natured farmer there, and paid for his camping rights in the field, and purchased several quarts of milk, and was lucky enough to secure a large piece of cheese.

There was a cheer in the camp when he returned with the milk and the cheese.

"Kettle's boiling!" announced Tommy Dodd.

"What silly ass stuck that kettle there?" howled Jimmy Silver.

The kettle was a tin one, and it was planted in the middle of a wood fire, with flames licking it all round.

It certainly was boiling—in fact, it was hissing and spluttering and jumping.

"What's the matter with it?" demanded Lovell. "It's boiling, ain't it?"

"Here's the coffee-pot!" said Raby.

Lovell took hold of the kettle-handle, and released it at once, with a yell worthy of a cannibal.

"Yaroooooh!"

"Hot?" asked Jimmy Silver sarcastically.

"Groooh!" Lovell sucked his fingers frantically. "Yurrgggh! Mummmmmm!"

"Better make a kettle-holder, or something," said Cook anxiously. "Lend me your handkerchief, Newcome!"

"Lend you rats!" grunted Newcome. "Use your own!"

"Well, this rag will do!"

Cook anxiously lifted the kettle in a folded rag.

The sport dropped off into the fire, the solder having been melted by the heat, and Cook dropped the kettle after it as the water rushed spluttering out, and jumped back.

"Oh crumbs!" he ejaculated.

"You silly ass!" Lovell left off sucking his fingers to make that remark. "Now you've done it! Just like a Modern!"

"You chump!" roared Cook. "You've done it, you mean! You stuck a tin kettle in the middle of a blessed furnace, you Classical ass!"

"Yurrrrgggh!" was Lovell's next remark, as he renewed his attentions to his fingers.

"Well, it's done, anyway," said Jimmy Silver. "Never mind, there's the iron pot. You can boil anything in that. Better wash it, perhaps. I don't know whether the flavour of potatoes and carrots would hurt the coffee."

It was some time before the iron pot boiled, and then the coffee was made, and the eight Rookwooders sat down to breakfast.

It was not very long since the rivals of Rookwood had parted at the old school, but they had plenty to talk about, and "brekker" was a very cheery meal.

Tubby Muffin did not join in the talk, his jaws were otherwise engaged, and he suc-

ceeding in annexing the lion's share, as usual.

Breakfast was still going strong, when the bull-voice of Mr. Kettle was heard across the field.

"Time to start!"

Tommy Dodd turned his head.

"Go and eat coke!" was his polite reply.

"Well, I'm starting with the van," said Mr. Kettle grimly.

And he proceeded to put the horse to the Modern caravan.

Evidently Mr. Kettle was the autocrat of the Modern caravan-party.

having a rotten time, and he'd rather be off, only his dashed sense of duty keeps him sticking to us!" said Tommy Dodd dismally.

"Like a beastly wet blanket!" groaned Doyle.

"You used to have ideas sometimes at Rookwood, Jimmy Silver. Can't you think of a wheeze for getting rid of the chap for us?"

"I'll try," said Jimmy modestly. "Let's keep together on the road to-day, and we'll see."

"Done!"

The Modern caravan was lumbering out into the road now, the sergeant leading the horse.

Mr. Kettle was starting, and if his troublesome charges did not want to start, too, they were going to be left behind—that was the grim old military gentleman's determination.

"Well, so-long, you chaps!" said Tommy Dodd, rising. "Follow on, if you're going to keep us company to-day. Nothing will stop old Kettle. He won't even let us stop to look at the scenery! He marks out a certain number of miles, and keeps on. It's like being a blessed convict! Come on, kids!"

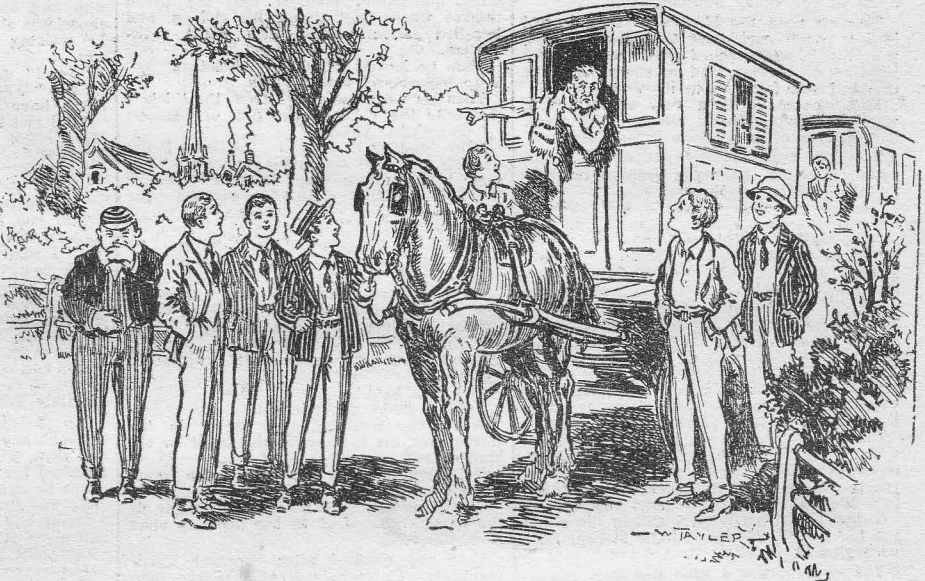
The three Moderns, with the remainder of their breakfast in their hands, followed the sergeant out into the road.

Jimmy Silver & Co. finished their morning meal in a hurry, and put Robinson Crusoe in harness, and the Classical van lumbered out into pursuit.

But the Modern caravan had a good start, THE POPULAR.—No. 180.

A SPLENDID STORY OF ROOKWOOD.

By OWEN CONQUEST.



NEW CLOTHES FOR THE SERGEANT! On the outskirts of the village the caravanners halted. Sergeant Kettle put his head out of the Modern van. "Now, hurry up with those clothes, Master Dodd!" he said. "Right you are!" said Tommy. "You're sure you'll trust to my taste, sergeant?" "Yes, yes!" (See Chapter 5.)

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
Jimmy Silver to the Rescue.

TOMMY DODD frowned over his bread and cheese.

"You fellows are jolly lucky to be on your own," he said. "Your pater's got some sense, Silver. Of course, so has my pater," added Tommy hastily.

"Only he doesn't understand that we should be all right on our own. He arranged with the Head for Kettle to be planted on us—meaning well, you know."

"I believe pater's always do mean well," remarked Raby reflectively. "To do 'em justice, they always mean well."

"The sergeant is a good old sort, of course," went on Tommy Dodd. "I respect him no end. But he's not cheery company. He wants to run a party of caravanners like a squad of recruits. Laying into a chap

and the sergeant was proceeding at a steady pace, never slackening a moment.

The Moderns were half a mile ahead when the Classical started along the white road after them.

"Jolly hard cheese on those kids!" Arthur Edward Lovell remarked. "There was some talk of planting Kettle on us, wasn't there? I think we'd have lynched him!"

"Well, they can't lynch him," remarked Jimmy; "but they ought to be able to drop him somewhere. He can't be enjoying the trip; he doesn't look as if he is. If he would get into a tearing temper and chuck up the job, that would suit all parties."

"He's got into the temper right enough, but he won't chuck up the job!" grinned Raby.

"I'm going to have a big think," answered Jimmy Silver. "It's up to us, as top side of Rookwood, to help silly Moderns out of a fix!"

"Hear, hear!" grinned his chums. And Jimmy Silver thought it out very carefully as he walked along beside the horse in the sunny morning.

Towards noon the Modern caravan turned into a rough cart-track that lay across a wide heath, and bumped on its way, with a jangling of tinware and crockery, and the Classical van followed in its wake.

Halt was made in a very solitary spot, where a shining stream ran by thick trees, out of sight of any human habitation.

Sergeant Kettle eyed the Classical chums rather morosely, and only grunted in reply to their cheery greetings.

"Lunch together—what?" said Jimmy Silver.

"Oh, yes!" said Tommy Dodd. "Bathe afore lunch, Master Dodd!" grunted the sergeant. "That's what we've stopped 'ere for!"

"Well, that's not a bad idea!" agreed Tommy Dodd. "Ripping to get off the dust of the road! You're a merry old genius, sergeant!"

"Grunt!" "You'd be a nice man if it wasn't for your temper, and a handsome one if it wasn't for your face!" added Tommy sweetly.

"Grunt!" There was a pleasant spot for bathing, under overhanging trees, and the Rookwood juniors changed in the vans, and plunged into the cool water with great enjoyment.

Tubby Muffin preferred a nap in the grass, but the three Tommies and the Fistical Four were glad of a swim.

The sergeant was a good swimmer, and he kept an eye on the juniors, ready to rescue any of them that should get into difficulties.

He had changed into his bathing-costume in the thicket, and left his clothes under the trees—a fact that Jimmy Silver had noted.

Jimmy called to Tubby Muffin, after swimming a while.

"Tubby sat up in the grass drowsily. 'Hallo! I'm not going to swim!' he said. 'I'm tired!'"

"Like some choos, Tubby?" "What-ho!" said Muffin, with great promptitude, and he came down through the rushes. "Eh? Where are they?"

"In my jacket-pocket on that bush," said Jimmy; and then he lowered his voice to a whisper. "Tubby, the sergeant's clobber is there under the trees. Take it away and hide it somewhere—sharp! Mind you put it where the sergeant can't find it! Then you can have the choos—see?"

Tubby Muffin grinned.

"Right-ho!" he whispered. Jimmy Silver swam out again, in a happy and contented frame of mind.

Tubby Muffin disappeared into the thickets. For a quarter of an hour longer the Rookwooders disported themselves in the stream, and then they came ashore for their towels.

The sergeant, in a rather better temper after his bathe, plunged into the green thicket where he had left his clothes, and towelled himself down with great satisfaction.

Then he looked round for his clothes. He looked and looked again.

Then his voice was heard from the thicket, like unto the voice of the Bull of Bashan:

"Where's my clothes?"

"My hat!" murmured Tommy Dodd, pausing with one leg in his trousers. "Has some blessed tramp lifted Kettle's clobber?"

"Where's my clothes?" boomed the sergeant.

"Phew!"

"Doddy!" whispered Jimmy Silver. "I suppose the sergeant's got a second suit in the van?"

"I believe so—yes; in a bag," answered the Modern junior. "Why?"

"Cut off, then, and pinch the bag!"

"What for?"

"And lose it somewhere!" whispered Jimmy.

"Oh, my hat!" Tommy Dodd understood.

While the sergeant was raging in the thicket for his clothes Tommy sped to the Modern van.

He came back in five minutes, a sweet smile on his face.

The juniors finished dressing cheerfully on the grassy bank, deaf to the booming voice from the trees.

They had finished when Sergeant Kettle reappeared in view, still clad in the light and airy costume of bathing-pants and towels.

And the expression on Sergeant Kettle's face would have stricken awe to the heart of a Hottentot.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Fed-Up.

"WHERE'S my duds?" "Which?" asked Tommy Dodd. "My clothes!" boomed the sergeant.

"How the merry dickens should I know?" demanded Tommy Dodd. "Why don't you look after your clobber?"

"Somebody's taken my clothes away!" roared Mr. Kettle, glaring over the draping towels with a red and furious visage.

"Careless!" said Jimmy Silver. "We left ours here on the bank, where Tubby could keep an eye on them."

"Which of you has taken away my clothes?"

"My dear old nut, we were all in the water with you!" answered Cook, in surprise. "Don't be an ass, you know!"

The sergeant choked.

It was true enough.

The seven juniors had been in the stream. Only Tubby Muffin had remained ashore.

Mr. Kettle strode to the fat Classical, who had his eyes closed, and a smear of chocolates about his mouth. He woke Tubby by sticking a very large toe into his fat ribs.

"Yow!" gasped Tubby, sitting up in the grass. "Wharrer that? Ow! I say, if you chaps have finished, let's have lunch!"

"Did you take away my clothes?" boomed Mr. Kettle.

"Eh?"

"Clothes!" raved the sergeant.

"What clothes?"

"My clothes!"

"Do you think I'm a sleep-walker?" demanded Tubby Muffin. "Run away and play, do! I say, Jimmy, are we going to have lunch now?"

"Yes, rather!"

Sergeant Kettle trod into the trees again, and indulged in another frantic hunt for his clothes, as the juniors prepared lunch.

It was quite possible, of course, that a tramp had come along and lifted the clothes. If one of the caravanners was guilty, it was certainly Tubby Muffin.

Mr. Kettle searched again through the thickets, and then searched the Modern van; and then, with a glare at the Fistical Four, searched the Classical van.

But he came out fuming.

He was almost convinced by this time that a tramp had lifted his clothes in the thicket, and made off with them.

Certainly they were not in the vans, or anywhere near the camp.

He bethought himself now of his second suit, and entered the Modern van once more, and then there was another roar.

"Where's my bag?"

"Do you mean your bags?" asked Lovell.

"I mean my bag, with my other clothes in it!" raved Mr. Kettle. "Somebody's taken it out of the van."

"Goodness, gracious!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd, in alarm. "You don't mean to say so, sergeant!"

"I'll spifflicate somebody for this!" groaned Mr. Kettle. "I believe it was one of you young rips! I was a hass to come on this 'ere trapesing about the country with a set of young varmints! A silly hass, that's what I was!"

"Well, you always were," agreed Tommy. "No good complaining about that, old nut; you're too old to change now."

"Where's my bag?"

"Echo answers where."

"I can lend you a pair of trucks, if you like, sergeant," offered Raby.

Mr. Kettle only gave the generous youth a glare in return for that offer.

The junior's "trucks" would not have been of much use to the burly sergeant.

"And you can have my second pair of socks," said Dodd.

"And my cap," said Doyle generously, "and wan of me collars, bedad!"

Short!

Sergeant Kettle, picturesquely draped in towels, roved around the camp for some time, wondering whether a tramp had robbed the caravan, and wondering where his clothes were, and hunting for them with intensifying fury.

He returned at length with a purple face, and found the juniors putting the horses to the vans.

The sight of those preparations for departure made Mr. Kettle give a very good

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THE POPULAR.—No. 180.

NEXT
TUESDAY!

"THE KINDNESS OF CLARENCE!"

imitation of Vesuvius in a state of eruption.

"What are you up to?" he roared. "Time to start, isn't it?" said Tommy Dodd, in surprise. "We've got a good many miles to do this afternoon. You can get some lunch in the van as we go along, Kettle."

"My clothes—"
"Haven't you found them?"
"No!" roared the sergeant. "I hain't!"
"Well," said Tommy thoughtfully, "it's jolly warm weather. You won't need them."

Mr. Kettle filled the air with wrath. "You ain't going to start till I've got my clothes!" he roared.

"How long will it take you to get them?"
"How can I get them when they're lost?"

"My dear man, we can't remain on this spot for the rest of the vacation," said Tommy Dodd, in a tone of patient remonstrance. "You can't expect it. You can travel in the van, if you like, and keep out of sight. It will be nice and cool. When we come to a town you can get out and buy some clothes."

"Ow can I go into a shop like this 'ere?" gasped Mr. Kettle.

"Ask me another, old chap! Tell 'em you're the Wild Man from Borneo, and then they won't be surprised."

"Off we go!" said Jimmy Silver. "Follow on, Diddy!"

recovered the sergeant's bag, which Tommy Dodd had hidden there.

The clothes which the sergeant had left on the bank, however, were not recoverable, for the simple reason that Tubby Muffin had thrown them into the stream.

Bag in hand, Jimmy Silver ran after the caravan, and the bag was tossed into the Classical van for the present.

The sergeant, anathematising Fate in the Modern van, was quite unaware of that proceeding.

The caravanners walked cheerily on, across the sunny heath, with the caravans, bursting into cheery song as they walked.

It was a couple of hours before a village was reached, and on the outskirts the caravans halted.

Sergeant Kettle put his head out of the Modern van.

"Now, hurry up with those clothes, Master Dodd!" he said.

"Right you are!" answered Tommy. "You're sure you'll trust to my taste, sergeant?"

"Yes, yes!"
"You wouldn't rather go yourself?"

"No!" roared Mr. Kettle.

"Right-ho! Keep your wool on. You come with me, Jimmy. The other chaps can look after the vans till we get back."

Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd walked into the village together, smiling.

The other fellows were smiling, too, as

taste in clothes!" answered Tommy Dodd severely.

"You—you—you— Turn that van back!" roared Mr. Kettle.

"Bow-wow!"
"I'll come out to yer!"

"Oh, de! There's some ladies coming along in a trap."

The van door slammed hastily.

For a long time, as the caravans rumbled merrily on, there was an incessant stream of mumblings and grumbings from the Modern vehicle.

But the sergeant realised that he had no choice left.

Either he had to don the clothes Tommy Dodd and Jimmy Silver had brought for him, or he had to remain attired in towels, which really was not feasible as a permanent arrangement.

The door opened at last, and the sergeant came, red and gasping, out of the van.

There was a wild shriek from the caravanners at the sight of him.

Sergeant Kettle was attired in bright check trousers much too short for him, reaching a few inches below the knees, and giving a splendid view of brilliant red-striped socks.

His coat was also made for a small man; it did not meet at the buttons, and the sleeves came just beyond his elbows.

The Great Northern's Monster Locomotive.

All about the Famous Engine which forms the subject of our Free Plate.

WHEN in the "Popular" for March 18th last we described and illustrated the standard express locomotive of the G.N.R., our readers little expected that within a few months there would be placed in service on the G.N.R. the biggest engine that has ever run on a British railway. The unexpected has, however, happened, and the G.N.R., with its Pacific-type locomotive—No. 1470, and named Great Northern—now occupies pride of place in our locomotive world. For fourteen years the G.W.R.'s Great Bear had been the only 4-6-2 tender engine in the country; but now the Great Northern joins her. Moreover, the latter has a sister under construction, and the N.E.R. also is building a "Pacific" engine.

What does it all mean? The explanation can be given in two words—intense competition. The grouping of the railways now taking place will inaugurate severe competition between the rival groups. The G.N.R. belongs to the Eastern Group, with a system extending up the east side of Great Britain from London to Elgin, and across to the West Coast of Northern Scotland at Mallaig.

Pitted against this combination is the N.W. Midland & Caledonian Group, with a system from Euston through Carlisle up

to Wick in the extreme North of Scotland, and also to Oban on the West Coast. These rivals mostly both serve the principal towns "over the Border," and will fight for the traffic. Mammoth engines like the new Great Northern can haul heavy trains at high speeds. The Great Northern will take these competitive expresses between London and York—perhaps non-stop—and between York and Edinburgh the 4-6-2 engines that the N.E.R. is building will work them.

Not only is the East Coast Group providing these big locomotives, but sleeping-car trains of special construction are being built. Instead of each coach being supported on two bogies, the new "sleepers" are built as twins; each twin has one bogie at its far end, but the adjacent ends of the pair are supported by a bogie common to both, consequently reducing the weight and making the running much smoother. These twin sleepers measure over 112 ft. in length, and weigh about 62 tons the pair.

As the coloured plate shows, Great Northern is a fine example of a big engine; she retains most G.N.R. locomotive characteristics, but shows several novelties. The new type of cab is easily noticeable; so is the big tender, carried on eight wheels, instead of the usual six. Mention must be

made that the piston-heads and piston-rods are hollow, and made of nickel chrome steel, instead of carbon steel, this reducing considerably the weight.

The regulator handles are duplicated, one on each side of the fire-box back-plate, and connected by a cross-shaft, the handles being arranged to pull upward. A very clear outlook is provided, and padded seats are available for both driver and fireman.

No. 1470 has three high-pressure cylinders, 20 in. diameter by 26 in. stroke. The six-coupled wheels are 6 ft. 8 in. diameter, the bogie wheels 3 ft. 2 in., and the trailing pair 3 ft. 8 in. diameter.

The immensity of the Great Northern will be appreciated when we mention that the engine and tender are over 70 ft. long, the boiler has 3,455 ft. of heating surface, and is 6 ft. 5 in. in diameter at its big end.

The total weight of engine in working order is 92 tons 9 cwt., of which 60 tons are carried by coupled wheels. Total weight of tender loaded is 56 tons 6 cwt. This includes 8 tons of coal and 5,000 gallons (nearly 23 tons) of water.

Big things are expected of Great Northern and of the other "Pacific" monsters of the Eastern Group of railways.

And the Classical van lumbered on its way, the Modern horse starting to follow of its own accord.

"Stop!" shrieked the sergeant. "Can't be did, old man! Get inside, if you like."

"Will you—will you go into a shop for me and get some noo clothes, if I do?" gasped the unhappy sergeant.

The three Moderns grinned, and shook their heads.

"Couldn't be done!" said Tommy Dodd. "You wouldn't be satisfied, sergeant; you grumble at everything."

"I—I won't grumble!" gasped Mr. Kettle.

"Done, then! Hop into the van!"

Mr. Kettle hopped into the van, towels and all.

In a most unenviable frame of mind, he sat there, while the Modern caravan lumbered after the Classical.

The latter was soon overtaken, and passed.

Jimmy Silver had his own reasons for falling behind.

As soon as the Modern van was well ahead, Jimmy Silver cut back to the camping-place, and shinned up a beech-tree, and

they sat down under the trees by the roadside to wait.

In the Modern van the sergeant waited and fumed. He did not smile.

It was an hour before the two juniors came back from the village, each of them carrying a bundle.

"Here you are, sergeant!" called out Tommy Dodd.

The van door was opened and the bundles tossed in.

There was no word of thanks from inside; the sergeant was not in a thankful mood.

He was still less so when he had opened the bundles.

The door opened again, and a red and furious face looked out.

"You young varmint!"

"Hullo! What's the matter now?" asked Jimmy Silver.

The vans were in motion once more, turning off to keep clear of the village, and following a long country road that led away towards hazy blue hills.

"Do you think a man can wear these 'ere clothes what you've brought me?" shrieked Mr. Kettle.

"You promised to be satisfied with my

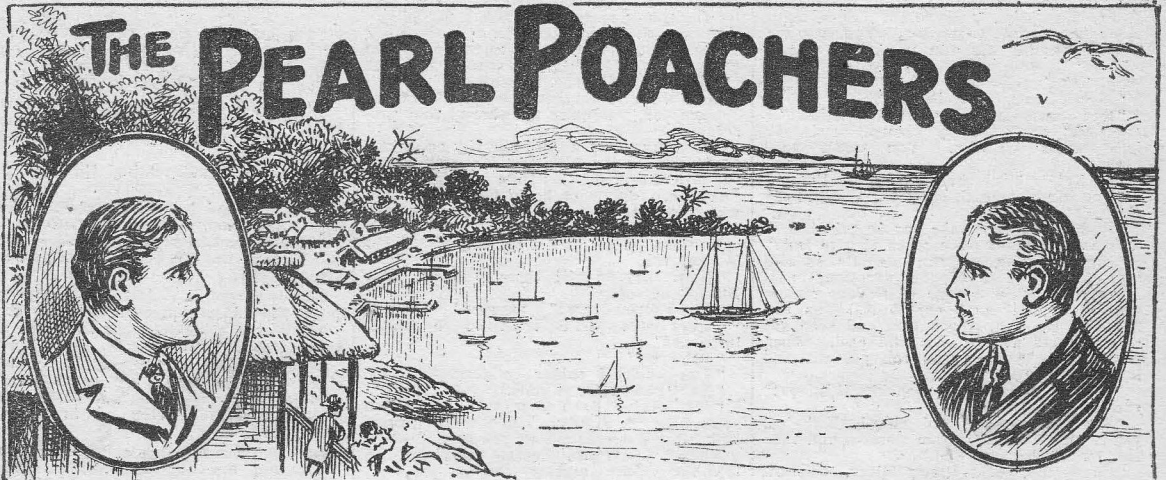
NEXT TUESDAY "THE KINDNESS OF CLARENCE!"

A SPLENDID STORY OF ROOKWOOD. BY OWEN CONQUEST.

(Continued on page 27.)

THE POPULAR.—No. 180.

THE STORY OF AN AMAZING IMPERSONATION, AND OF A BATTLE OF WITS BETWEEN FERRERS LORD AND THE MYSTERIOUS PEARL RAIDER OF THE SOUTH SEAS!



A Grand New Serial, introducing Ferrers Lord, the Millionaire Adventurer, Ching Lung & Co., and the Daring Pearl Raider, Harper Blaise, the Terror of the South Seas.

By **SIDNEY DREW**,

(Author of "Gan Waga's Island.")

INTRODUCTION.

A meeting between Bruce Donelan and Harper Blaise, the mysterious pearl raider, takes place in the manager's bungalow on Ferrers Lord's pearling-station the day before the arrival of the millionaire. Donelan, the manager of the station, is struck by the amazing resemblance between Ferrers Lord and Blaise, and he unfolds a daring scheme for raiding the strong-room on board the Lord of the Deep. Blaise is to impersonate Ferrers Lord, get away in the yacht, then after taking the thousands of pounds of pearls and gold from her, sink the yacht in the lagoon. The plan is successfully

started. Ferrers Lord is kidnapped on his arrival at the station, and secured in the bungalow; then Blaise sets sail on the Lord of the Deep, bound for Gan Waga's island.

As the yacht passes from sight, Ferrers Lord is conveyed to a deserted island by two of Blaise's men—Sharkfin Bill and a Kanaka—and marooned. The next day Sharkfin Billy and the Kanaka pay their prisoner a visit to see how he is faring. Lord learns the nature of the bold enterprise from them, and, though surprised inwardly, outwardly he is perfectly cool. (Now read on.)

Sharkfin Billy, hands of steel in spite of their slowness, and the two men rolled over the heap of sand together, Ferrers Lord uppermost.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Silent Gun!

FERRERS LORD'S double stepped on board the yacht, and looked down over the rail at the men in the launch. He remembered all Donelan had told him, and he had carefully studied the rough plan of the Lord of the Deep Donelan had sketched for him. He spoke fearlessly and without hesitation.

"Swing the launch aboard," he said, "and get up the anchor. We are returning to the island at once. Make all the speed you can."

"To Gan Waga's island, sir?" asked Prout. "Yes. I have forgotten something."

Prout was too well trained to express any surprise. He knew that the millionaire was expecting Prince Ching Lung's yacht to join them, and this sudden change of plan was a little out of the ordinary. Prout was rather disappointed, for he had been looking forward to meeting his friends Harold Honour and Barry O'Rooney, who were with the prince. He also wanted to see Gan Waga. Though he professed every kind of contempt and loathing for the lively Eskimo, he had missed Gan Waga. Without him the trip had been beautifully peaceful—almost too peaceful—for Gan Waga always wakened things up.

Harper Blaise paused outside the door of the saloon to nerve himself. He had to face a man perfectly unknown to him, a man whom he had never seen, one of the real Ferrers Lord's intimate, personal friends. He took a few deep breaths, and then opened the door and went in. Rupert Thurston was reading a book. He turned his head as Blaise took off his yachting-cap and placed it on the table beside the slender gold-topped cane.

"You've been quick about it, Chief," said Thurston. "What did Donelan say when you told him you were dispensing with his valuable services?"

"Oh, nothing in particular!" said the impersonator. "I gave him a cheque, and that is all finished with."

Blaise felt the blood tingling to his very finger-tips. He had found the cheque made payable to Donelan in Ferrers Lord's pocket-book. Thurston was looking at him lazily, but with no hint of suspicion. So amazing was the resemblance between the impostor and the man he was impersonating that Rupert Thurston had not the vaguest idea of distrust or doubt. Blaise gave a glance

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Terms!

"I SHOULD wait till a big shark came along, and then chuck myself into the water, only too thankful to let the ugly beggar chew me up! By ginger, you're rit all through, and I take off my hat to you!"

Billy lifted the big mushroom hat mockingly and grinned again, in spite of his disappointment. The millionaire's foot was still working, though the visible portion of his body was perfectly motionless. The Kanaka moved, swinging the brown hand that held the revolver, and then became inert again.

"Do you know," said Ferrers Lord lazily, "that I think you must be a bit of a fool? Marooned men have escaped before this."

"And, by ginger, you're thinking that you might escape and round us up, eh?" said the one-eyed man, chuckling. "It's lucky for you I don't see no chance of it, boss, or I'd tell Kanaka Bliff there to lift that gun and pull it on you. And it might be kinder, for a lonely grave by the sad sea waves would be a long sight more comfortable. Still, though I've done a few rough things, I've never killed a man yet. I guess if you had hinted about escaping to Harp Blaise, he wouldn't have thought twice about it. And, you see, Mr. Lord, this big stunt might not come off."

The millionaire understood what the man was driving at, and nodded.

"It will astonish me if it does come off," he said. "Your friend must be an amazingly fine actor if he succeeds. So you are fitting two strings to your bow?"

"Yes. I was thinking that if Blaise went under I might do a bit of good for myself."

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That Kanaka there knows these channels and islands like a book. We could play hide-and-seek for a twelvemonth. And, by ginger, if Blaise comes a cropper, you and me could come to terms—what?"

"Probably we could," answered Ferrers Lord. "It would not take twelve months of your company to bore me almost into insanity! You are displaying a certain amount of intelligence now. If my double fails, it is to be a matter of fixing a price with you to regain my liberty?"

"That's the notion!" said Sharkfin Billy. "It's a pretty sure thing Blaise will pull it off, for he's darn clever; but he might give himself away and get rumbled. In that case, I want to do the best for myself. Just to see you don't go raving mad, I'll look you up again, for there'll be a paper to sign and things to be arranged shipshape, and I can't deal with a gibbering lunatic! Can I take it as kinder settled that if Blaise comes a purler me and you do a straight deal?"

"I think you can," said Ferrers Lord—"that is, if your terms are not too extortionate. May I have another cigarette?"

"Say, Sharky, gimme smoke," said the Kanaka, striding forward. "Wanna smoke bad?"

The one-eyed man turned, and tossed him a cigarette. Ferrers Lord stooped swiftly. The piece of coral at which his foot had been working was loose. His movement was so swift that when he rose the Kanaka had just flung out his hand to catch the cigarette. His hand had not closed on it when the millionaire hurled the lump of coral. It struck the Kanaka full on his naked chest. He tumbled backwards, uttering a horrible, gurgling cry, and lay writhing on the white beach. The next instant the millionaire's slim hands were locked on the throat of

NEXT
TUESDAY:

"THE FORM-MASTER'S DOUBLE!"

A STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

at his full-length reflection in the mirror, and was satisfied.

"And when do you expect to bring off that deal with the Southern Cross people, Chief?" asked Thurston.

Here Blaise found himself floundering in the dark, but the question was easy enough to evade.

"I haven't decided," he answered. "We are going back at once to Gan Waga's island. I was foolish enough to forget something of great importance."

"Great Scott! Well, it's news to know that you ever do forget anything!" said Thurston. "But what about Ching Lung? Aren't we to wait for him?"

Again Blaise was floundering in the dark. He knew nothing about Ching Lung except that, by his name, he must be a Chinaman.

"The most important thing just now is to go back to the island," he said. "Anything else is quite a secondary consideration."

"Of course," said Thurston. "I'm sorry we sha'n't see dear old Ching. You'll wireless him, I suppose, and tell him it's useless to come to the reef looking for us?"

Thurston searched his pockets for his tobacco-pouch, and finding that he had left it in his cabin, he rose and went out.

Blaise uttered a quiet laugh.

"Hoodwinked," he muttered—"completely gulled! The great bluff works! If I can gull the intimate friend, the rest should be plane-sailing! What's in here?"

He opened the door of an office, where there was a safe, an open roll-top desk, and a couple of chairs. Blaise investigated further. At the back of the office was a bedroom. It was very plainly furnished in comparison with the luxury of the saloon, so plainly that the gold-backed hairbrushes on the dressing-table looked oddly out of place. Evidently this was the millionaire's cabin, for the brushes were engraved "F. L." Blaise looked into the wardrobe and opened some of the drawers. The collars, shirts, and underclothing were also marked "F. L." in monogram. Beside the bed stood a table, with an electric reading-lamp, a few books, an ashtray, and a silver box containing cigarettes. Blaise sat down on the bed and lighted one of the cigarettes.

"A homely sort of chap in private," he thought; "but he mixes it. Linoleum on the floor, and a hard bed and gold-backed brushes, and underclothing of the finest silk. I wonder how long it takes to get to the island? Egad, I must go cautiously, and lie low most of the time! Shamingg ill might do the trick!"

To pretend to be ill and to keep to his cabin until the yacht reached the island of gold seemed a wise policy, but it did not appeal to Harper Blaise. His self-reliance was amazing. He wanted to live the part he had assumed and to act it through. The gravest danger lay in the fact that he knew practically nothing of Ferrers Lord's affairs. Prudence told him to sham illness and confine himself to the sleeping-cabin, but his conceit and self-assurance prompted him to carry on boldly. He laughed again as he felt the cabin quiver slightly and heard the hum of machinery. His orders had been obeyed, and the yacht was putting out to sea. There was a telephone in the room, and at that moment its bell rang.

"Hallo!" cried the sham millionaire. Prout's voice answered him from the bridge.

"The engineer is asking if he is to use the oil-spray, sir," said the steersman of the yacht. "He says the island coal is poor stuff, and I told him you were in a hurry."

"Yes, I am in a hurry," said Blaise. "I want you to get her best pace out of her. Let him use the oil-spray if it will help."

He stood in front of the mirror in the wardrobe, and tried on several of Ferrers Lord's coats. They fitted as if he had been measured for them, without a wrinkle or crease.

"He's got a top-hole tailor," he thought. "Perhaps he'll miss him when he wakes up out there in his shirt. And now to face the music. I wonder what he drinks?"

He heard a tap at the outer door. When Rupert Thurston entered the office, Blaise was sitting at the desk, turning over some papers. Ferrers Lord's signet-ring gleamed on the hand in which he held the smouldering cigarette. He looked up at Thurston unflinchingly, for Harper Blaise was beginning to feel secure.

"I just came to say good-night, Chief," said Thurston. "Unless you want me for

anything, I shall turn in. It's a pity we're not to see Honour and dear old Ching."

"It is unfortunate, and I feel to blame," said Blaise. "If you care to go ashore and wait at the bungalow, I can very easily put back."

To get rid of Thurston, Blaise would gladly have put back a hundred leagues, for if anyone on board unmasked him it could only be Rupert Thurston.

"Great Scott! Don't think of such a thing," said Thurston, to the impostor's intense disappointment. "I joined you for the trip, Chief, and I'll finish it with you if it lasts another six months. I'm a bit sorry, that's all. But how about Honour, O'Rooney, and Gan Waga? Is the prince to carry them off to China with him?"

To Blaise the three people named were utterly unknown quantities. Safety lay in evasion.

"I'll see what can be done," he said. "Probably I may arrange another meeting. Are you certain you would not like me to put you ashore to wait for Ching Lung? Of course, I don't want to lose you," he added, lying glibly. "We are going to make the quickest journey we can, so you would not have very long to wait for me."

"No, thanks. I should have to stay in the bungalow, and Donelan hasn't cleared out yet. A very little of that rascal is too much for me. Good-night, Chief!"

"Good-night!" answered Blaise pleasantly. "I shall soon follow your good example. Though I have done so little, it seems to have been a long, tiring day."

When Thurston had gone, Blaise breathed more freely. He shook out the contents of the millionaire's pocket-book, and found a small, flat key of unusual pattern. It fitted the lock of the safe. For two hours the impostor busied himself examining papers and books. He learned that Donelan's imagination had not run riot with him. In the strong-room of the yacht lay three hundred thousand pounds' worth of bar-gold. At the lowest estimate there would be half that quantity of gold ready for shipment on Gan Waga's island, which he had only to demand to obtain. On several documents he discovered Ferrers Lord's signature. For another half-hour he made copies of the signature till it ran freely from his pen. He opened the porthole and dropped the copies into the sea.

On the table of the saloon a steward had placed a decanter of whisky, a siphon of soda-water, and a couple of tumblers. Blaise, though he was perfectly cool, felt that he needed stimulant, and helped himself to stiff glass. Then he went on deck and climbed to the bridge where Prout was standing. The few shore lights had vanished. Prout did not see him. The steersman seized a megaphone.

"Searchlight, there!" he bellowed. "There's some craft ahead, and, by honey, I expect it's that blooming raider! Find her, and

clear the gun! If she don't hold up her hands and squeal 'Kamerad,' like Jerry used to do in the war, we'll put her where she'll finish squealing. Searchlight, you lubbers!"

The men sprang to their posts, and a silver beam sprang from the searchlight and pierced the darkness. O'Rooney was the yacht's gunner, but O'Rooney was with Prince Ching Lung, and Maddock, the bo'sun, took his place. Before the searchlight had found anything the canvas cover had been stripped from the gun and a shell was in the breach. The silver shaft roved to and fro, and then became motionless.

With a foaming white wake behind her, some low, funnelless craft was dashing westwards at great speed. The electric lamp at the yacht's masthead was calling on her to stop, but the signal was ignored. Suddenly she disappeared as if into a thick patch of haze, but the creamy wake remained.

"By honey, that's her!" roared Prout. "Making her own smoke-cloud, too. Swat her, Ben! Fire into her camouflage! Let her have it!"

The report of the gun swept back deafeningly. It was a poor mark to aim at, and Maddock had missed. Before they could reload the megaphone was wrenched away from Prout, and the sham millionaire was shouting through it.

"Don't fire!" he cried. "I have no time to waste picking up wounded or half-drowned men. Let that craft go. Leave her to the Government to deal with."

"Sorry, sir," said Prout, pulling himself erect and saluting.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Drugged!

THEY could hear the booming and pounding of powerful engines, and see the glitter of the mysterious vessel's wake as she fled away under the cover of her smoke-screen. To Prout the millionaire's words was law, and he never dreamed of questioning anything the owner of the Lord of the Deep said or did, but for once he could not help feeling a trifle mystified. He thought his employer must be in a desperate hurry to reach Gan Waga's island if he could not spare half an hour to settle accounts with these pests of the reef, or, at least, to attempt to do so when such a golden opportunity offered itself. Startled by the crash of the gun, Thurston ran on deck, clad in his pyjamas, but Blaise had gone when he reached the bridge.

"What were you banging at, Tom?" he asked. "What was the shooting about?"

"By honey, we sighted the raider!" said Prout, rubbing his chin. "She must have been lying tight, watching us. I fancied I spotted something queer ahead, and got the searchlight on her. That woke her up, and she scuttled. And she can travel, sir, I give you my word. She's got some dodge of camouflaging herself with smoke or steam. We might not have got her, but as soon as Ben pumped one shell after her, the Chief stopped it."

"But if it was the raider, why on earth did he stop the firing?"

"Couldn't tell you, sir, and it's not any business of mine," answered the steersman. "He said he couldn't waste time picking up wounded or drowning men, that's all."

"Curious," said Rupert Thurston; "and only yesterday he was talking of getting the aeroplane assembled and cruising over the islands in search of that vessel."

"Well, the Chief seems to have changed his mind, sir, and that's that, by honey!" said Tom Prout, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Here's Ben coming to grouse now."

"Sort of thing that upsets my digestion, souse me!" growled the bo'sun, as he joined them on the bridge. "I might have plugged her the next shot."

"And then woke up and wanted your breakfast," said the steersman. "Just one of your silly dreams, my lad. Anyhow, she's got another run for her money, drat her!"

Thurston was puzzled. He went back to bed, wondering what pressing business had recalled Ferrers Lord to Gan Waga's island. He felt that it must be some affair of enormous importance. He had met his chance of pursuing and attacking the mysterious raiders who had robbed him of his pearls and pearl-shell on the open sea, and he had only permitted one shot to be fired at her. No doubt the millionaire had his reasons, and excellent reasons, but Thurston was puzzled.

When Thurston entered the saloon at

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NEXT TUESDAY! **THE SHAM**

HERO! A MAGNIFICENT STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

breakfast-time next morning Blaise was already seated at the table. He nodded, and came to the point at once.

"I suppose that shot wakened you up last night," he said. "I had just gone on deck for a breath of air, when Prout sighted that strange craft."

"Yes; I was sound asleep, and it did waken me," said Thurston. "But she was well out of the way when I arrived. I could just hear her, nothing more."

"Yes, she's powerfully-engined," said Blaise. "I could see at once that it was perfectly useless to attempt to follow her, and not worth while wasting any shells on such a will-o'-the-wisp. And time is precious. I fancy you have seen the first and last of her. Those rascals have skimmed all the cream off the reef, and it is difficult to understand why they are still hanging about. Perhaps they had followed us out, thinking of a little piracy, and that we would be an easy prize and a profitable one to boot. If so, our searchlight and that shell must have startled them, and opened their eyes to the fact that we have very sharp teeth. An armed yacht in times of peace is rather a novelty. I'd

interesting information that Bessie Baldwin, the famous music-hall artist, is engaged to be married to Cyrus K. Loper, son of the American pork-and-beans king, Cyrus K. Loper senior. Well, I presume the poor operator does his best for us. He has to dish up to us what is served out to him, and it's an odd mixture sometimes."

He folded up his serviette and pushed back his chair.

"I think I'll try to get in touch with the Kwai-hal and Ching Lung," he went on. "Shall I tell him we are going back to the reef?"

"I'm not absolutely sure that we are going back to the reef," said Blaise; "it all depends. You may tell him that we have returned to Gan Waga's island."

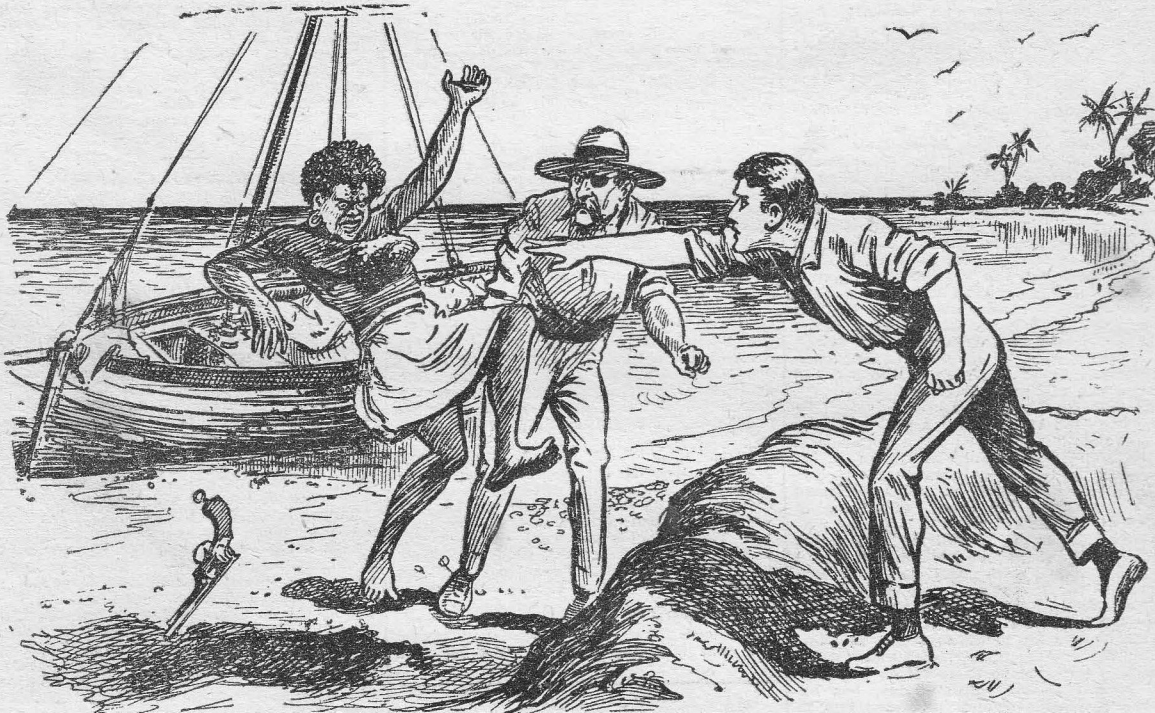
"Then you can arrange about selling your pearl fishery to the Southern Cross people without an interview, I suppose? And what if Ching is hard up and wants his share of the gold? Things have been pretty bad in that benighted country he rules ever since he squashed the last revolution, and he told me in the last letter he wrote me that to get his revenues in was like trying to

Thurston. All the danger lies in this rotten talk! My looks will never give me away to such a brainless ass, but my tongue may!"

There was a medicine-chest in the bedroom, containing many glass-stoppered bottles. Blaise went over them carefully, examining the labels till he discovered what he wanted. He took the stopper out of the bottle, and let a drop of the liquid fall into the palm of his hand.

"Not a very strong solution," he muttered; "but the effect will be the same if I double the dose. If I don't rid myself of you, Mr. Thurston, I shall lose my nerve."

He spent the morning in the little office. Though so confident that his appearance could not betray him, he did not care to face Rupert Thurston on deck in the clear sunshine. He heard the steward laying the lunch-table in the saloon. When the steward had gone, Blaise went in. A bottle of red burgundy stood beside Thurston's plate. In his own place was a similar bottle. The capsule had not been removed or the cork drawn, while Thurston's bottle was half-empty. Blaise tore a corner of



A DESPERATE MOVE! Ferrers Lord stooped swiftly, and his hand closed over the piece of coral. The next moment he had straightened out and had hurled the lump of coral. It struck the Kanaka full on his naked chest, and he tumbled backwards with a gurgling cry. (See Chapter 6.)

have followed the rogues up, but it was completely hopeless."

Rupert Thurston stirred his coffee. Blaise happened to glance up quickly, and just as quickly Thurston looked down. Blaise felt an uneasy thrill run through him. He was certain that Thurston had been staring at him. The next moment Thurston's voice put him at his ease again.

"No wireless messages through?" he asked. "We generally get something over the wireless to discuss at breakfast. Why, there they are!"

"I'd completely forgotten!" said Blaise, biting his lip.

Thurston took a little sheaf of envelopes from a side-table and handed them to Blaise, who opened them one by one. The fragmentary items of news the operator had picked up had been neatly typed out on slips of paper. Blaise read them before he passed them back to Rupert Thurston.

"Nothing from old Ching," said Rupert. "What queer stuff they fire through space, don't they, Chief? Here's the result of the Ascot Gold Cup, followed by the cheerful announcement that a man was hanged at Strangeways Gaol, Manchester, for the murder of his wife; and then the highly

squeeze water out of a brick. He may have been joking but I fancy cash would be welcome."

"I can do nothing until I have been to the island," said Blaise, still harping on the old safe string. "Hard up or not, the prince will have to wait."

He was almost certain that there was some vague doubt in Thurston's mind. Rupert paused with his hand on the door, and glanced back. As a matter of fact, Thurston suspected nothing, and had no doubts at all. He thought that Ferrers Lord did not seem quite like himself that morning, and nothing more. But Harper Blaise was acutely on his guard, almost frightened. He was not secure with Thurston in such close company. Their conversations were becoming perilous. Though such a brilliant character actor, he was heavily handicapped, for he knew nothing of Ferrers Lord's friends or recent actions. Several matters Thurston had spoken of were complete mysteries to him. When the door closed, he began to walk up and down the saloon.

"It's one or the other of us," he thought. "Either Thurston must retire into private solitude, or I must. And as I can't miss the sheer joy of playing the game, it must be

the label off the full bottle in order to know it and avoid any disastrous mistake. He opened the door, and looked swiftly down the deserted alley-way, and then carried the half-empty bottle of burgundy into his bedroom. Two minutes before the steward returned and sounded the gong for lunch, Blaise had replaced the bottle. And then Rupert Thurston, bronzed and healthy-looking and hungry, came in.

"I got Sparks to squirt off a message to Ching Lung, but nothing has arrived yet from Ching's end, Chief," he said. "I told him we were trekking back to Gan Waga's gold factory, and that you'd fix up something with him. If he doesn't reply, his wireless must have got smashed. When did his last message come?"

"Two or three days ago, I am not certain," said Blaise. "How is the weather? I have had no chance even to look at the barometer," he went on hastily.

"High and steady, and it looks like lasting. I hope it will, for we shall have enough of frost and fog and cold presently in that beastly climate down south."

(Another long thrilling instalment of our magnificent series of adventure in next week's issue. You must not miss it!)

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

NEXT TUESDAY.

"AT GRIPS WITH GREYFRIARS!"

::

Spoofing the Sergeant!

(Continued from page 23.)

There was a howl of laughter from the cart.
Mr. Kettle's face was as crimson as his muffer. He dodged back into the van again. "Better walk, sergeant!" called out Jimmy Silver. "Isn't it stuffy in there?"
Snort!
"Do come out, sergeant!" pleaded Tommy Dodd. "You'll cheer up everybody we pass! You're a regular cure for worry!"
Snort!
"Blessed if he isn't still dissatisfied, after all the trouble we've taken!" sighed Jimmy Silver.
It was a couple of hours before the sergeant jumped out of the van at last. "I'm off, you young varminths!" he announced. "Ow I'm to get home in this

rig I don't know! But I wouldn't travel another day with you if I 'ad to go 'ome dressed like an 'Ottentot!"
"You're not leaving us, surely, sergeant!" said Tommy Dodd sorrowfully.
"I am that!" snorted the sergeant. "I told Mr. Dodd I'd look arter you. But there's some young varminths that can't be looked arter, which I'll write to your father and tell 'im so, Master Dodd!"
Sergeant Kettle tramped off, heading for a village that the caravans were passing.
Jimmy Silver ran to the Classical van and extracted the bag containing Mr. Kettle's second suit.
"Better take your bag, sergeant!" he called out.
"Wot!"
"Catch!" said Jimmy cheerily. "I found it for you, old chap! Catch!"
Bag in hand, Mr. Kettle retired to the nearest clump of trees for a change.
The caravans rumbled on.
"Poor old Kettle!" murmured Tommy

Dodd, wiping his eyes. "I don't think he has really enjoyed caravanning with us. By the way, we'll stop in the next village, and send him a money-order to pay for his clobber that went down the river, and you fellows can whip-round for a tip."
"I think he's earned that!" grinned Jimmy Silver.
An hour later quite a handsome remittance was despatched from a post-office to the sergeant's address, which probably fully consoled Mr. Kettle when he received it.
Then through the gathering dusk the caravans rumbled on by road and lane, Classics and Moderns for once on the best of terms, and in the highest of spirits.
Through the summer dusk fresh, boyish voices carolled merrily, awaking the echoes in green thickets and cool, shady woods.
THE END.
(Another grand tale of the Chums of Rookwood in next week's issue, entitled, "The Kindness of Clarence" by Owen Conquest.)

FOUR GRAND SCHOOL STORIES NEXT WEEK!

"THE FORM-MASTER'S DOUBLE!"

By Frank Richards.

"THE KINDNESS OF CLARENCE!"

By Owen Conquest.

"THE SHAM HERO!"

By Martin Clifford.

"AT GRIPS WITH GREYFRIARS!"

By Martin Clifford.

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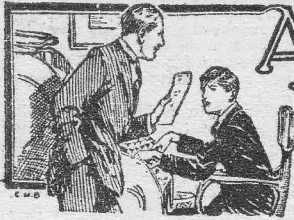
To win one of the above magnificent prizes, all you have to do is solve the picture puzzle below, the one which has already appeared and the two which will follow in the next two issues of the POPULAR. Write your solution on a sheet of paper, sign and attach to the paper the coupon below the puzzle, and wait until you have the four pictures solved. Then you will be informed where to send your solutions. The express condition of entry is that competitors agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding. There is NO ENTRANCE FEE.

POPULAR Puzzle No. 2a.

(Fill in this Form)

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ADDRESS.....



A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

YOUR EDITOR IS ALWAYS PLEASSED TO HEAR FROM HIS READERS. Address: EDITOR, THE "POPULAR," THE FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGTON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

FREE REAL PHOTOS FOR YOU!

As I have not the necessary amount of space to mention the grand programme of stories in preparation for next week's issue, I can only say something about the Magnificent Free Real Photos which are being presented in every copy of the Companion Papers. These splendid gifts, I am very pleased to hear, have been highly appreciated by the many thousands of readers of the Companion Papers.

In this week's issue of the "Magnet" Library there will be given away Two Real Photos of F. Hopkin, of Liverpool F.C., and A. Morton, the Scottish International of Glasgow Rangers.

The "Boys' Friend," which is on sale everywhere, is giving away FREE a Grand Real Photo of the well-known Canadian boxer, Soldier Jones, another champion which goes to their series of

"Rising Boxing Stars." Go to your newsagent for a copy of the "Boys' Friend," if you have not already ordered and obtained it, before it is too late.

In this issue is given away FREE a Splendid Coloured Plate of the Greatest Express Engine of Britain, which belongs to the Great Northern Railway, and is known as the New Pacific Type of locomotive.

In the "Gem" Library, which will appear on Wednesday, will be presented absolutely FREE a wonderful Action Photo of Tom Hamilton, the Famous footballer of the Preston North End F.C. This is a truly magnificent Real Photo, which will delight the many readers who are anxiously waiting for Wednesday morning, when they will rush to the newsagent for their copies of the "Gem" WHICH HAVE BEEN ORDERED, AND SAVED FOR THEM!

THE RESULT OF THE "POPULAR" PUZZLE GAME.

I have much pleasure in announcing the result of the above, and the names of the lucky winners will be found below. The prize of £5 and the ten of ten shillings each have been sent to the following readers respectively:

The first prize of £5 awarded to: MABEL SMOUT, 12, Woodland Hill, Upper Norwood, S.E. 19.

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E. B. Simpson, 16, East View, Deepdale, Preston, Lancs.

Arthur R. Birchall, 666, Blackburn Road, Bolton, Lancs.

Claude Wales, 65, Harrow Road, Leicester.

A. E. Ruff, 68, Ward's Avenue, Fulham, S.W. 6.

Norman W. Farish, 72, Cann Hall Road, Leytonstone, E. 11.

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