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# The POPULAR 2d

SPECIAL  
SUPPLEMENT  
INSIDE.



## SCHOOLBOY ' AND MASTER!

Harry Wharton Takes the Form and the New Master Looks On!

*(A sensational incident from the long complete story of Greyfriars inside.)*

THE REMOVE FORM'S LUCK IN HAVING MR. KNUTT FOR THEIR MASTER DOES NOT LAST AS LONG AS THEY WOULD LIKE IT TO!



A Magnificent Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, and Mr. Knutt, the New Remove Form-Master.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

(Author of the Famous School Tales of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars—appearing in The "Magnet" Library.)

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### Caught Bending!

EVERY Removite appeared to be in a cheerful mood the morning after the arrival of Mr. Knutt, the master who was taking Mr. Quelch's place for a few days.

Mr. Knutt was certainly vastly different from Mr. Quelch, whom the juniors alluded to as a beast, but a just beast!

The new master was not by any means stern; quite the reverse, in fact. He had had tea with Harry Wharton & Co., and had astonished that famous group by calling them "old beans" and "dear old fruits."

But what endeared the new master to the juniors more than even his cheerful nature was the fact that he had saved William George Bunter from the river when that junior had been steering a sculling-boat for Loder of the Sixth. As Bob Cherry put it, Mr. Knutt wasn't to know that Billy Bunter was not worth saving. He had done a plucky thing in jumping into the river to rescue Bunter.

Billy had received a crack on the head to keep him quiet when in the river, and though he had been saved from an untimely end, William George considered he had a grievance against Mr. Knutt for having "biffed" him.

What the Removites could never guess was the fact that Mr. Knutt, who was supposed to be the temporary Remove-master, was many miles away. His place had been taken by Lord Charles Lovelace, a happy-go-lucky chap, who was only too anxious to keep out of the way of an angry pater and a money-lender named Isaacs.

The real Mr. Knutt had taken a long time to decide that the impersonation of himself at Greyfriars was the only way in which his cheerful, if wilful, chum was

to avoid falling into the clutches of the grasping moneylender. But he had decided, and the moment his decision had been reached, Lord Charles became Mr. Knutt, just in time to walk along the towpath and rescue Billy Bunter.

The Removites took their places in the Form-room on the following morning with mingled feelings. The peculiar characteristics of their new master had surprised them, and they wondered how he would "turn out" in class. Some of them were inclined to rag him on account of his youth and evident inexperience; while others wanted to show their appreciation of his good-nature by making things as easy as possible for him. The fellow who was most keenly bent on giving as much trouble as possible was Billy Bunter, on account of the rap on the head he had received in the river when Mr. Knutt had rescued him.

But Harry Wharton & Co., and Peter Todd as well, had talked to Bunter, and impressed upon him that if there were any ventriloquism in the Form-room he would be slaughtered, scalped, boiled in oil, and bumped. And although those terrible threats were not likely to be carried out, Bunter realised that it would be wiser not to exercise his peculiar gifts on the unsuspecting Mr. Knutt.

Mr. Knutt was a quarter of an hour late to lessons, the juniors filling up the interval by playing leap-frog in the Form-room.

They were going strong when the Form-room door opened to admit the new master.

"Tuck in your tuppenny, Bunter!" Bob Cherry was roaring.

Mr. Knutt paused in the doorway to survey the scene, and grinned.

"Go it, Cherry!"

"My turn. Keep still!"

"Tuck in your tuppenny!"

"Cave!" gasped Wharton, catching sight of the Form-master in the doorway.

The leap-froggers straightened up at once in dismay.

"Ahem!" said Wharton.

Mr. Knutt laughed.

"Don't let me interrupt you, youngsters," he said. "That's a healthy exercise. Gad! I'll join you, if you like."

"Wha-a-at!"

"You, sir?"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Go it, sir!" shouted Bob Cherry, in great delight. "Down again, you fellows! Tuck in your tuppennies!"

And the game was resumed.

Mr. Knutt joined in the game with great spirit.

Master and pupils flew about the room in the joys of leap-frog, with yells of laughter.

The boys enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Astounded as they were by the extraordinary conduct of their Form-master, there was no doubt that they liked him wonderfully well. Leap-frog was better than Latin any day.

There was a considerable din in the Form-room. A desk had been knocked over, and two or three fellows sprawled in their jumps and rolled on the floor.

The Form-room door opened in the midst of the excitement, and Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, looked in.

Mr. Knutt was just bending, and Harry Wharton's hands were on his back, and he flew over just as Mr. Prout looked in, landing before the astonished master of the Fifth.

Mr. Knutt's head being down he did not see Mr. Prout, and the juniors were not disposed to stop their game, as they had their own master's authority to continue it.

Therefore, the whole line rushed on, leaping over Mr. Knutt in turn, and

landing before Mr. Prout, bending in their turn to give their followers the jump.

Mr. Prout could not speak. He could only gaze upon the scene like a man in a dream.

In the absence of a master unruly boys sometimes played leap-frog in the Form-room, but in the presence of a master, and with the master himself joining in the game, it was so incredible that Mr. Prout pinched himself to ascertain that he was awake.

Junior after junior vaulted over the bending form of Mr. Knutt.

Mr. Capper came out of his own room, and joined the Fifth Form master, looking in to see what the unaccustomed disturbance was about. He had fancied that the new master was having trouble with the Remove. He almost fainted as he saw what was going on.

"Goodness gracious!" he murmured. "M-m-my word!" stammered Mr. Prout.

"If the Head should see it—"

"Good heavens!"

Mr. Twigg, the master of the Third, was attracted to the spot by the noise, and he also stared in, dumbfounded.

Fortunately, the Sixth Form room was at some distance, and the Head did not hear those unaccustomed sounds of revelry.

"Go it!"

"Tuck in your tuppenny!"

"Pile in!"

"Hurrah!"

"Bless my soul!" stammered Mr. Twigg. "Can I believe my eyes? Is that really Mr. Knutt playing at leap frog with the juniors?"

"It must be a dream!" said Mr. Capper dazedly. "A horrible dream! I refuse to credit the evidence of my eyes!"

"Extraordinary!" said Mr. Prout. "Amazing! Unparalleled! Inexplicable!"

The last junior being over, Mr. Knutt rose upright, to take his turn again at running and jumping. Then he caught sight of the three astounded masters staring in at the open door.

"Gad!" ejaculated the new master.

"Mr. Knutt!"

"Sir?"

"For goodness' sake—if the Head should see this—remember yourself, sir!" ejaculated Mr. Twigg, in horrified agitation.

"You chaps playing?" asked Mr. Knutt innocently.

"What!" shrieked the three Form-masters together.

"Good exercise, by Jove!" said Mr. Knutt. "It's a long time since I've played leap-frog. I used to play it at Eton, begad! Come on!"

"Wha-a-at! What!"

"Tuck in your tuppennies!" said Mr. Knutt.

"My dear sir," said Mr. Prout, with dignity, "you forget yourself! If the Head should see this revolting exhibition he would request you to leave Greyfriars! My dear Mr. Knutt, you are very young, certainly, but—but really, pray recollect yourself—"

"Oh, by Jove!" said Mr. Knutt, in dismay. "Quite right, my dear sir—quite right. Thank you for reminding me, by Jove! Boys, go to your places at once! Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," said the Removites.

They went to their places. The three Form-masters, exchanging hopelessly amazed looks, departed, talking together in whispers. Mr. Knutt was looking dismayed and penitent.

"This won't do—this won't do!" he said, as the Form-room door closed on the three astounded masters. "Not a bit of it! We're here to work, I believe. Let's work!"

And the Removites chuckled as they prepared to work with their amazing master.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.  
Easy Lessons.

MR. KNUTT fumbled over Mr. Quelch's desk, perhaps looking for some assistance in his task.

The Removites watched him curiously. It was quite clear to them that the new master was utterly without experience, and did not know how to begin. Mr. Knutt found a book at last, and opened it with a great assumption of dignity and gravity.

"First lesson is French, I suppose?" he asked.

"Monsieur Charpentier gives us French lessons, sir," said Harry Wharton. "We have two hours a week at French, sir."

"Well, I'm new to this, you know," said Mr. Knutt confidentially. "I depend on you young fellows to help me out, you know."

"Oh, yes, sir!" chorused the delighted Removites.

"The Head expects us to work," said Mr. Knutt gravely. "Of course, we must work. That is really what we're here for, by Jove!"

"Certainly, sir!"

"Did you prepare your lessons last night?" asked Mr. Knutt, with some faint recollection of his own schooldays.

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"Then what ought we to be doing now?" asked Mr. Knutt cheerfully.

The juniors grinned joyfully.

"We begin by playing noughts-and-crosses, sir," said Vernon-Smith.

"Gad! Do you really?" asked Mr. Knutt.

"Yes, sir; or draughts—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We're doing Cæsar, sir," said Harry Wharton, with a warning glance at the

Bounder. "You'll find a Cæsar in Mr. Quelch's desk, sir."

"Good egg!" said Mr. Knutt. "We'll simply grind at it. I must try to do my duty by the Head! I don't want to give the old sport any reason to complain."

And he discovered a Cæsar in the desk, and started.

"Gallia est omnia divisa in partes tres—"

"We're further on than that, sir," said Nugent demurely.

Mr. Knutt shook his head.

"Better to begin at the beginning," he said wisely.

"But we've done that with Mr. Quelch, sir," said Mark Linley.

"Never mind. You'll learn more by going over it again. Now, what does that mean in English? Don't all speak at once!"

"Gaul was anciently thickly covered with trees!" said the Bounder.

"Was it really?" asked Mr. Knutt.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go on, my lad—you're a bright boy," said Mr. Knutt, who evidently had no suspicion of the ridiculous nature of Vernon-Smith's translation. "What does the next bit mean—Quarum unam incolunt Belgae?"

"Where there were heaps of monkeys!" said Vernon-Smith. "Is that right, sir?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Knutt, turning a wise look upon the page. "Go on; we're getting on famously. What's the next—Aliam Aquitani?"

"And elephants!" said the Bounder.

The juniors could restrain themselves no longer. A yell of laughter rang through the Form-room.

Mr. Knutt looked surprised, and then he seemed to understand. Perhaps, too, utterly as he had forgotten his Latin, some glimmering of it came back again as he looked at the lines familiar to every schoolboy.

"Ahem! I think you are off-side there," he remarked. "I shall have to no-ball you, Jones—"

"Vernon-Smith, sir!"

"Yes, I mean Smith. Carton, please construe."

As there was no one of the name of Carton in the Remove, Harry Wharton rose to obey. Mr. Knutt had a peculiar trick of forgetting names, which reminded the fellows of Lord Mauleverer of the Remove. Harry Wharton construed well; he had no intention of pulling the leg of the good-natured Form-master.

"I'll tell you what!" said Mr. Knutt.

"You are doing this uncommonly well, Carter—uncommonly well. You shall take the class for a bit, and I'll look on, and—and give you a tip whenever you are off-side."

"Certainly, sir," said Wharton.

He had an idea that he could have given Mr. Knutt more tips than Mr. Knutt could have given him, but he did not say so.

He cheerfully took the class, which he was quite qualified to do, being the best Latin scholar in the Remove, with the exception of Linley.

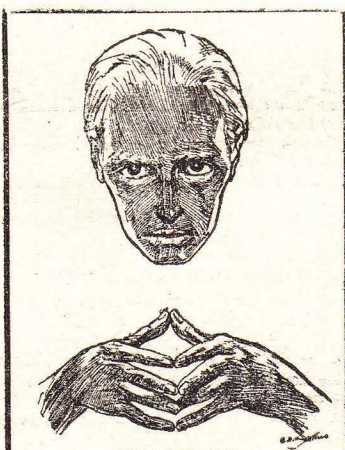
Mr. Knutt looked on with approval.

He made a few interruptions, feeling called upon as a Form-master to do so, but his remarks showed such a state of hopeless ignorance on the subject that the Remove could not help laughing, and he soon left it all to Wharton.

"Keep it up, my boy," he said, when Wharton turned to him at last. "Keep it up! You're making a ripping innings!"

"What about next lesson, sir?"

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WHO IS RIVINGTON SPEED?

This question will soon be on the lips of millions of people throughout the country. Further information about this amazing and mysterious personality will appear shortly in "ANSWERS." Do not miss it.

"Ahem! What's next lesson this morning?"

"Roman history, sir."

"H'm! Very well; we'll take Roman history next. You may go to your place, Carter; you have done very well, indeed; you are a credit to Greyminster."

And Harry Wharton went grinning to his place.

The juniors waited cheerfully for the Roman history. They were amused, but more astounded than amused. They had heard of Mr. Knutt as a gentleman of vast intellectual attainments; a man with the reputation of a "swot," who could expound difficult passages in Æschylus "on his head," so to speak. To find him utterly ignorant of so simple and common a school-book as the "Gallic War" of Cæsar was amazing. "Now, we'll begin at the beginning," said Mr. Knutt. "Rome—I suppose you chaps know what Rome is?"

"Yes, sir," said the Bounder. "It's a verb, sir!"

"A—a what?"

"I roam, thou roamest, he roams," said Vernon-Smith.

"Quite right, my lad, and a very good answer; but I was not alludin' to the verb. Rome is a city!"

"Is it really, sir?" asked several juniors, affecting surprise.

"Just so! A jolly place, too!" said Mr. Knutt reminiscently. "You can get some huntin' there, and there are ruins and things. But, of course, we are dealin' with ancient Rome. Rome was founded a jolly long time ago, in the year something-or-other, by what's-his-name."

"Shall we write that down, sir?" asked Bulstrode.

"Certainly. Nothin' like writin' a thing down to fix it on the memory," said the new master innocently. "Now, after Rome was founded by Thingummy, they had a war with the what-d'ye-call-'ems."

"Good!"

"Hear, hear!"

"They had a very wise king named—named—named What's-his-name," said Mr. Knutt. "He was killed by Somebody-or-other, and Thingummy drove over his body as it lay somewhere or other, and the wheels of the what-d'ye-call-it were splashed with his blood."

"Oh, good, sir! We never used to get information like this from Mr. Quelch," said the Bounder.

"And after that," resumed Mr. Knutt, searching his memory, "there was a Roman Empire—I dare say you have heard of that?"

"I believe it's been mentioned, sir," said Bolsover major.

"Which must not be confused with the Empire Music-hall in London," said Mr. Knutt; "that's more in my line. I must say. Empires in those days were quite a different matter. Now, the Roman Empire was built—I mean founded—by—by Thingummy."

"Was Thingummy the first emperor, sir?"

"Exactly!"

"Was he called Thingummy the First, sir?"

Mr. Knutt coughed.

"That's enough Roman history," he said. "I don't believe in cramming. The class will now rest for half an hour."

"Oh, good!"

"I say sir, you are a splendid master; we like you ever so much better than Mr. Quelch, sir."

"I have my own methods," said Mr. Knutt, with dignity. "I order the class to rest for half an hour now. Don't make too much row."

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"Ha, ha, ha!"

The class rested for half an hour with great willingness.

Mr. Knutt sat down on the Form-master's chair and rested his feet on the desk, and lighted a cigarette.

The boys broke into talk, and the Form-room was soon in a buzz, but the Form-master did not seem to mind.

He joined in when Harry Wharton & Co. began to talk cricket, and he showed a knowledge of that great game that far exceeded his knowledge of Latin or Roman history.

The juniors listened to him with great respect, and the conversation glided on pleasantly till a bell rang, and the sound could be heard of boys pouring out of the other Form-rooms.

"Hallo! Time to clear—eh?" said Mr. Knutt.

"Yes, sir."

The new master rose and yawned. "Well, buzz off, then! I think we've had a very pleasant morning."

"Oh, yes, sir! Ripping, sir! I wish you could always be our Form-master, sir!" said Frank Nugent.

"Ah, I'm sorry it's only for a time!" said Mr. Knutt. "I never thought it was so easy. Now you youngsters can buzz off—I mean, dismiss."

And the juniors dismissed, chuckling. Mr. Knutt assumed a grave demeanour as he came out of the Form-room. The Head encountered him a few minutes later, and paused to inquire how he had got on with the Lower Fourth.

"Are your class giving you any trouble, Mr. Knutt?" he asked.

"Not at all, sir," said Mr. Knutt.

"They have been very troublesome during the absence of Mr. Quelch," said Dr. Locke. "I was afraid you would find them a little out of hand at first."

"Not in the least, sir," said Mr. Knutt. "I am getting on with them famously. I think I may say they seem to have taken a liking to me."

"Ah! Doubtless owing to the rescue of Bunter," said the Head. "That was a very fortunate circumstance. I am very glad to see that you are popular with the boys, Mr. Knutt. It will make your work with them much easier."

"Yes; I agree with you, sir—though I do not anticipate any difficulty in such simple work," said Mr. Knutt.

"If you would care to lunch with me, Mr. Knutt, we might have a little chat about the works of Æschylus—your favourite author," said the Head kindly. Mr. Knutt's jaw dropped.

"Thank you, sir! I shall be—be delighted!" he gasped.

"Then I shall expect you," said the Head.

Mr. Knutt went out into the Close—not looking delighted.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Loder Gets a Licking.

"I—I say, Loder!"

Loder of the Sixth looked round with a scowling brow as Billy Bunter addressed him. The prefect was on the landing-raft by the river, about to enter his skiff, to take a row down the river before dinner.

"Well, you fat rotter!" said Loder.

"Have you come to ask for a licking for the trick you played on me yesterday?"

Bunter backed away.

"Oh, really, Loder! You know Mr. Knutt said you were to pay for my glasses. I shall want ten-and-six out of you!"

Loder laughed grimly.

"Wait till you get it!" he said.

"But I say, Loder, I must have it,

you know. I'm wearing my second pair of glasses now, and suppose anything should happen to them? I've got to get another pair, you know, and you've got to pay for 'em! Mr. Knutt said—"

"Blow Mr. Knutt!"

"Look here, Loder, you're going to pay—you're not going to swindle me! Ow! Leggo!"

The Sixth-Former caught the fat junior by the collar, and Bunter wriggled in his grasp. Loder's face was dark with anger.

"You fat rotter!" he said between his teeth. "You caused that upset on purpose yesterday! I'm not going to give you ten-and-six, but I'm going to give you a hiding! See?"

"Oh, really, Loder—I—I—Oh! Yah! Help! Rescue! Oh! Ow!"

Smack, smack, smack!

Billy Bunter roared and struggled in the grasp of the bully of the Sixth.

A voice was heard on the other side of the boathouse.

"This way, sir! Here's the boathouse, and—"

The Removites were showing their new master round.

"Great Scott! What's that hullabaloo?" exclaimed Mr. Knutt, as he strode round the building, just as Loder's hand descended upon Bunter's fat person again.

"Ow!" roared Bunter. "I'm hurt! I'm injured! Help! He's hawking me because I asked him for the money for my glasses! You said he was to pay, sir—"

Mr. Knutt knit his brows as he strode up to the Sixth-Former.

"Release that boy instantly, Powder!"

"My name's Loder!" growled the prefect, as he released the Owl of the Remove, who promptly sidled behind Mr. Knutt.

"Yes; I mean Loder! You have no right to strike a boy in that brutal manner!"

"I have a right, as a prefect, to correct the juniors!" said Loder, scowling. "Bunter was cheeking me!"

"Don't dare to argue with me—a Form-master!" said Mr. Knutt grandly. Loder sneered.

"I haven't much to learn from a Form-master who plays leap-frog in the Form-rooms with a pack of kids!" he said insolently.

"You are impertinent!"

"Report me to the Head, then!" sneered Loder. "He would be interested to hear what I could tell him about the way you conduct your class, too!"

"Shut up, Loder!" said Harry Wharton.

Mr. Knutt looked steadily at Loder. The young man was no taller than the prefect, and Loder, indeed, was heavier and more muscular. The consciousness of greater weight and stature made Loder assume an almost bullying manner towards the young master. He felt that he could have licked Mr. Knutt if he had wanted to, and that feeling made him insolent—for the new master was lacking in the personal gravity and dignity which should have impressed all the boys, big and little, with respect.

"You are insolent!" said Mr. Knutt.

Loder shrugged his shoulders with more insolence than ever.

Mr. Knutt's eyes sparkled.

"If I were not a master here, I would give you a thrashing!" he said.

Loder laughed.

"If you were not a master here, I would wipe up the ground with you!" he said.

"By Jove! Would you?"

"Yes, I would!"

"Gad, I'll give you a chance, then!"

Mr. Knutt tossed aside his gown and his coat, and put up his hands in a scientific manner. "Come on!"

"What!" gasped Loder, astounded at being taken at his word.

"Put up your hands!" said Mr. Knutt cheerfully. "I'm going to thrash you, Loder! You are a bully, and a licking will do you good!"

"Great Scott!" said the astounded Loder. "What sort of a queer fish—"

"Hurrah!" roared the juniors. "Go it, sir!"

The juniors were as astounded as Loder by their Form-master's offer to fight the prefect. But they were delighted, too. Mr. Knutt mightn't be a scholar, but he looked like a boxing-man, and a licking for Loder would have delighted the hearts of all the junior boys at Greyfriars.

Mr. Knutt was growing more and more extraordinary, but he was certainly growing more and more popular at the same time.

"You—you can't mean it?" gasped Loder at last.

"I do! Come on!"

"Don't funk it, Loder!" yelled the juniors.

The prefect scowled.

"I'll come on fast enough, Mr. Knutt, and lick you, too!" he exclaimed. "But it's understood that I'm not to be held responsible for striking a master."

"That's all right!" said Mr. Knutt. "Gad, I should like a little mill more than anything else! And you deserve a licking!"

Loder threw off his coat and cap.

"You won't find it so jolly easy to lick me!" he growled.

"Come on, then!"

Loder came on fast enough, as he said. He disliked Mr. Knutt very much, and he was glad enough to have a chance at him, without the responsibility being laid upon him. For a boy to strike a master was, of course, to ask for expulsion from the school. But since Mr. Knutt himself had given the challenge, Loder was in no danger on that score.

The juniors gathered round in a delighted ring. The boathouse and the trees screened the scene from the school, and there was little danger from interruption. Seniors as well as juniors gathered round as the news spread that Loder was fighting a Form-master.

Mr. Knutt quickly showed that he knew how to box.

He stopped Loder's fierce rush with a drive on the chest that sent the prefect staggering backwards.

There was a cheer from the Removites.

"Well hit!"

"Bravo, the Nut!"

"Go it, Natty!"

Loder came on again fiercely, and then the fight was hard. Loder was a powerful fellow, and he knew something about boxing.

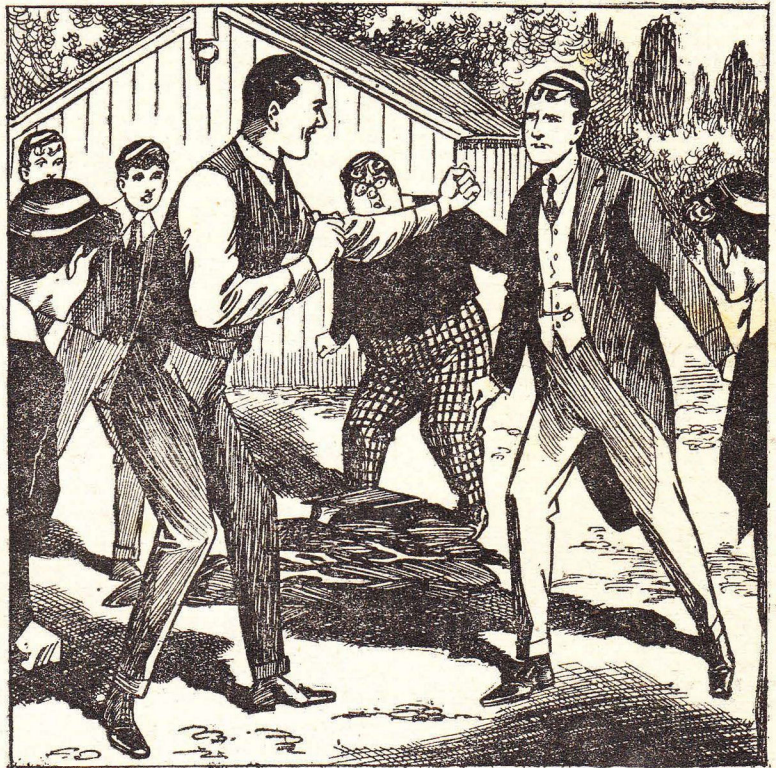
But Mr. Knutt, if not so burly as Loder, was more scientific, and the gleam in his eyes showed how he enjoyed the scrimmage.

He received Loder's fist full on the nose, and hardly flinched, and seemed not to notice the thin stream of red that ran down to the corner of his mouth.

Loder received a drive in the eye in exchange which caused that optic to keep on blinking in a curious manner, as if he were winking at his foe.

There were no rounds, and the fighting was fast and hard.

Mr. Knutt did not escape without punishment, but Loder was evidently getting the worst of it almost from the start.



MASTER v. SCHOOLBOY!—"I'll give you a chance to wipe up the ground with me, as you say!" said the master, tossing aside his gown and his coat. "Put up your hands! I'm going to thrash you, Loder! You are a bully, and a licking will do you good!" (See Chapter 3.)

But the prefect held out well, and fought on savagely.

If he could not lick the master, he hoped at least to mark him—such marks being certain to make matters very awkward for a man in Mr. Knutt's position.

"What on earth's the matter here?" Wingate exclaimed, dashing up to see what the crowd had collected before the boathouse for. "Why— My hat! Loder! Mr. Knutt!"

The captain of Greyfriars broke off in sheer astonishment.

"It's all right, Wingate!" said Bob Cherry cheerily. "The Nut is licking Loder—he's been asking for it!"

"But—but—" gasped Wingate. "Mr. Knutt, remember— Good heavens!"

Crash! Gerald Loder rolled at Wingate's feet, stretched there by a powerful upper-cut. He lay gasping, on one elbow, evidently finished.

Mr. Knutt dabbed at his nose. "Had enough?" he asked cheerfully.

"Yes!" groaned Loder. "Yes, hang you!"

"No malice, you know," said Mr. Knutt, more like a schoolboy than ever.

"Jump up and give me your fin!"

"Bravo, Natty!"

Loder staggered to his feet, but he did not accept Mr. Knutt's offer to shake hands. He donned his jacket slowly and painfully, and turned away with a scowl.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" ejaculated the astounded Wingate, staring after Mr. Knutt as he left the spot, blankly.

But the juniors gave a ringing cheer for the victor in that extraordinary combat.

"Bravo, Natty!"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Uncle Knutt!

"LOVELACE, you—you must be insane!"

The new master of the Remove started. He had gone down the towing-path after leaving the crowd before the boathouse, to bathe his face in the river before returning to the school. Even the thoughtless and inconsequential young man felt the impossibility of presenting himself in Greyfriars with a nose streaming red.

The boys had refrained from following him, and the new master was alone, stooping in the shade of a group of willows, dabbing his streaming nose with water, when the voice broke upon his ears.

Mr. Knutt—the genuine Mr. Knutt—stood beside him. The face of the tutor was deeply agitated, and he was looking at Lord Charles with an expression of horror.

The young man nodded to him coolly.

"Hallo! You here, uncle?" he said. It was a playful custom of Lord Charles to address his tutor and companion as "uncle."

"Yes, yes! You have been fighting—fighting with a boy of Greyfriars!"

"You saw it?"

"Yes, yes!"

"It was a fair fight, and a good scrimmage, uncle," said the young man, laughing. "He was taller and heavier than I was, but I licked him."

"Lovelace! How could you be so—so insane? How have you been conducting yourself at the school?"

"More popular with the boys than you would have been, Uncle Knutt!"

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NEXT TUESDAY!

"MOSSOO, THE HERO!"

A GRAND STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

grinned the scapegrace. "I'm getting on famously. But what are you doing here? I thought you went back from Courtfield when I left you yesterday."

The tutor made an impatient gesture. "Did you think I could go away quietly and leave you to carry out such a hare-brained scheme? I have put up at the inn in Friardale."

"As Lord Charles Lovelace, I hope?"

"Nonsense! Under my own name, of course."

"Well, it's all serene. I've mentioned my Uncle Knutt to the boys," said the young man, with a chuckle. "You won't give me away."

"I cannot allow this to go on."

"You're not thinking of denouncing an old pal as an impostor, I suppose?" grinned his lordship. "Besides, it's too late now. I'm known at Greyminster—I mean Greyfriars—and you're not. I should denounce you!"

"You—you ridiculous young ass——" gasped the tutor.

"Pile in!" said Lord Charles, with undiminished good humour. "I deserve it all, I know. If you want to do me a good turn, keep a distance from the school. If any of the kids find us together, mind what you say."

"Lovelace——"

"Does my nose look better?" asked the young man, dabbing his nose with his handkerchief.

"Never mind your nose. Will you withdraw from this ridiculous imposture? I will make what explanations I can to Dr. Locke——"

"By Jove! No. I'm safe here."

"You are not safe from your creditors, if that is what you mean," said the tutor. "I have seen one of your moneylending friends in the village this morning. In fact, I came near the school to-day chiefly in the hope of seeing you, to warn you."

"Which one was it?" asked the other, with interest—"Ikey Solomons, or Israel Gordon, or Peter Schauritz, or——"

"It was Isaacs."

Lord Charles groaned.

"The worst of the lot," he said. "I'm in for it. But he doesn't know I'm at the school, and you won't let on."

"Isaac Isaacs knows everything," said Mr. Knutt. "Probably he has learned of my appointment, and may guess that you are here with me. You may have been watched leaving London. I fancy he has some legal document to serve upon you."

"Oh, my hat!" said the master of the Remove.

"You see, you must leave Greyfriars at once."

"No fear! The boys all like me, and they'll stand by me, and if Isaacs comes here I'll get them to duck him!" said the Remove master confidently.

The tutor almost tore his hair with dismay.

"Lord Charles! Charlie, old man, don't be an ass! I tell you——"

"That's all right—that's all right!" said the young man soothingly. "You leave me to take care of Ikey Isaacs. Mind your eye, now—here come some of the kids!"

Some of the Removites appeared on the towing-path.

"Here we are again!" said the new Form-master cheerily. "This is my Uncle Knutt!"

"Glad to see you, sir!" said Wharton, raising his cap.

The tutor gasped.

"I—I'm not——" he stuttered.

"Good-bye, uncle!" interrupted the young man loudly, stopping the tutor's THE POPULAR.—No. 194.

untimely revelations. "Must get back to the school. Lunching with the Head, you know—we're going to talk about Æschylus, my favourite author."

"Good heavens!"

The young man shook the elder's hand heartily.

"Good-bye, and take care of yourself, uncle!" he said affectionately.

And he walked away with the juniors, leaving the genuine and unfortunate Mr. Knutt standing rooted to the towing-path, speechless.

"Does my nose look very bad, kids?" asked the Form-master, as he walked back to the school with Harry Wharton & Co.

The juniors smiled.

"Only a trifle swollen, sir," said Bob Cherry.

"I wonder if you youngsters would do me a favour?" said the young man, glancing at the juniors in a thoughtful way.

"Anything, Mr. Knutt!" said the Removites, all at once.

"Of course, it's a dead secret I'm going to tell you."

"Yes, sir."

"There's a man looking for me—a little beaky man named Isaacs—I owe him some money," said Mr. Knutt cheerfully. "He's a moneylender, you know."

"Oh!"

"He's going to serve some paper or other on me if he finds me—and I don't want him to do that."

"Great Scott!"

"Now, suppose you boys keep your eyes open, and if you see a beaky little man hanging about the school, duck him in the fountain, or chuck him into a ditch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Will you do that for me?" asked Mr. Knutt genially.

"Yes, rather, sir!"

"The rutherfordness is terrific."

"Hear, hear!"

"Thanks awfully!" said Mr. Knutt. "The chap's an awful rascal, you know, and I don't want to be bothered with him. I've told him a lot of times that I can't pay him, so it's obstinate and absurd of him to go on bothering me in this way."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If he's a moneylender, and has been getting you into his clutches, sir," said Wharton, "he deserves all he can get—and he'll get it in the neck if he comes here."

"That's right! Thanks awfully, by Jove!"

And Mr. Knutt nodded to the juniors, and went in at the school gates. Harry Wharton & Co. paused, and regarded one another, grinning.

"Did you ever hear of a Form-master quite like that?" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Well, hardly ever!" murmured Nugent.

"The hardly-everfulness is terrific!"

"He does fairly take the cake," said Johnny Bull. "But I like him. He's got a lot of confidence in us."

"Yes, rather! That's ripping of him."

"Rotten shame that he should be ruined by a beastly moneylender!" said Tom Brown, the New Zealand junior. "Let's tell the fellows, and keep watch for the beast."

"That's the programme."

"Hallo, here's Knutt's uncle!"

The tutor came up hurriedly. His face was worried and distressed, as was not surprising under the circumstances.

The juniors saluted him respectfully.

They were prepared to like the popular Form-master's uncle.

"My dear boys," gasped the tutor, "I understand you belong to the Remove to—to Mr. Knutt's Form?"

"Your nephew's Form, sir," said Harry Wharton—"that's right."

Mr. Knutt the genuine gasped.

"M-m-my nephew! E-e-exactly. Would you mind telling me how you get on with my—my nephew in class?"

"Oh, rippingly, sir!"

"Splendidly!" said Tom Brown.

"And you—you progress as usual with your lessons?" stammered the tutor.

"Better than ever, sir!" said Nugent.

"We've never enjoyed a morning's lessons as we did this morning, sir!"

"But—but did you learn anything?"

"Yes; we learned a lot of new things about the history of Rome, sir," grinned Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And we had a ripping game of leap-frog," said Tom Brown.

"Leap-frog?" shrieked the tutor.

"Yes, sir!"

"Did he—he—did Mr. Knutt play leap-frog in the Form-room?"

"Certainly, sir! He's a regular sport! Why, what's the matter?"

Mr. Knutt did not reply. He clutched at his hair, and rushed away, and the juniors gazed after him in consternation.

"Potty!" said Tom Brown.

"He doesn't approve of his nephew's methods," remarked Nugent. "Very affectionate old uncle, anxious to see how the young man's getting on, I suppose. He doesn't look much older than his nephew, does he?"

"Some uncles aren't any older than their nephews," said Nugent. "Depends on the age of their parents, you see. Must say he's a rather young uncle—but he's solemn enough to be a double-barrelled uncle. Very kind of him to take such an interest in the Nut. But we're going to look after the Nut, and if Mister Isaacs comes along, we'll scalp him!"

"Hear, hear!"

And the word was passed round in the Remove, and there were many watchful eyes on the look-out for a little beaky man—and if a little beaky man showed up in the neighbourhood of Greyfriars that day, that beaky little man was likely to feel exceedingly sorry for himself!

He did turn up with a most beatific smile on his face. But before he could explain the reason for that smile, he was seized and ducked in the fountain by many hands. Then, drenched and wildly excited, Mr. Isaacs rather breathlessly explained that he had merely come to explain to Lord Charles that the debts had been paid, and there was no further need to worry.

After that, of course, the whole of the story came out, so far as the deception practised by Lord Charles Lovelace was concerned. However, by a stroke of great fortune, Mr. Quelch happened to return to Greyfriars that afternoon, and Lord Charles Lovelace, and the real Mr. Knutt, retired quietly from Greyfriars.

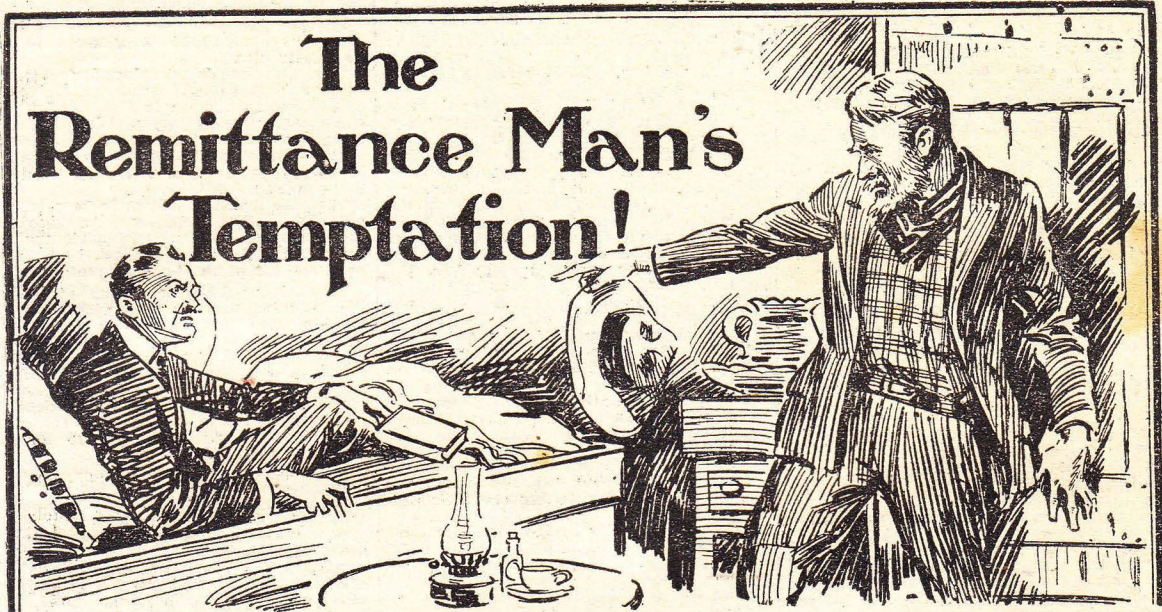
Bob Cherry watched them go with rather a pathetic expression upon his usually cheerful face.

"That's the last of Lord Charles the Nut!" he said lugubriously. "I thought it was too good to last!"

THE END.

(You must not miss next week's grand long complete school story of the chums of Greyfriars.)

A FORTUNE—A LIFE OF EASE AND LUXURY—A CHANCE OF GETTING BACK TO THE OLD COUNTRY—JUST TO KEEP A SECRET FOR A FEW DAYS. THE TEMPTATION IS VERY STRONG!



# The Remittance Man's Temptation!

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 Greystriars.)

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Buck-Jumping.

"THAT is a fine animal, my lad!" It was Mr. Trevelyan, the new master at Cedar Creek School, who spoke.

Morning lessons were over at Cedar Creek, and Frank Richards & Co. had taken their horses from the corral for a ride before dinner.

As the three chums led the horses out on the trail, the new master spoke to Vere Beauclerc.

His glance dwelt admiringly upon Beauclerc's black horse Demon.

"A fine animal!" he repeated.

"Yes, sir, isn't he?" said Beauclerc quietly.

"He looks rather a spirited animal for a schoolboy to ride," continued Mr. Trevelyan.

Bob Lawless grinned.

"Beau was the only chap who could ride him, sir," he remarked. "They all tried him on the ranch at home, and gave him up. He's quiet enough with Beau."

"You must be a good rider, my boy."

"Yes, sir," answered Beauclerc in the same quiet tone.

Bob and Frank Richards glanced at their chum.

They knew that Beauclerc did not like the new master, who had arrived only the previous day at Cedar Creek.

The new master smiled.

"Will you lend me your horse for a few minutes, Beauclerc?" he asked.

Beauclerc did not answer for a moment.

But it was impossible to refuse the request, odd as it was, and much as he was inclined to do so.

"If you wish, sir," he said. "But—beut Demon doesn't get on with strangers."

"I think I can manage him. Give me the reins."

Beauclerc obeyed.

Mr. Trevelyan mounted the black horse, taking Beauclerc's riding-whip from his hand.

"He doesn't need the whip, sir!" Beauclerc exclaimed. "He will get savage if he is whipped."

Mr. Trevelyan only smiled.

The three schoolboys stood and watched him as he rode the horse down the trail.

Chunky Todgers and Hacke and some other fellows came out to watch.

"That galoot can't ride for toffee!" remarked Bob Lawless in an undertone. "He sits the horse like a sack of wheat!"

"I hope he won't use the whip," said Beauclerc, with a troubled look. "Demon won't stand it."

"By gum! There he goes!" exclaimed Chunky Todgers.

Mr. Trevelyan, apparently to show off his horsemanship, was making the black horse curvet in the trail.

He gave Demon a sharp lash with the whip across the flanks.

It was an unnecessary cut, and very sharp and cruel, and Beauclerc's eyes flashed as he saw it.

"Brute!" he muttered.

"That gee's goin to give trouble. I reckon," remarked Eben Hacke sententiously.

Hacke was right.

The black horse's temper was roused, not unnaturally, by the lash of the whip, and he began to rear and plunge savagely.

There was a loud clatter of hoofs on the hard trail.

"This way for the circus!" grinned Chunky Todgers. "We're going to see some buck-jumping!"

Clatter! Clatter! Crash!

Whether Mr. Trevelyan could ride or not, he was not the man to deal with a buck-jumping steed.

The black horse planted his forefeet on the trail, and threw up his hind legs high in the air, and it needed a very good rider to keep the saddle there.

Mr. Trevelyan did not keep it.

He plunged awkwardly over the horse's mane, losing stirrups and reins, and rolled off into the trail.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was an irresistible shout of laughter from the schoolboys at the gate.

The sight of such clumsy horsemanship tickled the young Canadians, born and bred among horses.

They did not mean to be disrespectful to the new master, but they simply could not help it.

But the next moment Frank Richards and Bob ran forward to help the fallen man.

Beauclerc ran to his horse, which was pawing and plunging dangerously near the man in the trail.

He caught the black horse, and dragged him away from the master.

"Hurt, sir?" exclaimed Frank Richards, as he bent over Mr. Trevelyan.

The new master lay in the grass, groaning.

"My—my leg, I think!" he gasped.

The schoolboys became grave at once.

It looked as if the master was to pay dear for his folly in mounting a horse he could not ride.

Mr. Trevelyan groaned again.

"By gum!" said Bob, in dismay.

"Carry him in," said Frank. "Lend a hand, you fellows!"

The schoolboys gathered round him at once, and Mr. Trevelyan was lifted up and carried back to the lumber school, groaning faintly as he went.

Miss Meadows met them in the playground.

"What has happened?" exclaimed the schoolmistress anxiously. "Is Mr. Trevelyan hurt?"

"Fall from a hoss, ma'am," said Eben Hacke.

"Pray carry him into his cabin."

The schoolboys bore the injured man away to his cabin, where Mr. Slimmey, the assistant-master, came in to attend to him.

Bob and Frank and the rest left the new master to Mr. Slimmey, who was examining his injuries.

"It's too bad," said Bob, as he went back to the gate with his chum. "But really, the galoot was a duffer. He don't know anything about horses."

"He's a duffer right enough," agreed Frank. "I hope it's not serious, though."

Beauclerc was holding their ponies outside, with the black horse.

He looked at them inquiringly as they came out.

"Anything serious?" he asked.

"I don't know; Slimmey's looking after him," said Frank.

"I can't feel very sorry for him," said Beauclerc quietly. "Why did he whip the horse? It was brutal."

"Oh, he's a jay!" grinned Bob. "He don't know his horse."

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NEXT TUESDAY!

"FOR HIS SON'S SAKE!"

A MAGNIFICENT TALE OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

## 8 Tell All Your Chums About Our New Serial of Football and Adventure!

know how to ride. I dare say he thought using the whip was part of the game."

Beaulerc smiled.  
"Let's get off!" he said. "He won't want to ride my horse again, and that's one comfort."

"Beau, old chap!" murmured Frank. Beaulerc was generally kind-hearted enough, and Frank was a little surprised at his evident indifference to the new master's accident.

The remittance-man's son coloured a little. "I don't like that man, Frank," he said. "I don't trust him. I'm going to ask my father's advice—"

"About Trevelyan?" demanded Bob.  
"Yes. I don't trust him. And I've got reason. But never mind him now—let's get off, or we sha'n't be back for dinner!"  
And the three chums mounted, and trotted away down the trail.

### THE SECOND CHAPTER. Dark Doubts!

**F**RANK RICHARDS inquired after Mr. Trevelyan when the chums came in from their ride.

Frank was quite willing to ride over to Thompson for the doctor, if necessary.

But apparently it was not necessary.  
"He's all right," said Chunky Todgers, with a disparaging sniff. "No bones broken. He's a soft tenderfoot, that's all."

"Do you mean to say he's not hurt?" asked Bob.

"Well, Slimmey can't find any damage, I know that," answered Chunky. "He's got a few bruises, and he says he don't want the medical johnny. Slimmey offered to get the doc, but he refused."

"That doesn't look soft," remarked Frank.  
"But he's laying up," said Chunky, with another sniff. "He's sticking in his cabin now. I hear he's not going to take up his duties here for a day or two, till he feels better."

"Oh!"  
Vere Beaulerc did not speak, but he looked very thoughtful.

His brows were knitted when the school-boys went into the lumber-school to dinner.

After school, Frank Richards & Co. rode away on the home trail together.  
They had not seen anything of Mr. Trevelyan during the afternoon.

He was "laying-up," and the date of commencing his duties in the school was indefinitely postponed.

This was not exactly agreeable to Miss Meadows, who was to be relieved of some of her duties by the new assistant.

But if the schoolmistress shared the opinion of Chunky Todgers, she gave no sign of it.

"Will you fellows come home to supper with me?" asked Beaulerc, as they rode away from the school.

"Certainly!" said Frank.

"You bet!" said Bob Lawless. "You're going to ask popper his opinion of the new pilgrim—eh?"

"Yes—and you'd better be there," answered Beaulerc. "I don't trust the man, as I've told you."

"You're making a mountain out of molehill, Cherub."

"Perhaps."

Frank and Bob were both a little puzzled.

They rode along the branch trail to the back of the creek, where they found Mr. Beaulerc at work in the clearing.

The remittance-man was much changed from what he had been when the chums first knew him.

The one-time loafer of Cedar Camp, the habitue of the saloons of Thompson, seemed to have turned over a new leaf.

Poker Pete's little parties at Gunten's store knew him no more, and his old associates seemed to have given him up in despair.

Instead of loafing about the bars, and staggering home at two in the morning, the remittance-man seemed to have settled down to steady labour, early to bed and early to rise.

The new colour of health in his cheeks, the new springiness of his step, and the steadiness in his eyes, told how much benefit he derived from his change of habits.

Whether the reform would last was a question the chums did not care to ask themselves, but they hoped that it would for Mr. Beaulerc's sake, and chiefly for his son's.

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NEXT  
TUESDAY!

"FOR HIS SON'S SAKE!"

Mr. Beaulerc joined them at the frugal supper-table in the shack, and when the meal was over, and he lighted his pipe, Vere approached the subject that was uppermost in his mind.

"I want to ask your advice, father," he began.

"Yes, my boy. Nothing wrong at the school, I hope?"

"No. It's about the new master there—a Mr. Trevelyan. You remember I told you yesterday how I found a man in the timber being attacked by Frisco Jo and two other rustlers. He called out to me his name—Philip Trevelyan—and called for help. I brought the cattlemen there, and found the whole lot of them were gone. Well, it turns out that Mr. Trevelyan was the new master expected at Cedar Creek School."

"Then he must have got away from the rustlers, after all," said Mr. Beaulerc. "I thought it very odd that Frisco Jo should make a prisoner of him—kidnap him, in fact—as you suspected, my boy."

"Too steep!" grinned Bob Lawless.

"But I'm not satisfied, father," went on Vere quietly. "When Mr. Trevelyan got to the school he told Miss Meadows he was late because he had missed the trail from Lone Wolf, and never mentioned the affair with the rustlers. When I got there this morning I found him, and he made out that the whole affair had been a rough joke, and the rustlers had let him go, after having had their joke with him."

"He made out!" repeated Mr. Beaulerc. "The explanation is natural enough, Vere. Surely you do not disbelieve him!"

"I do, father."

"But—" said the remittance-man, puzzled.

"I did not recognise him as the man I had seen in the wood, father. Of course, I had only a hasty glance at the man struggling with the Mexican at that moment. He was tall, like Mr. Trevelyan, and dressed in exactly the same clothes, but I cannot think that their faces were the same."

"My dear boy!"

"I cannot believe that he is the same man," said Beaulerc quietly. "He did not know me. It was not till after I had spoken that he alluded to the incident in the wood at all. But he knew all about it, for he alluded to it then. I think it was upon his lips to deny any knowledge of the affair. But, in that case, Sheriff Henderson would have been hunting for the man in the wood who was kidnaped by Frisco Jo and his gang."

Mr. Beaulerc looked hard at his son.

"My boy," he said, "do you mean that you suspect that your new master is not the Mr. Trevelyan you saw in the wood—that he is a confederate of the ruffians who attacked that man?"

"Yes; that is what I suspect, father."

"Draw it, said, Cherub, old scout!" murmured Bob Lawless, with wide-open eyes.

Frank Richards stared blankly at Beaulerc.

The remittance-man smoked his pipe for some moments in silence, a slight smile on his face.

"I cannot help suspecting it, father," said Beaulerc, breaking the silence. "I could not swear that he is not the man I saw in the wood, but I do not think he is the same man. He was wearing the same clothes, though—exactly the same. He has the man's clothes, I believe."

"You think that some impostor has come to Cedar Creek School as Mr. Trevelyan, the new master, having got Frisco Jo to kidnap the real man?"

"Yes, father."

"Oh, Jerusalem!" stuttered Bob.

"Beau!" murmured Frank incredulously.

Beaulerc did not answer.

His face showed how deeply in earnest he was, and for some time there was silence in the shack, while the remittance-man smoked thoughtfully.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Malingering!

**T**HAT is a very queer story, my boy," said Mr. Beaulerc, at last.

"I cannot help thinking so, father," said Vere quietly. "I am sure that the rustlers in the wood were not playing a rough joke on a stranger. Frisco Jo called out to the others to seize me. They meant to take me away also, so that I could

not tell what I had seen. But that is not all."

"Oh, more to come!" murmured Bob, closing one eye at Frank Richards.

It was evidently Bob's opinion that Beaulerc was allowing his imagination to run away with him.

"Mr. Trevelyan is a teacher, from a school at New Westminster," continued Beaulerc. "He is quite unknown in this section. His engagement was by correspondence, and he has never been seen here before. If he could be taken away somewhere, there is nothing to prevent another man coming to Cedar Creek in his name."

"But the man would have to be a teacher also, Vere, or he would soon be discovered as an impostor. Such an unscrupulous adventurer as you describe would not be likely to be a member of the teaching profession."

"That is what I am coming to, father. This morning the new master asked me to let him ride my horse. He deliberately lashed the horse, and gave himself a fall. He was not really hurt, but he is laying up as if it was serious, with the result that he has not taken up his duties in the school."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Frank Richards.

"I could not help thinking that the whole thing was put up as an excuse for not teaching in the school, father."

"Pile it on!" murmured Bob.

The remittance-man knitted his brows.

"The man has been accepted in the school as what he claims to be?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! Of course, Miss Meadows has never seen him before."

"I guess it's true about his malingering," said Bob Lawless. "All the fellows are grinning over his laying-up in his cabin for a few bruises. They think he's soft."

"I don't think he's soft," said Beaulerc.

"But," said Mr. Beaulerc, evidently much puzzled, "why should a man play such a trick, Vere? The salary of a school teacher in this section is not high. It would not be worth while."

"I know, father. I cannot understand his motive."

"And if he is laying up to avoid taking up his duties as a teacher, that could not last long. Next week it would all come out."

"I suppose so."

"So if he is playing such a game he cannot expect it to last longer than a week, or a fortnight at the most," said the remittance-man, with a smile. "You think a man has committed a crime and run great risks for the sake of a single week's salary as a master at a backwoods school?"

Bob Lawless chuckled, and Frank Richards could not help grinning.

Beaulerc coloured a little.  
Put in that way, it certainly did look as if he had made a mountain out of a molehill.

"I cannot be a few dollars he is after, father," said Beaulerc at last. "It must have cost him a dozen times as much to hire Frisco Jo and his gang to do their part."

"So he stands to lose by the transaction?" asked Mr. Beaulerc, smiling.

Vere shook his head.

"He has some other motive," he said.

"But what?"

"I cannot guess."

"My dear boy, I am afraid you suspect too much," said Mr. Beaulerc. "Unless a man has a very powerful motive, he would not play such a part. I advise you to say nothing of these surmises."

"I shall do as you think best, father, of course."

"But for your satisfaction, my boy, I will make some inquiry. I have an acquaintance in New Westminster, to whom I will write, and I will ask him some questions about this Mr. Trevelyan, and for a description of the man. That should set the matter at rest."

Beaulerc looked relieved.

"Thank you, father!"

The subject dropped with that.

Bob Lawless chuckled as he rode home to the ranch with Frank that evening.

"Fancy the Cherub getting such a bee into his bonnet, Franky!" he said. "And he's generally so level-headed, too!"

"It's queer," said Frank Richards. "Beau's about the last chap in the world to be suspicious. But he seems quite set on this."

"You don't think there's anything in it?"

"Well, no, there can't be."

"Vere's popper doesn't think so, either."

"Of course, it's impossible!" said Frank.

And Bob agreed that it was.

A MAGNIFICENT TALE OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO.  
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.



But the peculiar incident caused the chums to be very interested in the new master at Cedar Creek.

They did not see that gentleman the next day, however.

He was still laying up.

For several days after Frank Richards & Co. always looked out for Mr. Trevelyan when they arrived at the lumber school.

But the new master was seldom seen.

Miss Meadows had insisted at last upon the doctor being called from Thompson to see him.

The medical man was puzzled, and he hinted at internal complications following Mr. Trevelyan's fall on the trail.

That, apparently, was the only way or accounting for the master's indisposition.

Mr. Trevelyan expressed his regret to Miss Meadows several times, and informed her that he had no intention of drawing his salary until he was well enough to take up his duties.

Chucky Todgers became possessed of that item of information, and passed it on to the chums, and Bob pointed out that that fairly knocked Beauclerc's suspicion on the head.

According to all appearance, the man stood to lose all along the line, and to gain nothing, if he was the swindling impostor Beauclerc believed him to be.

But the Cherub did not change his opinion.

He did not pretend to be able to guess the man's motive for playing such a part; that was quite beyond him.

But he was sure of the facts.

His chums looked on his idea with good-humoured toleration.

But they were rather keen to hear what reply Mr. Beauclerc received from his friend at New Westminster.

It was a week or more before that reply came, and Frank and Bob came home with Beauclerc the day the remittance-man received the letter.

"I have news at last," the remittance-man told them, with a smile. "Here is a description of the genuine Trevelyan of New Westminster. Tall—"

"Right!" said Bob.

"Dark moustache—"

"Right again!"

"Well-dressed, with some elegance—"

"Correct!"

"And wears an eyeglass."

"The only one in the Thompson Valley!" chuckled Bob. "That the galoot, to a hair!"

"He left New Westminster to come to Cedar Creek two days before your new

master arrived," added Mr. Beauclerc. "Really, Vere, I think you must admit that this settles the matter."

"If you think so, father, I will say nothing more about it," said Vere.

"But you do not agree with me?"

"No."

"Oh, come off, Beau!" said Bob, in remonstrance.

"The man is still pretending to be ill at the school, father."

"But that pretence cannot last much longer—if it is a pretence, Vere."

"No; and that makes me think that whatever his object is it must soon be carried out," said Beauclerc quietly. "Father, could you not come up to the school and see the man? I know you could judge him for what he is."

Mr. Beauclerc hesitated.

It was plain that he looked upon his son's suspicion as a wild one; yet he could not help being impressed by Beauclerc's earnestness.

"To satisfy you, Vere, I will do so," he said at last. "For the gentleman's own sake this suspicion ought to be dispelled. I will call upon him, as a neighbour upon a sick man, and talk with him. I warn you that I shall only do this in order to dispel your strange suspicion of him."

"Thank you, father!"

And the next morning Mr. Beauclerc, with a borrowed horse, joined the chums of Cedar Creek on their way to school.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.**  
**A Startling Meeting.**

**T**HE next morning Lascelles Beauclerc wended his way to the school in the backyard.

After a brief conversation with Miss Meadows, he went over to the cabin occupied by the new master, and knocked at the door.

"Come in!" said a voice from within.

Mr. Beauclerc threw open the door and entered.

A tall man, fully dressed, was lying on the bunk in the room, with a book in his hand. He glanced up with a weary air.

"Pray excuse my not rising," he said. "I am far from well this morning. Please take a seat!"

The remittance-man did not answer, and he did not move.

He stood as if transfixed, with his eyes fixed upon the face of the man on the bunk.

His breath came short and sharp. "Good gad!" the remittance-man murmured at last.

"Sir—"

Lascelles Beauclerc moved at last. He strode nearer to the bunk, his eyes still fixed upon the face of the man there.

"Mr. Trevelyan?" he asked.

"That is my name."

"I do not know me?"

"I have never seen you before, to my knowledge."

"Look!" The remittance-man turned his face to the light, and as the sunlight streamed upon it, Trevelyan scanned him with searching un- easiness.

But he shook his head.

"I do not know you," he said.

Mr. Beauclerc laughed grimly.

"I have the advantage of you, then," he said, "for I know you very well."

"Indeed!"

"It is ten years since we met," said Mr. Beauclerc, with a grim smile—"under very different circumstances. This beard has changed me. I suppose—and other things. Probably I am not much like the man you knew in London ten years ago."

The master smiled.

"Apparently you mistake me for someone else," he said. "I was not in London ten years ago."

"Indeed?"

"No. I left England when quite a boy."

"Is it possible?" said the remittance-man, with an irony that was not lost on the man in the bunk. "I must be mistaken, then."

"Quite mistaken," said Mr. Trevelyan steadily. "And now, may I inquire why you have honoured me with this call, and what your name may be?"

"My name is Lascelles Beauclerc."

"Ah!"

"You remember the name?" smiled the remittance-man.

"Not at all. I have heard the name of Beauclerc as that of one of the pupils in this school."

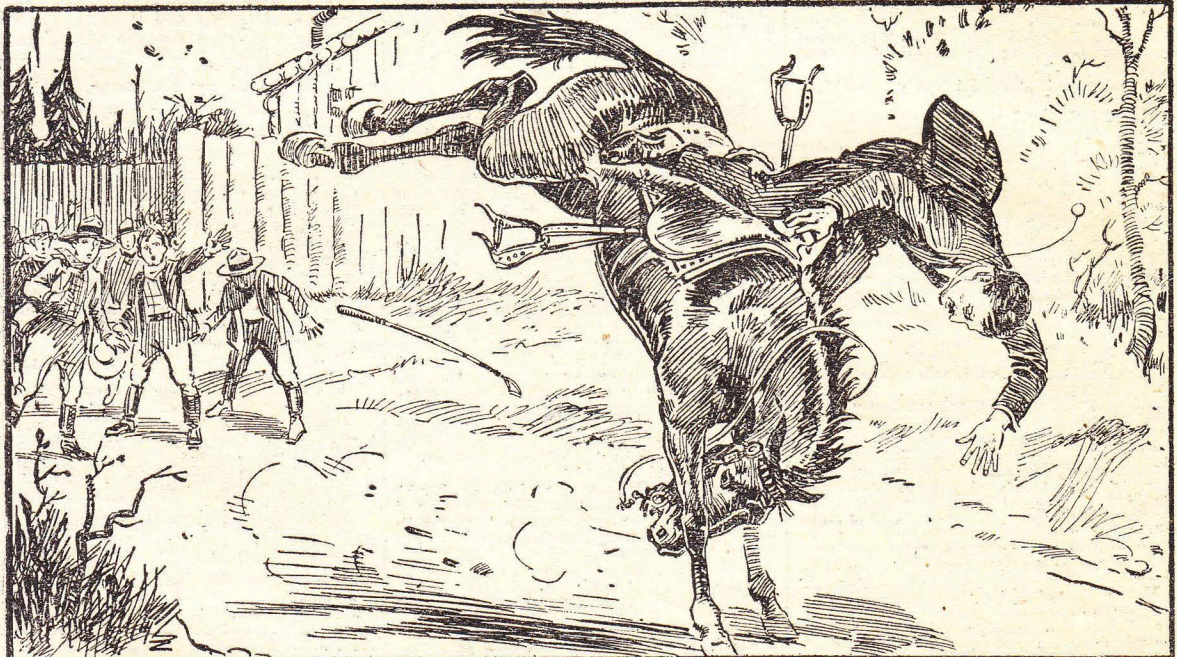
"My son," said the remittance-man.

"I presume so. And you called—"

"I called as a neighbour on a sick man," said Mr. Beauclerc. "My real object, however, was to satisfy my son that he had made a mistake in suspecting that you were not what you appeared to be."

The master compressed his lips.

"Indeed! Is it possible that your son regards me with distrust?" he exclaimed. "What can be his reason?"



"HITTING THE TRAIL!"—The black horse planted his forefeet on the trail, and threw up his hind legs high into the air. Mr. Trevelyan plunged awkwardly over the stallion's mane and rolled off on to the trail. (See Chapter 1.)

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NEXT TUESDAY!

"FOR HIS SON'S SAKE!"

A MAGNIFICENT TALE OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

"You are, then, the man he saw in the woods in the hands of 'Frisco Jo and his gang, Mr. Trevelyan?"

"Certainly!"

"You did not get 'Frisco Jo to put the man in a safe place, and borrow his clothes and his name, and come here as a school-teacher?"

"You are jesting, surely?"

"You did not get the rustlers to waylay Philip Trevelyan on his way up the valley, and kidnap him?"

"If your intention is to insult me, Mr.—er—Beaulerc—"

"To clear up the matter," smiled the remittance-man, "perhaps you will tell me who and what you are?"

Mr. Trevelyan was sitting up on the bunk now. His illness appeared to have gone.

His hand had slid into a pocket behind his back, and the remittance-man smiled as he noted it.

"If such suspicions are entertained by anyone, I may as well dispel them," said the new master. "I left England when a boy. I did some ranching in California, and afterwards in Canada. I had always felt an inclination towards the teaching profession, however, and I trained at a college in Toronto. I secured a post at Edmonton, and afterwards at New Westminster. I accepted the offer of a position here, as I believed that the mountain air would be better for my health, never very good. That is all my history—a very simple one, Mr. Beaulerc."

"And you are able to undertake your duties here as a teacher?"

"Decidedly."

"You are not shamming ill because you are certain to be found out as an impostor as soon as you take charge of a class?"

"Sir!"

"Having had no training in that line at all, or any line but horseracing, card-sharping, and confidence trickery," continued the remittance-man grimly.

"I can only conclude that you are mad, or drunk!" said Mr. Trevelyan coldly. "You will oblige me by leaving my cabin."

The remittance-man laughed.

"I do not desire to linger," he said. "But before I go I want an answer to one question: What are you doing here, Gerard Goring, and what game are you playing?"

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### The Tempest!

**T**HE man on the bunk sprang to his feet.

There was no sign of illness about his face now.

His face was white, his eyes gleamed under his bent brows, and his teeth had come together.

"What—what name did you call me?" he panted.

"Gerard Goring."

"That is not my name!"

"Come! Haven't I told you that I recognise you?" said the remittance-man impatiently. "I am Lascelles Beaulerc. Ten years ago you helped me to become what I did become. You pled me with drink till I signed my father's name on a piece of paper he had never seen, and you bolted with the profits of that transaction. I do not bear malice; I was nearly as bad as you were. But I want to know, Gerard Goring, what you are doing here!"

The new master was silent, save for his hurried breath.

His eyes gleamed like a wild animal's as they were fastened on the bearded face of the remittance-man.

"You think I am someone you have known?" he exclaimed at last.

"I do not think—I know."

"And what is your intention?"

"You need not ask that question. My intention is to find what you have done with Philip Trevelyan, of New Westminster. He must be a prisoner somewhere, and he must be released."

"How does it concern you?"

The remittance-man shrugged his shoulders.

There was a silence, the new master at Cedar Creek biting his lip with ill-concealed rage and uneasiness.

Mr. Beaulerc turned towards the door.

"Stop!"

"Why should I stop?" said Mr. Beaulerc coolly. "I have to call on the sheriff at Thompson this morning."

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NEXT TUESDAY!

**"FOR HIS SON'S SAKE!"**

Trevelyan's hand whipped out from behind him, and a revolver glittered in it.

Lascelles Beaulerc laughed lightly.

"Put that toy away!" he said contemptuously. "You dare not use it. If you dared risk your worthless neck, you would not have taken the trouble to kidnap Philip Trevelyan; it would have been safer to shoot him in the wood. Don't play the fool, Gerard Goring!"

There was hate and murder in the eyes of the impostor, but he realised the truth of what Lascelles Beaulerc said.

He slipped the weapon into his pocket again.

"I give in," he said. "I never dreamed of meeting an old acquaintance here. But stay; sit down, and I will tell you the game."

Mr. Beaulerc smiled, and sat down.

"As for the past," said Goring, composing himself, "that is over and done with, ten years ago. No need to rake that up. Perhaps I did not treat you well, but I was hard pushed. What I did to you others had done to me. I was not always what you had known me."

"Quite possible. I do not bear malice. I have too many sins of my own to answer for. But I am not quite what I was, and I shall not allow you to play out your game here, whatever it is."

"I'll be plain with you," said Goring quietly. "Since hearing your name, I have made some inquiries about you, in a quiet way, wondering whether you might be any connection of the Lascelles Beaulerc I knew in the past. You are a remittance-man, and your reputation is bad all along the valley. Your money, when it comes, is spent in drink and gambling—you alternate between a drunken roysterer and a loafer cadging for a drink."

The remittance-man nodded, unmoved.

"You want money," continued Goring. "Well, in this game I am playing, there is money."

"I could guess that much."

"There is a fortune to be made. I am willing to let you in."

"Because you cannot help it?"

"No need to deny that. There is a fortune at stake. What do you say to five hundred a year for yourself?"

"By gad!"

"It would be a leg-up for the remittance-man of Cedar Camp," said Goring, with a sneer.

"But how—"

"I'll give you the whole yarn," said Goring quietly. "No need to conceal anything now, as you can spoil the whole game with one word. Three months ago I was hanging around in Saskatoon, and I came across a man from the Old Country—an inquiry agent sent out from England to find a fellow who had emigrated when a boy—twenty years ago."

"Philip Trevelyan?"

"Exactly. Philip Trevelyan had been brought up among poor folk, but he was a distant relation of a wealthy baronet in Cornwall. He had never seen his rich relations, who did not appear to have had much affection for their poor relations. But a series of fortunate accidents happened. The baronet's two sons were killed in India, his nephews died, and his brother broke his neck in the hunting-field. By the sheerest chance, Philip, the poor relation, was left heir to the baronetcy and twenty thousand a year."

"Sir Gwynne Trevelyan was broken up by his misfortunes. He died, and the lawyers were left with the task of finding Trevelyan. They had a description of him, and that I obtained from the inquiry-man, who took me on to help him in his search. I could have put my finger on the man he wanted in a moment, for I had met Trevelyan, and heard from him all about his rich Cornish relations. I did not choose to do so."

"I think I understand."

"Naturally, the idea came into my head," said Goring coolly. "Roughly speaking, I resembled this man Trevelyan—I was tall, like him, at least—and his features were not known to those seeking him. I had been friendly with him at one time, and knew all his history. We were on bad terms later, owing to some discoveries he made about me."

"I understand that, too."

"Well, it struck me that a man about my size had a good chance of getting back to England as Philip Trevelyan," said Goring coolly. "I pumped, all I could from the detective. Later, he was unfortunately hurt in

an overturned sleigh, which I was driving at the time. He broke his leg, and gave up the business he was on; but, of course, there were a good many others seeking this man Trevelyan."

"I suppose so."

"I laid my plans to get hold of Trevelyan's papers, and anything he had to prove his identity, and to get him out of the way. I returned to New Westminster, and kept an eye on him while debating my plans. He knew nothing of his good fortune so far, and I found that he had accepted a post at this school, and was soon to leave for Cedar Creek. That gave me my chance."

The remittance-man listened, without interrupting.

"On his way here some friends of mine disposed of Philip Trevelyan, and I turned up in his place," resumed Goring. "Trevelyan is in a safe place; he will not give me away. I am here—waiting to be found. It cannot be long before the detectives learn that Trevelyan had a post at a New Westminster school. They will learn that he transferred to Cedar Creek, and they will come here to find him."

"And they will find you?"

"Exactly. I shall receive the news with surprise and delight," grinned Goring. "There can be no suspicion—I shall make no move myself. I shall simply be found by the men hunting for Trevelyan. I have his papers. I am as like him as is needful. I shall start for England at once, taking care to keep out of the way of anyone he knew at New Westminster. Any day now the discovery must come, and until then I must be too ill to teach in the school. Beaulerc, old man, it's a game after your own heart. Stand in with me, and share the plunder."

"I—I can't do it," muttered the remittance-man. "My son—"

Goring gritted his teeth.

"Your son!" he said quietly. "What are your son's prospects now, and what will they be if you share a fortune with me?"

Mr. Beaulerc started.

"Think of that," said Goring, pursuing his advantage. "What is Philip Trevelyan to you—a man you've never seen? There was a time when you would have leaped at this chance. It means wealth, ease, all the things you desire. London again—the clubs, instead of the Canadian backwoods. Isn't it worth while?"

The remittance-man rose unsteadily to his feet.

The dream of wealth dazzled him. The vision of his old life danced before his eyes.

The great city, the hum of multitudes, the ease, the comfort, the luxury—all that he had lost and missed and longed for, within his grasp at last.

The temptation was too strong.

And yet the thought of his son stayed in his mind, like a sheet-anchor that he clung to.

"I—I can't decide!" he muttered. "I must think over this—I must think—"

Goring drew a deep breath. He was sure of his victim now.

"Think as long as you like," he said easily. "Decide to stand in with me, and you are rich for life. Your old life is yours again. But if you decide against me, let me know before you speak. That is only playing the game. Give me twenty-four hours to clear out before you betray me, if you decide against me."

The remittance-man nodded.

"That's fair," he said. "I—I shall decide against you, Goring; but I must think. I will give you twenty-four hours."

"Good enough!"

Without another word the remittance-man left the cabin.

With knitted brows, he strode away towards the gate, where his horse was tethered.

The remittance-man mounted his horse, and rode away.

He hardly saw where the animal bore him.

He was thinking—thinking—turning the temptation over in his mind—dallying with the crime which, in his heart of hearts, he knew that he had not the courage to spurn from him.

THE END.

(There will be another long story of Frank Richards & Co. next week. Don't miss it!)

A MAGNIFICENT TALE OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

BEING THE ADVENTURES AND MISADVENTURES OF THE ST. JIM'S RIVAL AMATEUR DETECTIVES ON A "CASE"!



# Two on the Track!

A Grand New Long Complete Story of the Chums of St. Jim's School.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD

(Author of the famous tales of Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's, appearing in the "Gem" Library).

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Footprints!

"FOOTPWINTS, bai Jove!" Arthur Augustus D'Arcy jammed his celebrated monocle tighter in his eye, and stared at the ground.

Gussy had paused outside the tradesmen's entrance in the ivy-covered wall surrounding St. Jim's. But whatever interested the noble aristocrat of the Fourth Form certainly did not appear to have the same attraction for his three chums and study-mates who were with him.

"Come on, fathead!" said Jack Blake.

"Get a move on, ass!" said George Herries.

"Step out, duffer!" said Arthur Digby.

The four chums of Study No. 6 were out for an early morning walk before lessons. Considering that they meant to do four miles before breakfast, and they had hardly an hour in which to accomplish their purpose, Gussy's stop was clearly out of place.

"Footpwints, bai Jove!" repeated Augustus, surveying the blotches of mud outside the entrance keenly. "Didn't we heah the cook just saying that she had heard a noise in the kitchen during the night, and found a broken plate on the floor?"

"She's always hearing noises in the night!" grunted Blake. "Probably the cat prowling round—"

"Or Baggy Trimble investigating the larder!" chuckled Digby.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Theah is that possibility—" admitted Gussy.

"Possibility! What else do you think's the explanation?" exclaimed Blake excitedly.

"Pway, do not get excited, Blake!" said Gussy severely. "Theah is such a thing as burglars trying to bweak in and make off with the school plate—"

"You utter dummy!" shrieked Jack Blake. "Can't you see that these marks are made by some early tradesman or other?"

"I have pweviously wemarked, Blake," returned Arthur Augustus frigidly, "that this shouting on youah part is uttably wude! I firmly believe we are on the thweshold of a mystery—"

"Slay him!" moaned Blake.

"I am determined to get to the bottom of this mattah!" said Gussy firmly. "By twacking down this burglah, or burglahs, I shall be doing a gweat favah to the community! I expect you fellahs, as twue Bwitons, to follah my lead!"

"Follow—follow your lead?" gasped Blake faintly.

"Certainlay! These footpwints, I perceive, pwoced acwoss the wood and through the hedge. We must follah them to the bittah end, deah boys!"

Jack Blake lost all patience at last.

"Look here, Gus, you—you unutterable dummy!" he said deliberately. "If you think we're idiots enough to follow the hoofmarks of a tradesman across the muddy fields, you're mistaken! We're going on, and you can turn back and trot after us as soon as you're fed-up with the mud! Come on, you chaps!"

"Ta-ta, Gus!" said Herries and Digby as the trio marched rapidly away. Gussy did not reply; his gaze was already riveted again on the "footpwints."

It did not need a really brilliant detective to keep in the track of the footprints. They were large, and very deep; in fact, the ploughed field which he now traversed seemed something in the nature of a well-formed mud-heap. Gussy gazed with undisguisable misgivings at the terrible state of his shoes, silk socks, and trouser-bottoms.

"Bai Jove!" he shuddered. "I weally—but, nevah mind; I am on the twack!"

After at least three more ploughed fields, he tracked the footprints along a bridle-path. After that there were more fields, ploughed and otherwise, and then a stretch of cindery ground.

Footmarks were not visible on this material, but Gussy had calculated the direction they were taking, and felt extremely gratified with himself when he encountered the footprints again—on another stretch of mud.

"Wather a neat deduction that, bai Jove!" he murmured complacently. "I shall sewiously have to considah the matter of becoming an amateur detective when I gwow up!"

He was upon a long stretch of waste land now, just on the outskirts of Rylcombe, and he could clearly see where the footprints were leading. It was Upton Manor, an isolated little estate, surrounded by an orchard, straight ahead.

Could it mean—could it really mean—that the supposed burglar, after failing in his attempt to burgle St. Jim's, had transferred his attentions to Upton Manor? The thought thrilled Arthur Augustus.

The opinion grew more and more strong within him. The footprints led straight up to the tradesmen's gate in one side of the wall, stopped, and then moved round the wall to a part which, through the dislodgment of bricks, was most suitable for climbing.

The gleam of the junior's eyeglass denoted his great excitement. A moment of hesitation, and then he had climbed the wall, and leaned over, gazing about him tensely. Over his head spread the branches of an apple-tree, and all before him stretched the orchard of the manor—an orchard of which Sir Roland Jameson, its owner, was particularly proud.

THE POPULAR.—No. 194.

A NEW LONG STORY OF ST. JIM'S. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"THE SCHOOLBOY SHOWMEN!"

In the distance, through the vista of trees, Gussy could see the manor itself. What should he do now? Should he go round to the big gates forming the front entrance, ring the bell, and explain the danger to the lodge-keeper? But that prompted the vital question: Was the burglar still in the grounds, or even in the house? There was nothing to show that he had made his exit yet, though it seemed rather a late hour of the morning for a gentleman of his profession to be at work. A ring at the bell might alarm him, and result in his escape.

No! Gussy quickly decided on his course. He would drop into the orchard, cross to the manor, discover where the burglar had broken in, follow him, and—capture him single-handed! Thereupon he would, in his own words, "administah a feahful thwashing" before surrendering the cowed and beaten prisoner to the minions of the law! Verily, it was like Gussy!

In the excitement of these thoughts and plans, Gussy completely failed to notice what was immediately beneath him in the orchard.

This, again, was like Gussy! All around him was nice, soft earth, very nice for dropping upon from a height of eight feet or so. But beneath him—immediately beneath him—was something not quite so suitable for the purpose. In other words, a cucumber-frame!

Gussy was actually in the act of dropping before it caught his august eye. He let out a yelp of alarm as he felt his hands slithering from the wall. He shot out one arm wildly, and caught hold of a very slender, low-lying branch of the apple-tree. It stayed and post-

poned his fall to some extent, but then—snapped!

Crash! Glass flew in all directions, the woodwork splintered raucously, and the next thing Gussy knew he was occupying an elegant reclining posture in the ruined cucumber-frame. The arm of the apple-tree above him shook violently for a few moments, and at least three blushing, rosy-cheeked apples dropped into his lap, whilst more than that number—or so Gussy thought—dropped violently upon his head!

"Ow!" groaned the swell of St. Jim's. "Gwooh! Oh deah! How—how beastly annoyin', bai Jove! Ow-w-w!"

It was an ignominious climax to his brilliant detective work. Compared with what was just about to follow, however, it was quite dignified.

A hoarse exclamation sounded from no great distance, and then came the approach of dull, running footsteps. For a second Gussy struggled to free himself, but stopped suddenly. Not only was he firmly jammed in the frame-work, but a jutting piece of glass had successfully penetrated his trouser, a little above the knee, and each movement caused it to scratch his leg ominously.

Gasping, helpless, he had to wait to be rescued!

An angry, red-faced man, who might have been a gardener, appeared and glared at the reclining schoolboy. Gussy returned the gaze painfully.

"Wescue, please, my good man!" he gasped. "I—I wegwet to say—"

Gussy's gaze had become riveted by the man's lower extremities. His heart gave a violent jump. The man's boots, socks, and bottoms' of trousers were caked in thick, drying mud, even as Gussy's own

were! Whoever this man was, it was he who had made those long tracks and who had clambered the orchard wall!

Gussy was too dazed now to say anything at all.

"You—you young whelp!" spluttered the man furiously. "What on earth do you mean—?" His enraged eyes had caught sight of the apples in the junior's lap. "Ho! That's the game, is it? Pinching apples! My heye! Won't I—"

Words were beyond him. Stopping, he lifted the helpless junior from the ruined frame; and Gussy, the next thing he knew, was across the powerful man's bent knee, and—

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

The Hon. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was being spanked in a way he had practically never known before.

"Yawoop! Ow—ow—ow! Woop!" roared Gussy, in desperate anguish and surprise.

The hefty and furious man continued to belabour him with extraordinary vigour and power. One violent wriggle gave Gussy. It evidently took the man by surprise. Anyway, his victim jumped clean out of his grasp, landed a couple of yards away, bounded up, and simply streaked off.

"Come back! Hi, come back, you young whelp!" roared the man, giving chase. "I've not finished with you yet!"

He may not have finished with Gussy, but Gussy had certainly finished with him. His flying feet found a gravelled drive, and he sped along it like lightning, knowing not whither his steps took him.

Luckily they took him away from the manor. More luckily still, the lodge-keeper was just opening wide the gates, preparatory to sweeping the drive, when Gussy flew towards them. The lodge-keeper gave utterance to a roar, which Gussy simply did not regard. He simply flew through the gateway, and flew along the lane.

The thought of a resumption of that undignified spanking seemed to give the swell of St. Jim's supernatural speed. Sheer instinct took him in the direction of St. Jim's. And he ran, and ran, and ran!

Three figures, striding briskly ahead of him round a bend in the lane, spun round with one accord as the pounding footsteps bore down upon them.

"Gussy!" gasped Blake, Herries, and Digby in one astonished voice.

"Gwooh! Ooooph!" blew Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, pulling up short and almost collapsing.

"What on earth—" exclaimed Jack Blake in sheer amazement.

"Wait—wait until I get bweath, deah boys!" panted Gussy, leaning helplessly against the fence by the lane-side.

His chums started at his crimson, perspiring face, stared at his torn clothing, stared at the mud encasing his legs and feet, stared at each other, and—waited.

It took Gussy ten minutes to collect sufficient strength and wind to explain in panting, broken sentences. Blake & Co. listened at first with interest—and interest that grew stronger and stronger until the finish. The end of the narrative came as a surprise to them, just as it had done to Gussy! They held their sides and let themselves go.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

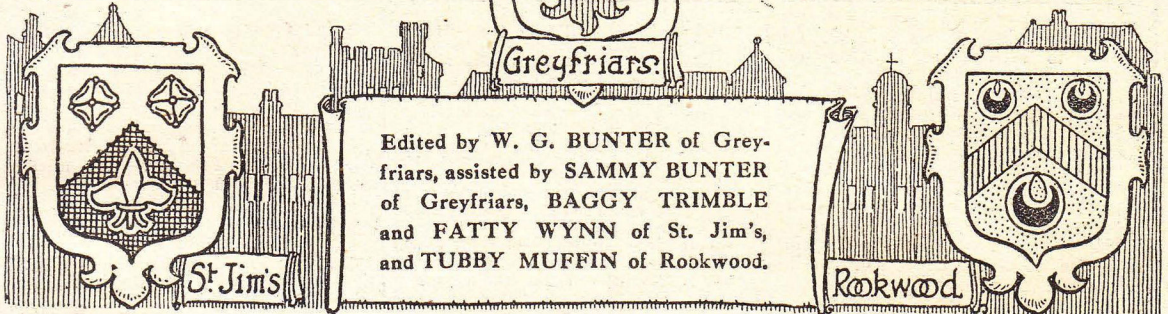
"Bai Jove! You—you uttah wottahs!" exclaimed their indignant chum. "This is no laughing mattah at all! Moahovah, I am more convinced than evah that that man is a thowoughly unpwincipled scoundwel! No othah type of person will submit a fellah to the gwoss indignity to which he submitted.

(Continued on page 16.)



**CAUGHT!**—An angry and red-faced man appeared and glared at D'Arcy. Gussy returned the gaze painfully. "Wescue, please, my good man!" he gasped. "I—I wegwet to say—" "You young whelp!" spluttered the man furiously. "That's the game, is it—pinching apples? My heye!" (See Chapter 1.)

# BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY



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.

Supplement No. 91.

Week Ending

October 7th, 1922.

## IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN!

By BILLY BUNTER.

My dear Readers,—Would anybody like to take my miner Sammy off my hands? I am fed up with him! His conduct is sickening. I have just had to chastise him with a cricket-stump, and I'll tell you why.

Last week Sammy came to me and wanted to borrow five bob.

"What do you want it for?" I demanded. "The fact is, Billy," said Sammy, "I'm going to take lessons in shorthand. There's a fellow in Friarsdale who has undertaken to teach me shorthand in a week for a fee of five bob."

I gave my miner five shillings out of the funds, and I felt very pleased to think he was taking up shorthand. I had visions of a lazy life—never doing any writing myself, but dictating it all to Sammy.

A few days later I met my miner on the doorstep of the tuckshop.

"How are you getting on with your shorthand, Sammy?" I inquired.

"I'm getting on famously!" was the reply. "I know shorthand inside-out and upside-down!"

"That's good! Come along to the study, and I'll dictate my editorial."

"Ahem! I—I've got another appointment!" muttered Sammy.

"Come along!" I said sternly. "You must keep your compact."

On reaching the study, I threw myself into the armchair, and dictated my editorial. Sammy made a lot of signs like potbooks and hangers on a sheet of paper. I asked if it was shorthand, and he said it was.

"Read it out to me," then I said.

Would you believe it, dear readers? The young fraud couldn't read a word of what he had written! He had grossly deceived me. Instead of taking shorthand lessons, he had blued that five bob at the tuckshop!

I have given him a lifelong lesson with a cricket-stump.

Yours sincerely,  
YOUR EDITOR.

Supplement i.]

## LEFT OUT!

By DICK PENFOLD.

(The Greyfriars' Bard.)

Upon the notice-board I see  
The names of fellows who will play  
In the great match with Highcliff School

Due to take place on Saturday.  
There's Bull and Brown, and Vernon-Smith,

There's Cherry, Peter Todd, and me;  
I scan the list, but fail to find  
The name of Bunter, W. G.

Young Hazeldene will keep the goal,  
Wharton and Nugent will be there;  
And Hurree Singh upon the wing  
Will make opponents tear their hair.  
It looks a very useful side.

But there's one thing that puzzles me;

Oh, where, oh, where, is that great name,

The name of Bunter, W. G.?

Billy declares that he can play  
A game of science, skill, and speed.  
He hopes to join the famous Spurs,  
They'll wire for him in time of need.  
What's wrong with Wharton? Bunter's form

He surely cannot fail to see?  
Why has he missed from that fine list  
The name of Bunter, W. G.

A podgy youth in spectacles  
Comes rushing to the notice-board;  
He stands and blinks, his heart then sinks,

He looks as if he's fairly floored.  
"Great jumping crackers!" he exclaims,

"Old Wharton has forgotten me!  
These Greyfriars chaps will all collapse  
Without their Bunter, W. G."

## MY IDEA OF A PERFECT DAY!

By TUBBY MUFFIN.

(Sub-Editor.)

6 a.m.—Early-morning cup of tea, to be brought into the dormitory by a liveried manservant.

6.30 a.m.—A second early-morning cup of tea, to be accompanied by hot rolls and butter.

7.30 a.m.—Breakfast in bed. Breakfast to consist of the following: Eggs and bacon (six eggs and three rashers). Buttered toast. A hunnycomb. Some strobberly-jam. Some fresh fruit. A jug of coffee. Cakes and tarts ad lib.

10 a.m.—Rising-bell. Liveried manservant to prepare hot bath, and to brush my clothes and assist me to dress.

11 a.m.—Light refreshments at the school tuckshop. Cream-buns, doonuts, maids of honner, and seterer and seterer.

11.15 to 11.30 a.m.—Morning lessons.

1 p.m.—Dinner in Hall. Dinner to konsist of soop, fish, foul, roast beef and Yorkshire-pooding, apple-dumplings, jam roly-poly, and froot and custard. More cakes and tarts ad lib.

1.30 p.m. to 4.30 p.m.—Forty winks on the study sofa.

4.30 p.m.—Tea. Eggsactly the same as breakfast, with the addition of my namesakes—muffins.

5 p.m. to 8 p.m.—A musical evening.

8 p.m. to 8.5 p.m.—Prep.

8.30 p.m.—Supper. Eggsactly the same as dinner, with the addition of a rabbit-pie.

9 p.m. to 11 p.m. Indoor games and other harmless pursuits.

11.15 p.m.—Taken up to bed in a high-drollick lift.

11.30 p.m. onwards. — Dreems, blissful dreems!

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NEXT WEEK'S SUPPLEMENT: A SPECIAL FISTICUFFS NUMBER!

## THE ROMANCE OF A PAIR OF FOOTBALL BOOTS!

Told by Themselves.

We are twins, of course. We are known to each other as Gog and Magog.

It was in a Northampton factory that we were first licked into shape. Lace-holes were bored into us, and we were studded at the soles.

"A perfect pair of footer boots!" everybody exclaimed when they saw us.

In due course we were sent to the boot and shoe shop at Wayland, Sussex.

The manager displayed us in the window, and we bore a ticket with the inscription:

**"SMART AND SUBSTANTIAL FOOTBALL BOOTS. THIS STYLE—ONE GUINEA."**

We didn't remain long in the shop window. It was not to be expected.

A tall, handsome fellow, whom we afterwards learned was Kildare of St. Jim's, strolled into the shop and purchased us.

Kildare seemed awfully pleased with us when he tried us on.

"They're a perfect fit, and jolly comfortable," he said. "And they're cheap at the price."

We were taken to St. Jim's in a brown paper parcel; and next day we made our first appearance on the football field.

Never shall we forget that first glorious game. We booted the ball as hard and as often as we could.

First Gog scored a goal, and then Magog. And Kildare was awfully proud of us.

Between us, we scored four goals in that match. And when Kildare took us off, in his study, he spoke to us quite affectionately.

"You're the best pair of footer boots I've ever had!" he exclaimed.

But alas! The days of a pair of football boots are numbered. They are lucky if they survive a single season.

In our case we were speedily worn out through constant exertion. We began to wear thin at the soles, and although Kildare took us into Wayland and had us repaired, we were never much good for active service afterwards.

Kildare eventually put us on the shelf, and purchased a new pair.

After a time we were given to Kildare's fag. And the latter sold us to Grundy of the Shell for a mere song.

Grundy completely ruined us in next to no time. Presently we gave way at the toes, and Grundy's socks were visible, much to the amusement of his schoolfellows.

"Those footer boots of yours, Grundy," said Monty Lowther, "are only fit for the scrap-heap!"

"Which pawnshop did you get them from?" asked Cardew.

And there was a general laugh at Grundy's expense.

Our careers, once so full of promise, are now at an end. We are reclining side by side in the dustbin—the final goal of all old and decrepit football boots.

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## ANSWERS TO KORRESPONDENTS!

By THE EDITOR.

"Budding Poet" (Ifracombe).—"I am sending you some verses. Do you think they could do with a little more fire?"—Yes; that is why I have burnt them!

P. H. R. (Reading).—"There's a fellow at my school who claims to be your cousin, Billy. Is that so?"—Fiddlesticks!

"Jim the Penman" (Huddersfield).—"I want to write a football story."—Well, I'm not stopping you, am I?

"Bobby" (Bristol).—"If a cannibal were to get hold of you, Billy, think what a fine feed he would have!"—I don't intend to emigrate to Germany, or other places where there are cannibals!

"Joker" (Leeds).—"I am sending you a handsome remittance, Billy, but not this week."—Hartless beast!

"Curious" (Cheltenham).—"How do you manage to get tick at the school tuck-shop?"—Well, to be candid, it's rather a ticklish proposition!

"Fair Admire" (Coventry).—"I consider you are a much better editor than Harry Wharton."—Same hear!

H. R. F. (Barnsley).—"My pal says horrid things about your 'Weekly.'"—Just give him a clump for me, will you?

"Fed Up" (Petersfield).—"My Form-master gave me a hundred lines for eating toffee in class."—Lucky dog! My Form-master gave me six on each hand!

"Inquisitive" (Nottingham).—"Who is the finest all-round athlete in the Remove?"—I am sick and tired of answering this question. Use your common-sense!

"Sufferer" (Sheffield).—"I've got a shocking cold."—Sorry colds aren't eatable, or I'd offer to share it with you!

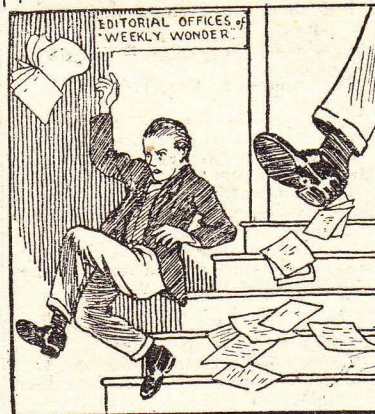
"Flossie" (Edgbaston).—"I think you are a nice, charming boy."—Dear lady, you are only one of millions who think the same!

A. M. H. (Norwich).—"What did you do when the Zeppelins came over Greyfriars?"—Went up after them in Tom Brown's box kite!

"Scottie" (Edinburgh).—"If you started to fast, how long could you keep it up?"—Oh, about half an hour.

## PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE.

By GEORGE KERR.



**TOM BROWN,**  
Writer of Humorous Stories.

## FOOTBALL CHATTER!

By KIT ERROLL.  
(Of Rookwood.)

Last Saturday was a red letter day in the annals of Rookwood football. For on that day the great match between Classicals and Moderns took place. There is always tremendous rivalry between the two sides, and there was keen speculation as to which would win. The Classicals had won the previous match, and Tommy Dodd & Co. were desperately anxious to turn the tables.

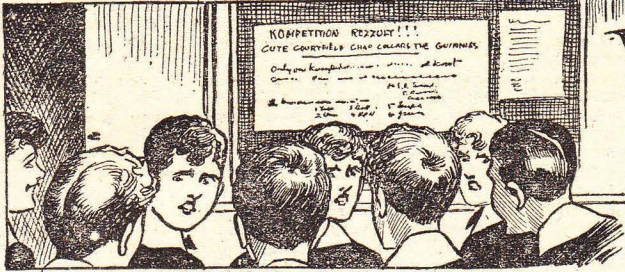
Bulkeley of the Sixth was in charge of the game, and the teams were at full strength. Jimmy Silver won the toss, but this carried no advantage with it, as there was no wind. Play was very even in the first half, both goals being attacked in turn. But the respective defences were in great form, and the score-sheet was blank at the interval. When the second half started, Tommy Dodd provided a big sensation by scoring twice for the Moderns in as many minutes. Each goal was a gem. Tommy Dodd raced through on his own on both occasions, and crashed the ball into the net.

The Classicals had their backs to the wall, but they did not lose heart. They threw themselves into the fray with great determination. Lovell put across a perfect centre, from which Jimmy Silver scored. The Moderns clung tenaciously to their lead of two goals to one, and they looked certain winners until, in the very last minute, Newcome rushed the ball into the net for the Classicals. The result was thus a draw of two goals apiece. On the run of the play the Moderns were perhaps unfortunate in being balked of victory.

Rookwood entertained the Greyfriars Remove on Wednesday, and met with a crushing reverse. The hard ground seemed to suit the speedy and dashing Greyfriars forwards, and Harry Wharton and Vernon-Smith each got a goal in the first half. Rookwood replied through Jimmy Silver. After the interval, the Greyfriars forwards ran riot, and three more goals were obtained, the scorers being Nugent (2) and Penfold. Tommy Doyle scored for Rookwood just before the finish, and Greyfriars gained a handsome victory by five goals to two. Our men seemed sadly off colour, but we hope to take our revenge when we go to Greyfriars.

Rookwood's next match will be against St. Jim's on Saturday next. Several changes have been made in the team which lost to Greyfriars, and it is hoped that we shall meet with better success. The match will be played at St. Jim's, and the journey will be made by motor-charabanc. Supporters who wish to come and cheer us on should send in their names to Jimmy Silver, so that seats may be reserved for them in the charabanc.

[Supplement II.]



# William the Wangler!

By PETER TODD.

(Of Greyfriars.)

"WHAT'S all the excitement about?" murmured Bob Cherry.

There was a scuffling of feet in the Close at Greyfriars.

A number of fags came running up, with bundles of papers under their arms.

"Special edition!" yelled Tubb of the Third, at the top of his lungs.

Bob Cherry caught the fag by the shoulder, and spun him round.

"Special edition of what?" he inquired.

"Billy Bunter's Weekly! It's a mid-week edition—special competition number!" explained Tubb breathlessly. "Price one penny."

Bob Cherry gave a grunt.

"This is a wheeze of Bunter's for raising the wind, I suppose," he said. "It's quite a new stunt, to publish a copy of the 'Weekly' separately from the 'Popular'.

Let's have a look at this competition!"

Bob Cherry took one of the copies, and dropped a penny into Tubb's palm.

The competition was on the front page. There were six pictures, each supposed to represent the name of a Greyfriars fellow.

The rules of the contest were worded in the following quaint form:

**"GRAND KOMPETITION!  
SEE IF YOU CAN SOLVE THE HIDDEN NAMES!**

A Prize of Two Ginnies will be awarded to the sender of the coupon containing the korrek solutions of the pictures which appear below. The prize-munney will be taken from the funds of 'Billy Bunter's Weekly,' which are in a flourishing kondition.

All entries to be delivered to Study No. 7 by Wednesday morning. A fee of threepence must accompany each coupon.

The judging will be carried out by a special staff of skilled jernalists. The Editor of 'Billy Bunter's Weekly' will take no part in the judging, in case he should be accused of favouritism.

Don't delay! Kompete to-day!"

Whilst Bob Cherry was wading through these rules, he was joined by his chums.

"What's the latest?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Bunter's running a competition," explained Bob. "Seems genuine enough. There's a prize of two guineas, and it will come out of the funds of 'Bunter's Weekly.'"

Wharton glanced at the paper, and laughed.

"Bunter seems to be feathering his nest jolly well!" he said. "He'll pocket a fee of threepence for every coupon sent in, and he'll make a small fortune out of this special edition."

"He's had to pay for it being printed, don't forget!" said Nugent.

"Rats! You bet the money came out of the funds!"

"Wouldn't be a bad wheeze to go in for this competition, just to see what happens," said Johnny Bull. "We'll all buy copies of the paper, and send in our attempts."

"The pictures look pretty easy," said Harry Wharton, scanning the paper. "The first one shows a fellow having a bath. That would be Tubb."

"And the second is me," said Bob Cherry. "The sketch is supposed to represent a

ripe cherry. It looks more like a pomegranate, but there isn't a fellow named Pomegranate at Greyfriars."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The third picture is supposed to be me," said Johnny Bull. "It's a bull in a meadow. Looks more like a hippopotamus, really. But we haven't a fellow named Hippo here, have we?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The fourth picture gave the juniors a bit of trouble. It was a fantastic drawing of a man hopping over the moon.

"Is there a fellow here called Jumper, or Springer?" asked Nugent.

"No, my worthy chum," said Hurree Singh. "But there is a fag called Hop II."

"Good! That's what it is!" said Wharton. "And the fifth picture is dead easy. It's a stately sort of building. That's Temple."

"From what I can see of it, we shall all be sending in korrek solutions!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"In which case, the two guineas will be divided between about two hundred fellows!" growled Johnny Bull.

"I expect so."

The last picture portrayed a meadow. Everybody jumped to the conclusion that it was "Field." They could think of no other fellow whose surname fitted the picture.



Bob Cherry took one of the copies and dropped a penny into Tubb's hand. The competition was on the front page!

"I fancy we've solved the lot korrekly, you fellows," said Harry Wharton.

He hailed Tubb, who was still touting papers in the Close, and purchased four copies. Then the Famous Five went along to the junior Common-room, for the purpose of filling in their coupons.

They were thus engaged when Billy Bunter rolled in.

The fat junior was all smiles. Business had been very brisk. He had sold nearly two hundred copies of his special edition, and he had overheard crowds of fellows saying that they intended to go in for the competition.

Bunter beamed at the Famous Five. "Having a shot at the hidden names, you fellows?" he asked affably.

Harry Wharton nodded.

Billy Bunter rolled away to the other end of the Common-room, where Skinner and Snoop and Stott were puzzling over

the pictures. He gave them a friendly word of encouragement.

"That's the way, you fellows! There's two guineas going begging for the best set of solutions," he said.

During the next few days Billy Bunter was simply bombarded with coupons. They swept in upon him like an avalanche. And with each coupon there was an entry-fee of threepence.

Bunter divided his time between sorting the coupons and feeding his inner Bunter at the school tuckshop.

The closing day came and went. And then came the day on which the result was to be announced.

Billy Bunter, looking pompous and important, rolled up to the notice-board with a sheet of paper in his hand. There was a sudden rush of feet as Bunter pinned the paper to the board.

"This way, you fellows!" said Bolsover major, in his booming tones. "The result's out!"

The Famous Five were among the throng that hustled and jostled towards the notice board.

Billy Bunter's announcement ran as follows:

**"KOMPETITION REZZULT!  
CUTE COURTFIELD CHAP COLLARS  
THE GINNIES!**

Only one kompetitor succeeded in sending in an all-korrek coupon. The prize of Two Ginnies has been awarded to:

MR. I. B. SMART,  
5, River Street,  
Courtfield.

The korrek solutions were as follows:

1. Tubb.
2. Cherry.
3. Bull.
4. Hop II.
5. Temple.
6. Greene."

"Well I'm dashed!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "The last picture wasn't Field at all! It was Greene! That's where we all went wrong."

"Fancy a Courtfield fellow taking the prize!" said Nugent. "Seems rather fishy to me. I think we'd better go over to Courtfield and investigate."

"Good wheeze!"

The Famous Five cycled over to Courtfield in the afternoon, and called at No. 5, River Street. They inquired for Mr. I. B. Smart, but no gentleman of that name resided at the address in question.

No. 5, River Street was a small general shop, where people could have letters addressed to them on payment of a small fee.

It did not take Harry Wharton & Co. long to put two and two together.

They discovered that a certain fat junior of Greyfriars had called at the shop, giving the name of Smart, and saying that he expected a letter shortly.

Billy Bunter had devised the ingenious wangle of winning the prize himself in an assumed name. And he had calmly appropriated the sum of two guineas from the funds of his "Weekly," and forwarded it to himself!

The Famous Five went back to Greyfriars fuming. And we will draw a veil over the scenes which followed—scenes which were very painful indeed for William the Wangler!

THE END.  
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Supplement III.]

"BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY" MAKES A SPLENDID PAL!

**TWO ON THE TRACK.**

(Continued from page 12.)

me! I mean to shadow him surweptiously!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha!"  
Blake, Herries, and Digby, with the tears rolling down their faces, were in an even more helpless condition than the unfortunate Gussy had been when they encountered him. With a withering sniff Gussy spun from them and stalked back to the school alone, in high dudgeon.

It wanted but a few minutes to breakfast when he arrived, and to the curious, grinning fellows he encountered he refused to vouchsafe a single word of explanation as to his dilapidated condition.

Blake & Co., however, did, when they arrived. They simply could not help it. To them, and to everybody who heard it, it was the joke of the week. And when Gussy, just before lessons, declared his fixed intention of going and "keeping watch" on Upton Manor immediately after dinner, renewed hilarity arose among the juniors.

Not one of them believed that there was a shred of foundation or truth in Gussy's conviction that the man he had shadowed was a "burglar," or anything else beyond an ordinary handman at the manor. But stay! On the rugged brow of one of them, chortle as he had done at Gussy's discomfiture, the story of the tracking left a corrugation of deep thought.

And that brow belonged to none other than the great George Alfred Grundy, the champion chump of the Shell!

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.**

**Two On the Track!**

**W**HAT on earth—"What the merry dickens—" "What the thump—"

There was an unusual cluster of juniors outside the tradesmen's entrance after dinner that day.

Jack Blake, Herries, and Digby, of the Fourth Form were there, and had passed the above remarks. Tom Merry, Monty Lowther, and Harry Manners, the heroes of the Shell, were there, grinning. And Gunn and Wilkins of the Shell were there, too, looking exasperated.

But in addition to these, and the centre of attention, the mighty George Alfred Grundy, of the Shell, was there.

Grundy was down on all fours, and, with the aid of a very large if not powerful magnifying-glass, was submitting the footprints that had previously attracted D'Arcy's attention to a close examination. "Going blind, Grundy, old son?" asked Monty Lowther kindly. "You oughtn't to need a magnifying-glass to see those dirty marks!"

Grundy grunted, and continued to move the glass about, keeping his face over it all the time. At last, with a click of satisfaction, he put the glass in an inside pocket, and rose.

"Footprints!" he said off-handedly. "Marvellous, my dear Holmes!" ejaculated Monty Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't want any of your funny rot, Lowther!" said Grundy crossly. "I'm going to see if there's anything in these rumours about burglars breaking in here! I'm going to theorise!"

"To—to what?" ejaculated Tom Merry.

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"To theorise!" repeated George Alfred Grundy distinctly. "I'm going to build up theories on this, and then see how they work out."

"Come on, you two!" finished Grundy summarily, addressing his faithful retainers, Wilkins and Gunn, who were beginning to look rather mutinous. "You're not much good as detectives' assistants or anything else, but I suppose I'll have to put up with you!" Wilkins and Gunn looked at him as if they could have swallowed him. "Now to see what theories we can build on this data."

"This what?" asked Wilkins.

"Data!" roared Grundy.

"I say, Grundy," suddenly said Herries hospitably, "I don't mind lending you my cornet for an hour or so!"

"Cornet! Who on earth wants your dashed cornet?" demanded Grundy, mystified.

"Well, Sherlock Holmes used to fiddle when he was getting out his theories, didn't he?" asked Herries innocently. "There's no fiddle knocking around, but if you think my cornet will help you, you're welcome!"

The juniors chuckled. "A brain like mine needs no artificial help," said Grundy loftily. And then, seeing by the grinning faces around him that his leg was being gently pulled, he said, "Rats!" and departed with his "detective assistants" to go and theorise.

Meanwhile, what of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy? True to his promise, Gussy left the school precincts directly after dinner, and commenced a very elaborate, not to say conspicuous, supervision of the outer wall of Upton Manor.

His luck was in for once. He had not been there long before he suddenly heard voices approaching the door of the tradesmen's entrance from the inside. He flattened himself behind a buttress of the wall and waited. The door opened, and three men appeared. One was the man who had given him that ignominious spanking in the early morning, and the other two were rough-looking men whom Gussy had never seen before.

Suspicious as Gussy was of the first man and all his works, he was scarcely prepared for what he was just about to hear.

"That's all settled, then," said Gussy's enemy, in low tones, whilst he looked about him nervously. "You call for the

plate and ornaments at six prompt this evening."

Plate, ornaments! Gussy's noble blood coursed excitedly through his veins, and he almost let out his inevitable "Bai Jove!" in his amazement.

"I s'pose—I s'pose you're proof positive there's no chance of the boss getting back so early?" said one of the men. "If we're caught—"

"Caught! We won't be caught!" hurriedly said Gussy's enemy, looking very alarmed at the thought. "It's all safe enough. Bring along the cart to this door at six prompt!"

"Right!" said both men, and then—

Tish-ooo-ooo!

Arthur Augustus had sneezed.

Concealment was of no further use now. Gussy made a run for it. His enemy spun round like a shot.

"What! You again!" he roared, and gave chase.

But Gussy had proved earlier in the day that he had a greater turn of speed than his enemy. Even so, the man lashed out with his large boot from behind, and Gussy was obliged to intercept it gracefully with the seat of his trousers.

"Yawooooop!" yelled Gussy, but the thrust only served to add to his impetus, and got him safely out of the way of the enraged fellow.

But Gussy was exuberant with joy and excitement as he sped back to the school. He had been correct in his deductions. That man was a burglar. He was scheming to burgle his employer's plate and ornaments. What would Blake & Co. have to say to that?

Straight into Study No. 6 dashed Gussy, to find his chums busy blowing up a football, in readiness for a practice match of Soccer, for the day was Wednesday—a half-holiday. But Blake, Herries, and Digby listened to his tale with a strange lack of enthusiasm. In fact, they even grinned!

"You—you uttah dummies!" yelled the noble Augustus, in sheer exasperation. "Don't you believe—"

"My dear ass," said Blake, with bland politeness, "it's all as clear as daylight! Those johnnies knew well enough you were listening to all they said, and they simply made up this yarn especially for you. They'll be ready for you at six to-night, collar you, and give you a thundering good licking!"

"Keep away from them, that's my advice!" said Herries emphatically.

"Hear, hear!" said Digby. "We don't want our prize effigy slaughtered."

Gussy glared at them impotently. That the men were rascals, and that they were planning to bring off a coup that very evening when Sir Roland Jameson was away, he had not the slightest doubt. But to have his discoveries interpreted like this—

Gussy's indignation knew no bounds. There and then he gave his chums an elaborate and candid opinion of themselves and their intelligence, whilst the three, lacing up their footer the while, listened blandly.

"And I uttably wufese to be shaken in my intention!" Gussy finished heatedly. "I will capchah those wascals myself. I shall be theah at six to-night in disguise—"

"In—in disguise!" murmured Blake faintly.

"Yaas, in disguise, Blake, you shell be theah at six to-night in disguise myself as a—twamp."

"Oh, my hat!" breathed Blake, and Herries and Digby looked at Gussy helplessly.

**CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER**  
 AN INSECT CHANGING THE WORLD  
 FREE FOUR PAGE PICTURE SUPPLEMENT  
**CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER**  
 THE ONLY PAPER OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD



"I'll take the wottahs uttably by sur-  
prise, and give them a feahful thwash-  
ing. After that I shall keep them in  
close captivity until the mastah of the  
house awwives!"

Blake & Co. stared helplessly at their  
determined chum. But Gussy did not  
stop for further argument. He closed  
the door with a resounding slam, and  
went off to choose a suitable disguise  
from the Dramatic Society's property-  
box.

Of course, Gussy's intention soon  
became common knowledge in the  
Fourth and Shell. Save to strengthen  
their long-standing opinions that Arthur  
Augustus was an incorrigible duffer, the  
news had no effect upon the mass of the  
juniors. But on George Alfred Grundy  
of the Shell it made a deep impression.

For the last hour Gunn and Wilkins,  
in the study they shared with that great  
man, had been vainly endeavouring to  
work on a Latin punishment task. But  
what with George Alfred taking up  
nearly all the available room with scraps  
of paper, on which he had scrawled  
notes, calculations, and measurements,  
and with his perpetual muttering as he  
"theorised," his satellites were not  
having a pleasant time of it.

"A fellow may be a hopeless ass—"  
Grundy began ruminatingly.

Wilkins and Gunn looked up at that,  
surprised.

"Hear, hear!" they chimed in to-  
gether feelingly.

"And a fatheaded duffer—"  
"No doubt about it!" said the two  
encouragingly.

"But even D'Arcy—"  
"Oa, D'Arcy!" said Gunn, dis-  
appointed.

"Look here, Gunn!" roared Grundy,  
jumping up. "Who d'you think I'm  
speaking about?"

"Ahem! D'Arcy, of course," said  
Gunn hastily.

Grundy sat down again.

"The fellow may be a dashed ass,"  
said Grundy, "but, with luck, he may  
have hit upon an important case. That  
conversation he heard looks suspiciously  
as though those fellows at the manor  
are up to some underhand game. And  
then those footprints outside the trades-  
men's entrance—"

His studymates groaned.

"I've already formulated some valu-  
able theories," said Grundy, glaring at  
them.

"Go and bury them!" muttered  
Wilkins.

"What's that?" exclaimed Grundy  
sharply.

"I said, let's hear them, old man,"  
said Wilkins untruthfully.

"Well," said Grundy, mollified, "one  
theory is that those prints were made  
by a Chinaman with an arm missing,  
who—er—waited there several hours."

"Why—why an arm missing?" asked  
Gunn mystified.

"And several hours waiting?" asked  
Wilkins, staring.

"Never mind about that," said  
Grundy hastily. "Detectives don't  
explain how they get these theories.  
They just get them."

"Oh!" said Wilkins and Gunn, gazing  
at their leader.

"Then again," remarked Grundy,  
stroking his chin, and speaking in a far-  
away voice, "they might have been  
made by a man with a hump back, who  
smoked strong shag, and had two  
fingers missing from his left hand.  
That's theory number two."

"My word!" murmured Gunn.

"How does he do it?" breathed  
Wilkins, looking at the ceiling.

Grundy waved a hand.

"To a brain like mine, my dear  
fellow, it is quite simple," he said, in  
a manner that Sherlock Holmes might  
have envied. "I've other theories, but  
won't go into them now—"

"Good!" said Gunn and Wilkins to-  
gether, in great relief.

"Look here, you rotters—" began  
Grundy, jumping up again.

"We mean, we're glad to hear you've  
formed other theories," explained  
Wilkins hastily. "We'll be glad to hear  
them, old man—"

"Some other day!" finished Gunn  
sweetly.

"Well, I've finished the theoretical  
part," said Grundy briskly. "Now for  
the mere practical work. I'm going  
over to that manor to-night at six and  
I'll see—ahem—if my theories are  
what I expect them to be. I shall be  
disguised as a sea-faring man—"

"Why—why on earth be disguised as  
a sea-faring man?" gasped Wilkins.

"Never mind why!" snapped Grundy.  
"All detectives do disguise themselves as  
something you don't expect. I don't  
know why, but they do."

"Oh!" said Wilkins and Gunn again.

Grundy as a detective was rather  
taking their breath away.

"I shall expect you fellows to come  
with me, also disguised—"

"Oh!" The expressions of both  
altered. They were fed-up with sharing  
Grundy's insensate adventures. "You  
do, do you?"

"I do," said Grundy firmly. "And  
you're coming! There's to be no back-  
ing out in this study, I can tell you!"

The two exchanged mutinous glances.  
"And where on earth are you getting  
the three disguises from?" demanded  
Wilkins.

Grundy rubbed his chin.

"We haven't exactly the seaman's out-  
fit I have in mind," he reflected. "We  
must take the next best. We'll have  
to make do with those things the fellows  
wore in the 'Pirates of Penzance.'"

"Pip-pip-pirates of Penzance!" stut-  
tered Wilkins helplessly; and William  
Gunn wondered whether or not he heard  
aright.

"That's it!" said Grundy, eyeing  
them. "Now then, there's to be no  
backing out, you fellows! Follow your  
leader! We'll sort them out now!"

But his henchman had reached the  
revolutionary point. To expect them to  
wear garb which was used only in comic  
opera was a trifle thick, even for  
Grundy. One meaning glance they ex-  
changed, and they rushed at him.

Bump! Grundy descended upon the  
floor of the study, and the rebels fled,  
leaving him to pick himself up.

"The—the rotters!" Grundy gasped,  
as he rose. "I'll—I'll squash them for  
that!" He paused a moment, breathing  
hard. "Well, as there seems to be  
nothing else for it, I'll do the job off my  
own bat! I'll show up the school for a  
set of unbelieving fools!"

And Grundy made for the property-  
box, which, though he little knew it,  
Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had not long  
ago deserted. He sorted out a costume  
—a costume which would send the fel-  
lows into shrieks of laughter if they  
could but see him in it—and then left  
for the woodshed, where he changed.

Gussy, too, had decided to change  
here, on account of its nearness to the  
gates, but Grundy was too preoccupied  
to notice the folded Etons on a pile of

wood in the corner. Dusk had already  
descended, and the hour of six was not  
very far distant when Grundy ventured  
forth in his extraordinary "disguise,"  
and made for Upton Manor.

Two amateur detectives, each the  
remotest thing from the other's mind,  
were on the track.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Mystery Solved.

"HERE'S the place!" muttered  
George Alfred Grundy.

Grundy stopped outside the  
big gates of Upton Manor,  
and peered through the bars in the  
gathering dusk. It was a quarter to  
six; but, as yet, there was not a soul  
about. But, unless Arthur Augustus  
had been duped, sinister operations were  
to commence in fifteen minutes' time.

"That dummy D'Arcy said the rot-  
ters were to call at the side entrance,"  
he muttered. "That's where I'd better  
keep watch."

With exaggerated stealth and caution,  
George Alfred Grundy crept round the  
side of the wall. Then, when he came  
within view of the tradesmen's entrance,  
he started. Outside the door, in the  
most suspicious, listening attitude possi-  
ble, was the figure of what appeared  
to be a tramp, in a very large and  
ragged cap.

"Topping!" muttered Grundy exult-  
antly. "This rotter's arrived a bit  
ahead of his time, so I'll be able to bag  
them one by one. My luck's in!"

Grundy crept up to the crouching  
figure and then sprang. Down both  
went in a confused heap, Grundy pum-  
melling vigorously at his victim.

"Ow! Bai Jove!" came an anguished  
and all-too-familiar yell from the sup-  
posed tramp. "Help! Ow! Yawoop!  
Wescue!"

Grundy ceased operations as if he had  
been shot in the back.

Not so the tramp, however! He  
scrambled up, seized Grundy's aston-  
ished head in chancery, and pummelled  
industriously.

"Woop! Ow! Stoppit!" came a  
familiar roar, which the tramp could not  
fail to recognise. "Lemme go, you  
idiot! Ow! Grooogh!"

"Gwunday, you—you uttah ass!"

"Gussy, you—your dangerous idiot!"

The dishevelled pair of "detectives"  
surveyed each other in the completest  
amazement and disgust. Grundy, in his  
ridiculous "Pirates of Penzance" out-  
fit, simply amazed Gussy. But Gussy,  
in baggy "tramp's" trousers and  
ragged coat that reached lower down  
than his knees—an outfit that was worn  
for the character of "the Artful  
Dodger" — positively bewildered  
Grundy.

"What—what on earth do you think  
you are?" he exclaimed.

"As a matter of fact, Gwunday," said  
Arthur Augustus stiffly, "I am 'dis-  
guised!'"

"Oh!" said Grundy faintly. "To—to  
tell the truth, so am I!"

"Oh!" said Gussy, staring at his  
rival's attire.

"Look here," said Grundy hastily,  
"we may as well work together, as  
things have turned out like this. After  
all, you have done a little bit towards  
finding out what we do know."

Arthur Augustus screwed his monocle  
firmly into his eye, and stared at the  
Shell junior.

"Weally, Gwunday! What nerve,  
bai Jove! I beg to point out that all  
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we know has been discovered through my own detective acumen, Gwunday!"

"I won't argue about it," said Grundy, in the lofty tones of a person above such a thing as argument. "Look here, there's a chance that those rotters will be let in at the front gates. I'll keep watch there, and you stay here—eh?"

"Vewy well, Gwunday!"  
 "Don't forget to bring me round if they stick to their intentions and come here!" said Grundy impressively.  
 "Wight-ho!" agreed Gussy, none too enthusiastically.

And, truth to tell, each "detective" was mortally afraid that the other would "muff" the whole business.

Grundy, in the same stealthy and suspicious manner as heretofore, returned to the main entrance. For five minutes he waited impatiently, and then, with a sudden decision, he resolved to act upon what he had half had in his mind when he left Gussy—to invade the orchard and "bag" the accomplice on his way to open the tradesmen's door.

But he had just placed one foot on the iron gate, when a heavy hand descended upon and grasped his collar, and another seized his arm and twisted it behind his back.

"Got yer, my lad!" said a gruff voice, as the dismayed Grundy, turning, found himself looking into the majestic features of the portly P.-c. Crump, the village policeman. "Arter stealing apples again, my lad, eh?"

"Stealing—stealing apples!" spluttered Grundy. "You fool, Crump! I'm here on important detective work—"

Grundy was already having to walk away with the obstinate policeman. P.-c. Crump had got a clever grip—one he called his "comerlong grip"—on Grundy's twisted arm, and the discomfited junior had nothing for it but to "comerlong." And thus slowly the uniformed captor and costumed captive progressed towards St. Jim's.

Meanwhile, his fellow-sleuth was having thrilling experiences in the region of the tradesmen's entrance to Upton Manor. Two men with a hand-cart loomed up in the dusk suddenly, and took Gussy somewhat by surprise.

"Bai Jove! If I fetch Gwunday now we'll bag those wottahs first!" he

muttered exuberantly, speeding softly round close to the wall to the main gates.

But Grundy was not to be seen. He was in the safe custody of P.-c. Crump; and when Gussy returned, after vainly searching and calling softly for the departed George Alfred, the "burglars" had evidently been let in by Gussy's enemy, for they had vanished.

For fully fifteen minutes Gussy waited and watched from the wall, utterly at a loss. Where was Grundy?

Gussy could stand the strain no longer. Taking the bull by the horns, so to speak, he dropped over into the orchard—not into the cucumber-frame this time—and crossed stealthily to the manor. He worked his way round to the back of the place, and then jumped.

Outside an outhouse of some kind was the hand-cart. It was loaded with something bulky and covered with tarpaulin, and in front of it, undoubtedly containing the ornaments the men had mentioned, was a sack.

"The—the plate, bai Jove!" Gussy gasped aloud.

It was unfortunate that he should have spoken. The three men dashed from the outhouse and stared at the intruder with startled and furious eyes.

"That—that infernal whelp again!" vociferated the man who had spanked him earlier.

But Gussy became suddenly alive to his danger. Turning, he sped round the manor and simply flew, for the second time that day, down the drive. But Jake was determined not to be robbed of his prey for a third time. His hand descended heavily upon Gussy's collar, when—

"Stop! What's this? What's this, Rogers?"

The big gates had been opened, a car had swung in, and a tall man jumped out, rapping out the inquiry as he did so. Jake Rogers released his victim, and looked at his master, Sir Roland Jameson.

"Oh, this—this young rascal, sir," he explained, "he's been arter the apples again, drat him!"

Sir Roland looked sternly at the queerly-garbed junior.

"You've been trying to steal my apples, have you, young man?"

"Nothin' of the kind, sir!" burst out

Gussy indignantly. "I am heah to protect youah pwoerty fwom this wascal and his accomplices, my deah sir—"

"What?" exclaimed the baronet, whilst Jake Rogers and the two rough men, who had come up, stared at him.

"I ovaheard these fellahs, sir, plan to take away youah plate and ornaments this evenin'. I have caught them in the act. Youah pwoerty is at the back of the house."

Sir Roland stared dumbfounded for a moment, and then burst into an irrepressible peal of laughter.

"You—you extraordinary youth!" he exclaimed. "The plate these men are taking is plate-glass from my museum, of which I am disposing, and the ornaments are curios from the same source! Good gracious! What next?"

"Oh—oh deah!" murmured Gussy, his face falling dejectedly. "I—I've wegwularly put my foot in it, bai Jove! I apologise deeply, my deah sir, for my ewwor! Oh cwumbs! I could have sworn these men were burglars. They were building so much on youah being out of the way when they came—"

"What's this?" said the baronet sharply. He spun round upon the men. "Rogers, I have been suspicious of you for some little time now, and I have an inkling of what has been going on. As to you, my boy," he said, not very unkindly, as he turned back to Gussy, "run away back home, or wherever you're from. You should have reported the matter to me or the police as soon as you formed your—um—suspicions."

"Hum! Thank you, sir!" muttered Gussy.

And he departed sheepishly. Whatever these men had been up to, it was certainly not burbling plate.

Gloomily and still very mystified, he trotted back towards the school. He was almost upon Grundy and P.-c. Crump before he noticed them.

"Bai Jove, Gwunday!" he exclaimed. "Wherevah have you been? I got over into the manah gwounds—"

"You did, did yer?" exclaimed P.-c. Crump, shooting out an arm. "Now I've the two of yer, yer young raskils!"

With faces like unto the blushing beet-root, Gussy and Grundy, escorted by the grim and portly Crump, passed into the school building amidst round after round of hilarious laughter.

Of course, a few words between Dr. Holmes and Sir Roland Jameson on the telephone put matters right, and the two vanquished detectives escaped with a lecture.

It was left to a few curious juniors to clear up the mystery properly. A few discreet inquiries to the lodge-keeper at Upton Manor produced the information that Rogers, who was a gardener, had merely been pilfering bottles of wine from his master's cellar, and the three had chosen the outhouse to discuss them on that particular evening.

As to the gardener climbing over the wall on that morning, this was simply because he had forgotten the key of the tradesmen's gate, which was one of the self-locking variety, and it was too early for him to gain an entrance at the main gates.

But these details did not interest Gussy and Grundy. They did not even listen to them. They wanted to forget all about the "case" as rapidly as ever possible.

THE END.

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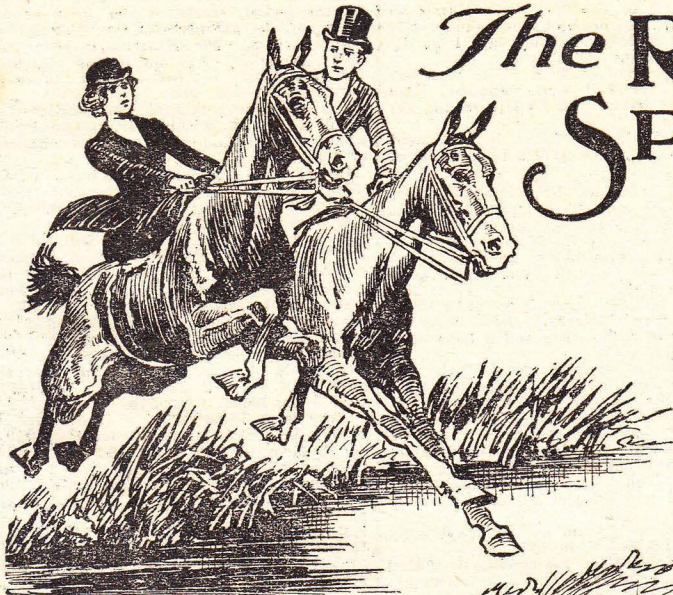
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NEXT TUESDAY!

**"THE SCHOOLBOY SHOWMEN!"**

THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF AN AMAZING NEW SERIAL OF FOOTBALL, SPORT, AND ADVENTURE!



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By VICTOR NELSON.

(Author of "By Nero's Command!" and "The Boy With Fifty Millions!" etc.)

## A Grand Old Sportsman—Disaster.

"NOW, my lads, tumble out!" It's time to start for the meet!" Old Sir Charles Lestrade came briskly into the gloomy, oak-paneled hall of Lestrade Castle and jerked out the words.

He was attired in a spotless pink coat, white breeches, and immaculate top-boots. Above his white stock tie his cheery old face glowed with the health of a man half his age. For, in spite of his energy and the fact that he was about to ride to hounds, Sir Charles was nearer sixty-five than sixty.

A voice answered him from the vicinity of a comfortable settee drawn near the flickering log-fire.

"I've decided not to trouble about the hunt, uncle," drawled the voice. "It's too beastly cold for riding. We shall have a fall of snow before you are half-started, the scent'll be done for, and everything made as miserable as sin!"

Sir Charles walked round the couch, and, with something very like contempt showing in his clear grey eyes, he stood looking down at the figure reclining upon it.

The recumbent one was a young man of twenty-two or three, well-built, and with a frame that a little exercise would have developed and made strong.

He had a rather pale, handsome face, adorned with a slight black moustache, which, as he laid aside the newspaper he had been scanning, he fondled languidly.

"Do you mean to tell me, Austin, that you contemplate lying there all the morning?" Sir Charles demanded, frowning.

The young man nodded with a bored air.

"Wild horses wouldn't shift me, uncle!" he declared, settling himself more comfortably amongst the cushions. "Take Harry. He'll probably go with you."

For a long moment Sir Charles regarded his nephew, Austin Courtney, with an only half-veiled scorn.

"Good heavens! What are the young men of to-day coming to?" he muttered, suddenly swinging round upon his heels. "John!"

A footman moved forward from out of the shadows.

"Where is Master Harry?"

"I am not sure, Sir Charles. I will make inquiries."

"Find him, and tell him to hurry up, or we shall be late for the meet. Inform him I am waiting for him."

With a vicious little slap at his boot with his hunting-crop, Sir Charles strode to the fire, and stood with his back towards it.

He had not long to wait.

A bright-faced boy of seventeen, or thereabouts, came slowly down the wide oaken staircase.

Sir Charles's frown deepened as he noted that he was huddled in a dressing-gown.

"What the dickens—" he began, spluttering a little in sudden exasperation. "Don't you realise that it's the morning of the meet of the South Wessex at Dead Man's Copse, Harry?"

The boy gave a gesture of assent.

Even in the flowing dressing-gown he wore it was possible to see that, like his cousin Austin, he was sturdily-made. He looked a trifle more than his seventeen years, and was a very good-looking boy, with frank blue eyes and wavy fair hair.

"I didn't intend turning out, dad—the weather looked so cheerless," he said, with a shiver.

His father let out an explosive exclamation.

"Good gracious! Used you to go on like this at school?" he asked. "Do you propose to loaf about in this way when, next year, you start college?"

"Loaf about, dad?" The boy looked hurt. "I am only enjoying my holiday," he protested.

"Enjoying your holiday! Well, may I be hanged!" Sir Charles burst out. "From what I have seen of you and your cousin Austin since you have both been under my roof, you are shrieking examples of the country's deterioration!"

"I played footer at school, father," Harry Lestrade urged, a trace sulkily.

"I am glad to hear it," his father snapped. "Anything else did you do—row, box, fence, wrestle?"

"No, dad. But wrestling is out-of-date, you know, and—"

"Out-of-date! Pshaw! No good, healthy exercise ought to be allowed to go out-of-date!" Sir Charles Lestrade declared. "By Jove, you two youngsters are letting your muscles get soft—letting yourselves drift into weaklings! When I was your age, Harry, and yours, too, Austin, I was a shining light in every sort of sport then known! You are lazy, both of you—that's what it is, and I am disgusted with you! You want waking up!"

Again he pounded his boot with his crop, and took a turn up and down the hall.

"Sport, exercise, is necessary for those who do not have to work hard with their muscles," he said. "Yet, from what I can see of it, the youths and young men of to-day consider sports and bodily exertion of any kind a nuisance, and believe that to enjoy life is to be lazy!"

"I'll come to the meet if you wish it, dad," Harry said, shamefacedly. "It'll not take me a jiffy to get into the togs!"

"Cut along, then, my boy," his father agreed, slightly mollified. "I will wait for you."

Harry Lestrade showed that he could be energetic enough when occasion demanded. He swung round and dashed back up the stairs, though his cousin Austin evidently meant to adhere to his decision to spend the morning lounging upon the settee near the fire. He sighed languidly, but did not move.

Sir Charles Lestrade strode to the other end of the spacious old hall.

Lestrade Castle was one of the finest old piles in Wessex, with wing upon wing, battlemented and buttressed, extensive gardens, shrubberies, and grounds. Parts of it dated back some three-hundred years, and reminded one of the ancient feudal days.

For generation upon generation the Lestrades—at least, the male Lestrades—had shone as men full of prowess and vigour.

In turn they had been great soldiers, great sailors, or great sportsmen, leaving behind them, when they reached the end of their allotted span, honoured names that would never die.

Sir Charles was one of the latter order.

In his earliest schooldays he had been an acknowledged master of various sports, and he was still a grand old sportsman to-day.

He had rowed stroke in his Oxford days, been brilliant at cricket, played with distinction in almost every possible position on the footer and Rugger fields, won numerous running and jumping contests, and in his prime been one of the best amateur heavy-weight boxers who ever drew on the gloves.

From a ridiculously-early age he had ridden to hounds and been passionately fond of horses. His name was a household word for straight dealing and honesty upon the Turf.

At his private training-stable, attached to Lestrade Castle, was a large string of thoroughbreds, including flat-racers, hurdlers, and steeplechasers. He himself had been an enthusiastic "gentleman rider" over the sticks, and on two occasions had been placed in the greatest steeplechase of all—the Grand National. That he had not won the big jumping event outright had each time been through the cruelest of luck.

Small wonder, then, that Sir Charles looked with scorn upon young fellows who preferred to hang around within doors rather than be astride a horse and joining in the thrill of a chase across country.

"As I am alive, I will wake them both up!" the fine-old fellow muttered under his breath. "I'll alter my will in a way that will cure them of this abominable lack of enthusiasm for good, healthy outdoor exercise! Yes, my lads, when I die you shall have a shock—pon my word you shall!"

A grim smile came to his lips, but quickly disappeared as his son came downstairs in readiness to join the meet.

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A GRAND STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"MOSSOO, THE HERO!"

Harry Lestrade had certainly contrived to create in himself a transformation.

His clean-limbed, boyish figure and fresh young face was suited by the pink jacket, riding-breeches, and leggings.

With a nod of approval, his father surveyed him.

"That's better than your previous attire, lad," he said. "A good sharp walk before breakfast would do you more good than waiting for one of the servants to bring chocolate and rolls to your room! Come; we shall be late!"

They passed out by the massive front door, which Sir Charles did not wait to have opened for him by the butler who was near, and moved forward.

As father and son vanished, Austin Courtney raised himself upon his elbow and lit a cigarette.

"Young prig!" he muttered. "Thinks to get all the old boy's fortune, and leave me out in the cold, if he panders to his horribly boisterous ways, I suppose? Bah! Sir Charles was always fair, and, as ever since my father died eighteen years ago, I have been as good as an eldest son to him, he'll be sure to divide everything between us."

He lay back and sent a blue spiral of smoke curling towards the raftered ceiling. The servants had moved out of hearing.

"Jove, but it will make life worth living when he eventually hands in his checks, and I get my share!" he mused callously. "The old chap must be worth half a million, to say nothing of his rent-roll of seventy thou a year! I'll show some of my friends how to spend what I get, I am thinking!"

Meanwhile Sir Charles and his son had crossed the old-fashioned moat by the stout modern bridge that had been built across it some time within the past half-century.

Beyond, on the drive, a couple of grooms waited with three spirited-looking horses.

"My nephew will not be going to the meet, Jephson," Sir Charles informed the head of the two. "Thanks!"—as the man gave him a leg up on to the back of his mount, a superb chestnut with rather wicked eyes.

Without assistance, Harry swung himself into the saddle.

He was good at pretty well every outdoor sport or pastime, and it was only pure indifference that had caused him to drift into leading a lazy sort of existence.

Together, father and son cantered off down the drive, whilst the grooms went back to the stables with the unwanted horse.

Once or twice as they rode across a stretch of open common on their way to Dead Man's Copse—the meeting-place for the hunt—Sir Charles glanced up anxiously at the sky.

The air was crisp and exhilarating, but the day did not look particularly promising. Overhead were leaden-hued clouds which threatened to introduce snow for the first time this winter, and if the downfall came before the "kill" it was odds-on it spoiling everything.

When they arrived at Dead Man's Copse they found a gay and animated scene spread out on the road before them.

The Wessex usually gathered together a good field for a meet; but it was larger than usual this morning.

A huge crowd of pink-coated men either sat upon or stood by their horses. There was a goodly sprinkling of ladies present, and all were merry and light-hearted, and seemed optimistic enough to think that the weather would remain good long enough for their sport.

Harry and his father were quickly exchanging greetings left and right, though Harry looked in vain for one face he was more than anxious to see.

"Hounds, gentlemen!"

Into the road had streamed the hounds, in charge of the huntsman and whipper-in. Next moment hats came off with a flourish. The Master had arrived.

Farmers and townspeople had gathered to watch the start, so that now there was an almost dense throng on the road.

Sir Travers Randall, the Master of the Hunt, was an old friend of the Lestrades, and came forward to greet them. With the Master was a pretty girl of about Harry's own age—Marjorie Randall, Sir Traver's only child.

With her cheeks flushed with excitement and from the crispness of the air, she looked very winsome and charming in her neat riding-habit.

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NEXT  
TUESDAY!

"FOR HIS SON'S SAKE!"

"It seemed a beastly bore, coming, but I am more than glad the pater insisted on my turning out now, Marjorie," said Harry, as the girl smiled at him, and shook hands. "It was such a wretched-looking day, I hardly expected to see you here."

Marjorie brushed aside a little rebellious bright-gold curl that had struggled from beneath her "bowler" and was caressing her cheek.

She studied his face for a long moment without speaking, then gave a little shrug of her slender shoulders.

"I do not think you have improved since you have been away to school, Harry," she said, at length, speaking with a directness that was explained by the fact that they had played as children together and known each other practically all their lives. "A bore to turn out for a meet!"

"Oh—er—well, you know, it seemed a bit of a fog," the boy answered lamely. "There's nothing like a roaring fire and a book on a day like this!"

"Harry, I am ashamed of you!" the girl declared, half-seriously, half-playfully. "For you to say that—you who used to love to be in the saddle! Could anything be better than being on the back of a horse on a winter's morning, hearing its hoofs thudding beneath you, and feeling the cold air rushing past your face? You have become sluggish and lazy, sir! I will set you a gallop when we start!"

She turned away, and a flush leapt hotly into Harry Lestrade's cheeks.

"Was she right?" he asked himself. "Had he deteriorated—grown slack, and unmanly since he had been away at a public school?"

He had not noticed it himself, but then, one was so apt to drift into the ways of those one constantly was associating with. And the fellows at his school had seemed to think it the thing to appear languid and dub everything a "bore" and a "beastly fag, dontcherknow" that necessitated their exerting themselves.

Abruptly Harry Lestrade's eyes flashed, and for a moment at least he was his old self—the old Harry Lestrade, who had never been disinclined to ride, walk, or indulge in any game that meant expanding the muscles.

"My hat! I suppose I have developed into a bit of a slacker!" he thought. "Set me a gallop, will you, Miss Marjorie! We shall see!"

The meet waited for the first whimper. Some of the most experienced riders had edged near a gap through which the huntsman and whipper-in had vanished with the hounds, amongst them Harry and his father and Marjorie.

They knew that they would thus be able to obtain a good start and leave the crowd behind, when the signal came that the scent had been found.

Ah! At last!

Clearly upon the crisp morning air rang out the huntsman's "Gone away!" and in a flash the field was streaming off after the pack.

A mile was covered, two; and many were left in the ruck. It was soon easy to note the people who could really ride—the comparatively few who would be in at the death.

Amongst them were Harry, his father, the Master, and Marjorie, and now the boy and girl were riding neck and neck.

Almost together, their two horses flew over a low fence dividing two stretches of meadowland, then, with Harry leading by a neck, they jumped a stream.

Laughing, the girl gave in.

"I apologise! You can still ride, Harry!" she panted.

"Thanks!" he grinned; and noticed, as the girl would have somewhat slackened the pace of her horse, that she had some slight trouble to bring it to obedience.

Like the horse his father was riding, Marjorie's animal was a chestnut, and, in Harry's opinion, it was rather more than she could manage, fine rider though he knew her to be.

The pace had been hot, and was beginning to tell. The hunt tailed out over six or seven fields, and even many of those in the van were beginning to show signs of dropping back.

The country grew more rugged and hilly, and, breasting the summit of a sharp rise, the leaders saw the pack. The huntsman was not far behind them, though the hounds were making a spanking pace that showed the scent was strong.

Sir Charles, riding in spite of his age with the dash and skill of a champion cross-country jockey, increased the speed of his horse until he was near the flanks of that of the huntsman. The Master, Marjorie, and Harry gradually crept up bit by bit, then into view flashed the fox, and the run ended with a kill in the open.

The field—or, rather, its leaders—had hardly ridden up when there happened that which was to cast a gloom over the rest of the day.

One of the hounds got out of hand in some way. No one seemed sure what really happened, though several saw the whipper-in give it a cut with his lash.

With a yelp of pain, the dog scuttled past the forelegs of Marjorie Randall's horse, cannoning against them en route; and the next moment those near saw the chestnut give a mad spring, then leap away like a racer, with its fair rider dragging upon the bridle, and trying in vain to check it.

Just for an instant everyone started after the animal and the girl, realising that the horse had got the bit between its teeth, that it was hopelessly startled, hopelessly out of control. Then, with a hoarse cry of horror, Marjorie's father shouted frantically: "My Heaven! The chalk pit! She's going right at it!"

It was only then that the girl's awful peril was really brought home to the rest of the party.

Recollecting this part of the country now, Harry Lestrade recalled that just over the brow of a low, grassy hill, not thirty yards ahead of the girl and the madly-tearing horse, lay the pit of an extinct chalk-quarrying company.

His blood seemed to turn to ice in his veins. It was true there was a flimsy fence round the pit, supposedly to guard against accidents, but it would be as matchwood if the horse struck it, as it surely must, unless in its maddened fight it took it at a leap. And the depth of the yawning cavity must be quite a hundred feet.

Half a dozen men started their horses after the girl. But Harry and his father were the first to recover their presence of mind and act, and both were yards in front of the other would-be rescuers.

It was a mad race—a frenzied race with death. Understanding that they had left their start too late to be able to do any good, all the others, save Marjorie's father, reined in and sat like statues, watching in fascination and horror as Sir Charles and Harry tore after the chestnut and the girl.

Marjorie showed a superb pluck. Although she must have known what lay just over the innocent-looking, waving grass on the summit of the rise before her, she did not lose her head, but tugged with all her strength at the reins in an effort to at least check her steed's breakneck career.

But it was useless. She was no match for the animal now that it had got so far out of hand; and if she were to be saved from destruction, it was either the man or lad who were rushing after her, or both of them, who would bring it about.

Nearer and nearer father and son drew to Marjorie, and closer and closer grew the grassy mound and the abyss that lay beyond.

She heard the thunder of the hoofs of their horses, and still dragged in desperation at the bridle. The rise loomed up before her. But now they were at her horse's flanks, now racing with her neck-and-neck.

"Tug the off rein, for the love of mercy, Marjorie!"

The girl heard the voice of Harry Lestrade as if in a dream, but mechanically she obeyed, and at the same moment she felt him boring his horse into hers on the opposite side.

Her eyes—terrified now—caught a glimpse of Sir Charles on the other side of his son. In his turn he was driving the side of his horse into that of Harry's in a desperate effort to turn the girl's animal, so that it should run parallel with the chalk pit's brink.

Powerful creature though it was, Marjorie's horse could not withstand the forces against it. With two other animals pressing it sideways, and the rein being pulled in that direction, too, it simply had to turn, but it gave in only when it could do naught else.

An then it was too late for all to escape.

Locked together, the three riders had swept over the crest of the mound. And even

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

as Marjorie's horse began to succumb to the combined efforts being made against it, and to swerve, they came within a yard of the edge of the chalk-pit and the apology for a fence that stood between them and the sheer hundred-foot drop.

Harry's heart leapt with joy as he realised that in the very nick of time the girl's horse had been turned. Then a gasp of dismay and the crack of splintering wood caused him to turn his head and utter an exclamation of dread.

For he was just in time to see the fence giving way before the weight of his father's horse, which in the mad, bumping, boring gallop had slipped and cannoned heavily against it.

Sir Charles made a wild effort to hurl himself from the saddle to safety, but there was no time. A portion of the railings were wrenched completely away, the horse's hoofs slithered upon the treacherous brink of the abyss, and in the next second it had plunged from view, carrying its rider with it.

Foam-flecked, trembling, and exhausted, Marjorie's horse had come to a standstill, and, half-fainting as the reaction set in, the girl fell, rather than dismounted, from its back.

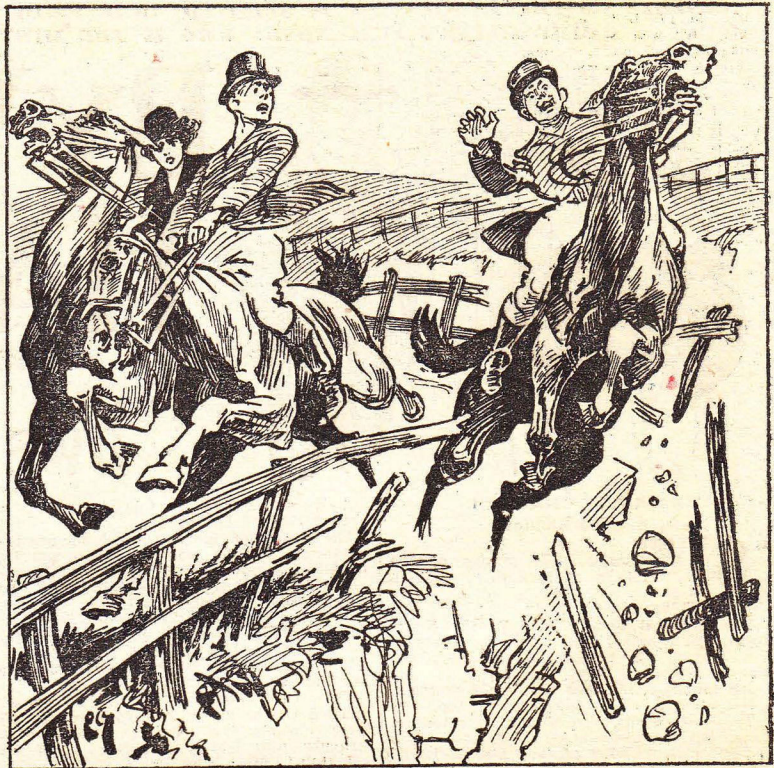
With blanched face, and a stunned expression in his eyes, Harry sat for a full two or three seconds quite motionless in his saddle, staring towards the broken fence.

Then, just as the others came galloping up, and Sir Travers Randall swung off his horse and clasped his daughter in his arms, Harry Lestrade leapt from his saddle, with a little choking sob, and, flinging himself at full length, peered over the quarry's brink.

A shudder shook him, and he gave a low moan of anguish.

Far beneath, just by a clump of bushes growing at the bottom of the pit, could be glimpsed his father's pink-clad form.

It lay near that of the horse, and both were prone and ominously still.



**OVER THE EDGE!**—Sir Charles made a wild effort to hurl himself from the saddle to safety, but there was no time. A portion of the railings were wrenched away and the horse's hoofs slithered upon the treacherous brink of the abyss, and in the next second it had plunged from view, carrying its rider with it! (See this page.)

**A Curious Will—On the Footer Field.**

**I**T was an early autumn morning, and the sun shone down on the Lestrade estates and the surrounding country.

Just over a month ago Sir Charles Lestrade had been laid to rest in the family vault in the near-by cemetery. But even with this lapse of time his servants, tenants, and the townspeople still continued to mourn him almost as deeply as did Harry, his only son, and his intimate friends.

Sir Charles had not died immediately as a result of his fall, surprising though it may seem.

His horse must have been killed instantaneously, for when Harry and some of the hunting party managed to clamber down to the bottom of the pit, they found that its neck was broken. Sir Charles, on the other hand, had had his fall broken to an extent by the thick growth of bushes at the pit's side, and was still living.

A surgeon, who was hurriedly summoned, announced that his spine was gravely injured, and held out little hope of his recovery. But when the old man had been taken home, and a London specialist was called in, he took a different view.

An operation, he declared, though it would probably leave Sir Charles a cripple, would in all probability save his life.

Learning this, the old man's nephew, Austin Courtney, had jumped to the conclusion that his uncle would pull through and live, and he managed to make excuses to leave the castle for a while.

He was abominably selfish and callous-natured, and sick-rooms were not in his line. This was in the beginning of the autumn, and by the start of the second week of that month Courtney was on board a friend's yacht and far away.

He had returned, after a six-weeks' cruise, to receive something of a shock.

In spite of the specialist's undoubted cleverness and a big reputation, the operation had not proved a success. Sir Charles had not returned to consciousness after it had been performed, and had been dead and buried over a month without his nephew being any the wiser.

A terrible fear that his uncle might have left him out of his will for his selfish desertion of him gripped Austin Courtney, when, on going to a flat he rented in town, he

found a letter awaiting him from the old sportsman's solicitor.

As fast as a taxi and train could carry him the young man had rushed down to Wessex, and was now with the lawyer in the latter's office in the little country town.

"Your uncle, Mr. Courtney, left a most peculiar will," Mr. Charteris, the man-of-law, was saying, as he faced the suspense-wracked visitor. "Unless you and your cousin Harry fall in with certain stipulations it contains, you inherit nothing, and everything, including the castle itself, will be sold, and go, together with my late client's private fortune, to various charities."

"Good heavens! When did my uncle put his hand to such a document?" Austin Courtney exclaimed, aghast.

"Shortly before the unsuccessful operation was performed," the lawyer informed him.

"And these—stipulations?" Courtney faltered, tugging agitatedly at his moustache.

"Are that whichever of you succeed best over the year that follows Sir Charles' death in duplicating him as he was in his twenty-first year, comes in for the private fortune of over half a million sterling, the castle, and its estates and rent-roll of seventy thousand per annum," Mr. Charteris answered, with a ghost of a very grim smile.

"In duplicating him as he was when he was twenty-one?" Courtney repeated, not understanding.

"Precisely. A list of the honours he carried off in the sporting world in his twenty-first year is attached to the will," the lawyer answered meaningly.

Austin Courtney dropped into a chair and stared at him in blank dismay and amazement.

"Honours in the sporting world!" he cried. "You mean to say that if I enter for more sports than Harry over the next twelve months and gain a better record for carrying off honours in such events, I get the money, the castle, and the estates? If it is the other way round, he gets everything?"

"Yes, save that you now only have eleven months before you. Remember that you have

been away for a month, and that I possessed no address where I could find you."

"This is utter nonsense!" Austin Courtney cried. "If neither my cousin nor I entered for any description of sport, all would be sold up—the fine old home of our ancestors, its heirlooms, pictures, everything—and every brass farthing go to charities, you say?"

"Exactly!"

"My uncle must have been insane when he had this document drafted out, and signed it! It could be disputed in a court of law!"

"On the contrary, he was perfectly sound in mind at the time. He took steps to prove this, Mr. Courtney, by calling in an eminent brain specialist, and submitting himself to the usual tests."

"But, who is to judge, supposing my cousin and I fall in with these terms of the will, which of us comes out best at the end of the year?"

"Six gentlemen were asked to form a committee and act as judges. Your uncle had come to the conclusion that both you and his son were leading idle and useless lives; that, unless one or both of you were altered, the deterioration of a fine old family had begun. By the way, neither you nor Harry are to know the identity of the judges."

"And what does my cousin, Harry, think of it all?"

"The lad is already seizing his opportunity with both hands," the lawyer returned.

"The dickens he is!" Austin Courtney cried, starting badly. "Just what do you mean?"

"He is going in for sport of all kinds, whole-heartedly," the man-of-law replied.

"To-day he is being given a trial in a friendly match Wessex Wanderers are playing with the Royal Air Force in aid of the hospital here. If he acquits himself to the liking of the team's manager and others who will be watching him, he will be signed on by Wessex as a professional player."

"Playing football before the body of his father is hardly cold!" the hypocritical Courtney cried, with well-feigned horror.

(Continued on page 28).

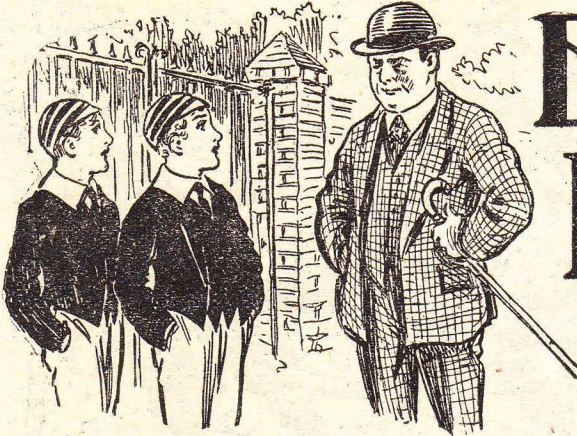
THE POPULAR.—No. 194.

A NEW LONG STORY OF ST. JIM'S. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

NEXT TUESDAY!

**"THE SCHOOLBOY SHOWMEN!"**

ANOTHER OF THE FAMOUS CO. IS SPIRITED AWAY FROM THE SCHOOL ALMOST UNDER JIMMY SILVER'S VERY NOSE! WHO IS THE MYSTERIOUS KIDNAPPER?



# BY WHOSE HAND?

Another Great School Story  
by

## OWEN CONQUEST.

### THE FIRST CHAPTER. Under the Shadow.

"SILVER!"

Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth Form at Rookwood, spoke in a gentle tone.

Jimmy Silver did not reply.

The Classical Fourth were in the Form-room, and it was Jimmy's turn to construe; but Jimmy was thinking of anything but Latin just then.

His usually sunny face was deeply overcast. His chum Newcome looked glum, too.

The two juniors were giving no attention to lessons; they couldn't!

They were thinking of their chums, Lovell and Raby, whose mysterious disappearance from Rookwood had caused a sensation in the school.

"Silver!"

Mornington nudged the captain of the Fourth, and Jimmy looked up, his face reddening.

"Yes, sir?" he stammered.

Mr. Bootles blinked at him very kindly over his spectacles.

The Form-master was aware of the loyal friendship that united the Fistical Four, and he sympathised with Jimmy Silver's evident distress.

"I am afraid your attention is wandering, Silver," said Mr. Bootles.

"I—I can't help it, sir!" stammered Jimmy. "I—I can't help thinking about—about—"

His voice faltered.

"I understand," said Mr. Bootles gently. "If you choose, Silver, you and Newcome may leave the Form-room for the morning."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" said Jimmy, in great relief. And Arthur Newcome echoed his words.

Form-work just then seemed a horror to the two juniors in their distress of mind.

Gladly enough they quitted the Form-room, leaving the rest of the Classical Fourth to grind Latin.

There was a cheery autumn sunshine in the old quadrangle of Rookwood, and the chums were glad to get into the open air.

Save for themselves and one other, the quadrangle was deserted.

The other was a man with a scarred face, and an empty sleeve hanging by his side, who was pacing under the beeches amid the fallen leaves.

"There's Captain Lagden, Jimmy," said Newcome. "May as well speak to him now. I don't know whether he knows what's happened to Raby—whether he knows he's missing as well as Lovell, I mean. He was very friendly in helping us to look for poor old Lovell."

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"He would help us if he could," he said. "But it's not much good looking for Raby, kid. He's nowhere near Rookwood. Newcome, old chap, what can have become of him and of Lovell?"

"Goodness knows!" muttered Newcome. The mystery of the juniors' disappearance oppressed the two chums like a weight upon their minds and their hearts.

They had had little sleep the previous night, since they had learned of George

Raby's disappearance, following that of Arthur Edward Lovell.

The two juniors moved towards the beeches, where the captain was pacing to and fro, smoking a cigarette.

The grim scars on the captain's face gave him a forbidding look; but Jimmy Silver had found him very kind and helpful when the search for Lovell was going on, and they felt kindly towards Basil Lagden.

The captain had his back towards them, and did not observe them.

The two Fourth-Formers had nearly reached the beeches, when, looking past the trees towards the gates they observed a stranger who had just entered, and was speaking to Mack, the porter.

Captain Lagden observed the man at the same moment, and stopped in his pacing, his back still to the juniors, and stared towards the gates.

The juniors could not see his face, but his sudden stop, and something in his attitude, showed that he was keenly interested in the man who had just come in from the road.

The stranger was a short, fat man, dressed in tweeds, with a bowler-hat and a big walking-stick.

He had a rather podgy face, and a straggling moustache, and shifty eyes of an uncertain colour. He looked as commonplace an individual as the chums of the Fourth had ever seen.

"I wonder who that is?" remarked Newcome. "Captain Lagden seems to know him, from the way he's staring at him."

"Looks like it," said Jimmy indifferently. "Never mind him. We want to speak to Lagden."

But Jimmy Silver did not have an opportunity of speaking to Captain Lagden just then.

The captain, after a long, hard stare at the stranger at the gates, turned sharply, and strode towards the School House.

He passed within a few paces of the surprised juniors, and gave them a short nod, but did not stop to speak, even to bid them good-morning.

He walked with a hurried stride towards the House, and disappeared in at the big doorway.

Jimmy Silver had opened his lips to speak as the captain was passing; but Basil Lagden was gone before he could utter a word.

Jimmy looked at Newcome, who returned his glance in surprise.

"My hat!" said Newcome. "What the dickens—"

"That's a man he doesn't want to meet," said Jimmy, with a slight smile. "The chap looks as if he might be a collector of bills. Perhaps he's got a little account for the captain."

The podgy man had left the porter at the gates now, and was starting across the quadrangle.

Jimmy Silver and Newcome had halted on the path, and the stranger eyed them as he came up, and stopped.

"Good-morning!" he said pleasantly. "Good-morning, sir!" said the two juniors politely.

"Not at lessons this morning—eh?" said the podgy gentleman, his shifty eyes twinkling at the juniors.

"No," answered Jimmy, without adding any explanation of the circumstances. He did not see that it concerned the podgy stranger in any way.

"And so this is Rookwood?" went on the podgy man, in a chatty way.

"Yes, this is Rookwood," answered Jimmy. "Fine place!" said the stranger, with a glance of his shifty eyes over the green quad and the grey old buildings. "Very interesting, these old places, to a man from the city—very! And you young gentlemen are going to play cricket, I suppose?"

The young gentlemen grinned.

"Next summer—certainly!" said Jimmy Silver. "Football happens to be on just now."

"Quite so—quite so! My mistake! Many a long day since I was at school," said the podgy gentleman. "I never was at Rookwood—never; hadn't the advantage of attending a public school myself. Great advantage that! Lucky young fellows—what? Once a Rookwooder, always a Rookwooder! Never quite lose sight of the old school—eh?"

Jimmy Silver nodded.

The two juniors remained where they were, as the podgy gentleman seemed disposed to be chatty, out of politeness.

"Lots of the Old Boys come down at times, I suppose? Old Boy matches, and all that—what?"

"Oh, yes!" said Jimmy.

"And you play the Old Boys at cricket—eh?"

"The seniors do," said Jimmy, with a smile. "Juniors don't figure in the Old Boys' matches. We're in the Fourth."

"I see—I see! Quite so! But you watch the games—eh? And cheer the boundary-hits, and all that?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Very interesting—very! Charming old place! I dare say you young gentlemen come in contact with quite a crowd of Old Boys, coming down for one thing or another."

"Sometimes."

"Yes, yes; of course! In fact, I dare say you'd see any Old Boy who happened to drop in around the place?"

"Very likely."

"Friend of mine was here some years back," said the podgy gentleman genially. "Name of Baumann. I dare say you've seen that young gentleman here at times?"

"Baumann!" repeated Jimmy Silver.

"There was a fellow of that name here once. He was the chap who shut up Lagden in the abbey vaults, when they were juniors here. Years before our time."

"Oh, yes! But no doubt he comes down sometimes with the other Old Boys—what?"

"Never seen him!" said Jimmy.

"He's never been to Rookwood in our time, so far as I know," added Newcome.

"Perhaps you mightn't have heard the name, but might have seen him all the same," remarked the podgy gentleman. "Great friend of mine—very! Man like that to look at."

To the astonishment of the juniors, the podgy gentleman whipped a photograph from his pocket and held it up for them to see,

NEXT TUESDAY! "THE PRISONERS OF ROOKWOOD!"

A SPLENDID STORY OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.  
By OWEN CONQUEST.

his shifty eyes watching their faces keenly while.

They looked at the photograph. It was that of a man about thirty, with a somewhat heavy face and rather unprepossessing features.

"You know that face—what?" "No," said Jimmy, looking at it more closely. "There seems something about it a bit familiar—about the eyes, I think. But I've never seen the man that I know of."

"Is that Baumann?" asked Newcome. "That's him; that's my friend Baumann! The fact is, I've lost trace of him, and thought I might get news of him here," exclaimed the podgy gentleman. "I'm calling on the Head for that reason—that very reason. You young gentlemen don't think you've seen a man like that about the place—hey?"

"Sorry! No."

"It's a pity—very. Never mind Good-morning to you, young gentlemen!"

The visitor slipped the photograph back into his pocket and started for the House with his quick, jerky walk.

"Well, my hat!" said Newcome. "That's a queer fish! Blessed if I know what to make of him! What are you thinking out, Jimmy?"

Jimmy Silver's face was deeply thoughtful. "It's jolly queer," he said—"jolly queer! That man's after Baumann, who used to be here; and he's not a friend of his, either. Looks to me like a plain-clothes detective, Newcome. There was one came here about that affair of Bulkeley last term; and they all have the same look, I believe. He was pumping us, as plain as anything. He sprung that photo on us suddenly, to see in our faces whether we knew it."

"A detective after an old Rookwood chap!" said Newcome, with a stare.

"Well, Baumann was a Rookwooder; but it's a German name, and I dare say he was no class," said Jimmy. "Sergeant Kettle remembers him, and don't think much of him. And that trick we've heard he played on Lagden—shutting him up in the abbey vaults—was a dirty trick. Anyway, that fat fellow was pumping us, though he was fast enough to think we didn't see it. Let's go and see Lagden now."

And Jimmy Silver and Newcome went into the House and made their way to the captain's quarters.

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.**

**The Veil of Mystery.**

**C**OME IN!" Captain Lagden's voice called out cheerily as Jimmy Silver tapped at the door of the Oak Room.

The captain was stretched upon a sofa under the window, and he gave the juniors a friendly nod as they entered.

"Not at lessons?" he smiled. "Mr. Bootles has let us off for this morning, sir?" answered Jimmy Silver. "We—we're a bit worried."

"I understand. Sit down! Very kind of you to give me a look-in!"

"We were going to speak to you in the quad, but—"

"I had a sudden twinge," said the captain, with a nod towards his empty sleeve. "I always get it when the weather's damp. I shall have lay up for a bit, I'm afraid."

The juniors were sympathetic at once. They understood now why the captain had come indoors so suddenly.

Jimmy felt a twinge of remorse as he remembered his idea that the captain had been avoiding the podgy stranger.

"Nothing to speak of, of course," said Captain Lagden, making light of the matter. "But the loss of a limb makes itself felt, you know. You get bad twinges in the bad weather. But never mind that. You have something to say to me."

"You were kind enough to help us in looking for poor old Lovell, sir—"

"Yes; you had an idea that the poor lad might still be about Rookwood somewhere," said the captain, with a smile. "I think we made a pretty thorough search of the place."

"Yes; I've had to give up that idea," said Jimmy. "But—but now Raby—"

The captain became very grave. "I heard this morning that Raby has gone away suddenly," he said. "It is very extraordinary!"

"I—I suppose he's gone away!" admitted Jimmy Silver. "But I can't understand it."

"Have his people heard?" "The Head's telephoned, but his people have heard nothing of him—same as Lovell's," said Newcome.

"It's very odd! Why should the boy go?" said the captain. "From what I saw of him, I should have thought he was happy here."

"He never went of his own accord, sir," said Jimmy. "I can't even guess what may have happened, but there's been foul play of some sort."

Newcome nodded assent. "That's rather a queer idea," said Captain Lagden thoughtfully. "What could have happened to Raby within the walls of the School House?"

"The same that happened to Loyell," said Jimmy.

"And that—?" "I don't know," confessed Jimmy. "It beats me—beats me hollow! It makes me feel that my head's turning round. But there's been foul play of some sort, and we're going to get to the bottom of it somehow."

"I wish you luck, my boy! Have you found anything out yet, then, to give you any idea—?"

"That's what we wanted to tell you, sir. Last night we were making a sort of investigation. You remember poor Lovell, when he disappeared, had left the dormitory to come down here and play a trick on you," Jimmy coloured. "I'm sure you've forgiven him for that, sir."

"With all my heart!" said the captain. "It was simply a misunderstanding, but Lovell had taken a dislike to me. Never mind that."

"Well, he had a can of ink that he was going to—to play that trick with," said Jimmy. "We thought that getting about in the dark he might have spilt some, and we might find the traces. He came down by the little oak staircase that's hardly ever used. We traced it out, and found that he had spilt some of the ink, as we had supposed. He left inky marks here and there all the way to this room."

Captain Lagden started. "To this room?"

"Yes. It's clear that he got as far as this door," said Jimmy. "There was a smear of ink, just perceptible, close to the door-handle, and Lovell must have got to the very door and taken hold of the handle. We'd found that much out last night, when, finding the door was locked, and not being able to make you hear, we thought you must be ill, and went down to call Mr. Bootles. Raby stayed outside your door, and when we came up you told us he had been gone some minutes. Well, he never came to the dormitory that night. He's never been seen since. After leaving you he simply vanished."

"Extraordinary!" "We were going to tell you what we'd found out about Lovell, you see," went on Jimmy Silver. "It's extraordinary that he had reached the door of this room, and then disappeared; and it simply knocked us over when we found that Raby had done exactly the same thing. Is it possible, sir, that Lovell could have entered this room the night he came here?"

The captain looked very thoughtful. "I was asleep in the next room, I suppose," he remarked. "I certainly did not wake up and hear him. He could scarcely have entered without awakening me, I should think. I rather fancy he gave up the idea of playing such a trick, and went back. Then he appears to have left the house. I hear that a window was found open in the morning."

Jimmy Silver nodded slowly. "But Raby, sir?" he said. "He didn't leave the house—at least, it can't be found out that he did."

"But he must have gone, as he is no longer here!" said the captain, with a faint smile. "I am afraid it will turn out that there was some scheme between them for running away from school together—some romantic idea—and they will probably be found together in a few days."

Jimmy Silver shook his head. "They wouldn't run away, sir; and if they'd had any idea of that kind, they wouldn't have kept it secret from us," he said.

"But what is the explanation, then?" asked the captain. "Dr. Chisholm is of my opinion."

"I can't guess what has happened, sir, except that there's been foul play," said Jimmy. "But we sha'n't rest till we've found out everything."

Amazed and perplexed as he was, there was no doubt of Jimmy's determination to probe the mystery, and discover what had become of his missing chums.

"I wish you every success!" said Captain Lagden cordially. "Any assistance I can render I shall be only too happy to give. I've got to lie up here to-day, and I shall think the matter over as hard as I can, and if anything occurs to me, I'll send you a message to come here."

"You're very kind, sir!" said Jimmy gratefully.

"Not at all. I can feel for your distress, my lad," said the captain. "There is very little I would not do to help you. Might I ask you to take a message to the Head for me, to inform him that I do not feel quite well enough to come down to lunch to-day?"

"Certainly, sir!"

The two juniors left the Oak Room, Captain Lagden taking up a book.

Their faces were clouded as they went downstairs. Captain Lagden had been so kind in giving them help before, that they had had a vague hope that he might have some suggestion to make, but evidently he was at as great a loss as themselves.

They proceeded to the Sixth Form room to take the captain's message to Dr. Chisholm, and in the corridor they encountered Tupper, the page, with a broad grin on his face.

He was coming away from the Sixth Form room.

"Is the Head there, Tupper?" asked Jimmy. "No," Master Silver, he ain't! I've just took in a gentleman's card to 'im, and he's gone to his stud," said Tupper. "He was waxy, sir! He don't like being interrupted when he's on Greek and sich, he don't."

Tupper chuckled. "But I 'ad to take the card in, seeing as the gent was very pressing, and him a detective, too!"

"Oh!" said Jimmy, remembering the podgy gentleman. "How do you know he was a detective, Tuppy?"

"Wasn't it in print on the card?" grinned Tupper. "Mr. Brown, Criminal Investigation Department, Scotland Yard." That there means a detective, don't it?"

"Oh!" "And the 'ead was waxy!" grinned Tupper. "Oh, what a wax!"

And Tupper went his way to the regions below, evidently with the intention of confiding to his friends there what a "wax" the Head was in.

Jimmy Silver and Newcome proceeded to the Head's study, and Jimmy tapped, receiving a very sharp "Come in!" in response. He opened the door a little timidly.

When the Head was in a "wax," it was always advisable to give him as wide a berth as possible, but in this case Jimmy Silver had no choice, as he had the captain's message to deliver.

The podgy gentleman was in the study, and his shifty eyes rested on the junior as the Head glanced sharply at Jimmy Silver.

"Well?" rapped Dr. Chisholm. Jimmy delivered Captain Lagden's message a neat lunch.

"Very well!"

And Jimmy retired from the study, glad to go.

Dr. Chisholm's face was set, and it was only too evident that Tupper was right about the reverend gentleman being "in a wax."

Jimmy and Newcome walked out into the quadrangle, where they discussed, for the fiftieth time, the mystery that puzzled and worried them, without coming any nearer a solution.

Lovell and Raby had disappeared from human ken as completely as if they had melted into thin air, and their chums were utterly baffled and mystified.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**

**Wanted!**

**M**R. BROWN'S shifty eyes stole back to the Head as the door closed after Jimmy Silver.

The Head was very calm and self-restrained, but the "wax" was quite apparent to the podgy gentleman's shifty eyes.

THE POPULAR.—No. 194.

A SPLENDID STORY OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.  
By OWEN CONQUEST.

**NEXT TUESDAY! "THE PRISONERS OF ROOKWOOD!"**

"Now, sir, you were saying—" said the Head abruptly.

"Sorry to be taking up your time like this—very!" said Mr Brown cheerfully. "Duty, sir! If you can give me any information—"

"If I can give you any information to assist you in vindicating the law, it is my duty to do so however unpleasant it may be," said Dr. Chisholm. "For that purpose, my time is at your disposal. I only beg you to be as brief as possible."

"Quite so, sir! To come to the point, there was a lad named Baumann at this school some years back."

"That is so."

"Not a lad of good character, I understand?"

"A lad of very bad character, sir," said the Head sharply. "He was compelled to leave Rookwood when his character became known to me. In short, he was expelled from the school for gambling and theft."

"Then I take it that he has never visited the school since?"

"Certainly not!"

"No old friends here, frinstance—"

"Most decidedly not."

"Not to your knowledge, of course, sir," said Mr. Brown. "Quite so! You cannot tell me, therefore, where to put my finger on Mr. Baumann?"

"I have not the faintest knowledge of his movements since he left Rookwood more than ten years ago. I heard something to the effect that he had gone to the bad, but I never knew the facts."

"The facts are simple enough, sir," said Mr. Brown. "Baumann did go to the bad—he became a hanger-on at races, a tout and welsler, and after that he served a sentence for forgery, and after that, sir, a sentence for manufacturing counterfeit banknotes."

The Head shuddered.

It was bitter enough to him to learn that a fellow who had once been at Rookwood School had had such a record in later life.

"This is news to me, Mr. Brown," he said, in a low voice. "I am shocked—very much shocked! However, I do not see—"

"Mr. Baumann had served his second sentence when the war broke out," said Mr. Brown. "He came very near serving another over a matter of trading with the enemy, though perhaps he did not regard the Germans as enemies, being of German descent himself. But he was still a free man when conscription was instituted, and he was taken into the Army."

"Hardly a profitable transaction for the Army, I should think," said the Head dryly. "Quite so!" assented Mr. Brown. "His military record was a bad one. His earliest exploit was to steal an officer's cheque-book, and pass false cheques upon tradespeople. He was at the Front when that was discovered, and he would have been dealt with in the usual way, but in an attack during the Somme fighting he was wounded. From that time it was not easy to trace him, but I have ascertained that he was sent home with a batch of wounded, put in hospital, and deserted from there. From that time he disappeared; and he is wanted for theft, forgery, and desertion. That is Mr. Baumann's record, sir."

"A disgraceful record," said the Head.

"Very!" assented Mr. Brown.

"Still, I do not quite see your object—"

"I will explain, sir. Although Baumann has not been heard of since, his work has been heard of. I have mentioned that he was sentenced once for counterfeiting banknotes. Lately, sir, there has been a flood of counterfeit paper money—banknotes and currency notes—and experts have recognised the undoubted hand of Mr. Baumann. He is at work again. Where, is a mystery; but he is at work, and turning out hundreds of pounds in excellent forgeries, which pass muster almost everywhere."

"Shocking! But—"

"I have twice had the pleasure of arresting Mr. Baumann," resumed the podgy gentleman. "I am looking forward to that pleasure a third time. In short, I am on the case, sir. That is why I am here."

Dr. Chisholm raised his eyebrows.

"Surely, Mr. Brown, you have no expectation whatever of finding that this unmitigated rascal has kept up his connection with his old school!" he exclaimed. "Really, sir, I—"

"Not at all; but in the absence of any clue, THE POPULAR.—No. 194.

a man must not neglect the slightest chances, sir. Baumann certainly was here in his schooldays, and he must have acquaintances among Rookwood men of his time. My object is to inquire whether you, sir, have heard anything of the man."

"Nothing whatever."

"Whether he has been seen in this neighbourhood—"

"I am certain that he has not."

"And whether you can give me the names of some Rookwood men of his time, who may possibly know something of his later movements."

"I fear that I can give you no assistance there, sir."

Mr. Brown coughed.

It was plain to see that the Head was shocked and annoyed by the whole story, and only wished to hear the last of Baumann, and to see the last of Mr. Brown himself at the earliest possible moment.

Mr. Brown could understand that perfectly, but he had no intention of gratifying the Head on that point. Business came first.

"Quite so, sir," said Mr. Brown. "But a singular circumstance is that the man has certainly been in this direction."

"Is it possible?"

"Banknotes and currency notes of the undoubted Baumann brand have been passed in certain places during the last week," said Mr. Brown calmly, "all at a distance from Rookwood. But—here is the singular circumstance—they have been traced in towns lying, as it were, in a circle round the school. The nearest is Lanham, to the west—ten or twelve miles away, I think."

"That is hardly sufficient to connect the rascal with Rookwood in any way."

"Quite so; but the notes have been traced in a town fifteen miles east—and, again, in distant towns north and south," said Mr. Brown. "The inference is that the man is working from some centre, and goes as far as possible afield to pass the products of his secret press; a very natural proceeding—very! The singular circumstance is that, tracing his movements on the map by means of the discovered counterfeits, I find that the centre of his field of operations is Rookwood School."

"Bless my soul!"

"Not this building precisely, of course," said Mr. Brown, with an agreeable smile. "I mean, of course, this vicinity. Judging by the distribution of counterfeit notes within the past week, the rascal certainly has his headquarters within easy distance of this school—his old school, sir. That fact, taken in connection with the fact that he was formerly at Rookwood, has brought me here. He must be known by sight to several persons, at least, here, and he may have been seen."

"I have heard nothing of it," said the Head, looking very distressed. "If he dared to present himself here, I should, of course, immediately hand him over to the police."

"Naturally. But, under the circumstances, my work will naturally lie in this neighbourhood," said Mr. Brown. "I trust that you have no objection to my looking about here—that you will, in fact, allow me the freedom of the place?"

Dr. Chisholm pursed his lips.

"You will please yourself," he said. "It appears to me useless to look about you here; but you will do your duty. I am aware that you have the power to insist—"

"Oh, sir!" murmured Mr. Brown deprecatingly.

"In any case, I should certainly not place any impediment in your way. I will give instructions for you to come and go as you please."

"Thank you very much, sir!"

"I have left the Sixth Form to see to you."

"I will detain you no longer, sir," said Mr. Brown, rising, and taking his bowler-hat. "I am very much obliged to you—very!"

And the podgy gentleman cheerfully took his departure, leaving the Head biting his lip.

For, with all Mr. Brown's politeness, it was quite clear to the Head that he fully expected to pick up some clue to the man he was seeking near Rookwood School, if not in the school itself.

Dr. Chisholm was very thoughtful as he returned to the Form-room, and the Sixth Form of Rookwood had the pleasure that morning of discovering for themselves that their headmaster was in a "wax."

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Brown is Busy.

"JIMMY, old chap, is there any news?" Tommy Dodd, of the Modern Fourth, asked that question when the juniors were released from lessons.

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"What on earth do you make of it?" asked the Modern junior. "The fellows are saying that Lovell's run away from school, and that Raby's gone to join him."

"I don't believe it," said Jimmy.

"What do you think, then?"

"I don't know what to think."

"Hallo! There's that beggar Brown!" exclaimed Newcome suddenly. "He's still here."

The two chums had walked into Little Quad, feeling rather "down," and not in the humour for the company of the other fellows.

In Little Quad they sighted the podgy gentleman in tweeds, with his bowler that pushed back on his bullet head, and his big walking-stick under his arm.

Mr. Brown was strolling round, his shifty little eyes very bright, apparently taking stock of his surroundings.

He smiled and nodded as he saw the juniors, and came towards them.

"Splendid old place, young gentlemen!" he said. "Quite a treat for me to be permitted to inspect such an historic place! I've been enjoying a little conversation with the school sergeant. Rare old character!"

"Oh, ripping!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Through the Boer War, and all that," said Mr. Brown. "Medals and things. Fine old specimen of the British soldier—what? And he remembers my old friend Baumann, who was here years before your time—long ago—very. Knew his photograph at once. Fine old character!"

"So you've been pumping the sergeant, as you were pumping me!" said Jimmy Silver deliberately.

Mr. Brown started.

"Pip-pip-pumping!" he stammered.

"Yes, I don't know whether it's struck you, Mr. Brown, that anybody could see a mile off that you are a detective," said Jimmy.

"Well, my word!" said Mr. Brown, evidently taken aback.

The two juniors walked on, grinning, Jimmy feeling that he had repaid Mr. Brown for his attempt at pumping.

The podgy gentleman blinked after them for a moment or two, and then hurried to overtake them.

"Very sharp of you, young gentleman—very!" said Mr. Brown amiably. "The fact of the matter is, it's not a secret, my young friend, and I never had any idea of concealing the fact that I belong to the police. As you are so sharp, you have no doubt guessed that I want to find Mr. Baumann for professional reasons."

"Naturally!"

"You don't happen to know anything that would be of use to me?" said Mr. Brown persuasively.

"I don't know that I should tell you if I did," said Jimmy Silver coolly. "It's not my business to act the informer. But I don't know anything about Baumann, and that's the fact. I don't believe he's ever been to Rookwood since he left, ten or fifteen years ago."

"Nobody here who remembers him, excepting the masters and the school sergeant," murmured Mr. Brown.

"Captain Lagden does," said Newcome. "Baumann shut him up in the abbey vaults once, when they were boys here together."

"Captain Lagden!" repeated the detective.

"A visitor to the school?"

"Old soldier, disabled," said Newcome. "He's come here as football coach. He lost his arm on the Somme."

"Poor gentleman!" said Mr. Brown. "Splendid man, though! Splendid! And he knew Master Baumann when he was here. Friend of his, perhaps?"

"No fear!" said Jimmy Silver, smiling. "They were study-mates, but not friends. Baumann was a bad lot, and Lagden is one of the best."

"Yes, he was a bad lot," said Mr. Brown, shaking his head. "I learn that he used to break bounds here at night and consort with low characters. A bad lot—very!"

Mr. Brown had evidently pumped Sergeant Kettle to some effect.

"And he used to get in and out of the



school in a very cunning way," went on Mr. Brown. "Nobody quite knew how he did it, and it was never found out, Mr. Kettle says. Very extraordinary—very! And he shut up a boy in the vaults, did he? What vaults?"

"They're under the old abbey, in the school grounds."

"I wonder whether you young gentlemen would care to show them to an interested stranger?" said Mr. Brown, with a smile. "I should take it as an act of kindness."

"Out of bounds for us."

"But I have your headmaster's leave to go where I like. With me—"

"Oh, all right!" said Jimmy Silver. He did not care whether he showed the stranger round or not; but time was hanging heavy on his hands, and he assented. "You'll want a lantern."

"I have a little pocket-lamp," smiled Mr. Brown.

"That will do, then. This way!"

Jimmy and Newcome led the way to the old abbey, their companion chatting all the time with inexhaustible cheerfulness.

"You'll have to ask the porter for the key," said Newcome. "The vaults are kept locked."

Mr. Brown stopped at Mack's lodge, and the porter, who had received his instructions from the Head, handed him the key without question, but with a very curious look.

A few minutes more, and the door of the abbey vaults was unlocked, and Mr. Brown entered, flash-lamp in hand, followed by the juniors.

Mr. Brown's curiosity and interest were unlimited.

He explored the long series of vaults most thoroughly, and it was time for the juniors to go in to dinner before he was finished.

They left him still in the vaults, and went back to the School House.

After dinner, curious to see whether Mr. Brown was still exploring, they visited the abbey ruins; but the door at the bottom of the steps was locked.

"He's gone!" said Newcome.

The two juniors sauntered away, and near the gates old Mack called to them.

"Is the gentleman done with that there key?" he demanded. "I've got the 'Ead's orders to be careful with that there key."

"Hasn't he given it to you back?" asked Jimmy, in surprise.

"I ain't seen him."

"Well, the vaults are locked up," said Jimmy Silver. "He must have gone off with the key in his pocket."

"Careless hass!" said old Mack emphatically.

And, having delivered that opinion of the gentleman from Scotland Yard, old Mack retired, grunting, to his lodge.

Mr. Brown, apparently, had gone out, as he was not seen about Rookwood School that afternoon.

It was close on locking-up time when he tapped at the door of old Mack's lodge, and the porter opened it surlily.

Mr. Brown held out the key of the vaults, with an apologetic look.

"Walked off with it in my pocket," said Mr. Brown. "Careless of me—very! But here it is, Mr. Mack, and thanks to you!"

"Lucky as you 'aven't lost it!" said Mack, with a grunt. "I've 'ad trouble enough with that key, what with the young gents borrherrin' of it without asking leave, to risk their blessed necks exploring the vaults, and so forth. And if a man asks for that key, he's bound to carry it off in his pocket and forget it, and make a man werrit. They can't ever remember to bring it back!"

Mack was crusty. But Mr. Brown only smiled in a genial way.

"They!" he repeated. "You don't mean that some other visitor borrowed your key, Mr. Mack, and forgot to bring it back? That would be a queer coincidence!"

"Well, it was so!" snapped Mack. "Twice it's 'appened, and I 'ope that nobody won't want that blessed key any more!"

"Dear me!" said Mr. Brown, his shifty eyes brighter than ever. "What a very curious coincidence, Mr. Mack! Very?"

Grunt!

"You don't remember the other man who borrowed the key, did you say?"

Mack stared.

"Course I didn't say anything of the kind!" he answered. "I s'pose I remember, when it only 'appened last week."

"I see. You lent it to a friend with a taste for exploration?"

"I lent it to a gentleman what's staying 'ere," grunted Mack. "And a very nice gentleman, too, if you ask me. I ain't grumbling, am I?"

"Why, certainly not! The Head has several visitors staying here now, I believe?"

"Not that I knows on," answered Mack. "There ain't nobody but Captain Lagden that I'm aweer of."

"Oh, I see! A splendid man, sir, Captain Lagden!" said Mr. Brown. "Disabled in his country's service—an old Rookwooder, too! Very natural for him to borrow your key, and revisit some of his boyhood's haunts—very!"

"Well, I ain't much of a taste for slugs and spiders myself," said old Mack.

"And the captain forgot to return you the key, just as I did?" smiled Mr. Brown.

"Quite a coincidence. Shell-shock, perhaps; bad memory."

"Nothing of the sort. He jest forgot, same as you did. Now, if you're not wanting anything else, sir, I'll just shut the gates."

"Quite so—quite so! Good-evening, Mr. Mack!"

Mr. Brown, with his stick under his arm, walked away in the gathering dusk, and the gates clanged behind him.

The shifty eyes were glittering.

His hand slid into his pocket, and felt the key there—a key that was an exact reproduction of the key he had "forgotten" to return to Mack before he went out, and which Mr. Brown had had made at a locksmith's that afternoon at Lantham.

It was for that purpose that he had "forgotten" to return the vault key, though old Mack was far from suspecting it.

"Curious!" murmured Mr. Brown, as he walked on in the dusk. "Odd—very! Used to know Baumann—study-mates. H'm! Forgot to return the key, just as I did. For the same reason, I wonder?"

Mr. Brown was deep in thought as he walked to his inn at Coombe.

And it was his intention the next day to make the acquaintance of Captain Lagden at Rookwood.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Jimmy Silver's Suggestion!

JIMMY SILVER and Newcome had gone into the Form-room with the rest of the Fourth that afternoon.

They did their best there; and Mr. Bootles, who understood their worried frame of mind, was very easy with them.

That day there had been telegraphing to and fro between Rookwood School and Raby's home, the missing junior's father being very anxious about his son, but unable to come to the school, being detained by important work.

But he could have done nothing if he had come.

The Head's belief was that Raby had left Rookwood to join Lovell, the two having planned the escapade between them; and the Head's feeling on the subject were of worry and anger.

There seemed no other explanation of the absence of the two juniors.

Jimmy Silver himself wondered whether it was possible that his chums had gone with that wild idea in their heads.

It was barely possible, yet it was inconceivable that they would have gone on such an escapade without letting him know.

He clung to his belief that there had been foul play; but when he tried to think out what it had been, and how, he was completely floored.

The chums were glad when lessons were over, and after tea they ventured to call upon Captain Lagden again in the Oak Room.

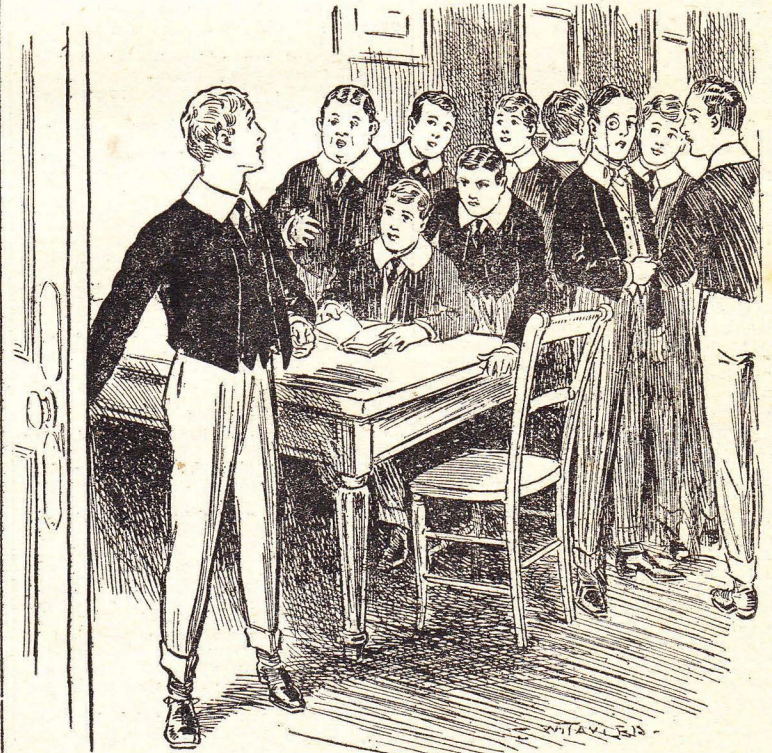
The captain seemed pleased to see the juniors.

"You—you haven't thought of—of anything yet, sir?" said Jimmy, who had been nourishing a vague hope that the captain might have "thought it out," as he had promised, with some result.

"I'm afraid not," said Captain Lagden.

"There's a detective chap hanging around Rookwood," said Jimmy. "I was wondering whether I could speak to him about it."

The captain's scarred face was very grave.



WHERE HAS NEWCOME GONE?—Jimmy Silver glanced over the crowd of fellows in the Common-room, but Arthur Newcome was not among them. "Any of you fellows seen Newcome?" he called out. "No! Haven't seen him for some time. He's not here!" said Mornington! (See Chapter 6.)



## A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR!

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Address: The Editor, The "Popular," The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

FOR NEXT TUESDAY.

We shall again have four splendid long complete stories for our next issue, the first of which will be an extremely fine story of the chums of Greyfriars, entitled:

### "MOSSOO, THE HERO."

By Frank Richards.

In this story we learn how, there having been many burglaries in the district, Fisher T. Fish gets on the track. Unfortunately, he selects Monsieur Charpentier as his suspect, and certainly there is a little reason for suspicion against the French master. But the French master settles the matter himself, and in a way which thrills the whole school.

The second long complete school story is about Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood, and is entitled:

### "THE PRISONERS OF ROOKWOOD."

By Owen Conquest.

Quite the most amazing mystery which ever occurred is occupying the attention of all Rookwood, and the most recent developments are even more staggering.

A third grand complete story will concern the adventures in the Backwoods of Canada of Frank Richards & Co., the chums of Cedar Creek.

### "FOR HIS SON'S SAKE"

is the title of the story, and it will not do for me to say too much about this story, for it is of the kind which is better left to my readers to devour as they proceed with its perusal. However, I may say here that it is one of the most thrilling and dramatic stories ever penned by our great friend, Mr. Martin Clifford.

The fourth story is a specially written story of St. Jim's, and is entitled

### "THE SCHOOLBOY SHOWMEN."

By Martin Clifford.

There is humour and excitement in this story, and no lover of school stories can afford to miss it.

### "THE RIVAL SPORTSMEN."

By Victor Nelson.

In this issue you have the first instalment of quite the finest sports story ever written. Mr. Nelson is a great sportsman himself, and for that reason alone he is qualified to write a story about all sorts of sport, which he has done extremely well. I am quite sure that this is going to be one of our most successful serials, and I strongly advise my chums not to miss a single instalment.

The second long instalment will be published next Tuesday in the POPULAR.

### "BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY."

Another special number is in preparation for next week's POPULAR, and it has been called a SPECIAL FISTICUFFS NUMBER. Billy knows a lot about fisticuffs—at least, he thinks he does. The result is seen in this special number of his "Weekly." It's a perfect scream from beginning to end.

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Your Editor.

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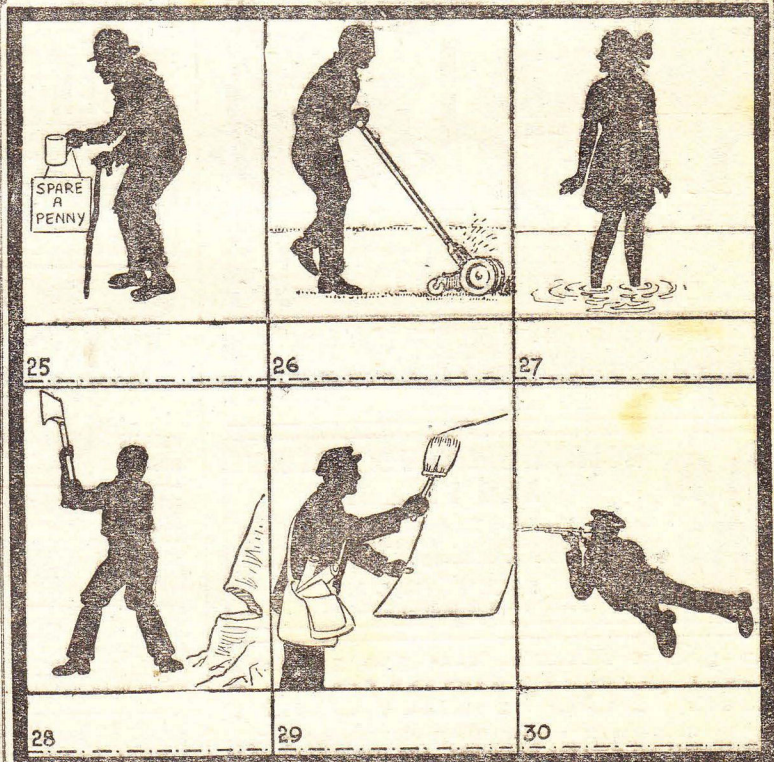
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This competition is run in conjunction with the "Boys' Friend," "Gem," and the "Magnet," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

It must be distinctly understood that the decision of the Editor is final and binding.

**"THE RIVAL SPORTSMEN!"**

(Continued from page 21.)

The solicitor's keen eyes were dignified, as he looked the young man full in the face. "He is fighting to keep Lestrade Castle in the hands of a Lestrade, Mr. Courtney," he said quietly.

Austin Courtney shrugged his shoulders, and shortly afterwards wished the lawyer

good-morning, and set off towards the R.A.F. aerodrome, which was quite near at hand, and where the football-ground lay. His face was white and working.

"The cub sha'n't beat me!" he muttered. "I must get into training!"

He reached the football ground, and, after paying a trifling sum to pass the barrier, elbowed his way through the crowds of local people and Wessex supporters beyond and reached the railings. A bill he had noticed on his way from the station had told him the match was a morning one, and he found it in full swing.

Wessex Wanderers were in the Third

Division of the League, and halted from a large manufacturing centre a few miles away. It was quite easy to pick out the blue and white shirts of the professional players against the less conspicuous colours of the Air Force; and now Austin Courtney looked for his cousin.

Almost at once he espied him. He had good reason, too; for Harry, who had been placed at inside-left, had just cleverly tricked the man opposing him, and, with the ball at his toes, was making a sparkling dash with it.

(The second long instalment of this grand new serial will appear in the POPULAR next Tuesday.)

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