

WONDERFUL NEW STORY STARTS TO-DAY!

The BOYS' FRIEND

OUR MOTTO IS: "PLAY THE GAME!"

No. 776, Vol. XV. New Series]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending April 22nd, 1916.]



The stuffed jacket flew up in Lovell's hands, and Lovell, his tug meeting with no resistance, flew backwards. "Oh! Oh, my hat!" he exclaimed. "What—what the thunder—!" (A screamingly funny scene in this week's magnificent complete school tale.)

JIMMY SILVER'S SACRIFICE!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. at Rookwood School.

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

Swotting Under Difficulties.

Clink!

A pebble rattled on the window of the end study, and Jimmy Silver looked up from his work and snorted. Jimmy was alone in the study. The door was locked. Jimmy Silver was working hard, and it was a half-holiday, and so it was strictly necessary to "sport his oak" for his study-mates, Lovell and Raby and Newcome, looked with a disavouring eye upon "swotting."

Persuasive voices had addressed Jimmy Silver through the keyhole, urging him to come down to the cricket-ground. Only the scratch of Jimmy's pen had replied.

The persuasive voices grew very

threatening, and kicks and bangs were bestowed on the door; but still Jimmy worked on, unheeding.

Then his friends had retired, baffled, and Jimmy hoped that he would get a few hours in peace and quiet to grind at the Anabasis.

But the hope was delusive.

The clink of the pebble on the window proved that Lovell & Co. had simply changed the locality of the attack.

Clink! Clink!

"Oh, crumbs!" murmured Jimmy. "The silly asses! Why can't they let a chap work? Bad enough to have to work, anyway!"

Clink! Clink!

Crack!

One of the panes went.

Jimmy Silver jumped up and strode to the window. Under the window Lovell and Raby and Newcome stood in the quad, grinning. Jimmy shook his fist at them, and they smiled back sweetly.

"Come out!" shouted Lovell.

"Come out, you swot!" said Raby.

"Come out, you slacker!" yelled Newcome.

"You silly asses!" roared the exasperated Jimmy. "I'm swotting!"

"Rats!"

"Bow-wow!"

"Advice to an industrious young man—When about to swot, don't!" grinned Lovell. "Chuck it and come down to the cricket!"

"Look here, the exam comes off next week!" said the unhappy

Jimmy. "You want me to win the Greek prize, don't you?"

"Bother the Greek prize! We want to beat St. Jim's when they come over!"

"We shall beat St. Jim's, anyway!"

"Not if you swot on half-holidays and cut the practice! Come out!"

"Come out!" chorused the three.

"Now, do be reasonable!" urged Jimmy Silver, from the window. "I don't like swotting, you know that. I don't like Xenophon. I wish the ten thousand had retreated to some place where they'd never be heard of again. But if I'm going to get the twenty guineas, I've got to work for it. Think of the feed we'll have when I bag the prize!"

"Think of the licking we shall get if we ain't in form for St. Jim's!"

"Blow St. Jim's!"

"Well, blow the Greek prize, then! Come out!"

Jimmy Silver snorted. His chums were unreasonable. It had been agreed by all the Fistical Four that the end study ought to bag that big prize. The Co. agreed that Jimmy Silver was the chap to do it. It was understood, too, that the handsomest prize of the term couldn't be bagged without some hard work being put in. Jimmy wasn't specially fond of hard work, and that bright April afternoon he would have given almost anything to be out of doors. But he had to grind for the exam. The honour of the study was at stake.

That study more than kept up its reputation as a fighting study. It shone at footer and cricket. In rags and rows with the Moderns it was in all its glory. But in scholarship it had not been brilliant, as the Fourth-Form master had said on more than one occasion. The Fistical Four had not cared much for prizes.

It had seemed a good idea to prove that the end study could bag prizes if it liked, and twenty guineas was a stupendous sum, and meant high funds for the whole study for a long time—when safely bagged.

Jimmy Silver was anything but a swot as a rule, but of late he had been swotting in season and out of season. He thought, dreamed, and almost spoke Greek. In dreams he marched ever so many parasangs with the famous ten thousand. His chums had grown fed up with it. On this special afternoon the Co. considered it really too bad, and they were determined that Jimmy Silver should come out.

So, in answer to Jimmy's expostulations from the window, they replied in chorus:

"Come out! You slacker, come out! Come down to the cricket!"

"Go and eat coke!" roared Jimmy Silver.

"Come out!"

"I've got to work!"

"Come out!"

"It's twenty guineas!"

"Come out!"

"Think what a time we'll have when we bag the cash!"

"Come out!"

"You silly, frabjous asses!"

"Come out!"

Evidently it was useless to explain, useless to argue, and useless to expostulate. Jimmy Silver slammed the window shut and returned to the study table.

Clink! Clink! Crash!

The cracked pane fairly went now. Fragments of glass were strewn over the study carpet. There was a roar of laughter from below.

Jimmy Silver jumped up again, in a mood of desperation. He made one jump to the study cupboard for a bottle of ink. He made another jump to the window and threw it open.

Three grinning faces were turned up to him.

"Come out! Ha, ha! Come out—Grooooooogh!"

Swoosh went the ink in a black shower.

It swamped over the three grinning faces, and Lovell and Raby and Newcome were transformed into Christy Minstrels in the twinkling of an eye. Wild and suffocated ejaculations rose in chorus.

"Gerrrooop!"

"Yurrrrrgh!"

"Woosh!"

Jimmy Silver slammed the window shut again. With a contented smile he sat down once more to Anabasis, and revelled in parasangs. Below, in the quad, Lovell and Raby and Newcome mopped ink from their faces, and gasped out blood-curdling threats in a perfectly Hunnish manner.

(Continued on the next page.)



JIMMY SILVER'S

(Continued
from the
previous
page.)

SACRIFICE!

The 2nd Chapter.
Not Jimmy Silver!

Tap! Tap! Tap! The tap at the door elicited a wild howl from Jimmy Silver. "Go away!" he shrieked. "I say, Jimmy—"

"Oh, is that you, Rawson?"

"Yes. The door's locked."

It was Rawson of the Classical Fourth at the door. Rawson, the scholarship junior, whom the nuts of Rookwood disdainfully described as being as poor as a church mouse, was also a competitor for the Greek prize. Jimmy Silver was his only serious rival. The examination was confined to juniors. Several Shell fellows had entered, but there was nobody in the Shell of whom either of the Fourth-Formers had need to be afraid. They had rivals in the Fourth, but they were well ahead of them. It was generally admitted that it was between Jimmy Silver and Rawson.

They were keen rivals for the exam, but on the best of terms. Jimmy was one of Rawson's firmest backers against Townsend & Co., the magnificent nuts who affected to look down on the scholarship boy.

"I don't want to interrupt you, if you're working," said Rawson, through the keyhole. "But if you're not using your Liddell and Scott, you might lend it to me."

"But I am," said Jimmy.

"Oh, all right, then! Never mind!"

"What's become of your own?" asked Jimmy.

"Somebody's hidden it," said Rawson. "A rotten joke on me, I suppose. I can't find it anywhere."

"What a rotten trick!" said Jimmy Silver. "Well, I'll whack out my lexicon with you, Rawson. We'll work together if you like."

"If it won't bother you—"

"Oh, that's all right!"

Jimmy Silver jumped up and unlocked the door. Jimmy was good natured itself, and it never occurred to him that a disadvantage to his rival was an advantage to himself.

He unlocked the door, and Rawson came in. The burly Rawson was looking a little pale and tired, though he was generally in the most robust state of health. He had been sweating hard, and, as the Classical juniors remarked, he slept with Greek verbs under his pillows. It was not uncommon for Rawson to be seen sitting up in bed in the early morning, studying hard, while he waited for the rising-bell. Jimmy Silver did not carry swotting quite so far as that.

"Hallo! What are those chaps up to?" exclaimed Rawson, glancing from the window as he came in. Jimmy followed his glance.

Three juniors with inky faces were carrying a ladder towards the window. It was old Mack's ladder, evidently commandeered from the woodshed. Lovell and Raby and Newcome were looking as furious as they were inky. It was an attack by escalade upon the end study that was coming.

"The silly bounders!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, exasperated. "Swotting under difficulties!" grinned Rawson.

"Yes, bless them!" Jimmy burst into a sudden chuckle. "I'll bring my books into your study, Rawson, and we'll whack out Liddell and Scott there—you can Liddell while I Scott."

Rawson chuckled.

"You take the books," said Jimmy quickly. "These blessed exercises, too, and the paper, and my pen. I'm going to get something ready for those blessed duffers."

"Right you are!"

Rawson carried off the paraphernalia of the swot. Jimmy Silver opened a box in the corner of the study, and dragged out some of the articles belonging to the Rookwood players. They were an old Eton jacket and trousers. With deft and rapid hands, he stuffed other articles into them, and arranged them on the chair, with the back to the window, sticking a wig on the top.

It was only a few minutes' work, and when Jimmy Silver had finished the figure in the chair looked like a

fellow bending over his work, until seen at close quarters.

Having completed that playful arrangement, Jimmy then followed Rawson from the study, changing the key to the outside of the door, and turning it in the lock.

There was a bump outside the window as he went. The ladder had jammed against the sill. A minute later an inky and wrathful face looked through the window. It was that of Edward Arthur Lovell. Raby and Newcome were behind him on the ladder, breathing vengeance.

"There he is, the cheeky rotter!" muttered Lovell, peering through the shattered pane. "Now, Jimmy Silver, you rotter, you're going to have it."

There was no reply from the figure at the table.

"Come and open this window, Jimmy Silver."

No reply.

"Well, I'll jolly soon get it open, and you'll be slaughtered," said Lovell. "We'll make you eat your Greek exercises."

Silence.

Lovell snorted, and fumbled with the window. In a minute more it was open, and Lovell put his head in. "Now, look out, you rotter!" he said.

Lovell was a little surprised that the junior did not even look round. He had expected that Jimmy Silver would resist the invasion.

But the figure at the table never moved.

"Blessed if he isn't gone to sleep over his work!" said Lovell. "We'll soon wake him up."

"Ha, ha! Rather!"

Lovell wedged himself in, and dropped lightly into the study. He waited for Raby and Newcome to squeeze in after him.

Then the three of them advanced together.

Lovell bent over the leaning form and roared.

"Wake up, you slacker!"

No answer.

Lovell, with a grunt, seized the Eton jacket by the shoulder and dragged it, to drag Jimmy Silver over the back of the chair.

He had expected plenty of weight to pull, so he put all his strength into that terrific tug.

Unfortunately for Lovell, there was no weight, or hardly any.

The stuffed jacket flew up in his hands, and Lovell, his tug meeting with no resistance, flew backwards.

He crashed into Raby and hurled him flying.

Raby rolled on the carpet, and Lovell sat down.

Crash! Bump!

"Oh! Oh, my hat! What—what the thunder—!" stuttered Lovell.

"Yow-wow-wow!" came from Raby in tones of anguish.

Newcome burst into a yell of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! That ain't Jimmy Silver! Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's a—a—jacket!" stammered Lovell, blinking at his prize. "A—a—an old jacket stuffed, by gum!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow-ow-ow-wow!"

"The spoofing rotter!" bellowed Lovell. "He's gone!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Newcome. "You cackling idiot, there's nothing to cackle at. He's gone!" roared Lovell, scrambling to his feet. "I'll scalp him!"

Lovell rushed to the door and dragged it at furiously. But the door did not open.

"What's the matter with this rotten door? It's jammed or something!"

"Ha, ha! It's locked!"

"Well, if it's locked, that's nothing to cackle at, you silly jabber-wock!" hooted Lovell. "Oh, I'll scalp Jimmy Silver! Come on!"

"Yow-ow-wow!"

"What are you yowling and wowing for, Raby, you ass?"

"Yow-ow! I'm hurt! You've bunged my head on the fender!" moaned Raby.

"Blow your head! Come on, I tell you!"

Lovell scrambled out of the window again, and slithered down the ladder. He rushed round to the door of the School House, followed more slowly

by his chums. They ran into the House, and almost ran into Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth.

Mr. Bootles halted them with a gesture.

"Lovell! Raby! Newcome! How dare you appear in public with such shockingly dirty faces?" he exclaimed. Lovell gasped.

"Tain't dirty, sir. It—it's some ink that—that got spilt—"

"Go and wash your faces at once, you dirty boys!" said Mr. Bootles chidingly.

The dirty boys went to wash their faces obediently, but with feelings that could hardly be expressed in the British language.

The 3rd Chapter.

The Nuts are Indignant!

Jimmy Silver and Tom Rawson worked contentedly in the latter's study. It was an hour before the Co. discovered where Jimmy Silver was, and when they found he was in Rawson's study, they wreaked their wrath by kicks and thumps on the door, till Bulkeley's voice from downstairs warned them to desist and scuttle off. Then they gave it up and went to the cricket-ground.

Jimmy Silver chuckled when they had departed.

"Now for some quiet, and swotting," he remarked. "How are you getting on, Rawson?"

"Pretty fair, I think," said Rawson. "You're overdoing it," said Jimmy, with a critical glance at Rawson's pale face. "No good doing that, you know. You ought to put in some cricket and keep yourself fit, or you'll crack up on exam day."

Rawson shook his head.

"I'm fit enough," he said. "Anyway, I'm going to grind every minute until the exam."

"Dead set on the giddy guineas, what!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Yes, if I can bag them."

"Same here," said Jimmy. "Those duffers agreed that the end study was to bag the prize, only they won't give a fellow a chance of swotting for it. You can't bag a prize without swotting; especially a Greek prize."

Rawson nodded.

"All the same, it's a mug's game to overdo it and get run down."

Jimmy Silver. "I'm giving you good advice like a kind uncle, you know; for if you crack up, the prize belongs to me. You're the only chap who could beat me. Howard and Tracy of the Shell haven't an earthly. Old Flynn hasn't much chance, and Oswald is weak—jolly weak—and Topham won't have a bare look-in. And that's the lot."

"Yes, it's between you and me."

"Here's at you, then," grinned Jimmy Silver. "Pass the giddy lexicon, and blow the whole giddy Greek alphabet from Alpha to Omega. I'd rather be playing cricket."

And the rivals wired in again, helping one another occasionally in a manner that certainly did not smack of rivalry.

At five o'clock, Jimmy Silver rose, stretched his limbs, and yawned portentously. Rawson was grinding on.

"Coming out for a run?" asked Jimmy.

"No; I'm keeping on."

"You've had a good grind."

"I shall go it till Topham and Topham come in to tea. I should have to chuck it then, anyway. They won't let a fellow work."

Jimmy regarded Rawson rather anxiously. He had a real regard for the scholarship junior, who was making his way at Rookwood under so many difficulties. He did not quite understand Rawson's extreme keenness after the prize, either; for Rawson, though poor, was not generally keen after money.

"You'd do better to get some fresh air, old chap," said Jimmy. "You don't want me to beat you next Thursday because you've cracked up."

"I sha'n't crack up. Thanks, all the same!"

"Well, pile in, then!" said Jimmy. "I'm off."

The captain of the Fourth left the study, leaving Rawson poring over his books. There was no doubt in Jimmy's mind that Tom was overdoing it, and that a little less swotting might have meant a greater advance for him. Unless he kept himself fit he had little chance of winning through a difficult examination. But that was for Rawson himself to decide.

Jimmy Silver sauntered down the passage, with Greek verbs and Persian parasangs buzzing in his ears, and yawning widely. As he came downstairs he found Townsend and Topham and Peele, the nuts of the Fourth, talking on the middle landing.

Topham, nut and slacker as he was, was a competitor for the twenty

guineas, though as he neglected his Greek, and was generally in hot water with his Form-master about it, it was a mystery how he expected to bag the exam.

Topham and his friends were wildly indignant at Rawson's cheek in entering for the exam at all. As Topham said, almost pathetically, it was rather hard that a gentleman should have to grind at filthy Greek because a rank outsider and rotter had the awful nerve to enter into competition with him. As for Jimmy Silver, Topham did not think much of his chances. Jimmy was so great at outdoor games that Topham was inclined to despise his efforts at scholarship. But in Rawson he knew that he had a very dangerous adversary.

The three nuts were talking and chuckling on the landing, and they did not observe the captain of the Fourth coming down the stairs. Jimmy's own name was on Topham's lips at that moment.

"That rotter Silver's with him now!" he said. "The cad's borrowed Silver's books, too, I find. But—"

"Hallo, Tophy! Taking my name in vain?" said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "Who gave you leave to call your Uncle James a rotter?"

Topham spun round in alarm.

"Oh! I—I didn't see you, Silver!"

Jimmy Silver interrupted the dandy of the Fourth by taking him by the back of the neck. Topham wriggled in his grasp.

"Let go, you silly ass!" he howled.

"Did you call your Uncle James a rotter?" smiled Jimmy Silver, compressing his grip.

"Yow! Ow! Help me, you fools!" howled Topham.

"Yes, come and help him!" said Jimmy Silver, smiling at Townsend and Peele. "Come to the rescue, like the giddy Paladins you are!"

"Look here, let Tophy go, you silly chump!" said Townsend threateningly.

"Make him!" yelled Topham, struggling.

"Yes, make me, dear boys!" said Jimmy.

and made a rush simultaneously. Jimmy Silver swung Topham round by the shoulders, the unfortunate dandy of the Fourth being as helpless in his grasp as a sack of coals.

There was a roar from Peele and Townsend as Tophy came into violent contact with them, and they were rolled over on the landing.

Jimmy Silver chuckled as the two nuts sprawled over, and rolled Topham over them, and then went on his way downstairs, smiling serenely.

The three juniors sat up, gasping and furious.

"Ow! The rotter!" mumbled Topham, rubbing his neck ruefully.

"Yow! Ow! The beast guessed we were getting up something against Rawson, I think!"

"Well, he's gone now," said Peele. "Rawson's alone. Let's go in and see him."

"Good egg!" said Townsend.

The nuts had no desire to pursue Jimmy Silver and take vengeance. Jimmy was too hard a nut to crack. They had been waiting for him to leave Rawson's study, and now he was gone, and the coast was clear.

"The rotter's swotting in the study!" went on Topham. "He's been swotting all the afternoon. He's keepin' it up, you know. He means to bag that twenty guineas, the poverty-stricken cad! A gentleman's got no chance against a cad like that! I'm not goin' to swot!"

"Of course you're not!" said Townsend. "It's not to be thought of. But that worm's not goin' to bag the prize if we can stop him! That prize is yours, Tophy, and you're goin' to stand an afternoon at the races in a car if you bag it."

"That's agreed," said Topham.

"Like the filthy outsider's cheek to think of baggin' Tophy's prize!" said Peele. "Cheek to be at Rookwood at all, for that matter! Now those beasts are all gone down to the cricket, we've got a free hand!"

"Better call a chap or two more," said Townsend cautiously. "Rawson's a savage beast when he's roused, and it's beneath our dignity to fight with such a rank outsider. We'll call Mornington and Smythe."

"Good!"

The nuts lost no time. Lord Mornington of the Fourth and Adolphus Smythe of the Shell were keen enough to join in the ragging of the outsider, having once ascertained that the Fistical Four were safe on the cricket-ground. The five "Giddy Goats" proceeded to Rawson's study with far from friendly intentions.

The 4th Chapter.

Ragging Rawson!

Rawson had laid down his pen. He was tired, and he was feeling the need of fresh air and exercise. But he did not think of leaving his work.

Jimmy Silver had wondered why Rawson was so keen on the Greek prize; but he did not know all the scholarship junior's motives. He knew that Rawson was poor, and that he had a soldier brother a prisoner in Germany, to whom he had to send supplies.

But Rawson had recently received his scholarship allowance, which had enabled him to clear off several small debts to Leggett and some other fellows, and left him some little cash in hand. Of his home, and his home affairs, Jimmy Silver naturally knew nothing. Rawson spoke little about his people, and Jimmy was not a fellow to ask questions.

Rawson passed his hand across his forehead, which was burning. He drew an envelope from his pocket, and took out a letter. He unfolded the letter, which was well thumbled, and had evidently been read many times. The letter was in his mother's handwriting:

"Dear Tom,—I can't say how glad I was to get the news you gave me in your letter last week about you having a chance of winning a big prize. Your father is better now, but he hasn't been able to work since his accident. If Dick were at home now we could manage, but goodness knows when we shall see poor Dick again. If something turns up to pay the rent we can pull through, but don't think for a moment, dear Tom, of leaving school for our sakes. You could not earn enough for that if you were in work, and you might not even be able to get a job. If you could win the prize you told me of, that would save our home from the landlord. It would be a blow to poor Dick when he comes home from being a prisoner in Germany to find his home sold up to pay the rent. Do your best, my dear boy, but don't overwork yourself. Take care of your health. Don't worry about us at home.—Your loving mother,"

Rawson's tired eyes were dim as he read that letter for the tenth or twelfth time. He could read between the lines the wistful anxiety of the poor woman. His father sick and unable to work, his older brother a prisoner in Germany, young children that required to be fed, but could not contribute to the small-income of the family—that was Rawson's home. Unless he won the Greek prize the clutch of a rapacious landlord would close upon it.

Poor Rawson had offered to leave Rookwood, to throw up his scholarship so hardly won, to go home and work for his parents—a desperate resource which would have ruined his own prospects without affording much help. But if he could only win the Greek prize, he could help his people, he could save them, and without throwing up his Rookwood prospects.

If Jimmy Silver could have seen that letter he would not have wondered that Rawson was working himself to the verge of illness for the sake of the twenty guineas.

That handsome prize was Rawson's lodestar now, or a mirage in the desert, as it might prove. An Old Boy of Rookwood, of the Classical side, had founded that annual prize when the school was first divided into Classical and Modern. It was open only to Classics, as the Modern side did not take Greek, having German instead.

The Classical Old Boy had been desirous of encouraging the old classical studies of his own time, and there was no more effectual way of doing it than by founding a handsome prize for a Greek examination. Rawson blessed the Old Boy a hundred times when he thought of it.

His heart had been heavy sometimes when he heard the Fistical Four discussing what they would do with the prize when won. He wondered sometimes what they would think if they knew how badly he needed it. But that they should never know; the scholarship junior had his pride. He hoped to beat Jimmy Silver, though he had his doubts about it.

Rawson laid the letter on the table and sighed. His head fell on his hands, and he fell into deep and gloomy thought. He was overworking; he knew it. What if Jimmy Silver's warning proved well-founded—if he should "crack up" before the day of the examination came round?

Yet he could not make up his mind to quit his work, so long as he

had the strength to go on with it. The necessity for success was too bitter.

The door opened, and he did not hear it. It had been left unlocked when Jimmy Silver went out. Townsend's grinning face looked into the study.

"By gad! Here's the beast swottin'!" said Smythe of the Shell, looking in over Townsend's shoulder.

Rawson started and looked up. The five juniors came into the study. Peele closed the door. They surveyed Rawson with mocking grins. The pallor of his face, the tired look in his eyes, did not touch them in the least. To the foolish, unthinking nuts, he was simply an outsider who had "wedged" into Rookwood, and not satisfied with that, had squeezed into the race for the Greek prize which Topsy needed so badly.

"Have you come to tea?" asked Rawson quietly. "You're early. But if you want the study, I'll take my work somewhere else!"

"We haven't come to tea yet," smiled Townsend. "We've come to see you. How are you gettin' on with the Greek?"

"Pretty well, I think."

"Think you've got a good chance of swindlin' Topsy out of his prize—what?"

"I don't quite see that it's Topham's prize," said Rawson. "Topham has as much chance as anybody, if he works for it!"

"No chance against a swottin' cad who lives and breathes in swottin'!" said Topham disdainfully. "I don't mind competin' with Howard and Tracy. They're decent. But a cad who swots mornin' and night to take away a fellow's prize—pah!"

"The fact is, we're not goin' to allow you to do it," said Smythe of the Shell. "The exam's gettin' close now, and it's time you were warned off!"

Rawson's lip curled. "You can't be thinking of interfering with me, I suppose," he said. "You can't prevent me from entering for the exam, as my name's down!"

"That's just what we're goin' to do."

"Then you're a silly fool!" said Rawson coolly.

The great Adolphus turned pink. "I didn't come here for any of your low cheek," he said. "We've come here to give you a friendly warnin'. This swottin' is goin' too far. You're not goin' to be allowed to bag Topsy's prize!"

"No, by gad!" said Mornington. "That's the plain English of it," said Townsend. "We're warnin' you off!"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" said Rawson contemptuously.

"Look at his giddy exercises," said Mornington. "Piles of 'em—Greek verbs written out from beginnin' to end, by gad! You couldn't work like that, Topsy!"

"No jolly fear!" said Topham. "A gentleman wouldn't," said Adolphus Smythe loftily. "A rotten outsider like Rawson would do those things!"

"Let those papers alone!" shouted Rawson, as Mornington began to gather up his exercises. "What are you doing?"

"We're goin' to burn the whole lot," smiled Mornington. "If you're so fond of Greek exercises, you can write the lot out again!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Rawson came striding round the table, his fists clenched and his eyes blazing.

"Put those papers down, Mornington!"

"Pah!"

"Do you want me to handle you, you fool?"

"You'll handle the lot of us!" grinned Smythe. "Dash it all, we're wastin' time! Collar the cad, and make an end of his rubbish!"

The grinning nuts closed in on Rawson from all sides.

Rawson put up his hands at once. He was as hard as nails, and had made his mark in the Fourth as a fighting-man. He was hopelessly outnumbered, and he was not in his usual form, but his courage was undaunted.

The nuts did not handle him very easily.

The great Adolphus was sent flying from a drive full on the chin, and he gasped painfully and collapsed on the floor. Peele joined him there, nursing his nose and yelling.

But Mornington and Townsend and Topham had hold of him then, and he went to the floor, with the three clinging to him.

"Tag the hound!" hissed Mornington. "Pummel him!"

savage and furious, and hurled themselves into the fray.

With five fellows scrambling over him, punching and pummelling, Rawson had no chance. Breathless and exhausted, he lay panting on the carpet, with Townsend kneeling on his chest, Smythe standing on his legs, and Mornington holding his head. Topham had caught his wrists, and gripped them together.

"Got the cad!" gasped Smythe. "Pin him down," said Mornington. "I'll jam his head on the floor if he wriggles any more!"

"Oh, you rotters!" gasped Rawson.

Crack!

Rawson's head came in hard contact with the floor, and he yelled. "Have some more?" grinned Mornington.

"Oh! Ow!"

"Shove those papers into the grate, and set light to 'em, Peele," said Smythe. "Shove in the books, too. May as well make a clean sweep. If he sneaks to Bootles about it, we'll stand together and deny the whole yarn!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Rawson struggled ineffectually under the weight of the four juniors, while Peele, grinning, gathered up his papers on the table.

"Hullo! What the dickens is

The shame and humiliation of it caused the tears to start to his eyes. "Blubb'n, by gum!" said Townsend.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll tell you what we'll do with this letter," said Peele, chuckling. "We'll stick it up in the common-room for all the fellows to read!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The proposition was greeted with a howl of laughter.

"Oh, you cad!" panted Rawson. "I'll go down and do it now," grinned Peele. "You fellows muck up his rubbish here, and then come down."

"Right-ho, dear boy!"

Peele quitted the study, letter in hand. Rawson made a fierce attempt to throw off his captors; but they held him fast, and pinned him down.

"Not just yet," smiled Smythe. "All Rookwood's goin' to know what a beggarly worm you are, my fine fellow. I should think this would be the finish for you at Rookwood. Bailiffs in, by gad! A Rookwood fellow's people with the bailiffs in for the rent! Oh, gad!"

Townsend, leaving his three precious comrades to hold Rawson, gathered up the exercises which had cost Rawson so many hours of work,

The 5th Chapter.

Jimmy Silver Takes a Hand.

Jimmy Silver & Co. came in from the cricket-ground as the dusk was falling. Peace was restored among the Fistical Four. The Co. had magnanimously forgiven the incident of the ink, especially as Jimmy had shown himself at the top of his form on the cricket-field.

A sound of loud laughter in the junior common-room drew the chums of the Fourth in that direction.

"Hullo! What's the little joke?" asked Jimmy Silver, looking in.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bailiffs, by gad!"

"Nice for Rookwood! The cad ought to be kicked out!"

"What on earth's up?" asked Lovell, puzzled.

"Somethin' rather interestin'," drawled Adolphus Smythe. "There's a document on the wall here concernin' a friend of yours. Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest, dear boys."

The Fistical Four, much perplexed, made their way through the crowd. There were a dozen fellows present. Some of them looked disapproving, but the majority were members of Adolphus Smythe's select set, and they were laughing and jeering.

Jimmy Silver read the letter that

"Let that letter alone," shouted Howard, of the Shell, starting forward.

Jimmy shoved him savagely back. He strode out of the common-room with the letter in his hand, and none of the nuts ventured to make an attempt to take it from him. Lovell & Co. followed him.

Jimmy Silver went straight to Rawson's study. He found the key on the outside of the door, and unlocked it.

Rawson was seated there, his whole look and attitude indicating the deepest dejection. He had freed his hands, but he had been unable to leave the study. He looked up in gloomy silence as Jimmy came in. It looked as if Rawson's spirit had sunk at last under the persecution.

"That letter's yours?" asked Jimmy.

"Yes."

"Did those cads take it from you?"

"Yes."

"I—I'm sorry I read it," said Jimmy. "It was pinned up in the common-room, and I didn't understand what it was till I'd read it. I'm sorry."

"It doesn't matter," said Rawson heavily. "It'll be all over the school, anyway, now. I was a fool ever to come to Rookwood!"

"Buck up!" said Jimmy Silver quickly. "I'm sorry I've got to know about your private affairs, Rawson."

"It doesn't matter now."

"Excuse me, things are pretty bad at home, it seems, according to that letter," said Jimmy hesitatingly. "That's why you've been grinding so hard for the exam?"

Rawson nodded.

"And those cads have been ragging here," said Jimmy. "What's all that muck in the grate?"

"All my work," said Rawson bitterly. "And my books, and some of yours, too. You left them here, you know. I couldn't stop them. They were holding me, five of them."

Jimmy Silver's eyes glittered.

"They'll make all that good," he said.

"They won't. They seem to think I've no right to enter for the prize at all, as Topham's entered," said Rawson wearily. "I'm about fed up. I wish I'd never come to Rookwood."

"Oh, buck up, you know," said Lovell.

"Cheer-o!" said Jimmy Silver. "Keep smiling. You're feeling run down from too much swottin', or you wouldn't feel like that. This is going to be set right. They're going to replace the books, and they're going to smart for the ragging, and they're going to learn not to repeat it. There were five of them, you say. Give me their names."

Jimmy Silver made a note of the names.

"Smythe, Mornington, Townsend, Topham, Peele," he said. "Good! We're going to interview them. You can leave it to us, Rawson. Now, give me a list of the books destroyed."

Rawson smiled faintly, and made out the list. Jimmy Silver put it in his pocket.

"Come on, you chaps!" he said. "Whither bound, O king?" asked Newcombe.

"On the warpath, of course. If you feel inclined for a scrap, Rawson, you can come, too. If you don't, you can leave it to us."

"I'll come," said Rawson.

"Then follow your Uncle James!" Jimmy Silver & Co. returned to the common-room.

The 6th Chapter.

The Nuts and the Nut-Crackers.

Townsend & Co. were in the common-room, still chuckling over that extremely good joke of pinning up Rawson's letter for the general amusement.

Townsend & Co. were in high feather.

They felt that, after the ragging the scholarship fellow had received, he would think twice before going on with his swottin' for Topsy's prize. If he didn't, the dose could be repeated ad lib. Anyway, the destruction of his papers was a setback to him. So everything in the garden, so to speak, was lovely, from the point of view of the nuts, till Jimmy Silver & Co. came in. The looks of the five juniors boded trouble, especially when Jimmy Silver closed the door and locked it.

"We've got a bone to pick with you," said Jimmy, coming to the point directly. "You've been ragging Rawson, five to one—"

"No business of yours," said Mornington.

"I'm making it my business," said Jimmy calmly. "As captain of the Fourth, and as your kind Uncle



Yells of laughter greeted the nuts on all sides as they scrambled up, black as Christy Minstrels, and gasping for breath. "Oh, you rotters!" groaned Adolphus Smythe. "You've spoiled my clothes. Ow! Ow! Yow!"

this?" exclaimed Peele, picking up Rawson's letter, which lay on the study table, where the scholarship junior had put it down.

"Put that letter down!" shouted Rawson furiously.

"My hat! It's a letter from the cad's slum," said Peele. "I'll read it out to you fellows!"

"Ha, ha! Go it!"

"Put that letter down, you cad!" shrieked Rawson, struggling frantically. "Don't you dare to read it!"

"Go it, Peele! We've got the cad safe!"

Peele, grinning, read out the letter, which was greeted with howls of laughter by the nuts of Rookwood.

"Well, my hat!" said Smythe, in deep disgust. "A Rookwood chap's people goin' to have the bailiffs in! Rookwood prizes goin' to pay out the broker's-man! By gad, this school is comin' to somethin'! I wonder the cad ain't ashamed to show his face here!"

Rawson groaned. His cup of bitterness was full. He knew that that letter's contents would soon be all over the school. The miserable poverty of his home would become a standing joke among all the fellows, who were too thoughtless or ill-natured to understand the tragedy of it.

and jammed them into the grate. He set a match to the sheets, and they were soon flaring away.

Rawson's Greek grammar and Jimmy Silver's big lexicon followed, and all the other books that were on the table.

There was soon a roaring fire. Rawson, incapable of resistance, watched the scene with dumb misery.

"Now you can let the cad go," said Townsend. "He can have the study to himself. I'm not goin' to feed here with that outsider. We'll lock him in and leave him!"

"Good egg!"

As it was pretty evident that Rawson would begin to hit out as soon as he was released, Smythe jerked off his victim's necktie, and coolly tied his hands together with it.

Then the nuts retreated from the study, laughing loudly, leaving Rawson to struggle to free his hands. Smythe changed the key to the outside of the lock.

"Ta-ta, dear boy!" he said. "You'd really better think twice about tryin' to bag Topsy's prize. I really think it would be better for you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Adolphus locked the door on the outside, and the nuts departed in great glee.

was pinned on the wall. He did not understand at first, taking it for some joke of the nuts.

It was not till he came to the signature, "Eliza Rawson," at the end, that he realised that it was a genuine letter from Rawson's mother.

A blaze came into the eyes of the captain of the Fourth as that understanding dawned upon him at last. He turned round to the grinning nuts.

"Is that a genuine letter of Rawson's, or one of your rotten jokes?" he asked.

"Genuine enough," grinned Smythe. "The real article, dear boy."

"If it's a genuine letter, how did it come to be stuck up on the wall here, then? I suppose Rawson didn't put it there?"

"Rawson! Ha, ha! No."

"Then who did?" said Jimmy, with a dangerous look.

"Oh, somebody must have found it and put it there!" said Peele, and there was a fresh roar of laughter from the nuts.

"Do you mean to say that you've taken a private letter of Rawson's, and made it public in this way?"

"We don't mean to say anythin'," yawned Adolphus. "What a fellow you are for askin' questions, by gad!"

Jimmy Silver reached up, and unpinned the letter.



JIMMY SILVER'S

(Continued
from the
previous
page.)

SACRIFICE!

James, I cannot allow such proceedings.

"Oh, cheese it!" said Smythe. "You've ragged Rawson, five to one. Now we're going to rag you, one to one," said Jimmy Silver. "The rest of the fellows will see fair play."

"Faith, and we will!" grinned Flynn. "Pile in, ye cripples, and depend on us."

"I'm goin' out," said Smythe angrily, and he swung away towards the door.

Jimmy Silver took him by the shoulder, and spun him back with such force that Adolphus rolled over on the hearthrug, and rested his head in the fender.

"You're not going out till this matter's settled, Smythe."

"Yow-ow-oh!"

Adolphus sat up and rubbed his head. His comrades cast longing glances towards the door. But they did not venture in that direction.

"Here's a list of damage done," said Jimmy, laying the list on the table. "These books have got to be replaced. My Liddell and Scott went with the rest."

"I-I didn't know it was yours," stammered Peele.

"And you didn't care much, I expect. Anyway, it's got to be replaced."

"You shouldn't lend your books to that outsider," growled Topham.

"There's the list," said Jimmy, unheeding. "First you get the ragging—tit for tat, you know—then you replace the books. You understand?"

"Go and eat cake!"

"Rats!"

"Gentlemen," said Jimmy Silver, looking round, "these cads ragged a fellow five to one. We're going to give them fair play. I call on all the chaps present to see fair."

"Arrah, and we'll do it intirely!"

"Rely on us!" said Oswald cheerfully.

"I'm your man!" said Jones minor.

"Same here," said Tommy Dodd, the Modern, heartily. "Always ready to help you Classical kids settle your little differences. Go it, Smythe! I can see you're yearning for battle, murder, and sudden death!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

As a matter of fact, all Smythe's yearnings were in the direction of the door. But there was no escape for the restive nut. The hour of reckoning had come!

"Pick your men," said Jimmy Silver. "Will you choose me as your partner, Smythe?"

"Look here—"

"Do you choose me?"

"No confound you!" roared Smythe.

"Then I choose you," said Jimmy Silver. "Wade in, kids, and mop them up! Remember, you're doing strict justice, and don't spare the rod and spoil the nut!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the avengers piled in without further delay. Jimmy Silver opened the ball by rushing upon Adolphus Smythe, who dodged wildly round the table, amid yells of laughter.

Hooker obligingly put out his toe for Adolphus, and the dandy of the Shell stumbled over it and sprawled. The next moment he was in the grasp of Jimmy Silver, and his head was in chancery.

Lovell collared Topham, much to Topham's dismay, and they rocked about in a tight embrace, Topham getting most of the punishment. Raby dealt with Townsend, declining to listen to his frantic statements that he had had enough. Newcome cornered Mornington, who put up a savage fight, but was soon knocked into a cocked hat by the warlike Newcome.

Rawson advanced upon Peele, who backed away till the wall prevented him from backing further, and then put up his hands.

The junior common-room at Rookwood had often witnessed wild and whirling scenes. But five fights in progress at once was rather a novelty.

A crowd of fellows looked on, laughing, and cheering the combatants. Patrick O'Donovan Flynn, in his enthusiasm, urged Howard and

Tracy to go to the rescue of their nutty comrades, promising to deal with both of them himself if they did. But they didn't. Selwyn and Chesney likewise refused pressing invitations from Dick Oswald. Smythe & Co. had no help to expect from their select friends of the Giddy Goats Society.

It was a wild rough-and-tumble fight, distinguished mainly by wild yells from the nuts and their frantic endeavours to get away.

Adolphus Smythe flung himself at last on the floor, and refused to rise for any consideration whatever. His comrades speedily followed his example, with the exception of Mornington. But Mornington was down, with Newcome sitting on his chest. Mornington scratched and kicked, proceedings which Newcome promptly punished by banging his noble head on the floor, to an accompaniment of terrific yells from his lordship.

"I give you best!" shrieked Adolphus. "Lemme alone! Yaroooh!"

"Well, they look rather licked," said Jimmy Silver, surveying the field of battle. "But this isn't only a licking. It's a ragging! They've got to have a lesson about going for a chap five to one, and burning his books and papers."

"Yow! Ow! Help!" howled Peele.

"Oh, by gad! Wow!"

"Raby, scrape some soot out of the chimney, will you?"

"What-ho!"

"Lovell, get all the ink there is in the room."

"You bet!"

"Newcome, I want all the ashes you can find in the grate."

"To hear is to obey!" grinned Newcome.

Up jumped the five nuts, making a frantic rush for the door. But Jimmy Silver and Rawson were in the way, with their fists up. They hit out right and left, and the unfortunate nuts retreated, yelling.

"You've got to have your medicine," said Jimmy Silver coolly.

"You're not going to try your dodgy of mucking up Rawson's chance for the prize again. You're going to have something you'll remember."

"Oh, by gad! Ow!"

"Floor the rotters, and shove their heads over the fender!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Promptly Smythe & Co. were collared and yanked to the fender, resisting furiously. But their resistance did not avail them. They were held down forcibly, with their heads in the fender, and over their heads were duly swamped the soot, the ink, and the ashes. Jimmy Silver stirred that dreadful mixture well in with the shovel, raising a few bumps on the unfortunate heads in the process. But that could not be helped.

The wriggling, howling nuts were released at last, looking decidedly the worse for wear.

Yells of laughter greeted them on all sides as they scrambled up, as black as Christy Minstrels, and gasping for breath.

"Oh, you rotters!" groaned Adolphus. "You've spoiled my clothes! Ow, ow! Yow!"

"I'll go to the Head about this!" yelled Mornington.

"Do. And tell him how you ragged Rawson's study," said Jimmy Silver coolly. "You can't afford to sneak, dear boy."

"Hang you!"

"There's the list of books, Smythe."

"Hang you!" hissed Smythe.

"Will you take it, or do you want another licking?"

Adolphus decided to take the list. He shoved it savagely into his pocket.

"Every book on that list has got to be replaced," said Jimmy Silver.

"We give you until nine o'clock to bring them to the end study. If they're not brought by that time we'll come round and visit you, and what you've had now will be a joke to what you'll get then. Now you can clear off, you dirty animals! Kick 'em out!"

"Yaroooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The five unhappy nuts were kicked

out of the common-room, and they fled.

"I fancy," said Jimmy Silver thoughtfully, "that you won't be ragged any more after this, Rawson."

Rawson laughed.

"I fancy not," he agreed.

Promptly at nine o'clock Adolphus Smythe, with suppressed fury in his sullen face, appeared in the end study with a bundle of books. The nuts had made up the list to the last item, lest worse should befall them.

"Thanks awfully, Smythe!" said Jimmy Silver amiably. "That's really nice of you. You're really a most obliging chap, Smythe."

Adolphus did not reply; his feelings were too deep. He stalked away down the passage without a word, leaving the Fistical Four smiling.

The 7th Chapter.

Jimmy's Sacrifice.

"You chaps have got a lot of sense."

Thus Jimmy Silver the next day after lessons.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome ought to have looked flattered and pleased at this unexpected tribute from their leader, instead of which they looked surprised. And Lovell remarked:

"What are you driving at, fathead?"

"You've got a lot of sense," repeated Jimmy Silver, with conviction. "I admit that a fellow wouldn't think so to look at you—"

"Why, you cheeky ass!"

"But there it is all the same. You've got a lot of sense, and your Uncle Jimmy gives in. I'm not going to swot to-day. Let's get down to the cricket."

"Well, that's sensible," said Lovell. "You might have said that yesterday afternoon, instead of swamping your old pals with ink."

"Yesterday afternoon isn't this afternoon," said Jimmy Silver oracularly. "Tempora mutantur—"

"Oh, don't! We get enough of that in class."

"Times change," said Jimmy Silver. "My idea is that I ought to go in for some really hard training the next few days, and get into ripping form, ready for the St. Jim's match. What do you think?"

"Hurrah!"

And the Fistical Four went down to the cricket.

Rawson went to his study to swot, without fear now of interruption from the nuts of Rookwood. Smythe and Townsend & Co. had learned their lesson. Adolphus Smythe had declared that he wouldn't touch the outsider with a barge-pole, and as a matter of fact his terror of Jimmy Silver made it quite certain that he wouldn't touch poor Rawson, with or without a barge-pole.

Jimmy Silver was in great spirits on Little Side and in great form, and his chums were delighted. There was no doubt that Jimmy's bowling was a rod in pickle for Tom Merry & Co. when they came over from St. Jim's.

The next day, out of lessons hours, again Jimmy Silver seemed to think of nothing but cricket.

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On Saturday it was the same.

Jimmy had conceded so much to his chums, and put in so much time at cricket, that the Co. would have allowed him that Saturday afternoon to swot. They told him so, with the air of fellows making a generous concession.

But Jimmy Silver shook his head. "No, dear boys," he said. "I've told you that you chaps have got a lot of sense, and I'm going to take your advice. It's more important to beat St. Jim's than to bag the Greek prize."

"Well, that's so," said Lovell. "But we want the Greek prize for this study all the same, Jimmy. We've bragged about it already."

"We've agreed that we're going to show Rookwood what this study can do in that line," remarked Raby. "Don't run any risks with the prize, Jimmy. We really want that for this study."

"Well, I like that!" said Jimmy warmly. "Only last Wednesday you were ragging me for swotting, and I had to waste a lot of valuable ink on you to make you sheer off. I'm jolly well not going to swot!"

"Oh, all serene!" said Lovell. "Let's get up a match with the Moderns for practice, and stick to the cricket. You can swot next week. The match isn't till Thursday."

That afternoon passed very cheerily on the cricket-ground. Jimmy met Rawson as he came in. Rawson was looking tired but cheery.

"Getting on all right with the giddy Greek?" asked Jimmy.

"I think so. How are you getting on?"

"First rate. I've been trying googlies on Tommy Dodd, and knocking him into a cocked hat."

"I mean with the Greek," said Rawson, with a smile.

"Oh, the Greek!" said Jimmy vaguely. "The fact is, my pals don't like me to swot too much, and I'm rather giving it a miss lately."

"Better not give it too big a miss. It's not easy to make up for lost time in a matter like that, you know."

"All serene, so long as we beat St. Jim's."

On Monday, Lovell & Co. expected to see Jimmy Silver really wiring into the Greek. After tea, they decided to go for a walk, and leave him the study to himself.

Jimmy Silver rose at once.

"You're not coming, are you?" asked Lovell.

"Why not?"

"Ain't you going to swot?"

"No fear!"

"Now, look here, Jimmy Silver, you'll have to work if you're going to bag that prize for this study," said Lovell warmly.

"I'm going to take your advice, Lovell—"

"My advice is to swot."

"I mean your last week's advice. I'm coming out."

"Look here, you slacker—"

"Don't be unreasonable!" urged Jimmy Silver. "Last Wednesday you called me a slacker for sticking indoors with the Greek."

"Well, there's a limit," said Lovell. "We've arranged to stand a big dormitory feed out of that prize."

"I'm waiting for you," said Jimmy Silver politely.

"Br-r-r-r!" said Lovell.

On Tuesday cricket reigned supreme in Jimmy Silver's thoughts. He declined to swot for any consideration whatever.

The Co. had been decidedly pleased, at first, with Jimmy Silver's amiable falling in with their views. But they were getting uneasy now. At this rate, Jimmy Silver certainly would never bag the twenty guineas.

It was close on the exam, and he never touched a Greek book if he could help it. There was, as Lovell said, a limit—the end study had counted on those guineas.

But Jimmy Silver was obstinate. Cricket was the order of the day.

And on Wednesday there was a match to be played with Bagshot, and Jimmy could not be spared from the eleven. It was the last chance of swotting, and it was gone. Jimmy was at the top of his form as a cricketer, and he helped to beat Bagshot by a handsome margin. But the Co. couldn't help thinking about the morrow's examination.

"Blessed if it doesn't look as if you want to lose the blessed thing, Jimmy!" Lovell said peevishly, in the study that evening.

Jimmy Silver smiled.

"After all, it would be rather a good thing for poor old Rawson to get it," said Lovell thoughtfully.

"According to that letter that was stuck up in the common-room his people are badly wanting the cash."

"Yes, that's so," said Jimmy. "I shall take that as a consolation if I get licked in the exam."

"Looks to me as if you will get licked, anyway," said Raby. "You're the only chap who could beat Rawson, and you're simply chucking it up the way you're going on."

Arthur Edward Lovell gave a sudden start, as a new idea came into his mind. He fixed his eyes on Jimmy Silver.

"You frabjous ass!" he said deliberately.

"Hullo! What's biting you now?" demanded Jimmy.

"You silly duffer!"

"What the dickens—"

"Br-r-r-r!" said Lovell.

And the subject dropped.

The next day came the famous exam. The candidates went into the library in the morning, while the rest of the school was at lessons. The papers were set for them there. Jimmy Silver, Tom Rawson, Topham, Howard, Tracy, Flynn, Oswald, and one or two more competing.

Morning lessons were over before the exam finished. Lovell & Co. waited for their leader to come out. Jimmy Silver was released at last, and he joined his chums, smiling.

"Well, how has it gone?" asked Raby.

"Better ask Bootles," smiled Jimmy Silver. "He's got the papers. Result announced on Friday."

"Do you think you've had any luck, fathead?"

"You never can tell, you know. Let's get out."

A good many fellows waited anxiously for the announcement that was to be made on Friday. A list was to be posted on the board, the names going according to the number of marks; and the fellow who headed the list, of course, bagged the twenty guineas.

After lessons on Friday quite an army gathered to see Mr. Bootles pin up the list on the board. The Form-master came out of his study, apparently oblivious to the eagerness round him. The paper went up, and all eyes were glued on it.

Then there was a shout:

"Rawson!"

"Tom Rawson!"

"Rawson's top!"

"By gad!"

"Oswald second," said Lovell.

"Flynn next—Topham—why, you're right at the bottom of the list, Jimmy!"

"By Jove, am I?" said Jimmy.

"Yes, you ass!"

"Booby prize for Silver," grinned Townsend, and there was a laugh.

"I am surprised at your failure, Silver," said Mr. Bootles, in his solemn way. "You have somewhat disappointed me by taking so very few marks. I fear, Silver, that you have neglected your studies for—ahem!—cricket of late."

"I fear so, sir," said Jimmy meekly.

"Rawson! Where's Rawson?"

"Rawson! You've got it, Rawson!"

Poor Rawson, his heart beating hard, between hope and fear, was hanging back behind the crowd, his face pale and worn. But the shouts which announced his success brightened him up wonderfully. Jimmy Silver dragged him forward.

"Feast your eyes on it, Rawson!"

"I congratulate you, Rawson!" said Mr. Bootles. "Your paper was—er—excellent—excellent!"

"Thank you, sir," faltered Rawson. His heart was almost too full for words.

"Three cheers for Rawson!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

And the Rookwood juniors gave them with a will.

That day Rawson of the Fourth wrote cheering news to his home. In the end study, the Co. took Jimmy Silver severely to task.

"I did my best," said Jimmy; "I did, really! But, you see, I've hardly looked at Greek for a week, and so my best wasn't very good. There you are!"

"Yes, there you are, you fathead," said Lovell. "And I know now why you hardly looked at Greek for a week, you dummy. You're a silly ass, and a duffer, and a frabjous dummy, and a burbling jabberwock, and—and a brick!"

Jimmy Silver grinned. The Co. understood at last; but Rawson never had the least suspicion of Jimmy Silver's Sacrifice.

THE END.

(Another magnificent long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. in next Monday's issue of the BOYS' FRIEND, entitled "The Rival Recruits!" Order your copy in advance to avoid disappointment.)