

£120 A WEEK GIVEN AWAY SEE PAGE 34 INSIDE

Boys' 2D Magazine

EVERY SATURDAY



THE HOUSE OF DEMONS by John Hunter is within

VOL. XX -No. 532-May 14, 1932

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION
BY CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST.

YOUR EDITOR'S SPLENDID NEWS.

**THIS RIPPING GIFT
FOR AMATEUR DETECTIVES
NEXT WEEK**

"THE BANK OF ENGLAND—LOOTED!"
Featuring Falcon Swift and the Black Friar. Only one of next week's Powerful Story Attractions.

MY DEAR CHUMS,

The old *Mag.* is simply crammed with stunning attractions next week. First, of course, there is the magnificent 28-page *Wonder Book* which is presented free inside every copy.

Secrets of Famous Detectives

is as thrilling to read as it appears! Every page is packed with fascinating information. Here's a few of the grand contents: The Rogues' Gallery (famous criminals past and present), Behind the Scenes at the C.I.D. (describing the various departments at England's palace of sleuths and how the C.I.D. man works), Fingerprints and Famous Clues and a

Special Section for Amateur Detectives

which contains tons of valuable hints on clue-finding and getting your man! No boy who is interested in this thrilling subject should miss this splendid book of crooks next week.

Another £120 worth of Saving Certificates has also been apportioned to *B.M.*-ites.

And the yarns, chaps! A bonza collection of detective thrillers featuring such favourites as Falcon Swift, Captain Kenrick, the Science Sleuth, The 'Tees of Terrorland, and

The Schoolboy Detectives.

These latter are, of course, Johnny Gee & Co. of the Remove Form at St. Giddy's. Startling events at the old school when America's greatest gangster beards the Head in his own sanctum and demands the person of The Hon. Bob Vernon, the South American Millionaire schoolboy. No, the motive of this terrible crook is not ransom. There is a much bigger theme than that behind this truly terrific tale of your old favourites. Thrills fast as film flickers crowd the yarn. And it is much longer than usual. I'll not give the secret of this ripping school tale away here. That would spoil the surprise when you read it for yourselves on Saturday.

The Bank of England—Looted!

is the astounding subject of the glamorous long yarn

of Falcon Swift, Prince of Detectives! With Chick Conway, the Monocled Manhunter engages in a grim duel of wits with The Black Friar! The most amazing crook in fiction and Dictator of Bragonia. He sets out to steal thirty million pounds in gold from the supposedly impregnable vaults of The Bank of England! How is it done? The astounding ingenuity of this Crime Monster's plot will stun you!

Humorous relief is provided by

Davy Jones' Kid Brother!

Those rib-ticking sailormen of the *Happy Haddock* find themselves in the Sargasso Sea, and in that mysterious region of rotting age-old hulks—a place where ghosts and the supernatural don't seem so impossible—they meet Davy Jones! The old man of the sea! The devil who keeps all dead sailormen in his Locker! A little matter of a runaway balloon will hold you in tucks of mirth—and when Fat Burns and his comrades discover who Davy Jones really is, well, just sit tight and get ready to roar!

Live Wire Larry finds himself

In the Clutches of Dr. Karrien

in the great yarn of the exploits of the Science Sleuth and his assistant which appears next week. The final adventure of Harry and Bottles in Terrorland crashes to a vivid finale in

The Pit of Flame.

Get ready to say good-bye and give a rousing send-off to these popular *B.M.* favourites next week.

Last, but not least, I must draw your attention to the next enthralling episode in *The House of Doom!* John Hunter's latest thriller has caused my sanctum to be swamped with hosts of letters from enthusiastic readers praising this latest story scoop of the *Red Wonder Mag.*! You'll not be disappointed with the next storming instalment of this mighty tale next week. "The Radio Ray of Doom!"

More big news next week.

Your sincere friend, THE EDITOR.

OUR MAGNIFICENT LONG COMPLETE TALE || FEATURING THE BOYS OF
OF MYSTERY AND MAGIC IN THE WEST! || THE BAR EIGHT RANCH!

THE PHANTOM FIGHTER OF THE FRONTIER



Shoot Straight—and Shoot
Big, you Bar Eight Bull-
whackers. 'Cos the Redskins
are Riding the Vengeance
Trail!



Mystery—with the Messenger of the Gods!
Trouble Brewing when Dirk Blackston Plots!

Breathless Thrills when the Redskins Rage
on the Warpath and Stirring Drama when
the Dandy Cowboy and the Boys of the Bar
Eight Ranch take their Part!

Gift of the Great Spirit.

THE thunder pealed through the barren fastnesses of the Guadalupe Mountains, and the lowering masses of dark cloud were torn ever and anon by a ragged fork of lightning. The storm was as violent as any that had swept New Mexico within living memory.

On a steep trail amid the hills two horsemen had paused, and in the premature dusk they marked the figure of a young Ute Indian, clad in buckskin, a hundred yards ahead of them, mounted on a wiry mustang.

The two horsemen were whites of evil appearance. One, a burly, black-bearded rogue with piercing eyes, was known west of the Rio Grande as Dirk Blackston. He was slick with the cards and slick with the gun, yet there was a difference in his handling of them—for while he dealt crooked, he shot straight, as befitted a man of his calling.

The other was a mean, lank individual answering to the nickname of Socorro Pete, a sallow, foxy ruffian whose unkempt hair hung over his face in dirty, greasy locks.

"Pete," observed Dirk Blackston, "it's taken us a long time, but we've finally come up with that thar Redskin, an' here's where I feed him lead."

He drew his forty-five and, thumbing the hammer of it, glanced along the barrel. The weapon was directed at the unsuspecting figure of the Ute Indian

All the characters in the stories printed in this paper are fictitious, the names do not refer to any living person or persons.

ahead. The smashing report of the shot was overwhelmed in a thunder clap that ripped across the heavens, and the Ute was seen to pitch from his mustang.

With a grunt of satisfaction, Dirk Blackston spurred forward, followed by Socorro Pete. A few seconds later, the two men were dismounting beside the Indian's prone form, which Blackston spurned with his foot.

"Jest creased, that's all," he growled, and then turned to the Ute's mustang.



CRASHED INTO THE CURRENT.—With a rending of shattered wood the whole structure plunged downward, hurling the entire Blackston gang into the torrent.

A deerskin bag hung against the animal's flank. It was an old "medicine" or mystery bag, but it no longer contained articles of curiosity and superstition. It was stuffed with small sacks of gold dust!

Dirk Blackston seized it with covetous hands and thrust it into one of a pair of saddle-bags slung across his own mount. Even as he did so, Socorro Pete uttered a warning exclamation.

"Someone comin' up the trail," he jerked, and with a common impulse both he and Blackston seized the reins of their ponies and plunged into the cover of a brushwood thicket.

Immediately afterwards, two horsemen came fairly into view. They were Indians, of the once fierce Apache nation.

They dropped from their mustangs as they reached the motionless Ute, and the two white men in the brush watched them stoop over the fallen Indian

and attempt to revive him. Presently the Ute struggled dazedly to his feet.

"What happened, brother?" one of the Apaches demanded in Mission dialect, which Blackston and Socorro Pete understood. "Who are you, and whence come you?"

The Ute stared at his questioner: There was a blank expression on his youthful face, and he passed his hand across his brow in a vague fashion.

"I know not," he said slowly: "There is something wrong with my head. There is no answer I can make."

Blackston and Socorro Pete exchanged glances. "Sufferin' rattlesnakes!" the latter whispered. "That graze along his skull musta busted his memory."

Blackston impatiently signed to him to remain silent as the two Apaches drew back and held a muttered council.

"Can this be Owana?" the white men heard one of them say, in a tone of suppressed excitement. "The medicine-men of our tribe have said

that he will one day take shape amid these hills, despatched by the Great Spirit from the land of the Dead, appearing in fire—Owana, the heaven-sent warrior who will lead us against the Palefaces and sweep them from our ancient hunting-grounds!"

"How do we know that this Red youth appeared in a blaze of fire, as the medicine-men prophesied?" the other argued dubiously.

Blackston took Socorro Pete by the arm, and jerked his head to indicate that they were to slip away. Without uttering his thoughts, he led his horse noiselessly through the brush, his accomplice at his heels.

They made a detour, and came on to the trail again. Both rogues were in the saddle now, and, calling on Socorro to follow him, Blackston suddenly galloped towards the Apaches.

"Beware!" he shouted, calling to them in the Mission dialect. "The Ute is not human flesh-and-blood. He is a messenger from the gods!"

The Apaches stared at him in awe. "How do you know this, Paleface?" one of them asked.

"Because he came in a burst of fire from the heavens!" Dirk Blackston answered, playing on the superstitious minds of the Indians so effectively that the young Ute himself seemed convinced by his strange tale. "One moment the trail was empty. Then came the lightning, striking the road where the Ute now stands—and, behold, he took shape as if by magic!"

With these words, Blackston pushed on, pretending to avoid the Ute as if in fear, and Socorro Pete rode after him. Half-a-mile down the trail, Socorro gasped out a bewildered question.

"Say, what's the idea, makin' out that Redskin was spooky?" he wanted to know.

"You heard what the Apaches said," Dirk Blackston retorted. "There's the makin' of a full-sized uprisin' in this, Socorro. Of course, the Apaches will get the worst of it eventually, but maybe not before they've wiped out the whole population of the Pecos Valley, the richest grazin' country in New Mexican territory. That'll mean free land and loot a-plenty. We'll be on the spot to take our pickin's afore a fresh rush of settlers arrives."

"Yeah, if we don't lose our scalps with the rest," Socorro growled.

Dirk Blackston bared his broken, discoloured teeth in an evil grin. "We'll take care of our scalps," he declared. "Meanwhile, I'm gonna send to Silver City for some of our old pals. In case o' trouble, it might be as well to have some support."

The Death Card.

IN the little corral at the back of the Bar Eight ranch-house, Rex Remington, the Dandy Cowboy, was tightening the girth-strap of his favourite mount. By the young English rancher's side stood Deroe the Red, the dignified Indian who was a member of the band of husky lead-slingers in Rex's employ.

"My heart is filled with care," Deroe was saying. "My brother, Swift Hawk, should have been here ere now, and I fear he has met with some hurt."

"H'm," the Dandy Cowboy mused. "He was coming from the neighbourhood of Los Lunas, wasn't he? Well, he should have been here two days ago. He was carrying gold, too?"

"Much gold," Deroe answered. "He had made a fortune for himself prospecting, and his message said that he was coming here to share his wealth with me."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Rex. "I'm riding

himself, then stood listening as Blackston's voice reached his ears.

"Friend," the gambler said to Tex McNaughten, "I'll cover your bet and back my own hand against yours. But you'll have to take gold-dust instead of coin."

With the words, he reached towards the floor and opened an Indian medicine-bag, from which he took a small sack. This he placed on the table, and Tex McNaughten at once laid his cards on the table.

"Two pairs, king high," he stated.

Dirk Blackston slid his fingers towards his riding-boot, but the crafty gesture did not escape the keen eyes of the big Bar Eight cow-puncher. With an exclamation he sprang to his feet, and next instant he flung an accusation at the other man.

"Leave that card where it is!" Tex ground out. "You can't slide any aces out of yore boot when you bet with me!"

Blackston was on his feet as well, rage and chagrin written on his bearded features. A blistering oath escaped him, and his hand travelled like lightning to his hip.

Tex was no mean gunman himself, yet he must have been drilled ere his hand could have touched his holster. But with a movement that was a split-



NO TIME FOR REFLECTION.—Rex darted to one side. Immediately the crooks' guns blazed at his form reflected in the mirror, but Rex had bounded out of the door.

into Roswell to get some tobacco for the boys, and I'll see if Swift Hawk showed up there at all."

He swung himself lithely into the saddle of his horse and rode out across the prairie. It took him an hour to reach the straggling street of the cattle-town of Roswell.

As he was passing the saloon, he recognised a pony that was attached to the hitch-rail, and knew that one of his men, Tex McNaughten, was in the building.

The Dandy Cowboy dismounted and entered the bar-room. He at once clapped eyes on Tex seated at a table near the far end of the saloon, engaged in a game of poker with three or four men.

The Dandy Cowboy stopped short as his glance came to rest on the features of those men, and he also marked several others standing at the players' backs. Rex had seen them before in far-off Silver City and knew their reputations—particularly the reputation of one of the group sitting at the table.

"Dirk Blackston, eh?" he murmured, half to

second faster than Blackston's the Dandy Cowboy plucked out his forty-fives.

Two shots burst from his guns and both were directed at a gleaming buckle on Blackston's muscular stomach. That buckle was mangled by the dual dose of lead, and Blackston's belt fell from his waist, his iron dropping with it to the floor before his grasp could close on the butt.

Blackston wheeled with a curse, and Socorro Pete and the rest of the gang from Silver City swung around and reached tentatively for their "artillery." But the smoking forty-fives of the Dandy Cowboy were menacing them.

"You and your bunch are not welcome here,

Blackston," the Dandy Cowboy drawled. "In this town we play square. Tex," he added, "just to satisfy the whole bar, you might take that card out of his jack-boot."

McNaughten did so and displayed the card that he removed from the scoundrelly gambler's leg.

"An ace it was," the Dandy Cowboy mused, "and the Ace of Spades at that. That's the death-card, Blackston, and I'd take it as an omen and clear out if I were you."

Scowling, Dirk Blackston picked up the Indian medicine-bag, on which Rex's eyes immediately became fastened. Then the gambler strode towards the swing-doors with his cronies trooping after him, but on the threshold he paused and turned his head.

"Death-card, huh?" he snarled. "Well, you'd better take a good look at it, Remington, for maybe it's meant for you."

With these sinister words he led his gang from the bar-room, and Tex at once addressed the Dandy Cowboy.

"Gee, Boss," he exclaimed, "is that Dirk Blackston—"

But the young Englishman interrupted him. He was thinking of that Indian medicine-bag and the gold dust.

"Tex," the Dandy Cowboy rapped out, "I've got urgent business to attend to. You'd better get back to the outfit with some 'smoking' for the boys. I'll see you there later."

He hurried from the saloon, and mounted his horse as he saw Blackston's gang riding from the town. Keeping his distance and availing himself of every scrap of cover, he proceeded to trail them across the prairie, and into the hills beyond.

In the heart of the mountain range he saw them turn off through a narrow notch, and, on passing through this himself, he caught sight of them entering a cabin cunningly tucked away in the shadow of an overhanging cliff.

It was getting dark as Rex left his horse at the notch and proceeded on foot. He gained the cabin and crouched down beside an open window at the side of the dwelling.

"You sent for us, Dirk, an' we've been here a coupla days," he heard one of Blackston's men announce, in a grumbling tone. "When do the fireworks start?"

"Say, the Injuns don't stage an uprisin' at a minute's notice," came the answer, that almost startled Rex into voicing a sharp exclamation. "Socorro Pete is keepin' tag on the Apache village, and this Ute that they think is a heaven-sent messenger has fairly got 'em worked up. But they're collectin' guns and ammunition afore they break loose."

"Who is this so-called spooky Ute?" someone demanded.

"I don't know," was the rejoinder. "Socorro an' me picked up his trail because we heard he was carryin' gold. He took a crack that made him lose his memory, an' Socorro says the kid's so superstitious himself that he's got to thinkin' he really is a messenger from the Great Spirit. Anyway, this old cabin is a good hide-out for us. . . ."

He paused as the sound of hoof-beats became audible.

"That sounds like Socorro now," one of the gang declared. They all crowded to the door as a lone horseman rode up in a flurry of excitement.

"What's wrong, Socorro?" Blackston demanded. "Any news from the Apache village?"

"Yeah, they're takin' the war-path through the Pecos Valley in full force at dawn," Socorro jerked. "But never mind that! As I was comin' through

the notch I saw a strange hoss. Somebody's snoopin' around here!"

There was an angry clamour, and the Dandy Cowboy held his breath, for it looked as if he were trapped. He had entered a narrow cañon hemmed in by sheer, towering cliffs, and the notch was the only means of escape from it, but the crooks stood between him and his horse.

"A snooper!" he heard Blackston grind out: "Well, we'll get him! Follow me an' make a search!"

Rex was in a desperately tight corner and had to think fast. He swung himself through the open window of the cabin which the gangsters had just left. There was no hiding-place there, and at first he seemed to have gained nothing by his move. He stood with his hands on his gun-butts, listening to Blackston and his accomplices staging their search, and presently he heard the gambler's voice.

"He ain't in the cañon, fellers, and he couldn't 've got out of it! Maybe he ducked into the cabin when our backs was turned. C'mon, let's see!"

The words were no sooner spoken than an inspiration occurred to Rex. No lamp had been lit in the shack, but there was just sufficient light with the door open to gain a dim impression of the room's contents, and the Dandy Cowboy saw his reflection staring at him from a fair-sized mirror above the fireplace. Rex quickly stepped to one side of the door and pressed himself close to the wall.

The gangsters advanced on the cabin. The mirror over the fireplace was not immediately opposite the door, and their own reflections were not displayed as they reached the threshold. But they saw that of the Dandy Cowboy, and on the spur of the moment took it to be his actual form, never dreaming that the Englishman was in reality shielded by the open door beside them.

"Stick 'em up—Remington!" the voice of Blackston snarled.

Behind the door, the Dandy Cowboy elevated his hands, and the image in the mirror mimicked him.

Dirk Blackston and his gangsters swarmed into the room. The last man was past the door when the Englishman darted from his place of concealment. The gangsters saw the reflection in the mirror jerk aside, and, still taking it for the flesh-and-blood Dandy Cowboy, they raised a savage outcry.

"Let him have it!" roared Dirk Blackston, and there was a flashing blast of gunfire as the crooks poured a salvo through the gloom, a salvo that shattered the mirror into a thousand fragments while the Dandy Cowboy bounded through the doorway!

Blackston and his men were too bewildered at first to realise the manner in which they had been so cleverly tricked, but as the truth dawned on them they wheeled vengefully and rushed from the cabin to see Rex leap astride his horse.

A desultory burst of firing challenged his flight, but the shots sang wide, and unscathed, the Dandy Cowboy galloped through the notch.

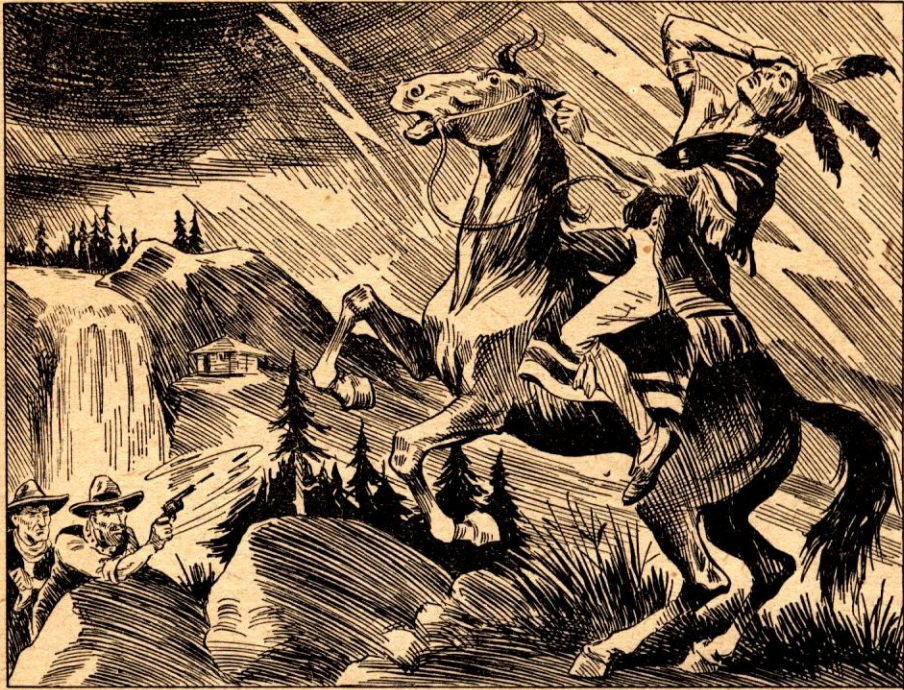
The Apache Village.

THERE was not a horse among Blackston's gang that could equal the Englishman's for speed, and, though pursuit was attempted, Rex was not long in throwing off his enemies.

The talk he had overheard at the cabin had convinced him that Swift Hawk was at the Apache village, and it was for the Indian encampment that he now made.

A journey of some fifteen miles brought him in sight of the twinkling fires that marked his destination. He tethered his horse in a cippice and stole towards the Redskin village.

There was a great commotion in progress amid



WINGING THE LONE WANDERER.—Blackston aimed his gun at the Indian ahead. The report of the shot was overwhelmed in a thunder clap, but the Ute pitched headlong from his mustang.

the buffalo skin tepees, shrill war-whoops mingling with the beat of tom-toms, and, in the firelight, Rex saw bands of armed braves joining in the grotesque dance of death.

Nearer at hand he observed a group of chiefs seated in council, and in the midst was a slim, dark-skinned youth. Rex's knowledge of the Indian tribes told him that he was of the Ute people and not of these Apaches, and as he crawled nearer through the underbush, the striking likeness which the youth bore to Deroc, assured him that he was indeed Swift Hawk.

"Owana," one of the Apache chiefs said to the Ute, "you have told us more than once that you hold no grudge against the Palefaces. But remember, you are the chosen agent of the Great Spirit. Fail him, and he will recall you to the Happy Hunting Grounds only to banish you to that dark river of evil where those who have displeased him, dwell in eternal misery. . . Are you ready to lead us against the Palefaces, Owana . . . ?"

And, staring before him into the firelight, the brother of Deroc made answer, with an apprehension that showed he was terror-stricken at the prospect of incurring the wrath of the Indian gods.

"I am ready," he said slowly. "With the dawn I shall lead you on the war-path."

With these words he left the council and began to move thoughtfully up the hillside, passing close to the very spot where Rex crouched. The Dandy Cowboy watched him for a moment, and then began to follow him. He was full fifty paces from the Apache village when Swift Hawk turned to retrace his steps. Braving

discovery, the Englishman at once rose and confronted him.

"Swift Hawk," he said urgently, "your place is not here. Let me take you to your brother Deroc. You remember that name—yes?"

"Deroc?" the Redskin muttered. "I know him not. You call me Swift Hawk, but I am Owana, messenger of the gods. Beware, Paleface, for to-morrow—"

Rex waited to hear no more. "You're coming with me," the Dandy Cowboy jerked, and with the words he seized the Ute in his powerful arms.

Swift Hawk raised an outcry, which reached the ears of the Apaches, but before the tribe could realise what was afoot Rex had bundled the Ute to his horse and swung him up into the saddle.

He bound the struggling youth's hands with his rawhide lariat, and then mounted behind him. By then a body of twenty or thirty of the enraged Apaches were astride their mustangs and a hail of bullets and arrows threatened Rex as he spurred from the edge of the hollow.

His horse was carrying a double burden, yet maintained its lead during the wild gallop that followed, and some time later, when Rex sighted the Bar Eight Ranch-house, the faithful animal was far ahead of the pursuers.

He dipped into a thicket of brushwood, and was pushing through it towards the outfit when suddenly a gang of men spurred from the shadows and, at the point of the gun, ordered him to halt. They were Dirk Blackston and his cronies.

"Aw, been visitin', huh?" Blackston sneered, as

he saw the youth who shared the Dandy Cowboy's saddle. "Well, we figured on ridin' out to your ranch to finish you off in case you'd heard too much, Remington, and it's just as well we did. Take that Ute off his hands, one of you boys."

Swift Hawk was lifted down, and then Rex was escorted to the ranch-house. As he approached the building he saw the huddled figures of the Bar Eight boys, bound hand and foot, against the veranda rail.

They looked at the young Englishman sheepishly, and Bud Malone, the fat 'puncher, took it upon himself to speak.

"I guess we wuz all taken by surprise, Boss," he muttered. "They'd never 've done this if they hadn't sneaked up an' got the drop on us sudden-like."

Rex did not answer. He was looking in the direction of a moonlit ridge which he had crossed a little while before. The band of pursuing Apaches had appeared on the crest, and were gathering for an attack on the outfit. Blackston and his men had seen them, too, and their approach gave Blackston an idea.

"Tie up Remington and throw him down along with his cow-hands," he ordered crisply. "We'll leave 'em to the Injuns. And meanwhile we'll slip away with this Ute. We'll offer to exchange him if the Apache chiefs guarantee our safety when the rebellion breaks loose."

Rex was secured in the same fashion as his ranch-hands, and with Swift Hawk in their midst the Blackston gang then stole from the scene, riding off under cover of the brush.

Meanwhile the Apaches were coming on at full whip, and the Bar Eight boys were left to face death and mutilation by the dagger and the scalping-knife.

The Redskins were five hundred yards away when a terrier ambled up to the ranch-house. Blackston and his gang had bound every man at the outfit, even Wun Lun, the Chinese cook. But they had paid no heed to Tige, Bud Malone's frisky pup, and as the fat cowboy clapped eyes on his dog, he let out a yip and called him to his side.

Twisting around, he thrust his imprisoned wrists towards the terrier's muzzle. "Go on, Tige!" Bud panted. "Bite these here cords like you would the seat of a hoss-thief's pants!"

Tige seemed to understand. He fastened his teeth on the rope that held his master a prisoner, and within a few seconds Bud was free.

He cast off the thongs about his ankles, and, drawing a bowie-knife, sprang to the aid of his comrades. Spurred on by the rapid approach of the Indians, who were very close now, he slashed frantically with the knife, freeing man after man.

An arrow hissed past Bud's shoulder and thudded into the veranda rails. A shower of bullets followed. But the fat cowboy worked on determinedly, assisted now by those whom he had already released.

Blackston's gang had piled the guns of the Bar Eight boys on the veranda, and a concerted rush was made for these as the last man was set at liberty.

The Apaches were within thirty paces now, and they outnumbered the cowpunchers, but in a ringing voice Rex Remington rallied his men for the fray.

"Give 'em lead, boys!" he shouted, and his own forty-fives blazed an accompaniment to the words.

A crashing fusillade followed immediately, and before the deadly storm of bullets the Redskins recoiled. Half a dozen of the braves were unhorsed by the first volley, and next moment the Dandy Cowboy and his lead-slingers were advancing in open formation, shooting incessantly as they moved forward.

The steady advance and the blistering gunfire demoralised the Apaches, and as several more of their number bit the dust the survivors wavered. Next

moment they had turned tail and were riding like the wind in the direction whence they had come.

Cañon Bridge.

WITH the Redskins in full flight the Dandy Cowboy turned to his men.

"We've got to pick up the trail of the Blackston gang and save Deroc's brother from their clutches," he rapped out. "And, by the way, where is Deroc? I don't see him here."

"He was plumb worried over Swift Hawk, Boss," Tex McNaughten declared, "and an hour afore that coyote Blackston showed up he rode out to see of he could find any trace o' the kid."

"Well, we'll have Swift Hawk here by the time Deroc gets back, I hope," said Rex. "Come on, boys, it's boot and saddle."

The men of the Bar Eight mounted their brons and galloped in the direction which the Blackston gang had taken, and, riding at top speed, they sighted Swift Hawk's rufianly escort half an hour later.

The gang was moving at a canter, but one and all clapped spurs to their ponies' flanks as they became aware of the pursuers behind them. With the advantage of their lead they seemed in a fair way to making their escape when Rex uttered an exclamation.

"It looks as if they mean to cross Cañon Bridge," he jerked. "If I take the short cut by the old Indian trail I may be able to head them off. I've got an idea, boys, and I want you to keep after those crooks!"

He swung aside and struck through a long valley, then climbed a steep trail that brought him in sight of a narrow gulch, near which the short cut picked up the road that Blackston and his gang were following.

The gulch was spanned by a ricketty, weather-beaten bridge of wood, rotten with decay and only just capable of supporting the weight of a body of horse-men. Beyond the far end of the bridge the dusty trail pierced a narrow pass between cliffs thirty feet high. Below the bridge was a deep, fast-running river, sweeping towards the Carmenita Falls a quarter of a mile downstream.

Dropping to the bridge, he swiftly examined the crazy timbers supporting its further end. All were rotten with age, and the bridge-end was held in position practically by one beam only slightly sturdier than the others.

Without hesitation the Dandy Cowboy drew his six-guns and riddled the beam with shot, spraying his bullets in a neat horizontal line. The rotten wood-work powdered beneath the onslaught, and the whole framework of the bridge sagged and creaked ominously.

Rex had only just completed the job when the Blackston gang thundered on to the bridge with Swift Hawk still in their midst. With a rending of shattered wood the whole structure plunged downward.

Every man was hurled into the torrent below. That mad dive took the Dandy Cowboy's breath away, but he quickly secured his mount and clung fiercely to its saddle. The horse struck out gallantly for the shore.

Blackston's gang and their ponies were struggling near by, every one of the rogues unhorsed. Among that frenzied group of rufian humanity Rex picked out the dark, bobbing head of Swift Hawk.

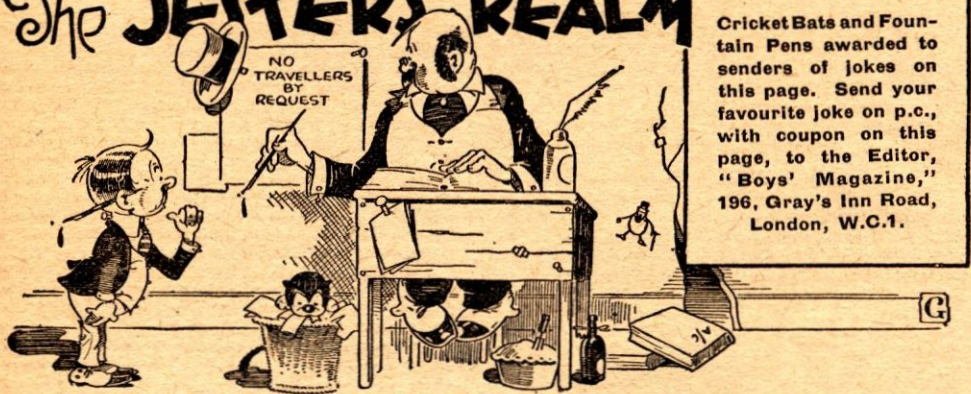
He steered his bronc towards the Ute as the latter was being swept downstream by the current, and in a few seconds he had overtaken the young Indian; He caught hold of him and dragged him across the saddle, then let his horse make for a flat, shelving rock that extended from the shore.

As the pony scrambled on to this the Dandy Cowboy dismounted and set Swift Hawk on his feet. Panting from the effects of his immersion, the Ute stumbled towards the strip of beach below the cañon

(Continued on page 10.)

SNAP UP ONE OF THE JESTER'S GRAND PRIZES, CHUMS.

The JESTER'S REALM



Cricket Bats and Fountain Pens awarded to senders of jokes on this page. Send your favourite joke on p.c., with coupon on this page, to the Editor, "Boys' Magazine," 196, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

Office Boy : There's a salesman outside, sir—man with a moustache.
Manager : Tell him I've got one!

(Cricket Bat to V. CHAFFEY, 46, Alma Vale Road, Clifton, Bristol.)

JOKE COUPON.

Stick on postcard and send with your favourite joke to the JOKE EDITOR.

14/5/32.

WIT MEETS WIT.

A certain Irishman was very proud of a huge bulldog he possessed, and which was his constant companion. One day a friend met him without the dog, and looking very disconsolate.

"Well," he asked. "And how is that dog of yours doing?"

"Oh, be jabbers, he's dead! The illigant baste wint an' swallowed a tape-measure!"

"Oh, I see! He died by inches then?"

"No, shure, he didn't! He went round to the back of the house an' died by the yard!"

(Fountain pen to M. MATTHEWS, 12, Ewenny Rd., Bridgend, Glam.)

NO SECOND CHANCE.

TOURIST (looking over steep precipice) : I suppose people fall down here often, don't they?

GUIDE : No, once is enough for most of them!

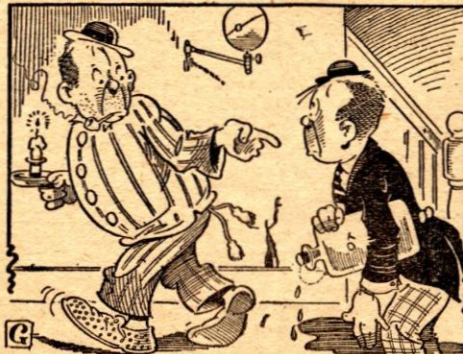
(Fountain pen to ENOCH SMITH, 25, West Street, Seamore, Walsall, Staffs)

A LITTLE MORE.

FIRST BURGLAR : What about the burglar alarm, Bill?

SECOND BURGLAR : Oh, shove it in the sack, Bill. The bells might fetch a copper or two.

(Fountain pen to J. BRADSHAW, 26, Littlemoor Crescent, Newbold, Chesterfield.)



"Oi'll tell ye, Pat—if Oi'm up before ye in the morning, Oi'll put a chalk mark on yer door."

"Bejabbers, and if Oi'm up first, Oi'll rub it out!"

(Cricket Bat to BOB BROOKS, 34, Martingale Road, Bloomfield Road, Brislington, Bristol.)

GENEROUS.

ALF : I saw that old man give you something for helping him across the road.

BILL : Yes, he said : "My good man 'ere's something for a cup of tea."

ALF : And what was it?

BILL : A lump of sugar!

(Fountain pen to BERTIE JONES, Islwyn, Cefn, St. Asaph, North Wales.)

COLLARED.

Wee McGreegor went into a draper's shop one day, "I want a collar for me fither," he said.

"One like mine?" asked the assistant.

"Na, I'm wantin' a clean one!"

(Fountain pen to WILLIAM FLEMING, 98, Medwyn Street, Glasgow, W.4.)

QUICK WORK.

CUSTOMER : Can you recommend this hair restorer?

BARBER : Yes, I know a man who pulled out the cork with his teeth, and in twenty-four hours he had a moustache!

(Fountain pen to W. DUFFEY, 24, Front Row, Eldon, Bishop Auckland, Durham.)

THE FIRST TIME.

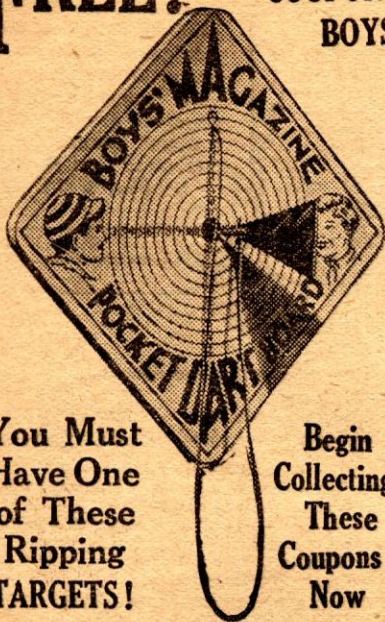
FARMER (on telephone for first time) : Send me a bushel of oats, please!

VOICE : Who are they for?

FARMER : For my horse, of course!

(Fountain pen to R. TREM, 9, Cheshire Road, Doncaster.)

FREE! FOR FOUR
COUPONS
BOYS



**You Must
Have One
of These
Ripping
TARGETS!**

**Begin
Collecting
These
Coupons
Now**

One of these Special Coupons is printed each week in B.M. Send your four as soon as you get them to the Editor, "Boys' Magazine," 196, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1, or Withy Grove, Manchester. Mark envelope "Pocket Target." Enclose 1d. stamp for postage.

BOYS' MAGAZINE
Patent Target Coupon

Send four of these coupons together with 1d. stamp to cover postage, and your name and address, and secure one of these splendid gifts.

THE DANDY COWBOY

(Continued from page 8.)

wall. Rex was preparing to follow him when two figures dragged themselves high and dry beside him.

They were Dirk Blackston and Socorro Pete, and there was fight in the pair of them, for each sprang at the Dandy Cowboy.

Rex stepped forward to meet Socorro, who was foremost. He planted a crushing left between the crook's eyes, and the man jerked backward. Next instant he had missed his footing and plunged into the river, and by the time he had recovered his wits he had been carried past the strip of shore—doomed to end his career at the Falls.

There was still Dirk Blackston to account for, and the gang-leader clobbered with Rex before the Englishman had recovered his balance.

Rex stepped back, but in doing so tripped over a ridge in the rock and fell. Next second, Blackston had swung up a heavy slab of stone with both hands, and, leering evilly, he prepared to dash it down on the Englishman's head.

The Dandy Cowboy rolled aside as the boulder left Blackston's grasp, and it crashed down on his shoulder. Snarling, the gang-leader stumbled forward to renew the assault with his hands ere Rex could rise, but the Englishman planted his feet in the scoundrel's middle and with a terrific heave pushed him headlong into the river after Socorro.

The Dandy Cowboy saw him borne away by the current to share the grim fate that had already overtaken his henchman, Socorro Pete. As he turned towards the strip of beach, he discerned Swift Hawk preparing to mount Dirk Blackston's horse.

"Stop!" the Englishman called, and with that Swift Hawk looked round wildly.

The Ute plucked out a knife. "I go to the Apaches!" he cried. "And none can stop me!"

He threw himself at Rex, and, dazed with the pain of his hurt, the Englishman flung up his left hand to defend himself. But his clutch missed the young Indian, and in another moment the dagger must have plunged home.

Before it could touch the Dandy Cowboy's breast, however, a rock the size of a man's fist thudded against Swift Hawk's temple, and with a hollow groan he fell senseless at the Englishman's feet.

Rex looked up. The figure of Deroo the Red was coming down a steep track from the summit of the cañon wall, his mustang picking its way gingerly. Behind him fled the Bar Eight boys, and, while these covered several of Blackston's gangsters who had managed to gain the strip of beach, Deroo approached the Dandy Cowboy.

"What has happened, my white brother?" the Redskin demanded.

As briefly as possible the Dandy Cowboy explained the strange circumstances surrounding Swift Hawk's allegiance to the Apaches.

"But now he is safely in our hands there will be no uprising," the Dandy Cowboy finished.

He had hardly spoken when Swift Hawk began to show signs of recovery, and as he opened his eyes Deroo stooped over him and gazed steadily into his face.

"Swift Hawk," he said, "do you know me?"

The young Redskin stared at him vaguely for a spell, then gradually a look of recognition began to dawn in his sloe-black eyes.

"Deroo, my brother," he murmured. "Where am I? What has happened to me?"

"You do not remember, Swift Hawk?" Deroo asked him.

The young Indian drew his hand across his brow; "Only that there was a storm of thunder and lightning," he said slowly. "Then suddenly something seemed to strike me and all was black. My gold—my gold. . ."

Rex was standing by Dirk Blackston's horse, and from the animal's accoutrement he removed the deerskin medicine-bag stuffed with small sacks of precious dust.

"Here's your gold, Swift Hawk," he said, and then, taking Deroo by the arm he drew the elder Redskin aside.

"His memory is restored, Deroo," he whispered. "The blow from that rock must have cleared his mind, and only the two days' interval that he spent with the Apaches is a blank to him now. Let it remain a blank. . ."

Don't let your minds go blank, chaps, so that you miss next week's Mag., and our greatest Wander Eock of the series, Secrets of Famous Detectives.

**NAPOLEON'S DASHING AIDE-DE-CAMP HOODWINKS A WHOLE
DETACHMENT! Another Thrilling Exploit of the Laughing Hussar.**



A Prisoner.

**Hurrah! Another Glamorous Old-time
Tale Featuring
CAPTAIN LEFARGE!**

IT was late November of the year 1805, and a bleak, wintry night, with chill mists gathering in the remote valley of the Moravian hills through which the solitary traveller was passing.

He was Captain André Lefarge, that dashing personality whose reputation as a *sabreur* was a by-word all over Europe. Captain Lefarge of the Grand Army of Napoleon which had advanced to do battle with the legions of Germany and Austria.

His regiment was some miles distant, and was moving up from the west to attach itself to the cavalry divisions of Bonaparte's host. But Lefarge had pushed on ahead carrying State documents from Paris, with instructions to place them in the hands of Napoleon at the earliest possible moment.

The Gay Gascon of the 8th Hussars had still twenty leagues to ride ere he could come up with the Grand Army, and as he espied the gleam of a light amid the grey vapours he resolved to make for it, in the hope of obtaining food.

He was soon in sight of the building from which the illumination came, but it was not a peasant's hut, such as he had expected to see. It was a barn, the door of which stood open, and three horses were tethered outside.

The accoutrement of the three horses was of a

military pattern, and Lefarge deemed it wise to approach the barn with caution, for there was always the possibility that the owners of those beasts might be enemy stragglers.

It was as well for the Captain that he put himself on his guard, for, having dismounted and approached the barn on foot, he heard guttural voices and peered warily round the door to see three Austrian cavalrmen.

They were huddled around a lantern, and one of them, obviously an officer of rank, was wrapped in a military cloak.

"These French will be in the valley by morning," the man in the cloak was saying. "We will then estimate their strength. If they are formidable in numbers then General Berg's plan to engage Napoleon's right rear will be in jeopardy."

"You are right, Major Lederman," one of the other men said respectfully. "General Berg's column will be trapped betwixt the Grand Army of the French and these reinforcements."

"And will be compelled to surrender," put in the third Austrian. "*Donnerwetter!* The ruse to throw ourselves on the French from behind at the critical moment of our Emperor's frontal attack would fizzle out like a damp charge of gunpowder."

The conversation to which he was listening made it

clear to Lefarge that the position of the French Grand Army was perilous in the extreme.

"But remember, comrades," the man Lederman went on, "General Berg's column is ten thousand strong, and if this approaching detachment of French is small enough they can be surrounded and taken prisoner without a blow being struck."

Lefarge quietly drew his pistol, and stepped boldly into the barn.

"A thousand pardons, *messieurs*," he observed, "but I am forced to interrupt your *tete-a-tete* and request your surrender."

The Austrians scrambled to their feet with a volley of oaths, and glared at the tall figure of the armed intruder. Then the fellow Lederman made a swift,

long to the floor, Lederman swung up his sword to hack his prostrate foe.

Lefarge saw the blade sweeping downward, and, rolling over on to his back, he parried the stroke. In the same instant he executed a rapid, twisting gesture that whipped the sword out of Lederman's grasp and tossed it high into the air. It came to rest on the platform of a loft some twelve or fifteen feet above the floor of the barn.

The Gay Hussar was on his feet again in the twinkling of an eye, and now he encountered the dual onslaught of Tabor and Lindorf. It was an onslaught that he baffled by lightning sabre-play, and he was quickly on the offensive.

In the meantime Lederman scrambled up a ladder to recover his sword. As he secured the weapon his eye darted to a heavy bale of hay, suspended from the roof by an iron hook.

Some peasant must have run it up thus far on the pulley wheel provided for hoisting purposes, and had abandoned his task at the approach of the French Grand Army. The bale hung within easy reach of Lederman—and Lefarge was now immediately underneath it.

With one stroke of the Austrian's sword the rope supporting the heavy burden was severed, and the bale dropped with crushing impact. It thudded down on Lefarge's head even as he lunged at his assailants, and bore him to the ground.

Turning the Tables.

LEDERMAN hurriedly descended from the loft, and, joining Lindorf and Tabor, made a brief examination of the Frenchman, then spurned him with his foot.

"Only stunned," Lederman growled. "Lucky for him his neck was not broken."

"It might be as well to finish him, though, Major," Tabor suggested.

"No," Lederman argued. "General Berg may like to question him. But in the meantime I have an idea. His presence here may mean that the French detachment is closer than we think, and I am going to see if I can get in touch with them."

"Thunder!" Lindorf ejaculated. "You would be shot on sight, Major."

Lederman chuckled. "I am not fool enough to be near them with *this* uniform," he retorted. "My breeches are of a pattern with the Frenchman's; All I need is his tunic and bearskin."

The change was speedily effected, and, charging Tabor and Lindorf to keep guard over Lefarge, Lederman took horse and galloped off.

He had been gone for some time when Lefarge recovered consciousness to find himself in his shirt-sleeves, with his wrists and ankles securely bound and Lederman's two comrades squatting close by.

Lindorf and Tabor seemed to be on the verge of dozing, and, giving no indication that he had regained



DRIVING DEATH DIVERTED.—An Austrian lancer charged at the unarmed Lederman, but Lefarge swerved aside. His blade flashed down on the lance, snapping it in two.

conjuring movement, and whipped out a pistol in defiance of the weapon in Lefarge's hand.

The Captain's finger curled on the trigger and a blast of flame leapt from the barrel of his pistol. A cry escaped the Austrian, as the ball struck the weapon from his grasp.

Yet, aware that the Frenchman's pistol was empty, the three Austrians reached for their swords. The Gay Hussar did the same, and as his sabre rasped clear of its scabbard he struck a challenging attitude.

"*Eh bien!*" he cried. "You would make a fight of it, so I will give the three of you a lesson in swordsmanship, friends."

"Back, Tabor!" Lederman ordered harshly. "Back, Lindorf! I'll show this French braggart that one good Austrian is more than a match for him!"

Lederman was a fellow of formidable build, with great, black moustaches and a scowling, swarthy countenance. He fairly leapt at Lefarge, but the Gascon coolly held him at bay, and in the first clashing exchange of blows the Austrian discovered his adversary's worth.

Lederman presently found himself fighting on the defensive and maintaining the duel with difficulty. Back and back he retreated, Lefarge pressing him closely, when the man Tabor slid his foot forward and tripped the Hussar. The Frenchman plunged head-

his senses, Lefarge watched until both men had sunk low in an attitude of slumber. With great caution the Hussar edged himself between them and reached the lantern.

Twisting round so that his back was towards it, he managed to open the face of the lantern with his fingers. Then he thrust his bound wrists into the flame of the wick, and within a few seconds the strands had parted.

He had unfastened the last knot of the cords about his ankles, when Lindorf unexpectedly jerked into wakefulness.

He clapped eyes on the Frenchman, and with a great shout sprang to his feet. Lefarge was up in the same instant and he dashed his clenched fist into the Austrian's face, knocking him senseless to the floor.

But Tabor had risen and snatched out a loaded pistol. Ere he could take aim, however, the Frenchman pounced on him and seized him by the wrist.

A terrific struggle ensued, Tabor striving might and main to turn the pistol barrel against Lefarge's temple, the Frenchman exerting all his strength to baffle the Austrian's murderous design.

All at once Lefarge lost his footing and tumbled to the ground. But he dragged the Austrian down with him, maintaining his grip on the rascal's arm and with his free hand reached for the other's throat.

His fingers clenched like tightening bands of steel, and Tabor's face grew swollen and purple. More than a minute elapsed, and then the Austrian sank in a stupor, Lefarge securing possession of the pistol and heaving the man's body aside.

When Lindorf and Tabor finally recovered, the Hussar was menacing them with the weapon he had commandeered. He had also donned Lederman's discarded tunic for warmth, and was standing by the bale which had felled him during his first scuffle with the Austrians.

"Your Major Lederman should be back fairly soon, my old ones," Lefarge observed, "and we will stage a little surprise for him. You will move behind this bale with me."

Lindorf and Tabor were compelled to obey at the pistol's point, and only the heads and shoulders of captor and captives were then visible from the doorway.

They had not long to wait before the clip-clop of hoofs became audible, and presently Lederman arrived post-haste. He swung himself from the saddle, stepped into the barn and marched towards the bale.

"There is only a single regiment of Hussars approaching," he began as he advanced across the barn. "Bah! Eight hundred French, and ten thousand of us. Our fellows can overwhelm them in a twinkling, and then proceed with the plan of attack."

He had come into full view of the trio behind the bale by now, and as he realised the plight of his two comrades a sharp exclamation escaped him. But on the instant Lefarge jerked the pistol forward threateningly.

"Up with your hands, *Monsieur le Major!*" he ordered. "You are going to stay here and renew your acquaintance with that same regiment of Hussars."

The Charge.

WHEN his comrades of the famous Eighth appeared in the valley Lefarge gave a halloo that attracted their attention. Shortly afterwards he presented his captives to the Colonel of the Regiment, whose face became serious as he heard of the Austrian division ahead.

"Exactly where are these enemy troops?" he demanded of Lederman, who, however, preserved a sullen silence.

"Lederman," Lefarge said. "You are masquerading in the tunic, dolman, and bearskin of a French regiment. You are in the position of a spy, and liable



THE DEATH TRAP.—With one stroke of the Austrian's sword, the rope was severed, and the heavy bale of hay thudded down on Lefarge's head, bearing him to the ground.

to face a firing-squad. Possibly the Colonel may spare you that fate if you provide us with information."

Lederman's courage failed him, and he began to speak. When he had finished, it was clear to his listeners that Berg's division of Austrians was immediately in the path of the 8th Hussars and could not be avoided without retreating.

"We are in a pretty fix, Lefarge," the Colonel of the regiment declared. "I wonder what you would do if you were in my shoes."

"*Mon Colonel!*" the Gay Gascon replied, "if I

were in your shoes I should tell myself that, with such a man as Lefarge among my troops, there could be no thought of hanging back."

"You are right," the Colonel said. "If only a handful of us win through, our Emperor will be warned of the threatened attack on the Grand Army's rear."

No time was lost in remounting, and, with the three prisoners in their midst, the Eighth pushed on until they distinguished the twinkle of bivouac fires in the mists.

"Our one chance is to take the enemy by surprise," the Colonel announced, in an address to his officers. "According to the maps, there is a deep river beyond Berg's encampment. There are no fords here, only an old bridge. We shall endeavour to cut our way through the Austrians and cross by that bridge. *Eh bien*, my brave ones, the word is 'forward.'"

The regiment swept forward through a narrow defile to come fairly on to a plain. They were in full view of the enemy then, and an outcry arose from the Austrian pickets, an outcry that was drowned in the ringing huzza that burst from the advancing cavalry men.

Disordered bodies of infantry and cavalry attempted to oppose the rush of the Hussars, but the soldiers of Napoleon stormed onward, and among all their officers none inspired them as did the Gay Gascon.

It was as he was clearing a path for himself that Lefarge saw a helpless rider close by. He had been carried on in the headlong charge, and wore the tunic, dolman, and bearskin of the 8th Hussars. But he was unarmed, and the Captain recognised him as Lederman.

Lefarge had neglected to reclaim his own equipment in the haste with which the French regiment had resumed their march after the halt at the barn. Now Lederman was making frantic efforts to escape from the *mêlée*, for the fellow's own countrymen were taking him for a foe.

An Austrian lancer appeared before Lederman, and tried to pierce him through the body. In another second the point must have crashed through his breast, but, though the defenceless man was an enemy, Lefarge swerved chivalrously to his rescue.

His blade slashed down on the driving lance, with a shock that jarred his arm. His sword broke off at the hilt, but the weapon that threatened Lederman had been snapped in twain.

A moment later the remnants of the 8th Hussars had burst their way through the Austrians and were in sight of the bridge. But near the head of the structure was a battery of cannon and a number of ammunition wagons. One of the pieces of artillery had been manned, and its crew were directing the muzzle towards the onrushing body of French cavalry.

But the Sarde had borne Lefarge ahead of his comrades, and the Gascon put his horse straight at the mouth of the cannon.

The Sarde seemed to leap from the ground, its flying hoofs grazing the barrel of the Austrian gun. With the exception of one man the crew fled. As the remaining man attempted to discharge the cannon, Lefarge shot him through the shoulder with a pistol he had drawn.

The Hussars thundered on to the bridge, and, swinging aside to let his comrades cross before him, the Captain saw Lederman carried past amid the surge of cavalry.

Lefarge made to follow them, but in that same instant a platoon of Austrian infantry poured a last volley after the Hussars, and a random ball grazed the Captain's head, striking him to the ground.

He was not insensible for long, for, when he recovered consciousness the Austrian camp was still in a state of confusion. Guttural commands reached

Lefarge's ears, telling him that General Berg was still determined to advance against the French rear.

The Gascon was huddled by an ammunition wagon, and he pulled himself to his feet without being seen. The faithful Sarde was close by, but Lefarge did not mount him immediately. From what he could see, the Austrians were not equipped with material for building a pontoon bridge, so that if the existing structure were destroyed they could never cross the river.

The Captain looked at the ammunition wagon. It was standing on a slight incline near the bridge, its front wheels wedged by two stones.

Kicking the stones away, Lefarge rolled the wagon gently on to the bridge. Then he stole towards an abandoned camp-fire and plucked a blazing brand from the flames.

Quietly leading the Sarde, he walked on to the bridge, tossed the burning stick inside the wagon and proceeded to the far bank of the river at a smart pace.

There was a terrific roar and a blinding flash of flame. The Sarde shied, but Lefarge managed to control him, and watched the shattered bridge collapse, plunging into the deep, wide river with a mighty splash.

Lefarge set foot in the stirrup even as numbers of the enemy came running in dismay to the opposite bank. But at that moment he heard a guttural command at his back, and turned to see a figure rising from the ground.

It was Lederman, and from a dead Frenchman who lay near by he had secured a loaded pistol.

"Lefarge," the Major snarled, "this is your end!"

The Captain took a step forward in defiance of Lederman's threat, and the Major's finger hooked about the trigger. Simultaneously there came a hoarse shout from the other side of the river. "Kill that Frenchman, but take care not to hit our own fellow!"

There was a rattle of musketry, and the sound seemed like a death-knell to Lefarge. But it was not he who fell riddled with bullets. He was wearing an Austrian tunic and shako, Lederman was tricked out in the uniform of the 8th—and it was Lederman who received the fatal volley.

Lefarge watched him sag, lifeless, to the ground, and then sprang astride the Sarde. In another instant he was galloping from the scene, and he was out of range before the Austrians on the far bank could recover from their bewilderment.

* * * * *

THE Emperor Napoleon looked round upon the group of marshals who were in conference with him.

"Forewarned is forearmed, my friends," he was saying, "but with ten thousand Austrians threatening our rear we will have to draw an entire division from the main action."

At this juncture an officer was shown into the room. He was André Lefarge, and, saluting respectfully, he handed Napoleon a batch of documents.

"Mail from Paris, sire," he announced.

The Emperor was staring at him. "Faith, Lefarge," he muttered gruffly, "I am pleased to see you. Your Colonel informed me that you were among the missing when he called the roll after that brush with Berg's detachment."

"*Pardieu!*" Lefarge replied. "Berg's division will not attack, since there is no longer any means of crossing the River Thaya. I have always maintained that my wits are as keen as my sabre, my Emperor. . . ."

Our next stupendous Wonder Book, entitled *Secrets of Famous Detectives*, appears with Next Week's Mag., packed with thrilling tales of crime detection.

WASHINGTON HAY-
SEED, DARKIE
DETECTIVE!

A High-powered, Laugh-a-minute
Comic Tale—Quite Complete!

THE CASE OF
THE RAJAH'S
RUBY!

THAT RESTLESS RUBY!



The Jampudn Ruby.

THERE were many interesting things to see in the Anglo-Indian Exhibition, but the most interesting of the lot was the famous Jampudn Ruby, kindly lent by the Rajah of Sezim for the occasion. Alternatively, there was Washington Hayseed and his assistant, Tim Buskit. They had been engaged by somebody who didn't know them very well, to guard the Rajah's Ruby from possible theft. They were not, officially, part of the exhibition, but Washington, at least, had aroused great interest by suddenly yelling "yow!" or "stoppit!" once or twice as inquisitive old gentlemen poked him in the tummy with umbrellas, under the impression that he was some sort of a waxwork.

They stood on either side of the glass case, watching the stream of gaping spectators who sidled past. It was getting towards evening—the electric lights were already on—the stream was thinning out, and their post began to get a little irksome. They relieved the monotony sometimes by bawling chatty remarks across the room to the policeman who stood on duty at the door.

But a little while before the exhibition was due to close for that day, when there were only about eight people in the room the lights suddenly went out. The policeman had the presence of mind to slam the door he was guarding and shut everybody in, but in the pitch darkness Washington was pushed aside, and next instant there came a crash of glass as the exhibition case of the jewel was smashed open.

Washington recovered from his surprise and sprang towards a dim figure in the darkness.

Laughs and Thrills Galore—and a Surprise Ending—In the Ripping, Humorous Detective Tale Below. Featuring Washington Hayseed and His Daring Assistant, Tim Buskit.

"Ah got him! Ah got him! Switch on de lights! Glaa!" A heavy fist slammed into his face and staggered him, but he recovered almost instantly and sprang again. Again he clutched a human form and struggled frantically to hold it. The form wriggled and hit out again, but Washy was ready this time. His own fist bashed into the figure and the sudden yells which it emitted told only too plainly that they were getting home.

The man in Washy's arms struggled savagely. They toppled over and crashed to the floor, Washington still clinging to his prisoner like grim death.

"Tim!" he yelled. "Do sumpt'h'n, can't you. Switch on de lights!"

There came a muffled gurgle from the other man on the floor—due to Washington sitting on his face—and then the lights flicked up once again.

Washington gripped his adversary firmly and then removed his person from the gentleman's face. He looked down—and gasped with surprise.

"Why, Tim! What you doen' down dere?"

"What am I doin' down here!" answered Tim Buskit with biting sarcasm. "I'm just reclinin' at my ease, like!"

"Ah thought you was de thief!"

"An' I thought you were," said Tim, picking

himself up and rubbing a spot made tender by Washington's fist. "Someone's pinched the ruby and given us the slip."

It was true. The glass case had been smashed open and the valuable jewel had gone.

"All right," called the voice of the policeman across the room. "I shut the door as soon as the lights went out. Everyone who was in the room when the lights went out is in here now!"



HIS ASSISTANT'S ASSISTANCE SQUASHED.—The lights went up again, revealing Washington seated on Tim Buskit instead of the ruby-stealer.

There were some six men in the room beside the detectives. But it was obvious from the first glance that most of them were about as capable of pinching the Jampudn Ruby as they were of buying it.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen," said the policeman, locking the door carefully and walking over to them. "The thief is still somewhere in this room. I ain't accusing anybody, but everybody'll have to submit to a search."

"Quite right," said a fussy old gent. with side-whiskers. "I don't object to being searched."

The rest of the spectators agreed with him and submitted willingly to having Washington and the constable go through their pockets. But the Jampudn

Ruby did not turn up. Three times they searched and one, rather shifty-looking individual, they searched five times. But no ruby!

"Well," said the policeman, when repeated failure to find the jewel forced them to stop at last. "We can't keep these gents here all night. It's obvious that none of them's hiding it. I could swear, too, that nobody left the room before the lights went out!" Tim and Washington looked at each other with anxiety.

"Gosh!" said Washy. "We've gone an' spilled de beans proper dis time! We'm dat ruby's body-guard an' we gotta get it back somehow!"

"We have an' all!" Tim answered with emphasis. "Come on, Wash. We've got to collar the thief somehow!"

Tim Buskit made towards the door of the room with a look of grim determination on his youthful face. At the door Washington turned and called back to the policeman:

"'Fraid we'll haffer leave you to break de news to de manager a' de exhibition. Hope you don't mind!"

Kidnapping the Coon Detective.

OUTSIDE the exhibition building, Washington and Tim Buskit gazed about them blankly. The street was practically deserted.

"Well, Washy, we've got to do somethin', so you walk down the road that way and I'll walk this—if we see any suspicious-lookin' characters we'll question 'em—see?"

So they parted, and went off in opposite directions. Neither of them noticed the shifty-looking fellow, who had been searched the most, slip quietly out of the door of the exhibition and follow Washington surreptitiously along the street.

At last he caught up. He drew a nasty-looking automatic from his pocket and looked around to make sure that they were alone. Of a sudden, Washy felt something circular dig into the small of his back.

"Stand where y'are," snarled a voice, "an' don't move—less yer want yer spine blown in half!"

Washington stopped dead still as though petrified. The other moved round in front of Washy so that he could see his face.

"Now, Snowball, I'm just gonna do a bit o' searchin' myself-like. Better keep still or——"

The man looked round as a swift saloon car whirred up and came to a sudden stop at the kerb beside them. A tough-looking fellow in a check cap sprang out of the car and rushed towards them.

"You dirty double-crosser!" he yelled.

The other man raised his gun from Washy and pointed it towards the enraged newcomer, but before he could pull the trigger the weapon was swept out of his hand, and a heavy fist crashed into his jaw, knocking him flat.

Washington Hayseed raised his hat gracefully. "Thank you, sah. Ah's jest very much obligated for rescuin' me. Yar! Wassagamo!"

Washington's little vote of thanks speech was suddenly cut short by a gag dragged across his mouth from behind. Somebody pinned his arms to his side, and the man in the check cap rushed forward at the same moment and helped the new assailant to secure him.

Washington was lifted bodily by the two men and

flung unceremoniously into the saloon car. One of his captors leapt into the driving-seat, and the other came bundling in on top of him. In another split second the car was whizzing off down the road.

The car hurtled onwards at a breakneck speed—how long or how fast Washington wasn't able to tell. The threatening barrel of a revolver in his back seemed to take all the pleasure out of the joyride, somehow.

At last the car came to a standstill with a sudden shrieking of ill-used brakes. The man in the driving-seat climbed out, looked back and forth cautiously, and then indicated to the other that all was clear.

"Git up," growled the man with the automatic, emphasising his words with a kick in Washington's ribs. "Git out of the car—an' don't try any hanky-panky!"

Washington Hayseed climbed out of the car as he was bidden, the man with the gun following.

"Remember, I've got you covered," reminded the same gent. "Follow my mate in front there, if you don't want a coupla ounces of lead in yer back!"

Had Washington been able to speak, he would have assured him that he had no desire whatsoever for a couple of ounces of lead, but the gag was still about his mouth.

The other man grinned and untied the gag, but he was careful to keep Washington covered all the time.

"Now, buddy," he said, "just keep quiet like—nobody's gonna hurt yer if yer don't start'n'y funny business. Now come on. Cough up the sparkler!"

"Sparkler? Shuha Ah—"

"None a' yer smart Alec tricks!" snarled the man, waving his gun threateningly. "We know you got it. Hand it over, or—"

"Ah ain't gotta sparkler. Ah's an inncerent, harmless defective what doen' interfere wid nobody in de excavation a' ma duties—"

The crook's eyes narrowed down to slits. He moved towards Washington with a grim gesture. At that moment the other crook, who had glanced casually through a window which overlooked the street, let out a startled cry.



THE THUG GETS A H(EYE)DING.—Before the hold-up man could pull the trigger, the heavy fist of the newcomer crashed into his face, knocking him flat.

They led him to the door of an apparently empty house which stood a little back from the roadside. The leading man pushed open the door, struck a match, and entered.

The prisoner, goaded on by the man behind, followed the glimmer of the dying match in the man's hand. Soon a candle was lit, and in the dim light Washington looked round at his captors. They were a couple of shifty-eyed, villainous-looking tough eggs.

"Can you beat it?" said one of them to the other. "That dirty little rat tryin' ter double-cross us! Always knew he was low-down!"

"Glug!" gasped Washington Hayseed, through the gag.

"Better take that bit a' rag offen this guy's mouth," said the second of the crooks. "Looks as though he's gonna choke!"

"Quick, Jake! Out with the light. There's a coupla fellers comin' towards the house!"

The man with the gun ceased to question Washington. Hurriedly he snuffed the candle and sprang to the side of his companion at the window.

"Coupla plain-clothes narks!" he gasped. "Gor! The twicer's split on us! Quick! Grab that darkie an' let's git outa this!"

The two of them turned to grab Washington—but Washington had gone! At the instant the cry of his companion had brought the crook with the gun over to the window, Washington had darted away, and being unable to locate the door, had crouched down in a corner of the room, hoping that the crooks would not be able to find him.

Washington Hayseed stopped breathing for a second as one of them came within an inch of him—

(Continued on page 36.)



The House of Demon!

by
JOHN HUNTER

Mystery House.

WHEN Billy Jackson stepped through the great, oaken garden-gate of his uncle's house, he felt as

if he had shut out the world of realities and was in a region of mystery and magic. With icy fingers clutching at his heart, the boy viewed the gaunt, rambling mansion ahead, leering down at him through the fog like a massive spectre.

Even Buck Lindsay feared the unnameable terrors of this house, and had sent a note to the lad telling him not to go there. And if Buck was afraid, then there must be dread horrors beyond the ken of ordinary men. For that gay, debonair adventurer, who had wandered everywhere on the earth's face and whose life was like a page torn from the history of the condottieri in the days of the Borgias, feared no man.

Billy moved forward—hesitantly. He rang the bell, and was admitted. Inside, the air of mystery was much more intense. The hall was lighted by a blue flame that swayed and quivered, and moved up and down, a flame which sprang from nowhere, suspended invisibly.

It shed a strange and eerie radiance. All manner of weird and ugly shapes were outlined in the shadows. There was a strange perfume hanging in all the air. It was earthy, suggestive of new-turned ground.

Hamon Morsley, Billy's uncle, dressed in a long robe and black skull cap, was a fitting owner to this

house of dread. Billy saw his uncle standing, gaunt and ghoulish, over a huge crucible, slowly stirring. The crucible glowed, dully at first, but with increasing brightness, until it was a flaring light that burned into the brain.

Muttering strange incantations, Morsley conjured up ghastly, fantastic figures, figures with the features of the scientist himself. In another age it would have been called Black Magic. With all its modern additions, it became something worse—something intangible, unnameable in its fascination.

Billy saw the only servant in the house, a dumb Chinese, die . . . horribly . . . grotesquely from the bite of a scarlet cobra. The boy was saved from the reptile by his uncle's immense black cat, Brok.

On the instant, men appeared out of the shadows of the garden, led by a hideous, scarred cripple called Svarsen. An enormous negro carried Svarsen in his electrically driven chair into the house.

Billy was seized immediately, but struggling desperately, he suddenly heard a voice from the doorway: "Hello, everybody. Lindsay calling!"

Buck Warns the Wizard.

AS the voice from the doorway sounded all in the hall turned in that direction.

Leaning against the jamb of the door, carelessly swinging a long pistol in his hand, was Buck Lindsay. There was a smile on his lips, but his eyes did not smile. It seemed to Billy that they watched everybody in the hall at once—the two toughs, the great negro, and the cripple in the mechanical chair.

There was a long silence. The pitilessly brilliant light beat down from nowhere on them all. The great and eerie house stretched above them to darkness in its upper corridors. On the landing Hamon Morsley stood and watched.

JOHN HUNTER'S GIGANTIC THRILLER!
Such a Tale of Terror and Eerie Mystery Has Never Before Been Written for Boys! Tense, Breathless, Crammed With Astounding Thrills, it Describes the Strange Doings of **BLACK MORSLEY—MODERN MAGICIAN** in MYSTERY HOUSE.

Below Meet Three of the Characters Who Will Thrill You in This Stupendous Sensation Tale. Buck Lindsay, Adventurer; Billy Jackson, A Fellow Like Yourself; and The Bathchair Cripple, Who is after Professor Morsley's secrets.

Lindsay said curtly: "You'd better get out while your health's good." The gun moved significantly.

The cripple in the chair leaned forward a little. "Lindsay." His smooth and musical voice held a strange bitter ring. "You understand what this means?"

"Sure. That you're beating it."

The cripple's hands gestured swiftly. "War. You've interfered with me after the warning I gave you. You still have a chance to withdraw. If you walk away from that door and from this house at once, all will be forgiven."

"Isn't that nice of you?" jeered Lindsay. "watch me going on my hands and knees in thanks." His manner changed. Billy had a glimpse of a quality of steel in him, as though a sheath had been slightly drawn that



THE HAND OF DOOM.—Across the staircase something floated. It was a hand, strange and terrible. It was severed at the wrist. . . dripping blood. . .

the steel blade might show. "Get out, or I'll blow you out of that chair—Svarsen. Makes you jump, eh? Come on. Get . . ."

Svarsen's face was terrible. He began to babble. The right hand of one of his white toughs moved towards a jacket pocket. The boom of Lindsay's gun shocked the house with echoes. The tough fell screaming, clutching at a smashed shoulder blade.

"Next time I kill . . . Svarsen . . ." said Lindsay. Svarsen glanced at his gigantic negro, as though he glanced at a monstrous dog and contemplated ordering it to attack.

Lindsay laughed. "Don't get Sambo shot, for heaven's sake, Svarsen. He's such a curiosity. Say, Sambo. D'you remember the blind man of Pell Street? The chair's waiting for you in Sing Sing over him. And if I don't get you before this game's over I'll take care the chair does."

Sambo uttered unintelligible sounds; but Billy could see that he was terrified. What old and dreadful crime committed in New York's Chinatown Lindsay had recalled Billy never knew; but it was enough to knock all the fight out of Sambo.

TWO POUNDS SAVED



I save you at least **TWO POUNDS** on any cycle, and you choose from the largest selection in the world. **NO CHARGE** for ACCESSORIES. Carriage paid. Write NOW for free copy of the most marvellous cycle catalogue ever published.

Edwd **O'Brien**, Ltd. DEP' 18. COVENTRY.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS, SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS cured or money returned. Booklet Free, privately.—**STRENGTH TREATMENT**, 26, Dean-road, London, N.W.2.

Swarsen snapped orders. His mechanical chair was carried down the steps. Lindsay stood and watched, his big automatic ready. The mechanical chair went spinning down the crooked path, the trio of guards after it. One of the white toughs supported the fellow with the smashed shoulder. They all vanished through the wicket gate and Lindsay turned round.

"Been exciting, hasn't it?" he asked.

Hamon Morsley was descending the stairs. "Who are you?" he asked.

"Buck Lindsay. Friend of your nephew. I came just in time, didn't I? But don't keep thanking me. I can't stand it."

Morsley eyed him sourly. Far from expressing gratitude, it seemed that Morsley resented Lindsay's presence as an intrusion on his privacy.

Lindsay indicated the Chinaman. "What about him?" he asked. "The police will want to know."

"The police will never know," said Morsley, curtly, and Billy stared at him, but, having become wise, said nothing.

At that moment Brok came out of the obscurity of the rear portion of the house and rubbed his immense head against Billy's legs.

"Black cat for luck," observed Lindsay.

"Luck. I should say so," said Billy. "He saved my life." Caressing Brok's ears, he told how Brok had slain the tinted cobra.

"Well?" it was Hamon Morsley's voice. "How long do we stay here? I want my house closed."

Lindsay looked at him with admiration, "If you're not the cat's whiskers!" he exclaimed. "Do you realise you've been nearly killed and that your yellow servant has been murdered?"

Morsley gestured impatiently. "What are those things to a man on the edge of the infinite? Death. . . . You talk of death. There is no death for those who hold the Ancient Knowledge. I'll bid you good night. Nephew. Come upstairs."

"So long, Billy," Lindsay said, laughing. "See you, maybe, to-morrow." He glanced at Morsley.

"I want you to remember a saying, Morsley: 'In the midst of life we are in death.'"

The Magic of Hamon Morsley.

BILLY was shown to a bedroom by Hamon Morsley, who said nothing whatsoever about what had just taken place, but who indicated to Billy certain reasons for the strangeness of his sleeping apartment, and then left him.

The room was round. It was like the interior of a steel ball—the maddest and most absurd chamber in which Billy had ever trodden. Its walls were decorated strangely—with old, weird shapes that made Billy shudder. It was quite quiet, drawing its illumination from the silver rod upstairs, and though it had no windows nor grids, the air remained perfectly pure.

Billy was fumbling about on the sloping floor towards the hanging bed, for the bed was suspended from the rounded ceiling, when he heard a deep purr and saw Brok. Billy was glad to have him, and when Brok jumped to the foot of his bed, the boy did not attempt to turn him off.

Billy began to doze. In his half sleep he had visions. He saw Hamon Morsley madly outlined like a great bat against the upflung flare of the roof dome. He saw the hideous thing Morsley called Sato creeping against the wall in the mist. And then he woke up. The room was no longer lighted. The bed was moving . . . upwards. . . .

He heard the soft smooth voice of perfectly fitting, perfectly lubricated steel sliding on steel, and he guessed that the circular ceiling above him had opened.

"A voice reached him—the voice of Hamon Morsley. 'Lie still, boy, and you shall see wonders.'"

Billy lay still. His groping hands found something like black velvet encasing steel wire. . . . Brok!

The cat was close to his head, purring loudly, switching his tail from side to side. The bed stopped.

Billy saw Hamon Morsley standing on a black platform a little distance away, but how the platform was suspended, or where, Billy could not tell. A great light played about Morsley, as though storm lightning flickered and swept him from head to foot in a radiance that was blinding. He was talking in a sonorous, even voice.

"There is no death. From life to life we live on and on. From the unreachable beginnings to the unattainable ending we live . . . in this way and in that. Behold!"

A Shape drifted out of him and stood at his side. It was Hamon Morsley in face and feature: yet not Hamon Morsley. It was a stooping, champing thing that went partly doubled, clutching a club in a hand covered with red hair. It vanished and another shape took its place.

This shape was dressed in flowing robes, with a tall and conical hat. That, also, vanished. Morsley was standing like a statue, his eyes glassy, his cheeks waxen.

More shapes came. Shapes dressed in the costumes of different periods of past ages, Puritan, Jacobean, Georgian, and, lastly, one who walked like an illustration from Charles Dickens.

They were gone . . . these drifting, silent shapes that were conjured up from nothing. What force of Morsley's imagination, what force of hypnotic suggestion went to their making, was, and remained, a mystery to Billy.

And Morsley, moving from his trance-like immobility, chanted: "And now what is to come? Behold once more!"

He changed, while Billy, clutching Brok to him, stared aghast. He seemed to be radiant, vital, tremendous with force and strength and life. His features were there, but transfigured to a handsomeness that could never have known. His eyes were like stars, brilliant, undying. The vitality suggested by it all, the immensity of striding youth, was indescribable.

Here . . . and Billy had to understand it . . . was something that would never know death. Here was Life itself, going on and on, eternally.

The light faded. On the black platform crouched a

shivering man, strangely subdued, weakened, panting for breath. His tongue touched his dried lips and he spoke in a husky voice.

"Thus it shall be, nephew. And, if you behave yourself, thus it shall be with you. To live—and yet still to live. To see them die around you, friends and strangers, relatives, foes; and to live. To live while the earth spins through a thousand million years. To live . . . for . . . ever . . ."

His right hand moved behind him. Darkness dropped like a blanket. Billy felt the bed sliding downwards, heard that smooth voice of steel on steel.

There was light again. He lay on the bed in the closed and circular room. He had the great mass of softness that was Brok, huddled close against his cheek. Brok was purring contentedly.

He wondered. . . . Had he dreamt this thing? He was sure he had not done so, but had been permitted to see a portion of a madman's dream—a madman gifted with the stuff of genius, yet mad altogether.

Hamon Morsley wanted to live for ever. He thought that he was near to discovering how to do so. And that which he had shown Billy was the dream he dreamed of all that eternity.

Yet, despite these things, with the warmth of Brok close to him, Billy went to sleep at last in the swinging bed in the circular room.

The next day passed without incident of any kind. Billy asked no questions concerning the Chinaman, and Hamon Morsley volunteered no information. In fact, Billy was afraid to broach the subject, afraid of the house and of his uncle; and he wished he was away from them both back at school in France.

Brok had now become so much attached to him that he never left him, and Billy was very glad of this and determined that if he did leave the house he would take Brok with him.

About evening, just at dusk, a man brought some foodstuffs from a provision shop. Hamon Morsley had told Billy that he must take the dead Chinaman's place and Billy now acted as a sort of general servant; he opened the door to the man from the provision merchant's. This man looked him over and said: "Is there a boy here named Jackson?"

Billy said that he was the boy in question, and the man produced a sealed envelope and handed it to him.

"It was," he explained, "given to me by a stranger down the road. He asked me to deliver it here."

Billy opened the envelope. It contained the following note:

Dear Billy,

At nine o'clock to-night I shall tap three times on your front door. Let me in. I think a big thing is moving, and you might be glad I'm in the house.

Buck;

Billy burnt the note. Its contents disturbed him tremendously. He took another strange meal with his uncle in a state of nervousness.

At eight o'clock Morsley suggested to Billy that he might like to go out. Billy said that he did not wish to do so, and Morsley, eyeing him questioningly, seemed about to speak, remained silent, and went up to his magical room under the roof.

Billy sat and waited for nine o'clock.

He guessed that the "big thing," whatever it might be, would not start until after then. Billy was shivering slightly



THE HEADLESS HORROR.—Jake stood on the second landing, his arms extended. There was nothing above his collar but a burnt and horrid thing that had been his face.

with apprehension and tautened nerves. He wished nine o'clock and Lindsay had already arrived.

Through the house went a long, low wailing, as though a human being suffered agonies beyond description. It rose and fell, that unearthly wailing, and beneath it Billy distinguished a thin reed-like note, the note of a curious instrument played monotonously and yet with a certain evil allure;

The place was all alight. Every nook and corner and cranny flamed in a pitiless white glare begotten of the silver rod upstairs. Somehow, that light was terrible. It was far more terrible than darkness.

Brok kept moving uneasily. At last he jumped on Billy's knee and crouched there. Billy could feel his powerful body trembling. His back was bristled and his ears laid back, his great green oblique eyes glaring strangely.

Billy looked at his watch. There were yet five minutes to go before Buck Lindsay arrived. He wished now that Buck had not said he was coming, for then he himself would have been at liberty to dash from this accursed place, to free himself of it.

The minutes dragged past. The wailing continued and the thin piping music, beating on only a few near notes, and yet so magical in its evil, its power to reach the heart with ice.

And there was no tapping on the door. More minutes had gone. It was past nine.

At last he could bear it no longer. He had to look out. He had to do what so many people do when they are no more than expecting an ordinary visitor—open the door and watch for him.

He opened the door and cried aloud. A man was lying face downwards on the top step. He did not move as Billy pulled the door back. It was Buck Lindsay.

The Trump Card.

BILLY dragged him in. He had been hit at the back of the head by some blunt instrument, and he was utterly senseless. Billy was about to close the door when a voice cried: "Now!"

There was a rush. Billy saw men coming at him along the path, heard the sharp, musical whirr of a powerful electric motor, and saw the mechanical chair bowling towards the steps.

He tried to shut the door. A man took the steps with a jump and hit the door with his shoulder, sending Billy skeltering backwards to the floor, shaken and bewildered, while the man himself fell inwards in a heap.

Now they were all in the hall. Svarsen gave curt orders. Billy was to be held. "The old man" was to be sought and dragged downstairs. The house was to be occupied. It was all slick and clean-cut.

Across the staircase something floated. It was a hand, a strange and terrible hand. No arm was visible. There was only the hand, severed at the wrist . . . dripping blood. . .

It moved across the stairway in the air, and it hung above the gang in the hall.

Sambo was on his knees, babbling. Svarsen jeered at his men. They were a pack of fools. They were frightened by a conjurer. If his legs were sound he would mount the stairs in a trice and show them. He ordered Sambo to carry him up ahead of them.

Sambo tremblingly refused and kept looking up at the ghostly hand.

And while he did this, the sound of many voices singing filled the house of doom. A student of things magical would have told them that it was the Death Song as sung before the temple of Poseidon in long lost Atlantis.

And while the singing rose until it thundered through the house in deafening sound, all the light faded to utter darkness.

Instantly clamour arose. Two of the men made a bolt for the door. Svarsen's screeched orders checked them. He had taken an electric torch from his pocket and the light of this flashed round the hall.

He cried: "Take that boy. Bring him along with us. And finish Lindsay off."

One of the men grabbed at Billy, who had just turned to run. The boy fought hard against this man, but failed utterly to loose himself, for the fellow was immensely strong and held him with ease.

He kicked out at the man's shins. The fellow yelled with agony, and Billy, slipping away as his grip relaxed, stumbled to where Lindsay had been lying. Now the singing had ceased so that all was silent.

Billy fell across Lindsay, who was just beginning to move. The light of the torch picked him up as

he dragged at the man, and Svarsen called: "There he is."

As Svarsen did this something shot down the stairs, as though the lightning of the heavens had been loosed inside the house.

It hit the cripple's torch. There was a crash, a scream of pain from Svarsen, and the torch went to the floor in pieces. The stabbing light had died as it impinged on the torch.

Billy dragged yet at Lindsay. He got him into a room off the hall. Outside in the hall was pandemonium. Billy gently pushed the door close, but did not shut it.

Through the long, narrow slit between the edge of the door and the jamb he could see into the darkness that was the hall. Somebody struck a match and fumbled towards the front door. Svarsen and his gang had had enough. He was lolling in his chair moaning, holding his right hand with his left. He had had an electric shock which had jolted his spine.

The man at the door cried: "I can't open this door! It's fixed."

Now they felt that they were trapped. One of them, a desperate looking ruffian with a pallid face, drew a pistol and yelled: "I'm up after him, anyhow, whatever happens."

He went up the stairs. As he went the whole place became silent. He seemed to encounter no opposition. He vanished into the upper darkness, climbing and still climbing.

Suddenly, a single, high scream rent the silence of the house of doom, a scream which hung in echoes in far corners of the house. And with this the blue light glowed and brightened, swept up to uncanny and terrible brilliance, blinding, stunning.

In it they saw Jake. He stood on the second landing up. He stood with his feet close together, his hands lifted to either side of him, the arms extended straight, as though he were crucified. . . .

And there was no face on Jake. They knew him only by his clothing, singed at the collar. There was nothing but a burnt and horrid thing above that collar, a thing which had been the pallid face of Jake.

As they watched, the automaton toppled forward, rolled headlong down the stairs to the first landing, and lay there in a dead heap.

Svarsen lifted his voice. "Morsley. We're going. You can loose the electrical controls of your door. We're off. I know when I'm beat."

There was no sound. One of the men tried the door. It opened. Billy, crouching in the darkness, watched Svarsen carried down the steps, and he watched the three surviving white men scuttle after him.

Svarsen stayed on the path and cupped his hands round his lips. "Morsley," he called. "Can you hear me? Answer if you can. It's important."

After a short silence, from somewhere in the house, strangely booming, the voice of Morsley replied. "What do you want?"

"In the darkness that boy got away and took Lindsay with him," yelled Svarsen. "I'll own my men are afraid to search for them or for you. But listen, Morsley. Before I came into your hall I set—in another room in your house into which one of my men broke—a charge of T.N.T. It's on a time fuse and has got a minute to run. Try your magic on that. You've got sixty seconds to get out here, to let me stop the fuse, or you go sky-high."

His voice rang with triumph and with truth. It was plain that he was not lying. Svarsen had played his trump card.

How can Mamon Morsley meet this modern magic?
Can he foil Svarsen's villainous plot? Read of further
marvellous achievements of this scientific genius next
week!

THE BOYS OF
ST. GIDDY'S

PAINT A FEW
BRIGHT SPOTS

AND SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF
THE MISSING MASTERPIECE!

ARRESTING ANTICS OF THE REMOVE R.A.S



The New Art Master

"HELLO! There's a rum-looking merchant!" Dick Bannister made that remark, as he and Johnny Gee and the rest of the famous Co. of Study No. 4 at St. Giddy's emerged from the little bunshop opposite the railway station in Merivale High Street.

One of the passengers from the Lexham train, who stalked out of the station was a gentleman whose appearance made him a most conspicuous figure. He was tall and very bony, and had a lean, rather comical face with an elongated nose on the very tip of which was balanced a pair of horn-rimmed pince-nez, attached to a length of wide black ribbon. He had a mop of very long, straggling black hair, on which was perched a broad-brimmed black Homburg hat. He wore an artistic black velvet jacket and very baggy knickerbocker trousers. His shoes were of a huge, heavy type, and in lieu of the conventional necktie, he affected a large and flowing black bow.

His luggage consisted of one small case, a large folding easel, with palette and a box of colours, and a roll of canvas with frame.

This artistic-looking gentleman crossed the High Street and approached the Joyous Juniors. His bright eyes glistened at them over the rims of his wobbling spectacles.

"Ah! You are boys belonging to St. Gideon's College, I perceive!" he remarked, in a deep and somewhat sepulchral voice. "I am Mr. Augustus Daubeley, A.R.A., your new Art Master. I shall be obliged if you will kindly direct me to the school."

"You go right through the High Street, sir, and along the Merivale Lane," said Johnny Gee, raising his cap. "Carry straight on when you get to the cross roads, and you'll come to St. Giddy's. May

A Rousing, Long Complete Tale of the Joyous Juniors, Describing the Dizzy Doings of Augustus Daubeley, A.R.A., the New Art Master at the Old School.

we carry your clutter?—Ahem!"

"No thank you!" said Mr. Daubeley, with a gaunt smile. "I am in no hurry. I may stop on the way, to do a little

painting, should any suitable subject strike me."

The new art master hoisted his artistic accoutrements, and stalked along the High Street towards St. Giddy's. The heroes of the Remove grinned after him.

"Queer kind of a kipper, old chappies—what?" said Lord Reggie Pelham-Smith. "We may get heaps of fun with old Daubeley, y'know."

The Joyous Juniors wandered off down the High Street to make a few purchases. Having completed these, the Removites started back towards St. Giddy's across the fields.

"Hello!" exclaimed Dick Bannister, as they started to crawl through a gap in the hedge of a meadow. "There's old Daubeley! He's stopped en route, then, to paint a picture of Starling's farmhouse."

"He seems to have got a good bit of the picture done, too!" said Johnny Gee. "Mum-my hat! Who's that merchant going up to him?"

A burly man of foreign appearance had suddenly appeared creeping through the gate that gave access to the field from the Merivale Lane. He was dressed smartly, in frock coat and top hat, and wore spats over his shiny patent leather shoes.

The juniors saw the foreigner's hand streak to his hip-pocket and jerk out a revolver. He stepped forward suddenly, the weapon pointed threateningly at Mr. Daubeley, who started up with an alarmed cry.

The intruder spoke swiftly to the other, his face lined in sinister anger, and the new St. Giddy's

art master recoiled before the obvious menace of the man.

Then came a sudden, swift interruption. A crashing in the tree-tops sounded in the rear, and Timothy Catchpole appeared, bouncing over the trees on a weird and wonderful patchwork balloon, attached to his waist by a belt. Johnny Gee & Co. gasped as Catchpole came down with a terrific swoop, clean on top of Mr. Daubeley!

"Crash! 'Ooooooogh!" Mr. Augustus Daubeley was projected forward by the impact, and his head went right through his canvas. Catchpole and Mr. Daubeley clutched one another in frantic embrace, and a moment later the balloon, caught by a gust of wind, lifted them both upward in the air—Mr. Daubeley taking the frame and canvas with him, still with his head poked through the middle!

Johnny Gee gave a ringing shout as the foreigner, who had staggered back in confusion, now jerked up his revolver and levelled it at the swinging form of Mr. Augustus Daubeley.

"Nab the rotter!"

Johnny Gee & Co. piled on top of the infuriated foreigner. He fought with the mad fury of a tiger, but in the hands of those lively Removites, he had no hope of escape!

"Ow! Let's duck this brute in the ditch—that may knock some of the go out of him!" gasped the Remove captain.

Their snarling captive was dragged across the field and hurled bodily into the wide ditch that ran alongside the road. Like a hippopotamus, he floundered in the murky depths of the ditch, whilst the Joyous Juniors pelted him with chunks of turf. Some farm hands came across to enjoy the fun.

"I suppose we must get this rotter out, somehow, before he drowns, and take him to St. Giddy's," panted Dick Bannister.

"We'll lend you the ca-art we carries the pigs t'market in, young maisters," grinned the foreman.

Johnny Gee & Co. were provided with pitchforks and ropes, by means of which their hapless victim was raked out of the ditch and made secure.

The cart by that time had arrived. The rascally foreigner was dumped into the cart, the tailboard was bolted up, and the net drawn over the top. Johnny Gee & Co. clambered aboard, and Snowball drove merrily along the lane to St. Giddy's.

Two forms appeared at the top of the School House steps. They were Dr. Holroyd, the venerable Head of St. Giddy's, and a tall, bronzed, handsome gentleman of distinguished appearance. They halted in astonishment when they saw the cart and its load. Still more astounded were they when Catchpole's balloon suddenly hove into sight, bouncing clean

over the school wall with two wild figures depending from the ropes. The balloon hit the elm trees and tore the fabric.

"Bump! Rip! Hissss-sssss-sssss!" The rapidly deflating balloon came flopping down, and deposited Timothy Catchpole and Mr. Augustus Daubeley in a wild heap at the feet of Dr. Holroyd and his visitor.

"Good Heavens!" cried the Head. "Boys! What does this mean? Who—who is this person?"

"Garrroooooogh!" The "person" thus referred to rose somewhat dizzily to his feet. "I am—you-ow!—Mr. Augustus Daubeley, the new art master! Pray, pardon this—er—unconventional arrival—"

Johnny Gee, striving hard to contain his mirth, came forward and told the Head how it had all happened. The gentleman who was with Dr. Holroyd gave an exclamation of amazement when he saw the infuriated man standing under the net in the farm cart.

"Great Scott! Siegfried Koppner!" he cried. "The Austrian art dealer. His reputation is not a savoury one, although he is recognised as one of the cleverest living judges of old masters. I know Mr. Augustus Daubeley, too. He has had some experience in the work of identification and restoration of old pictures."

At that moment, there was a heavy step behind Dr. Holroyd, and a third figure appeared in the doorway of School House. It was Mr. Hannibal Peck, the Puffed Peanut King of Pennsylvania, Pa., the famous "popper" of Hank P. Peck of the Remove, who immediately greeted his father effusively.

"I didn't know you were over here, Pop!" cried the Yankee junior.

"I've come on a lil' personal matter—buyin' up old masters for our place out in the Catskills. This is Sir Clifford Blake, who has a wow of a collection of rare pictures. He's just fetched 'em from abroad, and put 'em in Tudor House, the lil' old-time mansion he's bought around these parts."

Old Man Hannibal rolled the cigar in the corner of his mouth and his sharp eyes took on a keen glitter when he heard of the attack by Siegfried Koppner.

"So this guy, Koppner, is tryin' Chicago methods over here—ah—huh?" said Peck's pater. "I'm here also to try an' locate a missing masterpiece by Rembrandt, that is believed to be in somebody's possession in this neighbourhood. It's worth fifty thousand pounds, an' I'm willin' to pay that price. Perhaps Koppner is after that picture, too!"

Dr. Holroyd's look was very grim. "Mr. Daubeley, I am glad that you were—er—rescued from the hands of this miscreant, Koppner. I will notify the police immediately."

"Aoh! Herr Daubeley will not have me given to the police—hein?" snarled Koppner. He darted a meaning look at the new art master through the meshes of the net. A strange, haunted expression crossed Mr. Daubeley's sombre face.

"Pray, Dr. Holroyd, do not press any charge against Herr Koppner," the new art master said in hasty tones. "I—I have no wish to carry this matter any further."

"Very well, Mr. Daubeley," said the Head at length. "If you do not wish to pursue the matter, I have no alternative but to have Herr Koppner released. Boys, kindly allow him to go, and take that cart away!"

Johnny Gee & Co. obeyed, with a very bad grace. Koppner scrambled down from the pig-cart and left St. Giddy's without further molestation. The Removites returned the cart to Farmer Starling's foreman with many thanks. At tea they discussed the strange mystery of the new art master, and wondered what sinister power Herr Koppner had over him.

JOIN THE B.M. REDSKIN LEAGUE

Send Membership Form, Three Coupons and Stamped Addressed Envelope to THE CHIEF, B.M. LEAGUE, 196, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1. A Rippling Badge and Code Book are sent Free to Every Member.

B.M. LEAGUE MEMBERSHIP FORM

I.....(name) enclose three coupons and stamped addressed envelope for membership of above. I am of British birth and promise to adhere to tenets and objects.
(14/5/32)

BOYS' MAGAZINE LEAGUE COUPON.

Boys' Magazine, 14/5/32.

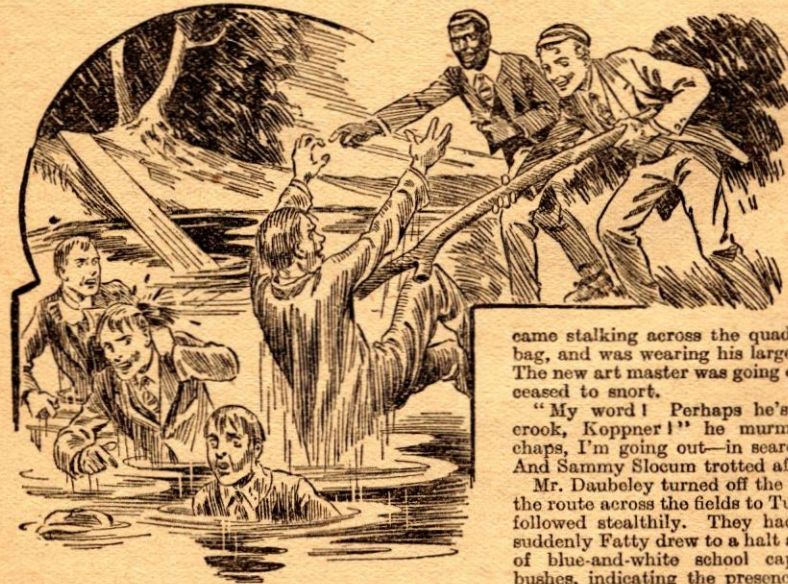
Daubeley—the Dupe.

ST. GIDDY'S was gathered in Big Hall, that evening. The rota had been called, and Dr. Holroyd stood on the dais in front of the assembled School, regarding his pupils gravely.

"Boys," said the old doctor, after a preliminary cough. "Sir Clifford Blake, who has recently acquired Tudor House, in the district of Merivale, is an old boy of St. Gideon's and, as you probably already know, he is greatly interested in Art. So great is his interest that he is offering prizes for the best paintings, drawings, and model-work put on exhibition, at a date shortly to be announced, by the junior boys of this school. . . ."

The School dismissed, and on all sides eager discussions went on concerning the forthcoming Art Exhibition. Great keenness was displayed by all the Lower School, and there was certain to be no lack of entries. Even Fatty Slocum was going to do something, and even now he was walking towards the common-room, deep in thought.

He saw Mr. Augustus Daubeley in the passage, conversing with Sir Clifford Blake, who was just



"PLANKED" INTO THE WATER.—Johnny pushed the end of the plank off the bank, sending the Earlswood boys floundering into the stream. With turfs and a stick Johnny and Snowball harassed their rivals.

about to take his departure. Ever curious, Fatty hid himself round the corner and listened.

"Very well, Mr. Daubeley," he heard the baronet say. "I will expect you at Tudor House to-morrow. I need somebody with your experience and talent to restore some of the priceless treasures that I have in my collection. I am having a special guard put on these pictures and you will be the only person, besides myself, who will have access to my private picture-gallery."

"Thank you, Sir Clifford," said the new art master, in his deep, sepulchral tones. "I shall be delighted to carry out this work of restoration for you."

"My word!" murmured Fatty Slocum as the

two moved off. "I believe that chap's a crook in league with that rotter, Koppner, and they're going to steal that collection of pictures from Tudor House. I'll keep my eye on him!"

When school was over, next day, the heroes of the Remove set to work to prepare their various masterpieces for the exhibition! They had had special lessons during the day from Mr. Daubeley, and all felt very confident of success.

Out in the quadrangle, Fatty Slocum was perched on an upturned ginger-beer crate, placed near the playing-field, executing a weird and fearful work of art which attracted a great deal of attention.

"What is it, Fatty?" inquired Soper of the Fifth. "This," said Fatty, with an indignant blink at his chuckling schoolfellows, "is a problem picture."

"A problem picture?" yelled Thompson. "It's quite a problem to know how to look at it. Look out, Fatty—'ware cricket ball!"

On the playing-field near by, the seniors were at cricket practice, and a ball just slugged by Blenkinsop Major came whizzing across, straight for Fatty. The juniors scattered, and Fatty Slocum, in his haste to avoid the whizzing leather, toppled off his ginger-beer

crate. *Crash!* The ball struck Fatty's problem picture and ripped a hole clean through the middle of the canvas.

"Well, Fatty, we can now see through your problem picture!" chuckled Yapp. "Better call it 'The Quarrel'!"

"Yah! Rotters! My picture's ruined!" howled Fatty.

At that juncture, the tall figure of Mr. Augustus Daubeley

came stalking across the quadrangle. He carried a bag, and was wearing his large, broad-brimmed hat. The new art master was going out, and Fatty Slocum ceased to snort.

"My word! Perhaps he's going to meet that crook, Koppner!" he murmured. "I say, you chaps, I'm going out—in search of a new subject!" And Sammy Slocum trotted after Mr. Daubeley.

Mr. Daubeley turned off the Merivale Lane, taking the route across the fields to Tudor House, and Fatty followed stealthily. They had not gone far, when suddenly Fatty drew to a halt and gasped. A cluster of blue-and-white school caps showed over the bushes, indicating the presence of Earlswood boys, the deadly rivals of St. Giddy's.

In the field beyond were Johnny Gee and Snowball. The Remove captain was seated on a camp stool, before an easel, and was busy in the execution of a water-colour of Tudor House, which could be seen across the meadow. Snowball was looking on, with an approving grin spread over his merry, coal-black visage.

Fatty Slocum could hear the Earlswood boys, hidden in the bushes. He saw, too, that they were Tommy Rhodes & Co., the leaders of the juniors of Earlswood.

"Just look at Gee, painting silly pictures!" said Tommy Rhodes, with a chuckle. "I heard this morning about an Art Exhibition they're giving at St. Giddy's— Oh, crumbs! There's that fat oyster, Slocum! Grab him!"

Fatty Slocum took to his heels and ran off in terror. Over the fence he went, and away across the field.

Johnny Gee jumped up in alarm and grabbed his picture and easel. Tommy Rhodes & Co. had split up—two of them chasing Fatty Slocum, whilst the others came after Johnny Gee and Snowball, who were running as fast as they could.

On the other side of the spinney through which they dashed was a stream running into the wood. The stream was crossed at that point by means of a plank. Johnny and Snowball dashed out of the spinney and ran across the plank.

Tommy Rhodes & Co. were still in the spinney. Johnny Gee drew to a halt, his eyes gleaming. He picked up a length of stout tree-branch that was lying in the grass, beside the stream.

"Hide behind these bushes, Snowball!" he exclaimed quickly.

With wild, warlike whoops, Tommy Rhodes, Bob Nutter, Cakebread, and Girling came out of the spinney and started to cross the plank.

They were in the middle of the stream, when Johnny Gee and Snowball darted out of hiding. Johnny inserted the end of the tree-branch behind the wooden block that held the plank in position. He gave a mighty heave, and shifted the block so that the plank flopped end-downwards into the water, pitching the four Earlswood boys into the stream.

Johnny Gee stood on the bank, prodding them with the end of the bough as those luckless youths arose, dripping and spluttering, in the water. Snowball dragged lumps of clammy turf from the bank, and pelted Tommy Rhodes & Co.

Roaring with mirth, Johnny Gee and Snowball ran off. "That's settled Tommy Rhodes & Co. for the time being!" chuckled Johnny, as they sped along the bank, higher up the stream. "Mum-m-ray hat! Do you see who that is!"

A man, stockily built and burly looking, was standing in the trees. It was Siegfried Koppner, the rascally art dealer!

"So that cad is still hanging about!" said Johnny Gee between his teeth. "I wonder what he's doing here? Perhaps he means to waylay Mr. Daubeley, whom we saw crossing the fields towards Tudor House."

The two Removites crept on the soft, velvety grass, until they came close to the spot where Koppner was standing. They drew deep breaths of astonishment when they saw that he already had the new St. Giddy's art master with him.

"I have been watching you, Herr Daubeley, and waited for you here," Koppner was saying. "You go to Tudor House because you have access to those rare pictures—yes? That is why I came out, to talk to you, Herr Daubeley. You know that I have a hold on you? Those pictures that I sold for you in London last year were fakes—merely copies of old masters that you, with your great ability, rendered almost indistinguishable from the real thing. I have only to tell the police, and you would find yourself in an uncomfortable position, hein?"

The St. Giddy's art master turned white as death. "I was innocent of the fraud, Herr Koppner!" he cried. "I painted those pictures for you on commission. You disposed of them as originals, and took the money so unscrupulously gained, and when I was about to make known the facts, you threatened to implicate me."

"And that I can still do, Herr Daubeley!" sneered the rascally art dealer. "I hold you in the hollow of my hand, Herr Daubeley, and it will not pay you to disobey my orders—hein? To-morrow evening, Sir Clifford Blake will be the guest of the Mayor of Norchester at dinner. The gallery in which his valuable pictures are hung will be closed to everyone, excepting yourself. You will be there alone. You

will let me in, Herr Daubeley. I shall be the unknown thief—I shall get away with those pictures, and you will not be suspected of any implication in the matter."

The St. Giddy's art master was regarding him in horror. "I cannot—such a thing is impossible—"

"Ach! You will do as I say, or I will betray you in that other affair, Herr Daubeley. That isn't all I want you to do for me. You have a rich American at your school—Hannibal Peck—who is looking for the lost Rembrandt masterpiece. You will pretend to have made a search for the picture and to have discovered it. You will induce him to pay fifty thousand pounds for the fake with which I shall provide you, and which you will tell him, is the genuine article. Do you understand?"

"It is too much to demand of me, Herr Koppner. I am not a criminal—"

"But I can have you convicted as one, unless you obey my instructions!" hissed Koppner. "I mean to have those pictures. Remember, Herr Daubeley."

The rascally art dealer turned away towards the road. Johnny Gee, his eyes glittering, started after him, and then drew up sharply.

"No good chipping in now, Snowball—we'll lay a trap for that rotter later!" he said. "Let's discuss it with the others when we get back."

Meanwhile, Fatty Slocum, who had had a good start, scudded across the field with the Earlswood boys on his track, and fairly tore his way through the hedge. He skirted the field and before his pursuers appeared he scrambled through the gate attached to a near-by farmhouse, and dashed headlong through the back door, into the kitchen.

A frail little woman who was cooking at the fireside sprang up with a cry of alarm, on the unexpected arrival of this strange visitor! Fatty crouched by the window, and drew a deep breath of relief as he saw the Earlswood boys dash past. He turned to the alarmed lady.

"It's all right, ma'am. Don't be alarmed. I ain't a robber."

"My word!" he exclaimed, as his eyes fell on a dish of newly-made tarts and pasties. "What ripping tarts! I say, ma'am, I'm simply starving, you know!"

The lady in the kitchen regarded her strange visitor in great surprise. "We are very poor here, young gentleman, and I make these things for the teashop up the road," said the lady. "I am a widow, and for years I have been struggling on my own, I cannot afford to employ men to keep on the farm, so I had to give it up, and take to sewing and cooking to make some money."

"Lemme have a bob's worth of tarts then, ma'am," said Fatty, in a grandiloquent tone. "I'll eat 'em now."

Fatty set to work voraciously on the tarts. He was "broke," but the fat youth of the Remove had no scruples. As he sat there munching, his eyes roved round the walls, and suddenly fixing his glance on a very old oil painting of a man in a faded gilt frame, a cunning gleam spread over his podgy face.

"I say, ma'am, do you want that picture?" he inquired, after he had finished the tarts.

"That old oil painting has been in the farmhouse for years," replied the widow lady. "It isn't much of a picture, but it fills up the gap."

"Then lemme borrow it, ma'am, for a few days," said Fatty eagerly, and after some persuasion the lady gave in.

"My word!" chuckled the plump Removite, as he trotted back to St. Giddy's. "I'll just clean this old picture, put some fresh paint over it, in the original colours, and put it into the Art Exhibition as my own work."

The Missing Masterpiece.

"WELL, boys, how are you getting on!" Mr. Augustus Daubeley, the new art master at St. Giddy's, asked that question in kindly tones as he came along the Remove passage next day.

The Joyous Juniors were all hard at work on their various masterpieces—and some of the efforts were quite startling!

"I say, sir!" Slocum chirruped. "I'd like you to give me some advice about the colouring for my background, if you don't mind."

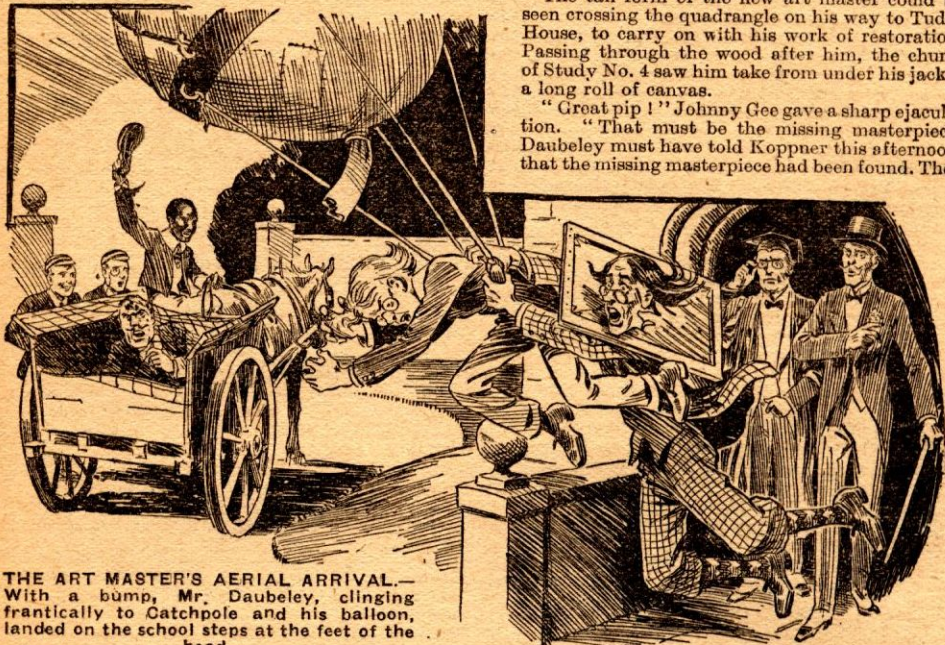
was running distractedly up and down, an empty picture frame in his hand.

"My picture's been pinched!" he wailed. "Look here—some rotter has been to my study, and cut the picture from the frame!"

Johnny Gee & Co. exchanged significant glances: "Who would go to the trouble of pinching Slocum's picture, unless—unless it happened to be the missing Rembrandt?" asked the Remove captain, in a low voice. "There must be something in what old Daubeley said, after all. Goodness knows where it is now—Ah! There goes Daubeley. This is where we follow, and do our own little bit!"

The tall form of the new art master could be seen crossing the quadrangle on his way to Tudor House, to carry on with his work of restoration. Passing through the wood after him, the chums of Study No. 4 saw him take from under his jacket a long roll of canvas.

"Great pip!" Johnny Gee gave a sharp ejaculation. "That must be the missing masterpiece. Daubeley must have told Koppner this afternoon, that the missing masterpiece had been found. Then



THE ART MASTER'S AERIAL ARRIVAL.— With a bump, Mr. Daubeley, clinging frantically to Catchpole and his balloon, landed on the school steps at the feet of the head.

Mr. Daubeley, smiling indulgently, went along to Fatty's study, and a number of juniors followed. There, in the middle of the room, was a large canvas, which at first sight appeared to be an indiscriminate daub of paint. All of a sudden, Mr. Daubeley's expression changed. He blinked closely at Fatty's picture.

"Dud-d-dear me! It is very like the work of that celebrated master, Rembrandt."

Fatty gave a smirk. "Must be a case of a similar tendency in the style of genius, sir!" he said, and there was a laugh.

Just then the bell rang for afternoon lessons, and the juniors trooped off to the classroom. Fatty Slocum, with a show of great pompousness, locked his study door.

When lessons were over, Mr. Daubeley was seen to hurry from St. Giddy's. Johnny Gee went out to finish off his water-colour drawing, and he came back to his chums of Study No. 4 looking very grim.

"I saw that rotter Koppner talking to Daubeley!" he said. "I expect Koppner has given Daubeley final instructions for to-night."

The Joyous Juniors were doing prep. in the evening, when a yell along the Remove passage caused them to look out in alarm. Fatty Slocum

Koppner ordered Daubeley to steal the picture from Slocum's study. He's taking the picture to Koppner now—and then he'll let the rotter into Tudor House, to snaffle the other pictures. Kimmon! This is where we put a spoke in Koppner's wheel!"

As the art master was passing through the spinney at the end of the road, the juniors ran out upon him in the darkness and bore him, not ungently but firmly, to the ground.

The art master was held down, whilst his hat and velvet jacket and bow were removed. He was then blindfolded, gagged and tied up with strong cords, and left in the thickets, whilst the unknown assailants ran onward.

"Good egg!" murmured Johnny Gee, drawing to a halt. "It's jolly rough on Daubeley, but it's for his own good, really. Now, Tony, you've got to dress up as Mr. Daubeley, and take his place to-night. Here are the wig and the rest of the props we fetched along."

Soon the transformation of Tony Graham was complete. In the darkness, Mr. Daubeley's own mother would not have told the difference.

"Now, on to Tudor House, Tony, and do your stuff!" whispered his leader.

Not without some inward qualms, Tony Graham

approached the big mansion in the darkness and walked up the drive. He was admitted by a footman, into the dimly lit hall. The man conducted Tony to the picture gallery, which was in the rear part of the mansion.

"Sir Clifford left the key for you, sir," said the footman respectfully.

"Thank you," said Tony Graham gruffly, taking the key. The footman went off, to rejoin his fellow-servants downstairs. Tony Graham unlocked the massive oak door and crept into the picture gallery.

All was dark within, and he switched on one of the lights. A row of pictures was revealed—wonderful works of art that Sir Clifford Blake had collected from various parts of the world.

A low whistle sounded outside, and the bogus Mr. Daubeley opened the large doors that led to the balcony. Johnny Gee and the others came scrambling up and were admitted into the picture gallery.

The juniors took a large canvas from one of the frames, and Johnny Gee, wearing a wig and moustache, and his face powdered, stood behind the frame with his head and shoulders showing in the squared space. In lieu of the canvas, some thin drapery was hung round the Remove captain, so that, in the darkness, it looked like a portrait of a long-haired youth!

Crack! As that sound came ominously through the darkness of the picture gallery, the other Removites scuttled away and hid themselves, all but the disguised Tony Graham, who, in his role of the St. Giddy's art master, remained by the picture.

The dark, burly form of Siegfried Koppner crept along the gallery. "*Ach!* That is you, Herr Daubeley. It is good that you have not disobeyed me. These are the pictures—hein?"

Koppner flashed an electric torch along the line of pictures. His dark eyes glittered covetously.

"These six pictures in the middle are the ones we want!" muttered Koppner, taking a knife from his pocket. "*Ach!* What is this?"

Koppner stood facing the large "portrait." A pair of hands reached outward from the frame, clutching Koppner, and at the same time Johnny's voice rang out as he leaped from out of the frame. "Grab him!"

The hidden juniors sprang from their places of concealment. Herr Koppner fell to the hard floor of the picture gallery, fighting like a tiger, his face livid with rage. They dragged their prisoner to the balcony, snarling and fighting.

There was a sudden movement in the darkness of the grounds below, and they saw a man, one of Koppner's gang, run out into the open. Koppner gave a hoarse cry. Next moment, the man below flashed out a wicked-looking revolver, its barrel fitted with a silencer. A dull report sounded, a vivid tongue of red flame stabbed the darkness, and Johnny Gee felt the whistle of a bullet past his head. Involuntarily, the juniors loosened their hold of Koppner, who, in an instant, tore himself away and leaped over the balcony, and dashed off into the darkness with his accomplice.

"The villains have made their getaway, and I'm afraid it's no use trying to follow 'em now, in the dark," he said. "They'll come back, you bet, for those pictures. There's only one thing left for us to do—we must remove the pictures ourselves! We'll keep them at St. Giddy's—in secret, of course. Remember, we can't let on about all this business yet, because of dragging poor old Daubeley's name through the mire. Come on! Let's do it while we have the chance!"

The chums of the Remove crept back into the picture gallery at Tudor House. Half-an-hour later, the six of them clambered over the school wall at

St. Giddy's in the darkness, taking over certain bundles with them.

"Did you see Mr. Daubeley running towards Tudor House, with P.C. Dooley?" whispered Tony Graham. "My hat! Won't there be a scare now!"

"You bet there will be!" chuckled Johnny Gee. "Especially when Sir Clifford Blake receives the letter that I'm going to write him. Chaps, I've planned a Grand Surprise for our Art Exhibition, which is now announced to take place on Saturday."

That night Johnny Gee posted a letter in the school-box, addressed to Sir Clifford Blake at Tudor Hall.

The Art Exhibition.

THE newspapers were prompt in reporting the dramatic affair at Tudor House. Special report was made of a message Sir Clifford received, stating that "all was well." Great was the sensation at St. Giddy's, both at the robbery at Tudor House and at the theft of Slocum's painting.

Meanwhile, the schoolboy artists put the finishing touches to their efforts, and all was ready for the great Art Exhibition at St. Giddy's.

On Saturday morning, Johnny Gee placed a sheet of impot. paper on the school notice board, bearing these words:

NOTICE!

JUNIOR ART EXHIBITION

Will be held in Big Hall this evening at 6-30 sharp.

ALL ARE INVITED TO ATTEND THIS GRAND DISPLAY OF GENIUS!

Judges:

Sir Clifford Blake, Bart.

Augustus Daubeley, Esq., A.R.A.

LOOK OUT FOR THE GRAND SURPRISE ITEM.

ROLL UP! ROLL UP!! ROLL UP!!!

Needless to say, this notice drew a great deal of attention.

That afternoon, which was a half holiday, the heroes of the Lower School were busy arranging their exhibits on the platform in Big Hall. A big draw-curtain was rigged up in front of the platform, so that the "show" would be hidden from the spectators and judges until Johnny officially declared the exhibition open, and the grand display was uncovered!

By tea-time, all was ready, and the chums of the Remove left Big Hall, to enjoy a grand tea.

No one at St. Giddy's saw the party of Earlswood boys who clambered over the school wall by the cloisters, bringing various parcels and bundles with them. Once inside the School House, the raiders of Earlswood betook themselves along the corridors and disappeared upon a most mysterious business.

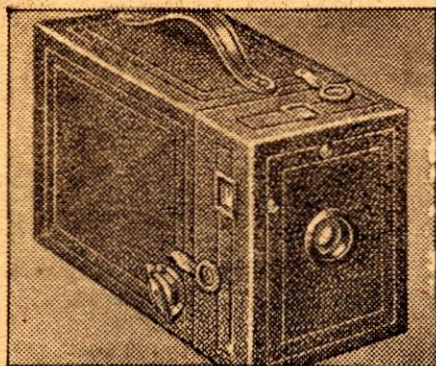
After tea fellows of all Forms thronged to the Hall. Dr. Holroyd came in with Sir Clifford Blake. They were followed by Mr. Augustus Daubeley. After the Head had given a short speech, the boys of St. Giddy's cheered heartily.

Then Johnny Gee stood on the platform, in front of the curtain. His chums stood close by, waiting for the word to pull the ropes.

"Gentlemen!" said the Remove skipper. "The Junior Art Exhibition is now about to open. The curtain will rise on a display of beauty and genius unparalleled in the history of this school. Let 'er up!"

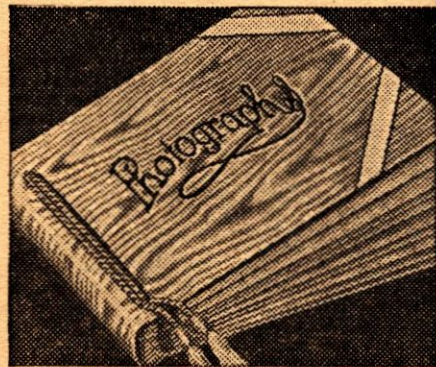
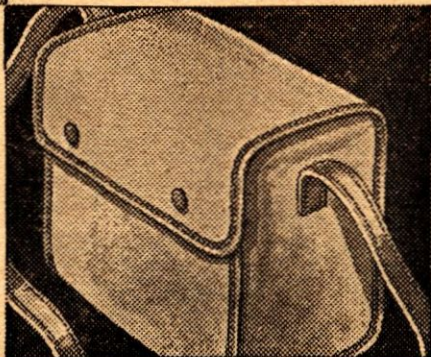
Dick Bannister and Snowball yanked at the ropes, and up went the curtain, revealing the Grand Art Show.

(Continued on page 35.)



A "Hawkeye" camera made by Kodak.
A waterproof case to carry it in.
A silk-bound album to mount the fine
snaps you have taken! These are just
three out of scores of useful gifts
in the Nestlé's Free Gift Book. And
there are one or more Free Gift
Coupons in every Nestlé's packing,
from the 2d. wrapped bar upwards.

LOOK AT MY FREE GIFTS FROM NESTLÉ'S



Send to-day for this the finest list
ever offered of things you really want.
With it comes a voucher for five coupons.

G.135. Camera. Two View-finders. 140 Coupons.
One View-finder. 120 Coupons.
G.136. Shoulder Strap Camera Case. 50 Coupons.
G.197. Moiré Silk Album. 48 Pages. 110 Coupons.

NESTLÉ'S CHOCOLATE

To NESTLÉ'S (Gift Department), Silverthorne Road, Battersea, London, S.W.8.
Please send me Voucher for 5 FREE COUPONS and the Nestlé's Presentation List.

NAME.....
IN BLOCK CAPITALS

Address..... 93/14.5.32.

This offer applies only to Great Britain & Northern Ireland. 1d. Stamp sufficient if envelope is unsealed.

FIVE FREE COUPONS

TERRORLAND! Another Gripping Yarn in our Great Thrill Series of The Garden of Ghouls.

FIENDS IN THE FLOOD!

**Packed With Drama and
Excitement.**



The Giant Bats!

A GALE was blowing across Terrorland, that evil spot in the mysterious Harz Mountains. Overhead, ragged clouds scurried restlessly across the sky.

In actual fact, this Terrorland was the vast estate of the Count Sylvanus von Stelth, guarded on every side by the great mediæval wall which extended over the hills and down the valleys.

A thousand years had that wall stood intact—and so, too, had stood the turreted castle, with its towers and battlements.

But it was no longer the home of the Count. For he was merely a tool in the hands of the greatest organisation of crooks Europe had ever known, who now occupied this estate, with their factories and their elaborate machinery.

Standing on a sheltered portion of the battlements, hidden by the black shadows, were Captain Tracey, of the British Secret Service, his son, Harry, and "Bottles" Glass, Harry's faithful young mechanic.

They had been waging a grim warfare against the relentless criminals of Terrorland—and, so far, although the odds were so heavily against them, they had gained success after success.

"It's good to get a breath of fresh air, Dad," murmured Harry, filling his lungs.

By day they were compelled to hide in a little secret chamber they had discovered in a passage. Only by night could they emerge, and even then they had to be very careful. They had found a way up to the battlements.

A tremendous storm had been raging for three days, and rain had poured almost continuously from the black skies. But at last the clouds had cleared, and now the moon was shining.

"We'd better be getting in, boys," said Captain Tracey. "I'm afraid there's little we can do to-night."

"I'm curious about the lake, Dad," whispered Harry, staring out over the battlements at the black, disturbed waters. "Sometimes we've seen little green lights under the surface. We know that these people have a submarine—but I believe there's something else, too."

He moved along the dark wall, keeping close to the parapet, and presently, separated from the others, he reached a corner. He was still in shadow, but from here he could see the lake more distinctly.

Suddenly, he heard a weird, mysterious fluttering near at hand. And out of the dark sky, fluttering weirdly, came a Shape.

The thing was like a bat—but such a bat as Harry Tracey had never dreamed of even in his most hideous nightmares. It was as large as a man—and the wings spread out for ten feet on either side!

In his stupefied amazement, Harry stepped out from beyond the shadow, and he stood in the moonlight, staring—striving to get a clearer view of that hideous fluttering creature. At the same moment, the wind, shrieking across the battlements with tremendous force, caught the giant bat like a feather. It came hurtling into Harry.

Reeling, Harry lost his balance, and with a sickening sensation of horror, he found himself toppling over the parapet!

But at the last second he clutched—he gripped that vile creature, and together they went downwards into the black abyss.

A Startling Discovery.

HARRY was clutching at something furry—something animal-like. He had no time to think, and . . .

Crash! He struck the ground heavily, for the pair, locked together, had fallen clear of the moat, the wind carrying them wide. Harry's extra weight

had made it impossible for the giant bat to keep in the air. They struck the ground with such tremendous force that for some moments Harry was completely stunned.

When he came to himself he was lying in wet grass. Beside him, sprawled that strange monstrosity, motionless.

"Ugh!" shuddered Harry, staggering to his feet. His first impulse was to run—to get as far away as he possibly could. Instead, he forced himself to examine the great bat. He touched one of the wings, and received a further shock. For it was no animal skin that he felt, but a particularly fine kind of silk!

The next moment, he knew the full truth. This creature was no bat—but a man dressed in grotesque costume, with a cunningly-devised gliding apparatus affixed to his shoulders.

All Harry's fear vanished. He became alert, eager, excited. It only took him a minute to unfasten that contrivance, which was fixed on by the aid of stout straps. He fastened it to his own shoulders, inserting his arms into the leather loops which were provided.

And now, caught in a cross-current, he was carried across the castle itself—and Fate took him within five or six feet of his father and Bottles!

He saw them distinctly as they emerged, for a moment, into the moonlight—attracted by the sight of that Shape.

"Dad!" gasped Harry. "It's me! Glider—can't control it—"

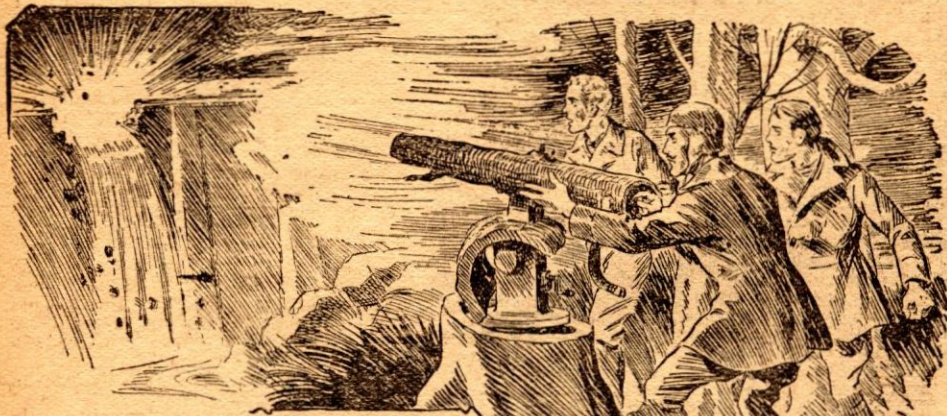
"Harry!" came a muttered exclamation of consternation. "We—"

The rest was drowned by another bellowing gust of wind. It took Harry in a gigantic grip, sent him hurtling like a rocket over the treetops, far across the estate. The lad's breath was taken away; he was dizzy, helpless.

If it was possible to feel any satisfaction in this awful situation, it was gained from the fact that if he was seen, the enemy would not know him from one of the other "bats."

He found himself over a gully, and here the wind, trapped by the rocky hills on either side, died completely away.

The wings grew flabby, Harry found himself hurt-



LOSING THE DELUGE.—BOOM! The report of the gun was followed by another explosion as the shell hit the dam, freeing the flood waters of the lake.

Harry did not know it, but in still air the wings were incapable of lifting the weight. Only by taking advantage of the gale could skilled men fly aloft. Even more, they could soar beyond the boundaries of Terrorland, thus showing themselves to the superstitious peasants of the hills. In this way the crooks had manufactured an atmosphere of mystery and terror round that great estate. On some nights these bats were seen; on other nights great shaggy creatures, half men, half animal; and sometimes luminous wolves of terrible size. The peasants believed that the estate of Count von Steith was haunted by creatures too awful to be named.

By sheer accident Harry had exploded another of those myths! He stretched out the strong but incredibly light wings.

At that moment a roaring gust of wind came along. To Harry's consternation, he was lifted clear of the ground. He tried to pull the wings in, but they had spread out to their fullest extent, taut, drumming. And Harry rose higher and higher, utterly helpless—caught in the full force of the gale.

Never in his life had he felt so helpless. Up and up he went, higher—until, in fact, he was over the very

ling downwards. With a gasp, he changed the position of his arms, and the air caught in the wings, and he found himself gliding. Harry partially operated the glider so that when he struck the ground he was not seriously injured. Fortunately, he fell into a great bush, and this broke the force of his fall.

"Gee whizz!" he gasped thankfully. For at the very moment of striking, he realized that he had got the "hang" of controlling these wings. He disentangled himself from the bush and walked across to the clear ground with the intention of making one or two "test flights," where the wind was stronger. Not a soul was in sight here, for the gully was isolated and—

His thoughts suddenly jarred. He could hear voices!

Creeping round some tall trees, he came within sight of an enormous concrete structure which seemed to fill the entire end of the gully. Twenty or thirty yards away two figures were standing.

"... no doubt at all, that it will hold," the disjointed words were borne to him on the wind. "If... doesn't the water will sweep down... wreck four or five of our factories... lake... overflow and..."

But he knew just what those words meant. That great concrete thing at the end of the gully was a dam. Somewhere up there, were the flood waters of a river. These men were questioning the strength of that dam, after the heavy rain which had recently fallen.

And in that second a great and wonderful idea was born in Harry Tracey's alert mind!

The Next Blow.

NOT daring to move, Harry lurked behind those trees, watching the men. He was rather surprised to see that they were not wearing hoods or grotesque garb. Evidently they were two of the engineers who worked on this estate.

Not until the men had completely disappeared did Harry test the glider again. As a powerful gust came down he spread out his arms. The wind caught the wings and up he soared. Now that he was getting control, the sensation was most exhilarating.

Soon he gained more confidence. By manipulating the simple controls, he found that he could gain an extraordinary height—and thus it was possible to fly actually *against* the wind, by gliding down into it. Having lost height, he would soar aloft again.

His endeavour was to get back to the castle roof but it was not so easy as he had imagined. Again and again he was carried near to the castle, only to be swept away. And his father and Bottles, watching him from shadows, were in constant fear that he would be dashed to the ground.

He was becoming exhausted with the struggle, when at last he found himself over the castle. The wind dropped a bit; the wings fluttered, and before Harry could regain control, he dropped suddenly.

Crash! Instead of striking solid stonework, his feet went crashing through a heavy glass skylight! Fortunately, however, the wings got entangled in the opening, and he hung there, helpless.

This was a part of the castle a considerable way from the secret exit which he and his father and Bottles knew. It was a sort of modern addition, and they had never dared to approach it.

Below, all was blackness, but Harry heard the startled voices of men approaching.

Staring down, Harry saw a light suddenly come into being—but it was only subdued. He knew that it was a light in a passage; he could see a curious room, containing great instruments, dials, and levers. It was the wireless room. Here, in this apartment, the criminals were able to keep in touch with their agents in every European capital!

There came the sound of running feet, the shouts of men. If Harry were seen—

And then welcome hands clutched at him from above; his father's voice whispered in his ears. Quickly, he was yanked up, and drawn clear—just as brilliant, dazzling lights flashed on immediately below. Mercifully, he had not been seen.

"The stairs—get to the door!" came a shout. "There's somebody on the roof!"

Frantically, Harry freed himself from the straps. "Thanks, Dad!" he panted. "Quick! We'll throw this thing down. I'll tell you why when we're safe!"

With all his strength he hurled the gliding contrivance over the parapet. From somewhere along the roof came the sound of a door bursting open. Like the wind, Harry and his father, with Bottles in the rear, dashed along the parapet, where the shadows were deep. They reached a portion of the castle wall, where there was a secret door, and in a

moment they were through. They closed it after them, breathing heavily. By a hair's-breadth they had escaped detection.

"Phew! That was pretty hot!" gurgled Harry.

"Great Scott! What a night!"

"Hush, lad," breathed his father. "There's a spy-hole here—we can see what happens."

Powerful torchlights had now gleamed forth; men were running about the grounds, beyond the moat. And there, on the grass, the stunned man was found—and, not far from him, the partially-wrecked gliding apparatus.

When the man was brought back to consciousness, he told a story of having crashed against a human figure, on the parapet. But he remembered so little, and his story was so confused, that his information was useless and unconvincing.

It seemed only too obvious that the man himself had smashed into the skylight, and then dropped to the ground, managing, in his semi-stunned condition, to rid himself of the apparatus.

Thus, Harry's escapade received no attention—and he was in possession of vital information.

He and the others, descending the dusty stairs within the secret passage, made their way to their little "home"—the secret room. Squatting down, Harry told his breathless story.

"Don't you see, Dad?" he asked eagerly. "That dam is safe—but if something were to happen to it, it would burst—and then a terrific flood would rage down and destroy some of these crooked factories!"

"It sounds very ambitious, my boy," said Captain Tracey, shaking his head in the darkness. "But how could such a thing be done?"

"There are lots of explosives on this estate—"

"I don't doubt it; but how can we get hold of them?" said Captain Tracey. "Even supposing we did so, how could we plant the explosive? You may be sure that the dam is being closely watched, in case a crack develops. We could not even get near it."

A voice came from the darkness. "It is not necessary to get near it, my friends. You can destroy the dam easily—and yet remain half-a-mile away."

It was Professor Warren Kingswood, whom they had rescued from the crooks some time previously.

"At a certain spot in the grounds lies a powerful anti-aircraft gun," said the professor, in his gentle voice. "It is disguised as a fallen log, and it is always kept fully loaded—as a precautionary measure. One shell from that gun, directed at the dam, would shatter the weakened concrete."

* * * * *

IN a room within the castle, where shaded lights glowed, the Supreme Unknown sat at his desk.

He looked an impressive figure in his purple robe; and round him were gathered a number of other hooded figures; four of them in red, and eight in green.

The red figures were known as Controls; each man controlled a definite section of the estate. The green figures were overseers.

"I have reason to believe," said the Supreme Unknown, "that those English boys are still at large—hiding, somewhere within the estate. There is also Captain Tracey and Professor Kingswood. How is it that these people have not been recaptured?"

"We have searched everywhere, but cannot find them," said one of the others.

"They must be found at all cost," said the Supreme Unknown, and his voice was harsh. "Ever since those boys came here there has been—disaster. In some way which defies explanation, they are able to pounce—"



FIRST £10 PRIZE SECOND £5 PRIZE

200 Consolation Prizes of Bats, Lanterns, Roller Skates, etc.

Set No. 2.

HERE is the second set of puzzles for "CRICKETERS" Competition in which you are given the opportunity of winning one of the excellent prizes set out above.

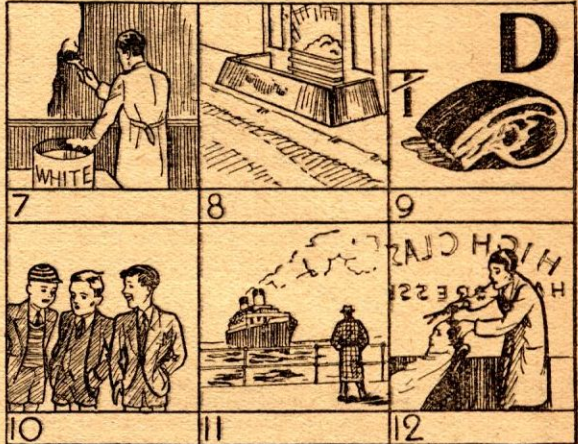
You will enjoy solving these simple puzzles, each of which represents the name of a cricket player. Here is a chance for you to compete with your chums in "The Mag.'s" own contest, for which over 200 splendid prizes are offered.

When you have solved this week's pictures you should cut them out and put them away in a safe place until the end of the Competition, when full particulars and closing date will be announced.

Each week a set of six puzzles will appear. Do not send any puzzles in until you have the complete set.

Solutions must be filled in IN INK in the spaces provided on the entry forms.

Only one name must be given under each picture. The decision of the Competition Editor in all matters relating to this competition must be accepted as final.



The solutions to this week's pictures are among the following Cricketers' names:

**BARBER
BOYES
CHAPMAN
FENDER
IDDON**

**MEAD
OLDROYD
PAYNTER
SHIPMAN
SIBBLES**

**SMITH
STAPLES
WHITE
WHYSALL
WOOLLEY**

Set No. 3 of this Competition will be published in the Wonder Book presented with the "B.M." next week.

The first set of puzzles appeared in the "Wonder Book" given last week.

GET A COPY AND START TO ENTER TO-DAY.

He was interrupted by another green figure which came rushing frantically into the great chamber.

"Chief—Chief!" panted the newcomer. "The Englander boys! And Captain Tracey! They have been seen—in the grounds, in the moonlight!"

Instantly, the Supreme Unknown was on his feet. He demanded further details and then rapidly gave his orders.

The Flood.

NOT far from the shore of the lake, Harry and Bottles, with Captain Tracey, following Professor Kingswood's directions, had found the innocent-looking "log."

Working rapidly, Captain Tracey discovered the secret of the gun. The control levers were all disguised as tree-branches.

"Oh, Dad!" whispered Harry. "If only we can— Look—look! They're coming after us!"

As cool as ice, Captain Tracey worked the levers. Within a moment or two the muzzle of the gun was pointing directly at that concrete dam.

Boom! The report of the gun sounded like an explosion, and was immediately followed by the shrill, whining scream of the shell. On all sides the hooded men halted, dumbfounded by that report.

Crash! There came another explosion—followed

by a terrific thunder of noise which was indescribable: "Look—the dam!" yelled Harry exultantly.

The shell had hit the dam fairly and squarely—and now it was no more.

"Run, boys—run for your lives!" shouted Captain Tracey.

They were in danger as well as the hooded men: And these latter, knowing what had happened, forgot their mission. Yelling with fear, they fled in all directions.

With a tumultuous roar, horrible to hear, the flood waters surged down. Harry, his father, and Bottles were not a great distance from the wall, and the secret door where Professor Kingswood was waiting—watching. And as the three flying figures came up, the professor opened the door wide.

In the nick of time the boys leapt through the opening, and as Captain Tracey followed them he pulled the stone door crashing to. Once more they had outwitted the crooks, and had wrought tremendous havoc in Terrorland.

The two British boys have struck yet another smashing blow at the crooks of Terrorland. Look out for another tale soon! Don't miss Secrets of Famous Detectives Next Week.

PRIZES OF

National Savings Certificates

WORTH £120 OFFERED

1 OF £10 EACH WEEK 2 OF £5 100 OF £1

Here is a great new contest in which every reader of the "Mag." who has a National Savings Certificate has the opportunity of winning a splendid prize. Look in your Savings Book now, and see if you have a certificate bearing a number which corresponds with one of those published below. If you have, you should send in the entry form published on page 35, claiming your prize without delay.

A Prize of a £10 Certificate will be awarded to the holder of the National Savings Certificate numbered—
FF 103429

2 Prizes of a £5 Certificate each to the holders of the National Savings Certificate numbered—
NN 403710 EE 346517

100 Prizes of a £1 Certificate each to holders of National Savings Certificates numbered—

H/14 201003	H/16 800001	H/42 000601	H/49 400002	H/51 300003
H/14 201012	H/16 800009	H/42 000604	H/49 400008	H/51 300007
H/14 201016	H/16 800013	H/42 000625	H/49 400011	H/51 300013
H/14 201035	H/16 800016	H/42 000631	H/49 400013	H/51 300032
H/14 201039	H/16 800031	H/42 000639	H/49 400030	H/51 300043
H/14 201051	H/16 800034	H/42 000656	H/49 400037	H/51 300052
H/14 201052	H/16 800054	H/42 000667	H/49 400057	H/51 300064
H/14 201074	H/16 800060	H/42 000676	H/49 400075	H/51 300081
H/14 201076	H/16 800064	H/42 000693	H/49 400080	H/51 300089
H/14 201099	H/16 800088	H/42 000700	H/49 400097	H/51 300097
H/15 300001	H/41 300001	H/43 110002	H/50 500002	H/52 700001
H/15 300009	H/41 300009	H/43 110006	H/50 500003	H/52 700006
H/15 300014	H/41 300019	H/43 110010	H/50 500007	H/52 700021
H/15 300030	H/41 300027	H/43 110034	H/50 500011	H/52 700026
H/15 300042	H/41 300040	H/43 110038	H/50 500028	H/52 700039
H/15 300046	H/41 300051	H/43 110057	H/50 500033	H/52 700052
H/15 300051	H/41 300053	H/43 110060	H/50 500040	H/52 700059
H/15 300072	H/41 300060	H/43 110076	H/50 500058	H/52 700081
H/15 300076	H/41 300082	H/43 110080	H/50 500081	H/52 700089
H/15 300077	H/41 300094	H/43 110091	H/50 500089	H/52 700100

Entry form and conditions on opposite page.

ARRESTING ANTICS OF THE REMOVE
R.A.S. (Continued from page 28.)

A gasp of wonder and incredulous amazement burst from the lips of all beholders.

The centre-piece was a large portrait in oils, depicting a party of comic-looking youths posing in various ridiculous attitudes in a shabby room. This work of art was entitled: "The Menagerie—or Gee's Juggle-headed Juveniles, in Study No. 4."

There were other pictures and drawings, caricaturing in the funniest possible manner various notabilities at St. Giddy's.

"Gug-g-g-good lor!" gurgled Johnny in a faint voice. "What the—who the—how the—" He broke off, as he detected the sound of a muffled chuckle, coming from underneath the platform.

"Earlswood eads!" he hissed, clutching his chums by the arm. "Hiding under the platform now! Go for 'em!"

Crash! Bump! Wallop! Scuffle! Johnny Gee and Co. were fairly piling on top of their hated rivals! The laughter in hall drowned the noises. Soon the Earlswood raggers were thoroughly overwhelmed, gagged with handkerchiefs stuffed in their mouths, and dumped in a corner.

The Removites set to with zealous hands. The comic Art Exhibition was dragged down and consigned to the darksome depths beneath the platform. Soon the real exhibits were in their proper places once more, and all was ready.

Johnny Gee, Snowball, and Dick Bannister remained under the platform, to keep watch on their captured rivals, until the show was over. The curtain went up at last upon the Junior Art Exhibition.

The laughter in Hall subsided, and everyone gazed with interest at the various works of art displayed to view. A sudden cry burst from Sir Clifford's lips, as he viewed a cluster of pictures displayed in the centre of the show.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated. "Dr. Holroyd, can it be possible? My missing pictures—the art treasures stolen the other night from Tudor House—they are here!"

"And, by heck, so is the missin' Rembrandt!" shouted Mr. Peck in great excitement.

"Sir Clifford, this is the great surprise item that Johnny Gee advertised on the notice board," said Tony Graham. "These are your pictures—we've been keeping 'em safe and sound, so that Koppner's gang should not lay hands on them—" Tony broke off with a gasp of horror.

The side door giving access to the platform had come open suddenly, and Siegfried Koppner and two accomplices appeared. The trio of crooks levelled their revolvers at the assembly in the hall.

"Ach! Do not move—any of you!" Koppner rapped out.

He gave guttural orders in German to his accomplices, who started towards the art treasures, whipping out knives with which to cut the canvas. . . .

The trap-door in the platform came open suddenly, and Johnny Gee and Snowball appeared.

"Come on, chaps!" shouted Johnny Gee in a ringing voice. "Grab the rotters! Don't let 'em get away this time!"

The juniors came piling on to the platform. Koppner and his fellow crooks were simply overwhelmed.

"That's got 'em nicely, sir!" chuckled Johnny Gee, as the Head came hurrying forward.

Johnny explained everything to the Head and Sir Clifford Blake, in Dr. Holroyd's study later.

Fatty Slocum was forced to disclose the means whereby he had obtained the missing masterpiece. Johnny Gee & Co. accompanied Mr. Peck to the widow's farmhouse, and there the good-natured Puffed Peanut King wrote her a cheque immediately for fifty thousand pounds.

Herr Koppner and his accomplices were taken away by the police, and Sir Clifford Blake left St. Giddy's, with his missing pictures once more safely in his possession.

Tommy Rhodes & Co. were duly ragged. And, as it afterwards transpired, Sir Clifford Blake was able, by employing the cleverest legal aid, to establish Mr. Daubeley's innocence.

The Joyous Juniors again next week in another cheery, chortling tale of St. Giddy's.

NATIONAL SAVINGS COMPETITION, No. 1

I enclose herewith National Savings Certificate

No. for which a prize of a National Savings Certificate value £..... is offered in this issue of BOYS' MAGAZINE, and I agree to accept the Competition Editor's decision as final in all matters relating to this competition.

Name.....

Address.....

1

BOYS' MAGAZINE, May 14, 1932.
Closing date (first post), Thursday, May 12, 1932.

WHAT TO DO

See whether you have a National Savings Certificate bearing one of the numbers printed in the above list.

If you have such a certificate, write to us claiming your prize and enclose your National Savings Book, to prove your claim, together with the coupon which appears in this page.

Your book will be returned to you by registered post, together with your prize, within a few days of the closing date for claims.

Prize-winners must understand that the prizes are Free Gifts. The recipients will still retain their National Savings Certificates.

All claims for prizes in connection with the above list of numbers must be posted to arrive not later than first post Thursday, May 12th. Claims arriving after that time will not be admitted.

All claims should be forwarded, by registered post, addressed to: National Savings List No. 1, BOYS' MAGAZINE, Pump Yard, Manchester (Comp.).

The Competition Editor's decision on all matters relating to this competition is absolutely final and legally binding, and this is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Allied Newspapers Ltd. are not allowed to compete.

If your certificate numbers are not given in page 34 you are offered splendid prizes totalling £500 in IDEAS and Town Talk, £120 in BETTY'S PAPER, and £120 in WEEK END NOVELS, this week, in similar National Savings Competitions. The certificate numbers in each paper are different. Buy them to-day, and see if you are entitled to claim one of the wonderful prizes offered.

ANOTHER £120 WORTH OF NATIONAL CERTIFICATES AWARDED NEXT WEEK.

THAT RESTLESS RUBY!*(Continued from page 17.)*

but the crook stumbled on, unaware that he had passed so near.

"Gor! Listen! They're openin' the door! Darn the nigger. I'm gonna make my getaway!"

Saying this, the crook with the gun dashed over to the window, opened it, and after looking out to see if the coast was clear, leapt through. His companion hesitated a second until he heard footsteps echoing through the house, and then followed.

Washington Hayseed stood upright with a sigh of relief. The door of the room opened, and the bright beam of an electric torch cut a path through the darkness. It fell on Washy's face.

"There he is," said a gruff voice. "Don't let him get away!"

"Say!" yelled Washy, as he was grabbed by the collar. "You're labourin' under a delirium. De crooks have escaped!"

"Sez you!" growled the voice. "We are Detective-Inspector Hickweed and Inspector Cannem. S'no good trying to pull any fresh dope on us. We're on to your game properly. Your mate has split on you!"

Washington opened his mouth to protest again that they had made a mistake, but the insistent hand about his coat-collar made speech impossible.

Inspector Hickweed went first—Cannem and his prisoner bringing up in the rear. Inspector Hickweed stepped over the threshold of the door—and that was about as far as he got.

Something descended on his head with a dull thud. Without a sound he sank to the ground, unconscious. Inspector Cannem gave vent to a startled cry and rushed forward. He bent over the reclining form of his superior.

Thud! Inspector Cannem was in receipt of a similar whack on the headpiece; he dropped limply over the other police-detective.

"S'all right," said a voice near by. "It's me, Wash!" And Tim Buskit appeared. "I stood just outside the door and gave them a nice wallop as they stepped out—they deserved it, the dirty kidnapers. Come on, Wash. Bear a hand. We're going to cart them off to the police station."

"Hold hard, dere!" said Washington in a tremulous voice. "You'se made a mistook, Tim. Dese yar guys ain't crooks—dey're plain-clothes cops!"

Tim gulped. "P-p-policeman!"

"Yes. Dey was 'resin' me. Dunno what for, but dey's policemen all right!"

"P'wez!" gasped Tim. "Washy, I reckon we'd better stroll quietly off somewhere. There's a whole carload of police on their way here, and when they see these two—Come on!"

A Wonderful Coup.

IT was nearly an hour later when the two weary, amateur 'tees wandered into the vicinity of the Anglo-Indian Exhibition building.

"What'm we gonna tell him?"

Tim shook his head. "I dunno. The whole thing plumb beats me. Here's the ruby been spirited away in a room full a' people. Gor! Hellup! Washy. Look who's comin'!"

Washington did. He gasped with astonishment as he recognised the figure of Detective-Inspector Hickweed. He had a bump on his head that made it difficult for him to keep his hat on. He walked

straight up to Washington and laid a firm hand on his shoulder.

"All right," said Tim. "We'll come along quietly." "Mr. Hayseed," said the plain-clothes man, grabbing Washington by the hand and shaking it vigorously. "I've come to apologise for arresting you. We rounded up the other two crooks and they've confessed everything. I've come to congratulate you, too, on the way you handled them!"

"S-say Ah—"

"You see, what brought about the misunderstanding was this," went on Hickweed. "Those three crooks intended to do the job together, but one of them double-crossed the others when he held you up and tried to get the jewel out of you himself. Then as you know, the other two came along in the car, laid him out and carried you off. Meanwhile, we collared the first crook—we had the report from the policemen on duty in the exhibition—and he confessed how he'd stolen the ruby, by hiding it on you, as, of course, you must have known—"

"S-say—"

"Well, gents, better be getting along," Hickweed shook hands with them both heartily. "Hope you won't take our little blunder to heart. So long!"

"S-so long," said Messrs. Hayseed and Buskit in chorus.

"Did you hear what he said!" gurgled Tim when the police-officer was out of earshot. "He said the crook hid the ruby on you!"

"Gosh!" said Washington. He dived his hand into his coat pocket. It was as Tim said. The Jampudn Ruby had been there all the time!"

What a scream, sez you? Just wait until you read of the crew of the Happy Haddock Next Week, then you'll laugh some! Look out for Secrets of Famous Detectives 28-Page Wonder Book Free in every copy.

THE "CUB" AIR PISTOL

Fires Darts or Slugs. Length

10in. Nickel finish: In 5/6

box with ammunition...

AIR GUNS. No. 20.—Fires Darts, Slugs & Pellets. Length 32in. With ammunition... 6/-

No. 25.—Breech-loading Model. Length 36in.

With ammunition 10/-

Postage of each article, 6d. extra. Extra-ammunition for any of above 1/6. Colonial postage on all goods, 2/- extra.

A. HERBERTS. (Dept. 75),

59, Adys Road, Peckham, London, S.E.15.



500 WORLD-WIDE STAMPS, 6d.—WAY, Wilmslow, Cheshire.

100 DIFFERENT STAMPS FREE.—Send for 1/4d. approval, letters only.—COX, 21, Dennis-Mansions, Westcliff.

HEIGHT INCREASE GUARANTEED 14 days, or money back. Booklet free.—STEBBING, 28, Dear-road, London, N.W.2.

NEW MARVEL 100 STAMPS FREE to applicants for famous 1/4d. Stamps and Cheap Sets. Without approvals 6d. Send 1d. Stamp toward postage.—FLEMING, Christleton-road, Chester.

SCREAMINGLY FUNNY NOVELTIES AND JOKES.—Explosive Cigarettes, Itching and Sneezing Powders, Bombs, Snowstorms, Snakes, etc. Good assortments. 2/6, 3/6 boxes.—Ventriloquist Voice Instrument, 1/-; Vanishing and Everlasting Scribbling Pocket Tablet, 1/3; Luminous Paint, 1/2; Pocket Cinema and Films, 1/-; Tricky Kinetograph, 1/3, etc. Cat. free.—RUSSELL, 271, Shenstone Road, Birmingham.

THE GREAT SAHARA DESERT PACKET FREE!—Quaint pictorial stamps from interesting Far-Eastern countries Latakia, (alaoities), Grand Lebanon, Egypt, Chalkari State, New Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, and the beautiful Sahara "Camel" Stamp overprinted, "Republica." Send to-day—don't delay. Just 2d. for postage, request approvals, and a further fine packet of 50, all different stamps, will be included.—LISBURN & TOWNSEND (B.M.), Liverpool.