

**BURIED TREASURE FOR BOYS** See Within

# Boys' 2D Magazine

EVERY SATURDAY

*Free*  
IN THIS  
ISSUE—

**28  
PAGE**

*Wonder  
Book*



**THE CRIMSON SPEED CRACK IS INSIDE**  
VOL. XXI—No. 536—Oct. 29, 1932

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION  
BY CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST.



# £25 AND OVER 1,000 VALUABLE PRIZES MUST BE WON IN THIS FASCINATING TREASURE HUNTING COMPETITION, BOYS! START TO-DAY!

## BURIED TREASURE

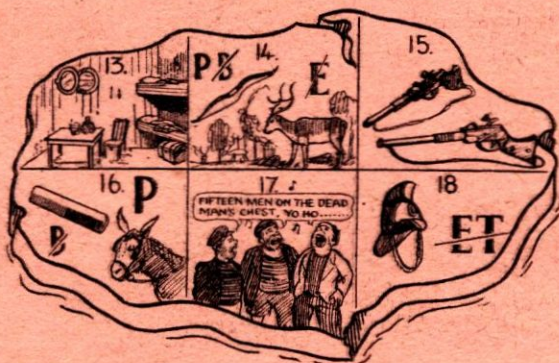
Every Reader Stands an Equal Chance of Winning a Prize.  
Don't Miss This Exciting Treasure Hunt.

HERE IS THE THIRD SET.

EACH OF THESE  
PICTURES IS A  
"CLUE" TO  
THE  
TREASURE.

Solve the Pictures  
and Win a Ripping  
Gift.

ANOTHER SET OF  
CLUE PICTURES  
NEXT WEEK.



THE LOG OF  
CAPTAIN  
TRELAWNEY.

October 17, 1642.  
(Dawn).

### WHAT TO DO.

FIRST, examine the map of the Treasure Island above. You will see that each of the simple pictures thereon represents a word associated with a quest for buried treasure. For instance, the first picture already published represents ANCHOR! Now read the log of Captain Trelawney, which contains all the names of the rest of the pictures. Each picture represents only one word as spelt or pronounced. When you have solved the puzzles, fill in the solutions in INK in the spaces provided in the coupon, cut out the coupon, and keep it until the close of the Competition. There will be six sets of pictures in all—one set each week in *Boys' Magazine*. At the end of the six weeks you will be advised where to send in your complete solutions to the whole thirty-six puzzles. Only one solution must be given to each picture. The decision of the Competition Editor in all matters relating to this competition must be accepted as final.

Our spirits are much improved. My men are singing a *chanty* as I write. Peg Leg Dave hath been across the island in the darkness and reports that the dons are already at work to repair their damaged vessel. 'Twill thus be shipshape for us if we can by some ruse win it from them. Already I picture myself at the Spanisher's *helm*! The morning tide hath brought up more from the wreck. A number of *weapons*, including *muskets* enough for all, a water-tight cask of *powder* and the ship's *compass* which may be useful anon. So we do not lack *arms*.

October 17, 1642. (Sunset).

We have had another discussion to find a plan to o'erthrow the dons. Peg Leg suggests we swim out under cover of darkness and enter the poop *cabin* through the *porthole*. From there we could surprise the dons in their *bunks* . . .

### BURIED TREASURE—Set No. 3.

FILL IN SOLUTIONS CLEARLY IN INK.

13 .....

16 .....

14 .....

17 .....

15 .....

18 .....

Back Numbers.—Get the last two issues of the "B.M." which contained the First Twelve "Buried Treasure" Puzzles. Copies can be obtained from the Subscription Dept., "Boys' Magazine," Withy Grove, Manchester. Price 3d. per copy, post free.

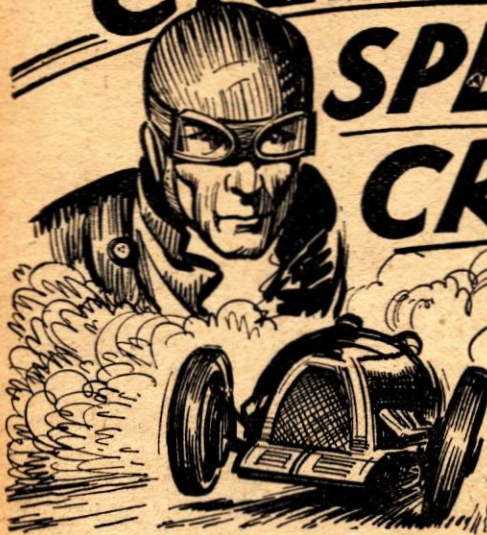


(With which is incorporated "Pals.")

**THE CRIMSON AVENGER MAKES HIS BOW! MONSTER MOTOR RACING  
YARN CRAMMED WITH EXCITEMENT, THRILLS AND MYSTERY, BOYS.**

**The Secret of the Talking Speed Trophy Told Below.**

# THE CRIMSON SPEED CRACK



**VENGEANCE IS MINE . . . With Only  
his Manservant Chang to Aid Him,  
the Crimson Speedman Schemes to  
Overthrow the COUNCIL OF 13.**

### The Message of Mystery.

**S**INISTER, silent, and desolate, Wreck Island bore a very fitting name. It reared out of the sea like some monstrous black fang waiting for any storm-shattered vessel that might be blown on to it.

Never within living memory had that sheer mass of black rock known inhabitants, save for the gulls that wheeled screaming around its high cliffs and rocky ledges.

On a moonless night such as this, black, overcast— it was then that the Crimson Speedman—the Crimson Avenger—went aprowl, in his long, speed-lined, almost vicious-looking motor-boat. To-night he edged in through the swirling black waters nearer to the island.

The speedboat was painted a vivid crimson, and bore the name *Crimson Cyclone* on its bows. The man who sat at the wheel wore leathers painted crimson, a crimson goggled mask and helmet.

Beside him in the cockpit crouched his Chinese manservant, Chang. He was in grey leathers, a slant-eyed little Oriental, whose face could betray



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



the utmost ferocity, and yet again was capable of a bland, child-like mien, a deceptive smile.

Chang was a powerful little man, imbued with the fatalism of the East. He lived only to serve his master, Captain Bill Wingate, one time of the R.A.F. Lately, too, an inhabitant of the Federal prison at Sing Sing. It is sad to record that. But it might go towards explaining why he was known as the Crimson Avenger.

"I am unjustly imprisoned!" That had been his fierce cry five years before when he had been committed for life for embezzlement, and for shooting, with intent to kill, the head of the great Anglo-American Motor Company, Earl Valmont, who had discovered his thefts of money from the firm.

"Let those beware who have conspired against me," he warned. "I'll crash out; I'll never serve a life sentence. And I will be avenged."

Well, he had "crashed out" of Sing Sing—escaped. Only to discover what gigantic forces of dishonesty he was up against.

"It is very dark. The wind is coming up, Chang," the masked speedboat man said presently in a harsh low voice. "Look out for the signal."

The Chinaman lisped assent, his squinting almond eyes fixed on the dark lowering bulk of the island with the hissing breakers of water around.

"Ah!" he cried suddenly in a low, triumphant voice; "the great master signals."

Even as he spoke, from the high rocky summit of Wreck Island a light glimmered, winked red, then green and then vanished. The Crimson Avenger switched off the engine and the low purr died altogether, there was nothing but the swish of the angry waves.

"He still lives! Good!" muttered the Crimson Avenger grimly. "Watch for the message, Chang."

"I will watch, master," said the Chinaman sibilantly.

Seconds passed. Chang must have had cat's eyes, for he saw the object of their seeking in the dark. Excitement rang in his hissing voice. "There it is, master!"

The Crimson Avenger stood up and drew a pistol from his pocket. Chang, too, was on his feet in the rocking speedboat. He flicked on his pocket torch momentarily.

Its thin beam, wavering around, lit on a coloured ballon, scurrying high in the wind from the dark craggy island.

Instantly Chang crouched down and switched on the engine, turning the wheel and letting the speedboat surge. As its bow knifed through the waves the Crimson Avenger took aim at the ballon and pulled the trigger.

It was a powerful air pistol, a dull smash being the only sound of its discharge. But the Crimson Speedman's aim was perfect, and as the speedboat swirled underneath he picked up the skin of the ballon which fell in the cockpit.

There was a message tied to it, and as he unfolded it, he drew up his goggles.

*Steger's car gone to mainland for to-morrow's big race. Have put secret in tyre. You should beat Steger if you follow my directions, previously given. My health failing. Think they mean to kill me. You must win the trophy. Good luck.*

As the speedboat plunged and heaved through the waves at full speed, away from the island, the Crimson Avenger crouched motionless.

"All he thinks of is winning the trophy," big Bill Wingate muttered. "So he's hid the secret in one of the tyres of Steger's racing car—the secret that will prove my innocence and round up this confederacy of crooks. I wonder what that secret is."

He screwed up the message and made to throw it into the heaving waters. But before he could toss the round ball of paper into the dark, there was a sudden roar of motor-engines. And simultaneously a blinding white searchlight came to life, its glare quickly reaching over the waters until it hit the rakish scarlet speedboat.

A black speedboat—its powerful searchlight making it but a dark, menacing shape—tore at the red speedboat like an express train. A dark shape in motoring leathers and helmet was standing up in the heaving bow, firing a revolver. A hot bullet whistled past Bill Wingate's face.

And then—the two powerful speedboats seemed about to mingle in a shattering collision. But at the last moment the pilot of the black sea-raker, threw over the spoked wheel and skilfully veered aside. But not before the goggled ghoul standing up in the bow had launched a smashing blow at Bill Wingate that almost knocked him backwards into the heaving sea.

So perfectly timed and calculated was the attack that as the Crimson Avenger involuntarily dropped the screwed up message, his enemy stooped over and grabbed it up from the cockpit.

Next moment the sinister black boat tore away at a tangent. His searchlight went out. Darkness came down over the sea like a blanket. Only the crashing echoes of the speedboat rolled back.

"Thunderation!" the Crimson Avenger barked, his dark, lean face distorted. "It was Steger! Back to our secret cove, Chang! We must stop him before he gets hold of the secret."

Chang bent over the wheel, and the powerful scarlet racing boat tore through the waves like a maddened beast.

### The Midnight Marauder.

It was at a very quiet, secluded cave, in the shade of a narrow horseshoe, that the scarlet speedboat finally swirled to rest.

The dim starlight lit the place and a bungalow-like building on the shore, almost hidden by the huge trees. A sleek, powerful flying boat, obviously built on racing lines, was also revealed moored at the side of the cove.

It was the *Flying Bullet*, a super sky-racer, built from designs supplied to Captain Bill Wingate by the mysterious Great Master in exile on Wreck Island.

By its aid he hoped and planned that Bill Wingate would win the great World Championship Aero Race. This was but one of three events he had to win to secure the famous Air-Sea-and-Track Trophy, the most marvellous trophy in the world which had never yet been won.

The Crimson Avenger stepped hurriedly off on to the shore, followed by Chang, who came only up to the powerful speed ace's shoulder.

"Steger and the gang directing him discovered us by accident; of that I'm sure," he hissed. "Yet Steger's a cunning hound. He will investigate."

"That I think also, master," hissed Chang.

They darted towards the bungalow. Hidden here were the three super machines with which Captain Bill Wingate meant to challenge the supremacy of the all-powerful Van Druten Motor Corporation who employed Dage Steger as their racing craek.

Steger, the acknowledged speed king of the world, was out to win the Air-Sea-and-Track Trophy this year after five years of arduous preparation by his firm.

Big Bill Wingate's lips were tightly compressed as he made for a ladder set against the wall of the bungalow. For here was housed in the garage adjoining his terrifically fast racing-car, *Red Bullet*,



with which he meant to win the great Prix de Taos motor-race at Taos on the morrow—the most dangerous and thrilling car-race in the world.

It was the first event of three that one man must win to secure the famous Sea-Air-and-Track Trophy. The other events were the World-Wide Air Race at Michigan and the Speedboat Championship. All three had to be won by one man in the same year.

Over the flat roof of the garage the two swarmed. The Scarlet Speedman was bent on surprising his enemy—if he were here. He bent down and pressed a secret release lever, and part of the roofing commenced to slide back. At the same time, the Crimson Speedman turned on a switch which illumined the garage brilliantly within.

A growling cry rapped from the Crimson Speedman's throat and he whipped out his pistol at what he saw.

Beneath, on the concrete floor of the garage, stood his wonder car, the *Red Bullet*. A streamlined beauty of red and gleaming chromium plating. Bent over it was a man in black racing leathers, goggles, and helmet. Steger!

He had thrown back the engine cover and had been inspecting the mighty power unit of the racer. Now, he started back, staring upwards in terror a moment.

His teeth clenched, Bill Wingate pressed the trigger of his powerful air-pistol. Steger gave a fearful cry as a bullet ploughed through the fleshy part of his leg, and, turning, dashed for the door which he had broken in.

"After him!" rapped out the Crimson Avenger as the man below disappeared.

*Whoom! Whoom!* She was away like a beast unleashed, and tearing down the dark throat of that road with streaming headlights.

"After her—in the *Red Bullet!*" roared Bill Wingate. "We must get the secret in that tyre—or we're finished."

### The Crash At The Bridge.

"MASTER, they were trying to get one of the tyres off. I saw the tyre-levers on the road."

It was Chang's voice. His low growl somehow penetrated through the roar of the shaking red racer as it shot out of the garage with the Crimson Avenger at the wheel.

Big Bill Wingate nodded. The red racer came out on the macadam and, like an avenging monster, tore after the speeding black car.

In one long howling rush the wonder racer ate up that stretch, flame spurting from the fat copper exhaust pipes accompanied by a sound as of a quick-firing battery in action.

Chang gripped the leather handholds and growled: "We are gaining, master." The black car ahead went round a turn in the road at speed in a cloud of dust with a wild screeching skid. The Scarlet Avenger simply trod down harder and went after it at more furious speed.



THE HIGH-SPEED K.O.—The goggled driver of the black motor-boat launched a smashing blow at the Crimson Avenger as the two boats drew together.

He led the way, and they swarmed down the ladder, pounding through the dark trees, guided by the sounds of cracking twigs and the hard footfalls.

"If he's got his car—yes, there it is; the racer!" barked the Crimson Avenger suddenly as they came out on the road. "The secret in the tyre! Chang!"

He was firing. Chang, like a leopard, had sprung forward. But they were too late to stop the fear-incensed speedman. His mechanic swung the starting-handle against the terrific compression, and the shattering blare of the engine woke the night echoes.

Like a solid wall the turn came at them. At the very last moment Bill Wingate trod down savagely on the foot-brake. Round swished the whole body of the car in a shower of dust and stones—but as it seemed to slide sickeningly to plunge crashing into the trees, the speed ace changed down and stamped on the gas, and, with engine pulling, roaring, the red car writhed out of her skid.

"Master, a bridge ahead," growled Chang warningly.

"Here's where I'm going to challenge for the lead," snapped the Crimson Speedman.



Steger heard the mad whine of the red car at his elbow as they tore round the curve in the road to the stone-built bridge. He bared his teeth.

They were howling scuttle to scuttle. No room for two to pass abreast on that ancient bridge. Who would give way?

It was Steger's nerve that failed—at the last moment. Fifty yards from the bridge, he eased his foot on the pedal. The red car shot past and lifted over that bridge with a fiendish roar—in the lead.

And Steger was stamping on his brakes—going into a wild skid. He and his mechanic had partially levered the tyre off before the commencement of that mad race, to get at the secret it concealed. And now—the tyre failed them.

They went over the bridge in a fierce, unmanageable skid—and the twisted tyre came off. The car, leapt from the road in a harsh roaring dive, shooting at a low hedge.

Steger cut the engine and he and his mechanic crouched down. The Crimson Speedman, braking-up on the road ahead, turned in the cockpit with Chang—to hear the crash, and see the car overturn in the field with spinning wheels.

"Look, master!" cried Chang exultantly. "The tyre!"

They both jumped out and ran for the blackened, smoking tyre lying on the roadway.

But as the Crimson Speedman picked it up, his head lifted with a jerk. From a side lane hidden by trees there came a monstrous roar, and a great car, loaded with men carrying revolvers, came rushing at the speedman and his Chinese servant.

"Quick! To the car!" snapped the Crimson Avenger, and they pounded at the top of their bent for the racer, Bill Wingate carrying the blackened tyre.

Bullets zipped and whined around them, but luck for once was in their way, and none harmed them. They reached the car, and in a trice they were in and moving away. But the roaring pursuer was close atop of them as the gaunt, trembling speedster was unleashed.

"Damn it, they'll get us yet!" growled the crimson speed crack. On their left now was a belt of trees. It but barely concealed a precipitous incline, strewn with rubble and rocks.

The Crimson Speedman was stamping down on the accelerator, getting all he knew out of the *Red Bullet*, when the thing happened. A bullet ploughed into his offside rear tyre, and the tyre went off like a gunshot. The car shot for the lip of the incline.

Captain Bill Wingate stood up on the brake, exerting all his weight and pressure, his teeth clenched. He notched back the hand brake to its fullest extent. Could he stop the car in time?

### A Futile Fight.

OVER the edge the bonnet lurched sickeningly—and it was a moment of white hot fear for the two in the cockpit as they stared down at the steep drop—then the brakes gripped and held her, with the front wheels half over the edge.

"A near shave!" panted Bill Wingate, his dark jaw jutting. "They'll get us," he growled. "But not before we put up some sort of a fight, eh, Chang?"

His Chinese servant eagerly caught at his arm.

"The tyre, master," he reminded him. "The secret—not let them get it. I could get in the tyre, and roll down that incline—"

"Gosh!" Bill Wingate slapped him on the back. "Off you go, Chang—and best of luck!"

The little Chink was by way of being an acrobat. He snuzled himself inside the huge blackened

motor-tyre, and spread out his arms inside its rim—Bill Wingate gave him a push off, and the tyre went plunging over the edge of the incline down the steep hill, rolling, rolling . . .

Bill Wingate whirled round to face half-a-dozen goggled, sinister-looking armed men. With a low, enraged cry he rushed in, hopeless though the odds were against him.

They clubbed him mercilessly on all sides. The Crimson Avenger had not a chance, spite of his protecting helmet, and he fell under the welter of blows, insensible.

### The Council of Thirteen.

THE Crimson Avenger opened his eyes to feel a hot vapour enveloping his face and throat and short-cropped head, burning and suffocating him.

Then he became aware that he was strapped in a chair. And with a fearful start he realised the fiendish torture to which he was being subjected.

He sat under a powerful arc lamp whose rays were directed downwards upon him by a powerful shade, and before him, on a brazier, stood a large retort. The water in it was at boiling point, and its spout was streaming a cloud of scalding steam into the Crimson Speedman's face.

The torture was excruciating, yet he guessed that it could be intensified still further, for the flame jets from the gas ring beneath were at low ebb.

He looked round with narrowed, gleaming eyes, his jaw set like a bulldog's. Spite of his terrible plight the Crimson Avenger held grimly on to his nerve even when he saw the ring of ghoulish faces that encompassed him. Faces set in scarlet masks that glowed with some ghastly fire! *Faces that seemed to float in the dark!*

But Bill Wingate knew the trick of this. A mask with a strong electric flashlamp beneath, the rest of the body being swathed in black, so that it was invisible in the dark.

"So! The Council of Thirteen!" he growled. "And what is the meaning of this farce?"

A metallic voice answered him.

"You are not the only one who can play at being the masked avenger, Captain Wingate. Thirteen of my business associates have been robbed of jewellery, bonds, and other valuables—thirteen, including myself. And you were the thief. Always a crimson figure, with a glowing mask-like face was seen departing from the scene of the crime. Always a card was left bearing the inscription *With the compliments of the Crimson Avenger!*

"I took from those who have robbed me," gritted the Crimson Avenger. "From twelve millionaires forming the huge motor corporation—and yourself the head of it, Van Druten!"

A man now appeared in the small circle of light shed by the arc lamp overhead. He was grey-haired, powerful, and immaculately dressed in dinner jacket. And he wore a green eyeglass in his right eye.

"And you will go back to Sing Sing for it, Mister Bill Wingate—escaped convict and attempted killer!" he ground out, looking down on the bound man.

The Crimson Avenger's thin lips curled in a scornful smile, and he shook his head.

"Oh, dear, no," he drawled. "The thirteen millionaires of the Van Druten Combine would not dare to expose me. They know—that I know—that their one-time President, the genius who made the firm, Earl Valmont is still alive. Just as I know that you are keeping him a prisoner"—Bill Wingate's voice rang fierce and denunciatory. "You are keeping that old man hidden—using his genius, his



designs for motor-car engines, aero engines. Robbing him of the fruits of his work—for that you will pay, Van Druten."

The motor-car millionaire drew a deep breath. He struggled to restrain himself.

"Suppose all this is true," he said with forced calm. "Who else knows but yourself? And you, I have decided, must die, my dear Crimson Speedman."

"Fool! Fool!" The Crimson Avenger strained at his bonds in his intense anger. "Five years ago Earl Valmont was your president; he would have made your company rich—prosperous, the dominant motor firm in the world with his inventions. But he discovered that you, Van Druten, and others were embezzling on a large scale.

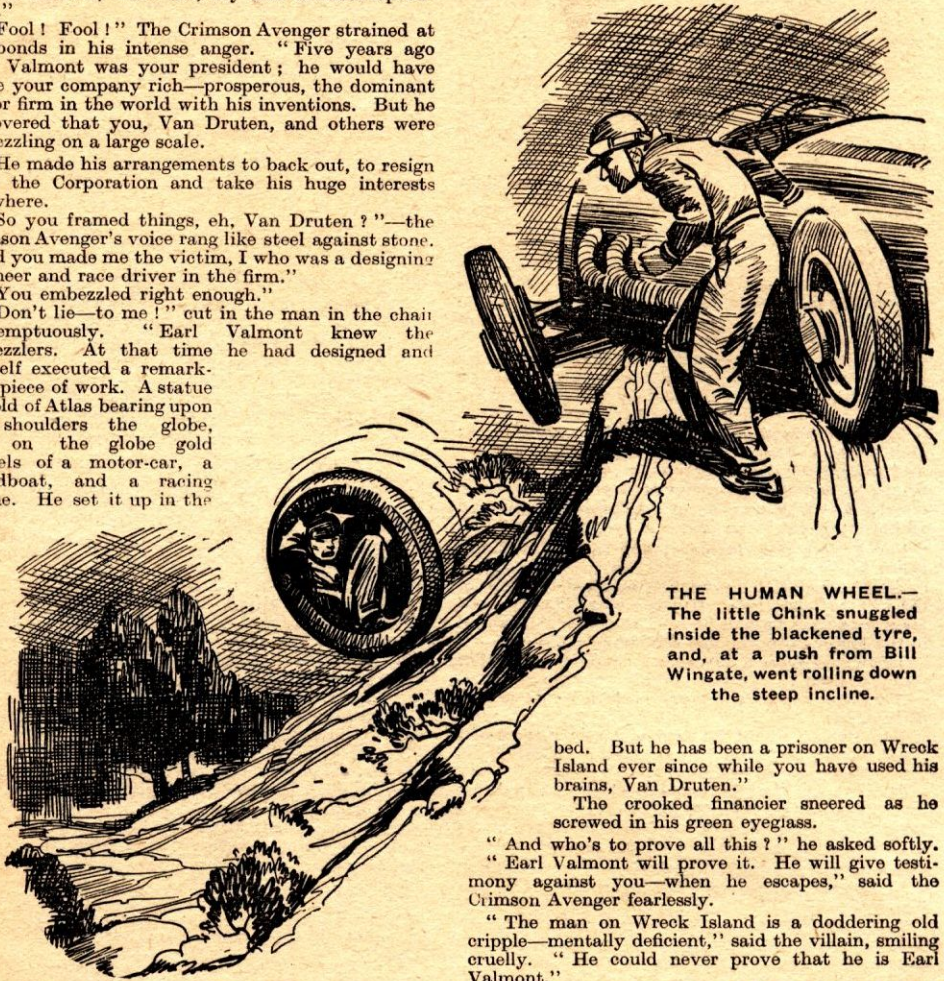
"He made his arrangements to back out, to resign from the Corporation and take his huge interests elsewhere.

"So you framed things, eh, Van Druten?"—the Crimson Avenger's voice rang like steel against stone. "And you made me the victim, I who was a designing engineer and race driver in the firm."

"You embezzled right enough."

"Don't lie—to me!" cut in the man in the chair contemptuously. "Earl Valmont knew the embezzlers. At that time he had designed and himself executed a remarkable piece of work. A statue in gold of Atlas bearing upon his shoulders the globe, and on the globe gold models of a motor-car, a speedboat, and a racing plane. He set it up in the

Valmont—too late. You shot me, you hound. Then while I lay unconscious you placed the pistol in Earl Valmont's hand. I was accused of shooting him, and the cooked books made it seem that I had embezzled the money. Earl Valmont, weak and in the hands of Van Druten and his hirelings, was forced to give testimony against me on his supposed death



THE HUMAN WHEEL.—The little Chink snuggled inside the blackened tyre, and, at a push from Bill Wingate, went rolling down the steep incline.

Engineering Hall, at Detroit, and offered the trophy to the driver who carried off the three big racing events in one year. He was shot at—and it was believed he was murdered whilst he stood in the Engineering Hall in front of that trophy."

"By you!"

"No—by Dage Steger!" Bill Wingate's voice rang fiercely with accusation.

Steger, the race-driver, black-browed, scowling, in overalls and driving helmet, thrust forward.

"Jest for that you'll die—Mister Crimson Avenger!" he snarled.

"You came, in—shot him in the back," Bill Wingate repeated. "I had overheard the plot—and I rushed into the Engineering Hall to warn Earl

bed. But he has been a prisoner on Wreck Island ever since while you have used his brains, Van Druten."

The crooked financier sneered as he screwed in his green eyeglass.

"And who's to prove all this?" he asked softly.

"Earl Valmont will prove it. He will give testimony against you—when he escapes," said the Crimson Avenger fearlessly.

"The man on Wreck Island is a doddering old cripple—mentally deficient," said the villain, smiling cruelly. "He could never prove that he is Earl Valmont."

"His works will prove it," said the Crimson Avenger quickly. "I have had copies of all his designs; I have had machines built as good as yours, Van Druten. And I intend to beat that crook, Steger, and win the Air-Sea-and-Track Trophy. That is an express condition that Mr. Valmont has laid down."

"You will never race—believe that or not," said Van Druten positively. "You die to-night, Captain Wingate." But his rather close-set eyes had a hunted look as he breathed the next question. "So—do you think dead men can tell tales, Captain Wingate?"

"Yes," the Crimson Avenger shot back at him.

"There is his secret—Valmont always says that when dead he will talk," he muttered. Suddenly his



eyes flashed a fierce light. "Turn on the steam," he commanded harshly. "You'll tell what you know—or die, you hound. What was in that tyre?"

Bill Wingate gritted his teeth and shook his head obstinately. The crooked financier gestured to Steger, and, grinning horribly, the black-haired race-driver stepped forward and turned up the gas-jet.

Instantly, a hissing cloud of hot scalding steam drove into the crimson race-driver's face. He clenched his teeth, striving not to scream under the terrible agony.

"You'll speak," gritted Van Druten. "What's the secret of this trophy the old dodderer keeps muttering about? This statue—"

Suddenly there came a shattering tinkle of glass as the window pane crashed inwards, and a harsh megaphone-like voice came:

"The statue speaks. It will tell the truth of what happened at the shooting. The statue speaks."

### The Secret Of The Statue.

ALL in the room stared. The ghostly glowing red heads that appeared to float without bodies suddenly disappeared. And now dark-cloaked figures crouched in that room in various attitudes of menace, their guns drawn.

Chang, the little Chinaman, climbed in through the broken window. He had a gun in one fist, an electric torch in the other, and he was prepared for trouble.

The light from the torch travelled waveringly over dark figures crouched in the room.

Chang moved deliberately out to the gas-jet and turned it down, then removed the steaming brass retort. The fearful agony of the scalding steam had all but "put out" the Crimson Avenger.

Van Druten was staring at him as if in a trance. His mind jangled with memories of that statue, designed by Earl Valmont, the missing president of the Motor Corporation. It was a gigantic thing, and for a long time he had insisted that it should stand in the Motor Corporation's conference-room.

There had been many secret conferences in that room between Van Druten and his crooked associates. *If the statue had ears to hear—could it repeat what it had overheard?*

Van Druten thrust an arm violently against the Chink's chest. "You yellow devil! What d'you mean?" he gasped hoarsely.

Chang knew that he could hold that out-throat gang little longer. With a sibilant cry he flashed a razor from some part of his clothing, and made a swift gesture at the crooked financier.

But it was a feint, a blind. Van Druten started as if from fire and Chang slashed through the leather straps that held his master in the chair.

And then the lead concert commenced.

Shouts, oaths and cries rattled through the room—the crashes of gunfire. Through the smoke pall stabbed the red angry flames from many muzzles.

The powerful little Chink had crashed out the electric light overhead; and now he heaved the inert body of his master out of the chair.

They fell together, but scarcely made a sound, so skilful was the Chink. "Under the chair, master," he growled in a whisper. "Can you crawl to the window? There is a rope ladder there, and your racing-car waits outside, the tyre repaired."

"Good old Chang," chuckled the Crimson Avenger. Stiff and sore though he was, he crawled after his Chinese servant, but at the window he turned.

"The statue talks!" he cried mockingly. "That is why I have been out to win this Air-Sea-and-Track Trophy. And so, Steger, we meet to-morrow in the first round. Until then—*au revoir*."

And with a last mocking laugh the Crimson Avenger climbed over the window-sill, on to the rope ladder, and disappeared.

### The First Round.

HOT sunshine bathed the mountain course of Taos, New Mexico, the most dangerous motor-race track in the world. The crimson speed crack, in his gaunt red racing-car, his Chinese mechanic by his side, was roaring to the line where stood in two rows twenty other cars from all over the world—ready for the start of the Grand Prix de Taos.

A black car, numbered 5, was pushed up to the line by four mechanics. Its driver glared from the cockpit at his enemy.

Steger jumped out and whirled round on the Crimson Avenger, his face like a black thundercloud. "Suppose I tell the race authorities you've pinched our designs?" he gritted. "Our designs are registered—your car's identical with the one I'm driving."

"That the best you can think of, Steger?" Bill Wingate mocked. He pointed to the gaunt black car. "She's a good car," the Crimson Avenger said grimly. "She should be. Earl Valmont, the Great Master, designed her and built her. But—he improved just a little on his engine, later, Steger. My car, when hot, can travel at a hundred and twenty-five miles per hour and a little over, and not crack up. So watch out for me in this race, my friend."

A ghastly grey pallor crept up beneath Steger's tan.

"You think you'll beat me?" he snarled, regaining his composure. "Well, look out for yourself, Bill Wingate. That's all."

He turned and strode away. But not to his car. He went off the track, to consult with Van Druten.

"You've got to win—got to win!" said Van Druten, grey of face.

He saw ruin ahead. His firm had been making expensive cars, and the world depression had hit them hard. The only way was to win the trophy—said to be worth a million dollars itself—and then start making cheap cars.

"Smash him if you can. Win this race," Van Druten directed in a low tone; "afterwards—we'll talk."

Steger growled a sullen reply and strode back to his car. His eyes were dark wells of fear. For, to win, he knew that he must drive his car as he had never driven before.

Seven hundred miles! And the mountain track had a ten-mile circuit. It was going to be a furiously driven race with death lying in wait for the careless.

The drivers crouched over their steering wheels, revving up till the dense cloud of smoke almost obscured them. Then the semaphore arm swept down and the mad charge broke loose. The whole cavalcade, bunched together, howling devilishly, shot forward down the straight.

The Crimson Speed Crack was aware of a Delage moving level with him; of the dust and stones spurned up by Steger in his black Druten-Flyer ahead.

There was a turn ahead, where generally it was supposed the cars strung out. But, packed together, they crashed for the corner. Speedometer needles were flickering up towards the seventy mark.

The Crimson Speedman also held on to his hurtling speed. The twenty cars flung themselves at the corner. Then—at the very last moment, brakes were crashed down. Every driver had acted simultaneously.

It was as if the bearing cars had been stopped by



a whirlpool. They were skidding all over the broad road. But the Crimson Speedman, changed gear as he swooshed round, came tearing out of his skid—and went hurtling up the mountain road—after Steger!

Six cars on the hill—they had been drawn in front of Red Bullet—made way for the monster. Up the hill the car hurtled with a deafening shriek. It roared past Steger, who stared, fear in his eyes. If that was the way the Crimson Avenger meant to keep up the pace for seventy circuits . . . But he couldn't do it.

Now the Red Bullet was flinging itself at the rock-hemmed bend. With the wind shrieking at them—with everything a blur and a crash—the speed ace threw over the wheel, and sent the car slithering, tearing round at terrific speed.

One glance he gave at Chang. The Chinese mechanic was doing his job. He was leaning right over, his helmeted head almost smothered in the flinging dirt. The inside wheels lifted—on their right

Five laps—seven—ten—the Crimson Avenger did, never seeing anything that he passed. Keeping his speed up. Trying for the fastest lap—to break the record.

As he passed his pit for the tenth time they signalled him with a green flag—then a black one.

It meant that Steger was keeping within a few seconds of his time. Steger was driving the Druten-Flyer like a madman. Other cars were careful to keep out of his way.

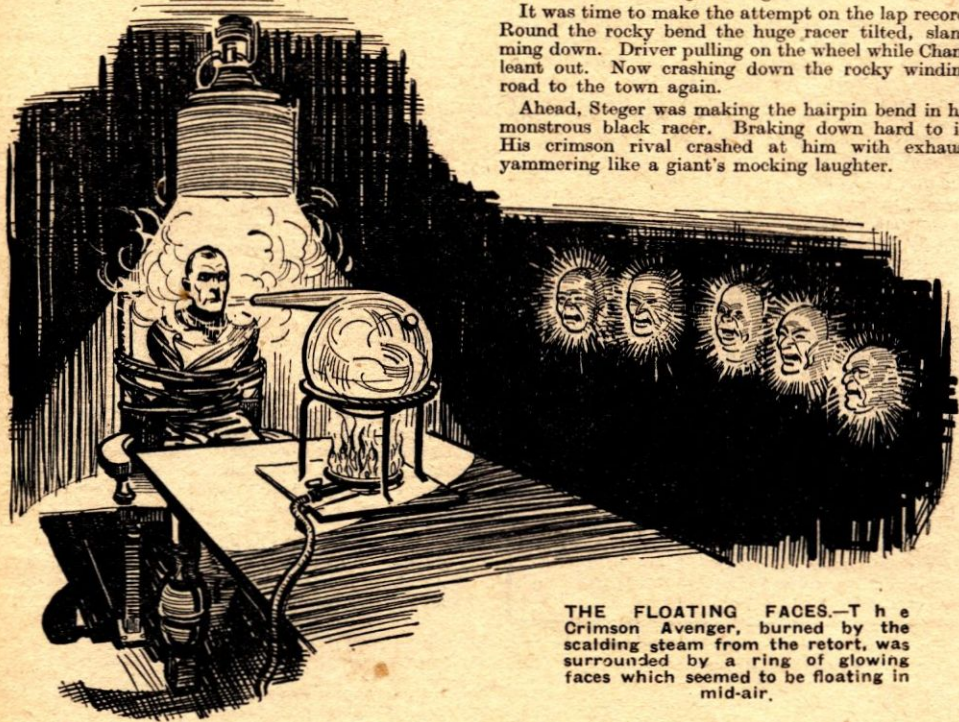
The twelfth—the thirteenth—they were reeled off. Still the same signals at the twentieth lap. Steger was keeping with them. Many cars had retired. Others were droning round at their own times, hoping for an abatement in the furious pace of the Crimson Speed Ace and Steger. Or a crack-up.

As they tore past the stands on the twenty-fourth lap, the pits signalled to the Crimson Avenger that he must come in next time for refuel and retrying.

"This time, Chang!" he gritted.

It was time to make the attempt on the lap record. Round the rocky bend the huge racer tilted, slamming down. Driver pulling on the wheel while Chang leant out. Now crashing down the rocky winding road to the town again.

Ahead, Steger was making the hairpin bend in his monstrous black racer. Braking down hard to it. His crimson rival crashed at him with exhaust yammering like a giant's mocking laughter.



THE FLOATING FACES.—The Crimson Avenger, burned by the scalding steam from the retort, was surrounded by a ring of glowing faces which seemed to be floating in mid-air.

was a sheer drop. Would Chang's weight hold the wheels down?

Yes—the wheels stamped down again, and the racer roared on round the cliff-like slope, with the Chink mechanic coming up, his helmeted head smothered in dirt.

On—down the sinuous mountain road. The red racer leaping with her speed—the Crimson Avenger fighting the wheel.

There was a sand-bagged stretch through the town. The red car went through it like the threat of an earthquake. Round the hairpin turn—breaking, skidding in a serpentine fashion—but coming out in a stabbing, rapier-like streak down the straight, past the stands, and up the mountain road again like a red shell.

There was a mighty shout from the packed palisades. It seemed like a crash at the corner—the red monster shooting at the black car out of control.

But, no! An awed silence fell as the crimson driver stood on the brake. His car slewed round in a terrifying skid—the Avenger was slamming the wheel over, treading down the accelerator, and she came writhing out of it, stabbing down the straight, bonnet to bonnet with Steger's car.

The pits of both drivers showed frantically waving flags for them to come in.

But both thundered on. Bonnet to bonnet they tore up the hill, crashing for the bend where no two cars could live together. One must gain the lead—one had to give way to the other. Or there would be a ghastly collision, and both cars would go plunging





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Boys' Magazine, 29/10/32.

over the precipice to crash in ruins five hundred feet below.

But neither car would give way. Side by side they hurtled up the hill for the bend.

A shout was torn from the black-garbed racer's raw throat. At the very last moment he stood up fighting with the brakes—and the Crimson Avenger *whoomed* past—round the bend, with Chang tilting over.

Only a second did Steger dare to brake on that bend. He let the charging monster have its head in a wild swishing rush round the bend.

He fought with the wheel, standing up. His mechanic shouted. The car was tilting; it was going to turn turtle—sliding. Now with a *swooosh*, a mighty mad roar, it charged over the edge of the precipice.

At the last split second a black-garbed figure leapt from the cockpit and crashed full length on the mountain path. Steger had jumped. His car was gone.

From far below there lifted the horrid sound of the jangling crash. Looking back, as they rushed down the mountain road, the Crimson Avenger's lips pressed together grimly. The race was his—

But then suddenly his thoughts snapped off. He gave his whole attention to the car.

"We've run out of petrol!" the Crimson Speedman snapped as he jumped out of the cockpit. "Have to push her to the pits, Chang. But wait a moment . . ."

Blackened and begrimed, the crimson speed ace ran up to where Steger lay on the mountain path.

"I'm dying. You win, Bill Wingate."

Captain Bill Wingate stiffened.

"I just want to tell you, Steger," he said slowly, "about the statue. Inside it was hidden an ingenious dictaphone machine. Earl Valmont was suspicious of his associates, and he set this trap for them. All their secret conversations were taken down on records hidden inside the machine. They have never been taken out—because Earl Valmont was shot . . . by you. You remember that after you fired he whirled around, and cried: 'Help! Steger has shot me—I am dying.' That was recorded on the dictaphone. You understand now why I am bent on winning that trophy? I suppose"—the Crimson Avenger hesitated, and a softer expression crossed his face—"I suppose you wouldn't like to make a confession, Steger?"

But Steger merely groaned, and relapsed, face downward on the mountain path.

"He's gone," muttered Bill Wingate as he turned to his racer. "But blazes! we'll free-wheel downhill as far as we can."

They got in, and putting the gear in neutral went swooping down the hill. Thus they did not see Steger as he staggered up, and ran lurchingly to a crevice in the rocky side of the mountain path.

It was queerly hidden by a jutting ledge of rock; in fact it was a sort of corridor in the rocky cliffside. Lurching drunkenly as he traversed its short length, Steger pulled up short at length as he came up against a figure in frock coat and grey tall hat with a green monocle in his eye. It was Adolf Van Druten, crooked head of the Druten Motor Corporation.

"The statue talks!" Steger babbled. "It talks—curse it, d'you hear? Talks."

It was some time before he could be persuaded to explain lucidly what the Crimson Avenger had told him. The officials came up and found no one, and they naturally concluded that Steger as well as his mechanic had plunged over the mountainside to death. All the time cars were roaring round the mountain circuit, and presently the *Red Bullet* was with them again, retired and refuelled—lengthening the lead he had already gained.

As dusk fell the Crimson Avenger with a thunder of straining engine, crashed over the finishing line, in a cloud of exhaust smoke, to the accompaniment of deafening cheers—the winner of the race.

Up on the mountain track Van Druten and Steger heard those cheers, and they exchanged glances.

"He wins—but he mustn't get the statue. You're dead. He can make no charges against you, Steger," said the crooked financier. "That means he's got to win the air race and the motor-boat race before—"

Steger nodded, showed his teeth.

"And before then," he growled. "We'll destroy the evidence."

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They would shoot him down without compunction, and against them, with only his bare hands, he was helpless.

It was as this warning voice shrieked in his brain that he saw the right hand of the foremost man throw forward ominously. He thought that in another half-second he would feel the shocking, numbing blow of a bullet; and, thinking this, he dived headlong for the fellow's feet.

The gun crashed wickedly and Dotty heard the bullet sing just above his dropping head. Then he was flat on the ground and his big right hand just got the gunman's left ankle.

Dotty pulled like mad and with all his strength. The gunman yelled, went backwards, and, doing so, saved Dotty's life. For he fell across the path of his hurrying companion, and down came that friend atop of him in a snarling, cursing heap.

They had no chance from that moment. Dotty, hauling himself along swiftly, hit the topmost one on the side of the head with a fist as big as a ham, and the fellow instantly ceased to take any interest whatever in the proceedings. The lower one Dotty dragged out and to his feet, first of all ensuring that he had lost his grip of his gun.

"Now," said Dotty, "you and I be going to talk."

He shook the fellow and heard his teeth rattle like castenets. When the man had recovered from this shaking, he whined: "Listen, chum. I didn't mean you no hurt. I didn't. Honest. I was dragged into this and—"

"You'll be dragged into your grave if you don't talk," said Dotty ferociously. "You chased me up along in that car, and you put me in a terrible funk. I thought I was going to get killed. I'm that frightened and in a panic, I could break your neck without thinking what I'm doing. That's what I could do."

He gave the wretched man another shake and nearly had his head off his shoulders.

"Hold hard," gasped the fellow. "What d'you wanna know?"

"Who put you on and where I can find him," replied Dotty.

"GALWAY wants to know where a certain smooth guinea piece is, or better than that he wants to know where something is which that guinea tells him about. And I wondered why he was after you. Also why you belong to Melchester Rovers . . . the same team as my pal Bill Jawkes played for." Thus spoke Chibbetts.

It was night time and the forger had broken into Dotty's lodgings, where he now stood covering the footballer with a revolver. And Dotty had an impulse to tell him the whole of his story, how he wished to find the second of the two guinea pieces in order to clear his brother's name.

"Well, work in with me and you'll do it," said Chibbetts. "I know where the guinea is. Come on, kid."

At last Dotty was on the track of the second guinea piece, the all important one. Here his chase would end.

They went out of the window and made, strangely enough, for the Rovers' ground. On the way they were attacked by Vorgan's gunmen and had to run for it. They climbed into the ground and on to the stand. The gangsters followed and in the ensuing fight Chibbetts fell off the roof to the ground.

Dotty fighting free of his assailants, hastily scrambled to the ground and found Chibbetts.

"The secret, kid. . . ." The forger fought for breath. "My old hid out. . . . Black. . . ." He choked and struggled for breath again. One last word he spoke. "Wall."

And as this happened Dotty heard running feet and found two of the killers coming for him.

### The Crooks Rattled.

AS Dotty saw the two men rushing at him, one word leapt to his brain like lightning.

"Guns!"

They had guns. They had already essayed murder.



The man gave him a startled look. It was plain in the darkness from the quick movement of his head. "You've got a nerve!" he exclaimed.

"I haven't," grinned Dotty. "I'm in a mortal funk. But I'm just dotty, you see. Everybody says so. I be a bit of a fool, like. Who was it?"

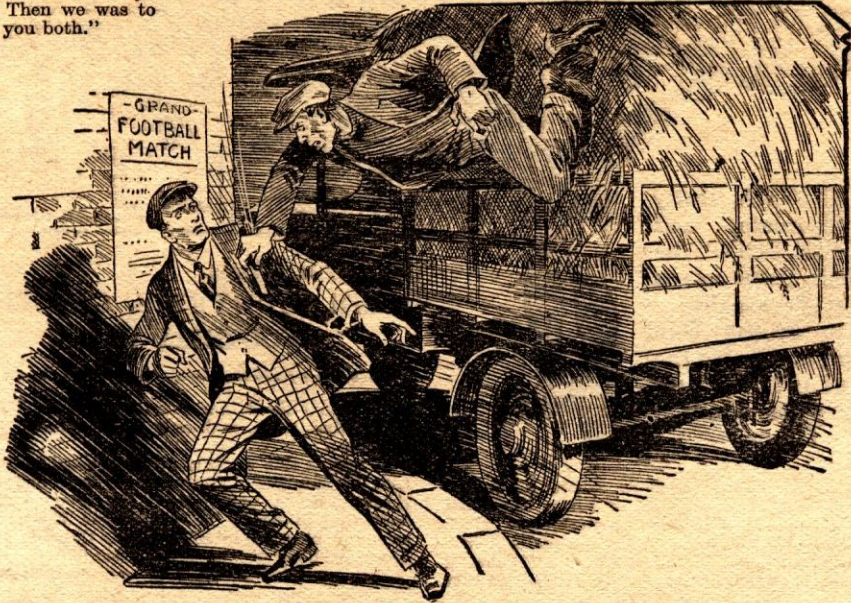
As he seemed about to administer another spine-racking shake, the man gabbled words hastily.

"Vorgan done it. He got a line on Chibbetts and had him followed to your place. Then we was to lay for you both."

Dotty went to bed and straight to sleep. He had that gift.

### A Battle of Giants.

THERE was sensation in Melchester and all England the next day. Dead men on the football field, following the wounding of London United's goalkeeper . . . murder and violence associated with a stretch of grass used for sport.



THE SLASH OF STEEL.—A lorry loaded with straw sliced past Dotty, and at the same time a man jumped from it at Dotty, who saw the glint of steel as the fellow's hand swept down.

"And where's Vorgan?" asked Dotty.

"He's fixed up in a hang-out in this city. Number Twelve, Brake Street. But you wouldn't—"

Dotty spun him round so that they were face to face and quite close to each other.

"Do you listen to me," said Dotty slowly. "You tell Mr. Vorgan I be calling on him. And you tell him I won't have him frightening me out of my life through the streets. I might get a nervous breakdown, and then how would I earn my living? You tell him that. Go on."

He gave the fellow a twist and a heave so that he staggered and again spun round. At the same time, Dotty loosed his right foot to help him on his way. There was a yell and the man went scuttling off.

Dotty looked round. Chibbetts was beyond aid. He knew he ought to go to the police, but he had his brother to think of, and, after all, Chibbetts was a proscribed criminal, a no-man's man who had lost his life in the process of a desperate undertaking. For the time being, nothing could be done.

Dotty, loping home through the streets, his eyes watchful, his ears strained for any sound of approaching feet, reflected on the happenings of the last hour.

Those who knew the secret were now dead. Bill Jawkes was dead and so was Chibbetts. There remained now only the second smooth guinea-piece—the one fragile foundation on which he might build up the edifice of his brother's innocence.

The papers flamed with it. Old Steve Smithson, founder and chairman of the club, was perturbed. These things were getting the ground a sinister reputation. He tried to probe the mystery and failed. Dotty kept his own counsel. He joined in the chorus of bewilderment, and he said nothing of his own part in the affair.

And all the time he pondered Chibbetts' last words. Chibbetts had told him the second guinea-piece held the secret which he was unable to tell. He had tried to tell him where to find that guinea-piece.

He had managed to convey to Dotty the fact that it was hidden somewhere in an old hiding-place of his. His next words seemed plainly to indicate that he tried to describe that hiding-place.

"Black. . ." That was the first of those words. The guinea-piece was hidden in or behind something black. What, Dotty could not guess. The word conveyed so little.

Chibbetts, after uttering that word, had fought hard to speak again; and when next he did so it was with seeming irrelevancy. For his next word had been "Wall."

So the guinea-piece was hidden in a wall, or against a wall, or behind one. And there was something black associated with it.

All that week Dotty thought over these frail clues, thought and thought until he could think no longer; and he saw no daylight. For that week he kept



clear of Vorgan. He took care never to go out at night and to stick to much-used streets in the daytime.

They played against West Bank Albion on the following Saturday, and they went to the Gaythorns with the opinions of all the critics ringing in their ears. The Albion were a great side. They had won the Cup and promotion two years ago and they now looked like winning the First Division.

And the critics predicted that, despite the recent revival of Melchester, the Albion would defeat them.

Barney Gibson had no illusions regarding the magnitude of their task on that bright, cold Saturday afternoon as they trooped out through the barrier before a crowd of forty thousand people, who greeted them with a tremendous cheer.

Barney lost the toss and Dotty kicked off. Behind him, the centre-half was strung up and tense. He knew that his was the hardest task. He had to stop the man who was probably the most dangerous centre-forward in England.

From the whistle the game went with a bang. Rovers raided on the right, were checked, and the ball came away for the Albion. They bored down their left wing, fast, clever, virile, with some tricky passing and footwork, leaving the half floundering and putting even Barney Gibson out of position.

Inside it came, right along the carpet. The deadliest centre-forward south of the Tweed took it in his stride and the Rovers' keeper had no chance with a ball which rose all the way and went away from him as it rose.

Albion one up. Three minutes of play.

The ground rocked with cheers, and, with the whistle shrilling, the Albion were at it again, keyed up by this early success, aware of its value to them, and determined to rattle home another goal and thus clinch the argument before their opponents could recover from the first blow.

The Rovers staggered under the onslaught. For long minutes their shocked defence wavered, and only splendid goalkeeping preserved their citadel, plus that luck which comes the way of all teams at one time or another.

Shots which would have scored hit the bar and the posts, were tipped over and round. They forced three corners in rapid succession. All were scrambled clear, wildly, anyhow. Rovers packed their goal, held to it fast.

Against this pack the stripes hurled themselves again and again, but without avail. It was a strenuous, thrilling time. The crowd rocked on the terraces. The shouting was continuous, the excitement intense.

Barney Gibson remained cool throughout. Again and again he stepped in in the nick of time. Once he booted away from the line with the keeper out of position for a shot which skimmed through the tangle of legs and left him unsighted.

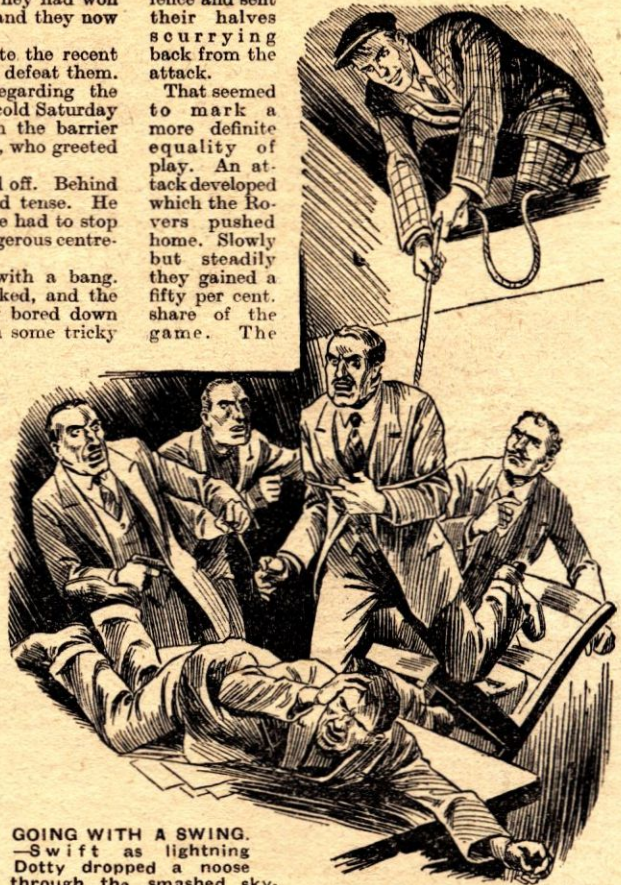
It was when the third corner was taken that Barney had a chance to fling steady words at his harassed men. The ball had gone into the crowd behind the goal. A few precious seconds fled ere it was recovered; and those precious seconds gave Barney his chance.

They began to play with more method—to plan constructively instead of indulging in merely

destructive defensive work. Their heads gradually regained control of their feet.

The pressure eased when Barney got the ball away to his left wing and the winger took it down the line with a surprising dash which temporarily shook the Albion defence and sent their halves scurrying back from the attack.

That seemed to mark a more definite equality of play. An attack developed which the Rovers pushed home. Slowly but steadily they gained a fifty per cent. share of the game. The



#### GOING WITH A SWING.

—Swift as lightning Dotty dropped a noose through the smashed skylight over Vorgan's shoulders. Next moment he was hauling the crook into the air.

Albion's rushes were not so frequent, though they were devastating when they did come. But now the defence was ready for them. There was no flurry, no panic. The men played for position. They broke up the quickly-moving forward line's passing pattern. By half-time the game was being fought at high speed and on even terms. The Albion were winning by the only goal scored.

They came away in the second half as though they intended to put Melchester off the map. For fifteen minutes they treated the crowd to another extraordinary exhibition of speed-cum-accuracy, including their famous shoulder-to-shoulder rush down mid-field by the three inside men—a rush which had to be seen to be believed.

Yet even that failed. Barney Gibson had the defence well in hand. Pressure eased. The ball went up mid-field, and Dotty secured it. He bored through on his own, harassed by the centre-half, but



fighting him off with his shoulder. Left-back challenged and Dotty got it across his winger.

Instantly, the danger was seen. The winger cut in, travelling at speed, and shot as he ran. The keeper put it over the bar amid cheering; but the Rovers had done something. For the first time they had brought definite threat to the Albion's goal.

The corner was cleared, but not without difficulty, and Barney Gibson, from the clearance, got the ball back again into the home penalty area. It bobbed about there from player to player, the defence trying to clear, and being robbed, and the attack trying to drive it home, but being also robbed.

Dotty secured at the last and tried a snap shot, a powerful chopping kick which sent the ball slicing up from the grass. It hit the post and came back into play, and Harry Jackson, fastening on it, shouldered by a back as he kicked, drove it into the top of the net with a shot no goalie could have stopped.

They fell on him. They had drawn level. There were something like twenty minutes left for play, and even if they did not score again, they had done worthily.

Albion came right away from the kick-off to avenge the affront and re-establish their lead. But luck was against them, and the Rovers' defence played magnificently. In five minutes the siege was raised. In five minutes the game was running evenly, ding-dong, with neither side pressing more than the other—yet both of them constantly threatening to secure the coveted lead.

The ball went from end to end at terrific speed. The crowd was kept on its toes—mad with excitement. Shots high and low were rained in at either goal. Both goals had narrow escapes. Balls hit bar and posts, sliced past by inches, were diverted by cunning fingers . . . yet no goal was scored.

The game ended amid an attack on the Rovers' goal which looked like being successful. They had packed their goal area and were holding out desperately when the last long shrill whistle went.

Nobody could complain of the result. The team which, one down, could draw level at the Hawthorns, was a team indeed; and on the run of the play a one-all draw was a fair result.

### In the Gangster's Den.

**D**OTTY still tried to think a meaning into Chibbetts' last words, and still he failed. He combed over Chibbetts' words again and again, but without result, and it was during this period of consideration that he received a letter.

The letter was short, ill-written. It bore the address of Twelve, Brake Street, Melchester. It ran:  
*You told one of my boys nearly a fortnight ago that you intended to call on me. Afraid?*

DAN VORGAN.

Dotty grinned as he tore it up and burnt the fragments. He had, in fact, almost forgotten his threat to call on Vorgan.

He wondered what Halway had been up to all this time. Of course, Halway knew Chibbetts was dead, and that meant Halway was very well aware that the only clue now available was the second smooth guinea-piece. Was Halway searching for it? What was Halway's reaction to the murder of Chibbetts on the football field?

Halway, of course, could not guess Dotty had been there. Thus reasoned Dotty. Halway, however, might guess Vorgan had had a hand in the matter, and Dotty vaguely wondered if Halway might suspect that Vorgan had succeeded in doing what he himself had failed but attempted—force the secret from Chibbetts' lips before he died. That was quite

feasible. In which event some fireworks between Halway and Vorgan might be expected at any moment.

It was on a certain night that week. He was going home alone and it was dark. A thirty-hundredweight truck laden with straw went slicing past him, and as it went a man jumped from its top right at him, as he walked along the pavement.

The thing was done with amazing audacity and speed. Dotty heard the truck coming up behind him, saw it pass, and was aware of the man descending from the upper air upon him. He saw the glint of steel and knew the man was stabbing downwards as he dropped.

Only his experience as a footballer saved him. Nobody but a boxer could have equalled the speed with which he side-stepped as the man crashed downwards. The man's right hand swung wildly, and Dotty's heart-beats almost checked as he saw the blunt-ended horror that right hand clutched . . . an open razor which sliced past his eyes, missing them by an inch as he flung his head back.

He punched with more viciousness than usual as the razor missed, and, taking the man under the heart, jolted him six inches off his feet and sent him, a pallid heap, into the gutter.

"That be where you belong," grunted Dotty, hauling him up. "The gutter." He stooped and pocketed the razor, which he first of all folded up.

"Come on," he added. "Vorgan, eh?"

The man, now recovering slightly, nodded. "I'll get you yet," he snarled.

Dotty stared at him. "Why, it be the bright boy I shook on the football field. Now who'd ha' thought it? You do come along with I."

They went through the streets, the man walking sullenly, Dotty talking cheerily in his best Devon brogue. And so they came to Brake Street, a narrow thoroughfare in the worst part of the city.

On the top floor of 12, Brake Street, Dan Vorgan sat with Wannaker, his lieutenant and two other men. Since taking over the premises they had knocked down the partitioning walls of this upper storey and thus had created one great room from the whole of the top floor. This room was fairly well furnished, and in its roof was a skylight.

Vorgan was talking. "Jeff said he wanted to get this Dotty fella, so I said all right, you go to it, but don't blame me if you come unstuck. So he's gone."

"He be come back" said a voice. It came from above.

There was a crash of glass and Jeff dropped on to the table between Wannaker and Vorgan and the two other men. Jeff looked a bit sick because, in order to get him to the roof without trouble, Dotty had been forced to hit him with some ferocity in the solar plexus. He chose that spot because it hurt most, and he was remembering the razor blade.

Jeff struck the desk top, swayed stupidly and went over to the floor. Wannaker was on his feet, his hand sliding to his hip and the knife he kept there. He, too, had a grudge to pay off with Dotty.

But the next move Dotty made was so surprisingly swift that none of the men had a chance to use a weapon. A coiled rope fell through the smashed skylight. It hitched itself about Vorgan, pinning his arms to his sides and tightening just above his elbows; and as this happened Dotty began to haul on it.

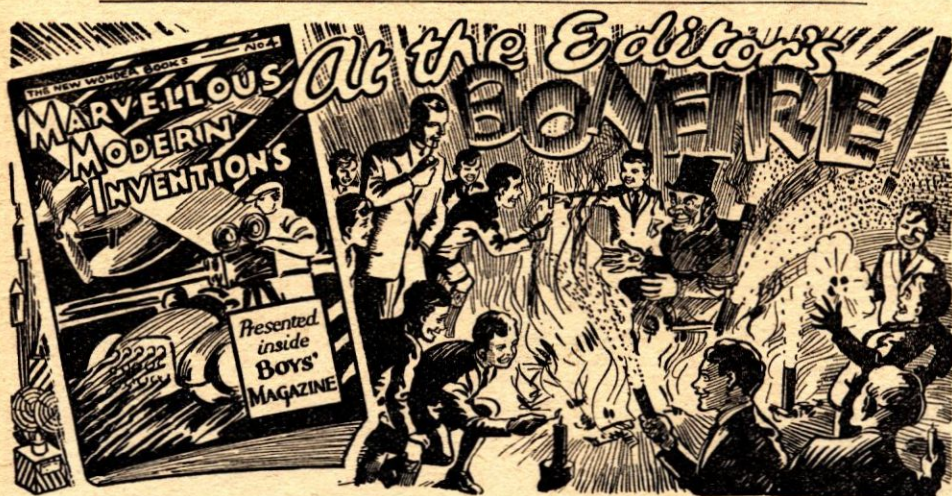
Up went Vorgan, out of his chair, spinning in the air, yelling like mad.

"Stop him! Stop him! What are you all doing, you fools! Stop him!"

One of the men made a jump and got hold of



## NEXT WEEK, CHUMS!—A BUMPER FEAST OF YARNS AND GIFTS IN OUR GRAND GUY FAWKES NUMBER.



This Splendid New WONDER BOOK is Inside Every Copy of Next Week's Mag.

**MY DEAR CHUMS,**  
Once more the fiery festival of the Fifth is almost here. In a few days now we'll be gathering round our bonfires on the big night and watching poor old Guy sizzle. Well, chaps, I wish you could all come to the firework celebration your old editor has planned, but, though there'll be almost as many youngsters there as my garden will hold, I'm afraid there wouldn't be room for a tithe of the loyal readers of the *Mag*. But I've managed to give you all a treat with next week's

### GRAND GUY FAWKES NUMBER.

It is simply brimming over with splendid yarns of Guy Fawkes's Night. And each copy will contain another New Wonder Book:

#### Marvels of Modern Invention.

By the author and artist of Speed Demons (New Wonder Book, No. 2 given the week before last) this dazzling volume is bang up-to-date and crammed from coloured cover to cover with sketches and information about inventors and their marvels. You'll treasure it for many moons—and rightly so—so don't forget to add it to your libraries of these well-informed volumes.

The opening yarn next week tells of the most startling Fifth of November adventures ever experienced by the Boys of St. Giddy's. The Joyous Juniors make great preparations for this year's

Vorgan's legs, hanging to them with his feet off the ground.

Curiously enough, this proved disastrous for Vorgan. It did not check his upward movement. Dotty seemed strong enough to pull all of them up at once. What it did do was to so tighten the rope about Vorgan's arms that he shrieked with agony and, cursing, ordered the man to let go. As the fellow did so, Vorgan's feet, kicking wildly got him, one after the other, in the face, and he rolled limply under the table.

Vorgan, by this time, was going through the sky-

Bonfire Night and what with catchpole's walking Guy and elaborate firework displays hope to score well and truly off their rivals, Tommy Rhodes & Co., of Earlswood. And the fun waxes fast and furious. But real, gripping drama is introduced when a modern gunpowder, or rather high explosive, plotter turns up. You'll enjoy every word of

#### Guy Fawkes at St. Giddy's!

And for a long, loud laugh you mustn't miss the Firework Night doings of Hoppy Travers, the Boy Millionaire. Hoppy hires the Crystal Palace with the help of his spondulicks and plans to give the kids of London village a real good time. Instead he gets mixed up with anarchists and it's a case of

#### Fly Guys Fly!

Yes, you'll enjoy this comical tale to the full, fellows.

Another special yarn among next week's good things is entitled

#### The Blazing Rainbow!

and it has as many explosive thrills as a two-shilling firework cannon has gunpowder. It features Falcon Swift and Chick, so you can bet it's a stinger.

How do you like the Crimson Speedman? A go-getter isn't he. Well, you'll be equally thrilled by his doings in the air race next week. Look for the title

#### The Crimson Avenger.

Mountie Keith and Cannon Foot are two more stars for next week. The former appears in his fourth battle with the Six-Star Gang—the Red Rustler's Round Up!

Now sit tight for more surprises on Saturday.

Your sincere friend, THE EDITOR.

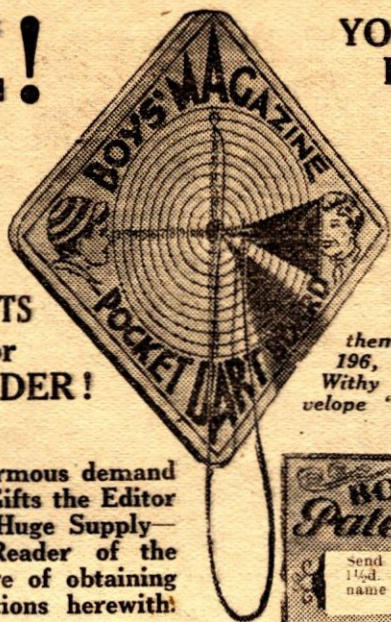
light. The added weight of his man on the rope had inflicted such torture to his arms that they were useless. Wannaker, spitting oaths, tried to jump up, standing on the table to do so. He got a grip of the skylight edge and saw Dotty's grinning face. Dotty brought his foot down. Wannaker shrieked, let go just in time to see the heel of Dotty's boot crash on the spot where his fingers had clutched.

The second man below had a gun. He threw it upwards, its barrel glinting in the light, and as he did so Dotty picked up the helpless Vorgan and used him as a shield. The gun dropped to its owner's side.



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The chase was now carried to the roof, but there was no shooting. Shooting was dangerous for two reasons. The marksmen might hit Vorgan and they would certainly arouse the neighbourhood and the police.

Dotty, hampered by the heavy weight of Vorgan, made slow work of it. His pursuers, unburdened, made comparatively fast progress. In fact, Dotty might have been forced to abandon his intention but for a fortuitous circumstance. As he reached the end house a goods train hove in sight.

It was travelling fairly fast, a long line of trucks, some empty, some laden, some covered with great tarpaulin sheets. Dotty chose one of these latter. As the pursuers drew quite close he gathered Vorgan into his arms and jumped.

He landed in the sheet. It covered a partly filled truck, and was largely like jumping into a sheet held out by firemen. There was no risk of injury, no shock of fall. The train had roared on. None of his pursuers had dared risk imitating him.

Suddenly his eyes gleamed. Those who had nicknamed him Dotty had never observed that gleam—mischievous, sly without being offensively sly, and hinting at a quaint sense of humour.

Getting off the train might have been difficult but for a common thing appertaining to railways. The signals were against them about a mile further on and Dotty was able to jump the train with ease.

He now moved with considerable swiftness and certainty, first of all taking his bearings. Another stroke of good fortune attended him. He saw a car standing in a car park near by, its lights out. He got into it and drove off. He knew that in doing this he broke the law, but he knew also that he intended to return the car uninjured.

He reached a high wall. Vorgan was showing signs of stirring again, so Dotty administered another tap to his chin which put him to sleep. Over the

wall he went, through bushes and trees to the front of a house . . . Halway's house.

Amid the bushes he paused and, finding a notebook in Vorgan's pocket, he tore a leaf and wrote on it: *I be too Dotty to know what to do with him. Perhaps you will know.* He pinned this to Vorgan's chest, then crept forward. Halway was sitting in the dining-room as he had sat on the night Dotty talked to him.

Dotty lifted Vorgan above his head, a tremendous exhibition of strength, and hurled him clean at the french windows. Vorgan went crashing through them to the floor and Dotty turned and ran, went over the wall and was in the car and away while yet the clamour of the alarm was lifting.

He got the car back to where it had stood before. It had been gone not more than twenty minutes and nobody had looked for it. He left it as he found it and trekked for home, chucking to himself.

And thus enjoying his jest, he forgot one thing, a thing of which he was forcibly reminded as he reached home. He slipped upstairs to his bedroom and switched on the light as he entered the room. Then he stood still. Wannaker was sitting on the edge of his bed. Sam Task was leaning on the table in the middle of the floor and in Task's hand was a gun.

Wannaker said quietly: "Come in and shut that door. You've got just one minute in which to tell us where we can find Vorgan . . . safe and sound. . . Remember that. Safe and sound. If you don't spill the beans, and Vorgan's been hurt . . . you get yours. One minute."

And Vorgan was in the hands of Halway, his sworn foe . . . far from safe and sound!

One minute to produce Vorgan—and the gang-leader is in the hands of his greatest enemy! What can Dotty do? Will this be the end? Don't miss next week's whirlwind chapters of this ripping footer yarn.



**Fountain Pens and Footballs for all Jokes on this page**

# The JESTER'S DEALM



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

**Ambulance Man:** I'm afraid he's dead!  
**Injured Man:** No, I ain't!  
**His Friend:** Shut up, Bill! He knows best!  
(Football to N. PELLING, 2, Fishersgate Terrace, Portslade.)

## GOES BACK.

A party of Americans were being conducted over an historic ruin.

"This," said the guide, indicating a massive archway, "goes back to William the Conqueror."

"Whatever for?" asked one of the tourists.

"Don't you want it?"  
(Fountain pen to L. W. BAILEY, Bagots Street, Abbots Bromley, Near Stafford.)

## STILL TRYING.

The assistant at a library was rather puzzled as to why Sambo, who came to the library every week, always borrowed the same book.

One day Sambo came into the library, chose the same book, sat down at a table, opened the book and laughed long and heartily. Out of curiosity, the assistant walked over to him and gazing over his shoulder saw a picture of a negro being chased by a bull.

The assistant was about to ask what there was to laugh about when the negro chuckled: "Dat fellah habn't caught him yet."

(Fountain pen to E. T. KOH, 10, Balmoral Road, Singapore, S.S.)

## NO OBJECTION.

**GARAGE HAND** (as car drives up): Juice?

**ISAAC** (driving car): Vell, vat if ve are? Don't ve get no petrol?

(Fountain pen to J. GRADY, 10, Parkhead Crescent, Sheffield.)

## A FEAT.

**TEACHER:** What was more wonderful than getting out of the whale?

**BRIGHT BOY:** Please sir, Mollison was when he got out of the Moth!

(Fountain pen to G. PLEASANCE, 63, Glenfield Road, Dover, Kent.)

**UNFORTUNATE.**  
"Joe has a glass eye."  
"Did he tell you that?"  
"No, it came out in the conversation."  
(Fountain pen to S. LOBBETT, 35, Allenby Road, Swilly, Plymouth.)

## JOKE COUPON.

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

29/10/32.

## A GREAT SAVE.

**INFURIATED CHEMIST** (called up at 2 a.m.): What do you mean by calling me up at this hour for two-pennyworth of bicarbonate of soda for indigestion, when a glass of hot water would have been just as good?

**SCOTSMAN:** Weel, thank ye for the advice. I'll not bother ye, after all.

(Fountain pen to ARTHUR CHARLES PAGE, 64, Campsbourne Road, Hornsey, London, N.8.)

## KEEP IT OUT.

A naval officer was showing an old gent over his command, a large battleship. "It's all awfully interesting," he agreed. "But, tell me, do you close the portholes when the tide rises?"

(Fountain pen to MAURICE SEGAL, 130, Stocks Street, Cheetham, Manchester.)

## NO HARM.

**KEEPER:** Hi! Get away from that elephant!

**SMALL BOY:** Garn. I ain't hurting him.

(Fountain pen to B. GRANT, 21, Creighton Rd., Kenal Rise, N.W.6.)

## AN ADEPT.

**DOCTOR:** Ah, your cough is much better to-day!

**PATIENT:** Yes, I have practised it all night!

(Fountain pen to ERNEST GREENHALGH, Elswick Sanatorium, nr. Kirckham, Lancashire.)



**Dad:** My son, I don't like to think that you are at the bottom of the class.

**Willie:** I can't see that it matters, Pa; they teach the same at both ends.

(Football to C. ALLEN, Chipstead, Kent.)



**Thrills—tons of them—in this Spectacular New Complete Yarn, chums! It Tells of**  
**BIG GAME CAPE'S QUEST OF THE WHITE SEAL.**  
**The Latest Task of Trader Cape, Zambegi, and Reggie Mott for Old Man Mott's Reward Leads the Gallant Adventurers into the Ice Locked Arctic and the PERILS OF POLAR SEAS WHEN THE BLIZZARD BLOWS!**  
**You'll Enjoy this Gripping Tale of Cunning and Heroism.**

**In the Frozen North.**

HANS ERLOFF knew that discovery meant death. He glanced round uneasily as he heard the scunch of heavy boots outside his trading-store on Nunak Island, the most outlandish of the lone, bleak Alaskan isles.

"Oom!" muttered Erloff as a squat, powerfully built German in red mackinaw tramped into the store. He had been right. It was Adolf Huntz, the professional curio-seeker and game-hunter.

His mackinaw glistened with glinting icy particles. But Huntz cared for no Arctic ice; his face had a queer ugly flush of triumph, and his deep-set black eyes were glittering with a devilish light.

"They're coming over the ice from the ship," he grated. "Reckon they're bound to call in here for stores, Erloff."

"Oom! Oom!" grunted the Swede uneasily, peering into the gloom of the ice-locked Bering Sea beyond his old tumbledown wharf.

Hans Erloff didn't like the job on hand. He had been trading peacefully for years now. And that night long ago in the Stampede Saloon at Nome he had done his best to forget—that night when he had killed a man in a drunken brawl.

But Adolf Huntz knew of it and had found him out on the lone Alaskan trading-post. It was not often that Huntz wanted anything from Hans Erloff, but when he did it was generally something devilishly wicked.

"They think they're going to bag the white seal," Huntz laughed harshly, his eyes flashing out to the gloom. "A white seal—bah!"

"Oom!" muttered the Swede. But he was not so contemptuous. He knew that the white seal was out there somewhere amongst the drift ice. He was not telling Adolf Huntz anything.

"They'll ask for hot coffee, sure," Huntz grated. "Mind what I say, you've to gif them the knock-out drops in it."

He raised his black tangle of beard, baring teeth exultantly as he stared once more out over the ice where already the aurora was beginning to flash weirdly above the Polar rim. Huntz craved only revenge on Reggie Mott.

He whirled on the stolid Swede. "I will wait outside. When they are asleep..." He smiled his slow, terrible smile and, turning, threaded his way through the coils of rope, anchors and other chandlery and disappeared out of the store.

**The White Seal.**

"SEAL ahoy!" In wild excitement, Reggie Mott, the boy curio-hunter, commenced to climb down from the crow's nest of the whaler, *Advance*. He had seen it in the cavernous blackness of the

winter night—seen it through his binoculars. That almost fabulous animal, the white seal of the Arctic.

Travellers in Siberia have spoken of observing such a rarity, but no known specimen has ever been caught. It was the final quest that Millionaire Mott had set for the adventurers—he wanted the white seal, dead or alive. Preferably alive, for the millionaire owned a wonderful private zoo, the pride of his heart, where it might be kept.

As the fur-clad lad climbed down through the ice-crusting rigging of the whaler, his companions came scunching in their sea-boots over the icy poop.

The eager question came from Trader Cape's golden-bearded lips: "Where, lad?"

Reggie silently handed him the binoculars. Through the glasses the famous big-game hunter saw it—a large white seal lying, as is the custom of these animals, on a small patch of ice, and apparently asleep.

Captain Raike, the sailor explorer, next looked through the binoculars.

"It's true, then! A white seal!" he cried.

Almost trembling with excitement, old campaigners though they were, the hunters lowered the sealing-sled over the side and clambered down the white-frosted Jacob's Ladder that hung from the rail.

The sled that they pushed over the ice had a small white sail rigged in front of it as protective colouration—camouflage.

Trader Cape knelt on the sled, his large English rifle thrust through a hole in the sheet while he squinted for aim. The others crawled over the ice, pushing the sled stealthily forward.

The white seal was not asleep, for he reared his head at last. It rose on its four flippers, frightened—and coiled for a plunge into the water. The big-bearded hunter's bullet whined above it harmlessly.

"N'kose—let me!" cried Zambegi, the gigantic Zulu of the party, with hissing breath. "Whau! Such a seal should be taken alive!"

Even as he uttered the cry, his axe whirled through the Arctic blackness like a potent tring of silver fire. His famous Zulu battle-axe, *Numkonto*, meaning Sharp-edge.

The axe flashed a moment, like summer lightning,



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around the seal as it plunged. They thought their game was lost. But the seal lay drooping, half over the ice, into the water, its head helpless on one side.

"Whau!" yelled the vain Zulu, at his full height in a moment. "Look what I have done, O Chaka, my forefather. Great elephant whose tread once shook the world. I could have slain the seal. It is but stunned. *Numkonto*, the axe of kings, has done its work in the hands of a chief's son."

But the others were running delightedly to the seal, seizing it and bearing it to safer ice. Big-Game Cape bent down all at once with a look of utter astonishment.

"Blazes! There's a gold collar riveted round its neck!"

A queer silence fell. They were thinking of the story—they had heard it at Hans Erloff's trading-post, as a matter of fact—of the escape of some members of the Tsar's family from Siberia after the revolution. Escape—then the wreck in the Bering Sea.

Nothing more was heard of them, save that it

was rumoured the wrecked vessel, coated with ice a foot thick, had grounded on an island somewhere off the Siberian coast. Also it was said that the members of the Imperial family kept the white seal on board as a pet.

"Look! There's a chain purse attached to its collar!" cried Trader Cape suddenly. With fingers that trembled a little, he forced the purse open.

A few moments later the wondering, excited adventurers were poring over a blood-stained sheet of paper on which was crudely drawn a map and some barely decipherable words in Russian.

The map of the Romanoff's treasure. Dying from thirst and starvation, the Russian nobles had drawn it up. Gold and a handful of stones—steel-blue Imperial diamonds—were secreted in that ice-locked wreck grounded on a lonely isle along the Siberian coast.

**At the Swede's Store.**

TRADER CAPE looked round, fingering the icicles from his beard as a mighty blast of wind whirled, screaming like a thousand demons over the ice. "Blizzard coming," the famous hunter growled. "Better get back to the ship with the seal." He turned to Reggie.

"Think you can make it alone to Hans Erloff's post and get the stores?" he asked. "We'll need all hands aboard with the blizzard coming on."

Readily the lad agreed, and commenced to pull the sled.

"Remember," Trader Cape called after him, "the signal, if anything should go amiss."

"I'll be all right," Reggie cried carelessly. His thoughts were full of the Cossack treasure, so that he had almost forgotten Huntz. Huntz who hated the lad and had trailed him relentlessly to the Arctic.

The lad reached Erloff's stores and entered blithely, pulling the skin cap from his head. Orloff looked round from the stove where he stirred the coffee—a behemoth-sized man, slow of movement, with little pig eyes, scarce any hair. And grudging admiration warmed in his face for the slender-limbed, panther-like youngster who stood on the threshold.

"Oom! You ban gom for grub—stores?" he asked tonelessly.

But Reggie was full of his story. He burst out: "By Jove, you are right, Hans. About the wrecked treasure ship of the Romanoffs! We've bagged the white seal on the ice, and there's a treasure map—"

He poured the story out. Whilst Erloff stiffened, and a queer grey spread in his face. For now it was clear that stark, terrible deeds loomed ahead.

Huntz was crouched behind the thin door, listening. Huntz quivered, his heart swept by a fiercer, blacker lust even than of revenge—the craze of greed.

"You ban haf some coffee?" Erloff seemed unaffected by the lad's recital. He poured some of the steaming beverage into a tin mug, and Reggie Mott accepted it gratefully.

"Thanks, Hans!" He poured the fiery liquid down his throat, and it instantly warmed the whole of his chilled body. But then another sensation succeeded. He felt lightheaded. A giant hand seemed to be whirling the store round him like a top.

He gripped the edge of a sea chest, jerked up from it dizzily. "The coffee—" thickly. Then in one lucid moment he saw Erloff staring at the inner door, and Reggie following his gaze, saw Huntz—his eyes like the gleaming yellow orbs of a tiger—"Drugged, by the eternal—!"

Staggering, he lurched to the door before the two, who darted after him, could seize him. He stood facing the black, storm-driven night, and put up his hand to a queer bauble nestling against his furs.



It was a representation of a human skull, about the size of a man's doubled-up fist. But behind the lad's furs was a powerful battery—that was the secret of the skull. As he switched it on, the skull flamed red, grinning, hideous—with piercing white eyes.

It was Reggie Mott's signal of danger. The ghastly beacon flamed through the arctic night only for a few pulsing moments. The lad had wit remaining to switch it off as he collapsed senseless into the arms of the two who sprang at him from behind.



THE VANISHING MAP.—There was a sudden crash of broken glass, a hand reached in through the window and snatched the map from Trader Cape's grasp.

### The Fake Map.

TRADER CAPE leant over the poop rail, his eyes contracted. He thought he had detected half-an-hour before a thin red finger of light lancing the opaque blackness.

He was alert as any laired animal. Reggie had been over long getting the stores. Of course that might be due to the blizzard. It was raging now with shrieking wind, and wild cannon of the ice pack. Yet some instinct warned Big-Game Cape of disaster.

"By Jove, I'm wrong, though," he exclaimed suddenly; "here the lad comes!"

A figure in red mackinaw, with huge muffler and wolf skin coat, with earflaps, was pulling the laden sled over the shore ice.

Where the ice was crashing and churning, a dory, manned by Captain Raika, waited to row Reggie to the whaler, only a short distance out.

The staunch old tub had steam up, to go out in a hurry, this time for the treasure of an ice-locked wreck.

Captain Raika never questioned as he jumped out on the shore ice, and helped the bearer of the sled with the stores.

The fat little captain, as he rowed out to the whaler, noted that Reggie wore wooden eye-protectors. Why not? King Blizzard was whooping up.

No one noticed Reggie's unaccustomed gait as he

climbed the Jacob's ladder and lunched across the deck—no one seemed to do so. Big-Game Cape greeted him quietly.

"Good lad," he said. "Thought you'd got lost. Get the stores below, and then come to the wheel-house for a conference. Going to study the map. We're getting out of here in a hurry."

When he had gone Trader Cape, with ice-stiffened beard bristling, called Zambegi and Raika into the wheel-house.

"Hsst! You heard what I said?" he growled, leaning forward. "Well—that was Huntz, himself. He's got the lad, tried to pass off as him. Thinks I didn't spot him. He's after the treasure!"

"Got Reggie!" Raika gasped. "And you're letting him prow!"

"Hsst! He was ready to shoot us down," Trader Cape warned. "He's after the map. We all know it by heart, eh?" Big Game fished the map out of his pocket. "I'm going to burn it—see Huntz never gets it."

To the astonishment of his companions he snatched a map, and held it over the flame of the lamp. The damp, salt-impregnated paper kindled slowly. A thin bluish flame fluttered along the ragged corner.

Suddenly there was a crash of broken glass. An oil rag fell from a hand that reached in through the window—a hand that snatched the treasure map from Captain Cape's fingers and was quickly withdrawn.

"After him!" thundered the blond-bearded adventurer.

But in the confusion he himself seemed to get in the way at the door of the wheel-house. When they eventually lurched out on deck, it was to see Huntz scrambling over into the dory.

"Fools we are!" groaned Raika. "He's got the map!"

Trader Cape stroked his beard.

"Not the real one," he said softly. "A fake. It will lead him to an island near here—very near. He'll be in too great a hurry, I hope to harm the lad. And—we're following, getting the lad back. Then the treasure."

### The Battle with the Bergs.

THE whaleship, *Advance*, was going out from Nanuk Island in the teeth of storm ice and a tearing blizzard. But the stout old tub was making eight knots against the crashing, crunching ice.

There was a fever aboard amongst her small crew—a frenzy of tense anxiety. The treasure counted for nothing now. They were going to track down Huntz, somehow.

Captain Raika was down in the engine-room, with a fireman, both stripped to the waist. He had the safety valve tied down and the pass-over wide open, pouring red-hot steam straight into the low-pressure cylinder.



It was a race—they realised that—a race against Huntz to Lanark Island, fifty miles north-east, where Trader Cape's fake map had indicated the treasure was to be found.

Trader Cape was in the pilot-house, twisting the wheel this way and that. The Zulu was up in the crow's-nest on the look out for drift.

And it was he who spotted Nature's menace, the polar pack surging around them. And he shouted down from the crow's-nest in his sonorous voice: "Ice ahead, N'kose!"

There was a wild flurry of activity aboard the whaler. Captain Raikie left the fireman to it, in response to Trader Cape's bellow through the speaking tube. The fat little captain came up on the poop and switched on the searchlight. It hit floes, milling in the tide rip. In vain. Zambegi, up aloft, searched for a lead through the crashing ice. In all that immensity of churning ice and snow-driven black sky the whaler was a lone spirit, her searchlight like a bright white eye, wildly questing.

The searchlight found a pathway at last—And it hit upon the horror!

Up in the crow's-nest Zambegi saw the wide lead of black water running through the ice, and ploughing through the choppy sea was the trade-ship. The *Corsair*, she was called, and she was Huntz's ship. The Zulu recognised that fact by one stark sign.

Hanging from the yard-arm by his wrists in all that freezing cold, swaying in the wind like a man hanging from a gibbet, was Reggie Mott.

"N'kose! See what they have done! By the blood of Chaka, my forefather, I'll—"

"The fends!" choked Trader Cape, aghast. "He'll freeze to death there, if he's not already—"

He left the fateful words unfinished and, lashing the wheel hastily, darted away. Soon he was back through the cabin with sticks of dynamite. The big-bearded adventurer and the Zulu rushed to the hemming ice, and Zambegi was carrying a small barrel.

He lighted the fuse to the twenty-pound charge of high-powered blasting-powder, while Cape bellowed through the tube. The screw was reversed amidst a swirl of black water, and the whaler backed in the narrow twisting lead.

A few moments, and there was a giant, harsh, coughing bellow, a wild upheaval of flame—the explosion.

The whaler's copper-sheathed bows churned into the ice, Cape at the wheel again. Zambegi was hurling sticks of dynamite ahead. Rending explosion followed explosion. The whaler was blasting a path through to the black waterway.

Rifles belched red fire from the poop rail of the *Corsair*. But Trader Cape and his companions were too frenzied to care or heed; and the aim was wild.

They were gaining. Scudding floes disappeared past their bows now, and they came out into the black water but a musket-shot behind the *Corsair*—when suddenly the eye of the searchlight revealed the bergs!

Icebergs! There was a thunder as of the heavens breaking loose. And in a few moments they were

surrounded by the crashing mountains—the *Corsair* was lost.

Trader Cape was shouting orders—the adventurers were working like men possessed. All on deck now, with the engines stopped, they were using the huge ice-poles to thrust against the bergs.

"There's a chance—only one!" panted Trader Cape as for a moment the whaler stood clear with the ice mountains towering around. "We've got to fasten to that berg there—the biggest of the lot. Otherwise, when they start moving in earnest, we'll be crushed amongst them."

Funnel rolling clouds of smoke, they bore down



A TUB OF TROUBLE.—Suddenly the tarpaulin was thrust aside, and with a mighty yell Zambegi appeared out of the tub, his great axe in his hand.

upon the biggest of the ice mountains and, scrambling over on to the ice, frantically worked with ice-chisels. They were soon anchored and fastened by hawsers to the tremendous ice mountains which loomed above them, forming a natural bulwark against the rest of the fighting bergs.

And the berg was catching a deep current that was driving it through the Unimak Pass—driving it towards the ghostly-white glacier of Lanark Island, the isle Trader Cape had marked in his "fake" map. And as daylight dawned, grey and sullen, the berg became motionless outside the reef-girded shore of the islet.



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### The Treasure.

TRADER CAPE surveyed it through his binoculars anxiously. But there was no sign of Huntz or any of his rascally crew. Big-Game Cape's heart was torn with fear—fear that the villain's ship had been crushed in the polar bergs, and Reggie with it.

The great berg to which they were anchored obstructed a view of the sea of ice. And Trader Cape, who had espied a series of natural ledges to one side of the berg, determined to climb to the summit of the ice mountain to survey the scene.

By the aid of ropes and ice-anchors the party laboriously clambered up to the top of the berg.

Trader Cape gripped Raike's arm and pointed down.

"Look!" he said in a tense whisper. "The *Corsair*'s anchored the other side of the berg. And, by heck, the lad's still swinging there! The fiends!"

They were staring down on the deck of the Arctic trade-ship. Huntz and his evil companions were on the ice-covered deck, but they were securely ensconced at vantage points behind bags of coal, coils of rope and similar entrenchments. And each man had a powerful rifle directed upwards at the summit of the berg.

As the three adventurers peered over the edge, a startling fusillade of shots greeted them, and the bullets zipped unpleasantly close.

"Ho, there!" shouted Huntz jeeringly. "We want the treasure—we know you have got it. The boy dies if you don't give him up!"

Trader Cape and his companions drew back and exchanged glances. Huntz evidently thought they had landed on the island first and found the treasure. And he would not believe them if they denied it—said they had not the treasure. He would shoot the boy, who still hung from the yard-arm, pitifully blue in the face. He meant to kill him, anyhow. But Trader Cape knew that he must play for time.

"We'll lower the treasure to you—if you'll spare the lad!" he shouted down.

A jeering laugh that might have meant assent floated back to him. Suddenly a light broke over Cape's stern, haggard face. Inspiration had flashed on him.

"Go, bring up the hauling-tub and the winch," he swiftly directed Zambegi. "And you, Raike, get the black deed-box, full of old Spanish coins, from my cabin." He explained his plan in low, swift tones.

When they had completed their arrangements, they were ready to lower the tub over the side, down to the ship. And it looked as if it was crammed with gold, for several gold pieces slithered over the edge and dropped to the deck of the pirate ship.

"Tub coming down, brimming with treasure," the big-bearded adventurer shouted. And he and Raike turned the handle of the pawl that unwound the rope from the drum. The tub dropped down till it was level with the yard-arm where Reggie was swinging.

Then it happened. A thunderous Zulu yell burst on the icy air, and Zambegi thrust aside the tarpaulin

that covered him and appeared over the edge of the bucket, his axe, *Numkonto*, in his hands.

"Have no fear of these rats, lord!" he shouted encouragingly to Reggie. "I am coming!"

And he swung the tub over. Huntz and his rascally companions were so taken aback that they had not presence of mind enough to fire before the Zulu had cut Reggie free and was helping the youngster into the basket.

"Down, N'kose," he hissed, as a crash of rifle-shots woke the echoes and the bullets spanged against the tub. "The white lords are pulling you up. As for me—I will slay these jackals, all of them in the twinkling of an eye."

And with the words the mighty Zulu jumped from the wheel-house as bullets spattered around him.

"Come on, jackals, the lion waits," he growled. He fixed his burning eyes on Huntz, nearest him, and raised the wild war-shout of the Zulus.

Goaded to frenzy, the score or so of evil-looking ruffians rushed against him. Zambegi, gazing over his shield rim at the semi-circle of glaring faces and levelled steel, welcomed them with a smile—and lashed out with his axe.

He did not kill. But he treated those ruffians to an exposition of his skill with the axe the like of which had never been seen before. It flashed out, severing an ear, a hand, so rapid and deadly that the ruffians turned, screaming with terror, running in all directions away from the terrible Zulu.

All but Adolf Huntz. He had seized up a stick of dynamite and lighted the fuse. Now he came out, maddened, hate-enraged, his arm drawn back to throw the deadly stick of dynamite at the Zulu. At sight of it, Zambegi retreated to the rails.

"*Whau!*" he shouted thunderously. His sinewy arm curved back. Perhaps twenty yards separated the two deadly enemies. And a second ere Huntz threw the stick of dynamite Zambegi hurled his great weapon in a shining arc.

There was a rending, ear-splitting explosion—a great gout of flame. But Zambegi had dived over the rail into the icy water.

His axe had made contact with the dynamite as it left Huntz's hand. What was left of the crooked German big-game hunter was not nice to look at.

TWO days later the ice-locked wreck was located, and the Russian treasure was taken aboard the *Advance*. Also they had the white seal, alive, to take back to Millionaire Mott. Their six quests had been successfully carried out. But Zambegi, the Zulu, was inconsolable.

"Lord, where shall I get another axe like *Numkonto*?" he asked sadly.

So Trader Cape determined that his next adventure would be into the heart of Africa to procure a Zulu battle-axe as good as *Numkonto*. And thereby hangs a tale.

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ANOTHER GRAND LONG  
COMPLETE SCHOOL TALE.

THE JOYOUS JUNIORS  
OF ST. GIDDY'S AGAIN.

MEET WALLY  
HE'S A WOW!



**THE GENTLE JAPER ON THE  
JOB! Laughs, Chuckles and  
Gasps When a Schoolboy Wizard  
Joins the Ranks of the Remove!**

### P.C. Wally Withers.

**G**OAL! Bravo, Duncan!" Johnny Gee & Co. raised their voices lustily as they stood round the ropes on the senior playing field at St. Giddy's, watching the match between the First Eleven and the Fifth Form team.

A particularly brilliant player this afternoon was George Duncan of the Sixth. He had been showing up well at practice after a long dose of the 'flu, and it was obvious that to-day he was right back into his old tip-top form.

"Wellesley is getting the team into trim for the match with Ravenswood next Saturday," said Johnny Gee. "With Wellesley and Duncan playing as they are now, we're sure to win the Cup. I'm glad Duncan's got his place back in the team."

A tall, burly senior who was standing nearby with Slade and Bond turned scowling upon the chums of the Remove. Remington, the bullying prefect of St. Giddy's, had been doing all he could to obtain Duncan's place in the First Eleven, and it was like gall and wormwood to his shallow, jealous nature now, to see his rival back in the team.

"Go it, Duncan!" roared the Removites, as the stalwart inside right robbed Umfreville of the ball and streaked down the field.

"Shut up, you noisy young rotters!" rapped Remington, in his most belligerent manner. "Don't make so much noise, or I'll take you inside for a licking!"

"Nice, polite chap, Remington, isn't he?" said Dick Bannister. "Such a shining example to the smaller fry—"

"Take fifty lines, Bannister, for impertinence!" snarled Remington.

"I think we'd better move off to a healthier spot, you chaps," said Johnny Gee crossly. "Let's go and watch for the postman, in the hope of some remittances turning up."

The chums of the Remove wended their way

towards the school gates. Remington, after scowling at the players on the football field, motioned to his cronies and they followed the juniors.

Johnny Gee & Co. saw no signs of the postman, but another personage in uniform attracted the Removites' attention.

"Hello!" said Dick Bannister. "Another bobby on this beat? He's coming here, too!"

The new arrival was a constable, very portly and important-looking. A crop of sandy hair stuck out from under his helmet, his face was very red, and he had thick, bushy eyebrows and whiskers.

"Ho!" said the bobby. "This 'ere is St. Gideon's School, I believe. I'm lookin' for a cove by the name o' Duncan, senior, Sixth Form, age nineteen, dark 'air, brown eyes, five foot eight inches tall, and muscular build—"

"That's him!" Herbert Remington's voice broke in eagerly. He, Bond, and Slade had arrived at the gates. "Has he—has he done anything?"

"Receiver of stolen property, that's wot!" replied the portly P.C. "Which Hi 've come to search for the missin' goods, confiscate them if found, and place Master Duncan hunder immejit harrest!"

The chums of the Remove were startled and flabbergasted at this amazing news. As for Remington, he could scarcely conceal his joy.

"Duncan is on the football field, officer," exclaimed the prefect. "I will show you the way, so that you can arrest him at once!"

"Playing football, is 'e?" said the constable. "All the better—Hi can conduct my search in 'is absence, and get the stuff afore Hi place 'im hunder harrest."

Joyfully Remington led the way across the quadrangle and into the School House, to the Sixth Form passage. Johnny Gee & Co. followed after them, looking dazed and dismayed.

"Here you are, constable!" he said, throwing open the door of Duncan's study. "This is the room. You can carry out your search while I fetch the Headmaster." And Herbert Remington fairly bounded away.

Johnny Gee & Co. gathered outside Duncan's study. They could hear the constable rummaging about inside the room, and Johnny Gee pushed open the door. He almost dropped when he saw the constable



with his helmet and sandy hair pushed on one side, disclosing quite a boyish crop of dark hair.

"Mum-m-m-my hat!" ejaculated the Remove captain. "Wh-what the merry thump—"

"Shush-sh-sh!" hissed the "constable," laying a finger over his mouth, and beckoning to Johnny Gee.

Wondering more than ever, Johnny Gee stepped inside Duncan's study, and closed the door. The "constable" had fished out a large hamper from underneath the prefect's study table.

"Look here, you-bounder!" exclaimed the Remove captain. "Who the dickens are you, and what are you doing here?"

Again a chuckle seeped through the bushy whiskers and the "copper" gave a knowing wink.

"My name's Withers—Wally Withers—and I'm the new chap for the Remove!" he chuckled. "Incidentally, old George—Duncan of the Sixth, you know—is my cousin. I'm having a lark with him!"

"Oh!"

"This hamper contains tuck—grand, glorious, scrumptious tuck!" went on the disguised new boy. "It belongs to me and was sent on to St. Giddy's in advance. Only George got the tip, and confiscated it! It really belongs to a gang of cheeky rotters whom I met in Merivale about a couple of hours ago. They were wearing blue and white caps—"

"Earlwood worms!" exclaimed Johnny Gee. "They come from an awful old casual ward not far from here, known as Earlwood School—a regular home for imbeciles."

"So I guessed!" chuckled Wally Withers. "The leader of the mob was a fellow named Stacey—"

"That's the leader of the rotters' brigade at Earlwood," said Johnny Gee. "He's an out-and-out cad, and a regular fop. Got plenty of money, too—"

"He must have had, for this hamper cost him a tidy penny!" grinned the new boy. "Anyway they left the hamper at the carrier's, to be taken to Earlwood. As soon as they were gone, I nipped in and bagged the hamper. I carried it along to the station, and asked the cabby to take it to St. Giddy's, addressed to me, care of George Duncan, in case my name wasn't recognised, being a new boy. But another of the Earlwood chaps overheard me, and gave the tip to the others. I dodged 'em, and hid in a shop doorway, close to the post office. This chap Stacey had telephoned to St. Giddy's, and asked for George, and told him that a hamper shortly arriving at the school, addressed to me, was pinched, and requesting him to hold it. George, of course, being a prefect, said that he would!"

"Well, you are a coughdrop, Withers, and no error!" said Johnny Gee. "But that chap who brought you in here, Remington, is no end of a rotter, and he hates your cousin like poison."

"You leave it to me!" the bogus P.C. said. "I'll turn the jape against Remington. But first of all, this hamper's got to be taken away. Can you look after it till the scare's over?"

"Right you are!" chuckled Johnny Gee, and he pulled a length of cord from his pocket. "Just tie this to one of the handles of the hamper, and hang it out of the window. It's a lonely part of the quad, down below, and some of our chaps will hop down, and get it. Then we'll hide it in Study No. 4, and have a beano afterwards—what?"

This plan was acted upon, and Johnny Gee left Duncan's study, to tell his chums what was "doing."

Meanwhile, Dr. Holroyd, amazed and incredulous, was following Remington to the Sixth Form passage. Remington gasped, and drew to a sharp halt, when he found his own study door open, and heard various bumps and crashing noises proceeding from within.

Wallop! Thud! A shower of books came whizzing through the doorway upon the unpopular prefect. Remington gave a roar of wrath, and glared into the room. He gave a gurgling gasp of amazement when he saw the "constable" in there, ransacking the study.

"Hi! Wharrer you up to?" howled Remington.

"Ah!" said the "constable" sternly. "Arter making a close investigation, I find that Master Duncan isn't the culprit at all, and suspision falls on you, Master Remington! In the name of the Lor, I command you to 'and over the missing pearls!"

"I d-d-don't know anything about any p-p-pearla!" stuttered Remington.

By this time, Wellesley & Co. of the Sixth had come indoors from the football ground, where that match had been played and won. They gazed in amazement at the scene in Remington's study. The unpopular prefect turned savagely on Duncan.

"There is the thief!" he snarled. "Why don't you arrest Duncan, as you said?"

"Why, you rotten hound, Remington!" George Duncan started forward, his fists clenched angrily. Dr. Holroyd came between them.

"Control yourself, Duncan!" he exclaimed.

"Constable, we must investigate this affair thoroughly, and I'm sure you will find that some misunderstanding has arisen!"

"Which Master Remington will 'ave to come alonger me!" said the "constable" stolidly, and he clapped a heavy hand on the prefect's shoulder.

"Good heavens!" cried the Head. "You cannot place this lad under arrest purely on supposition, officer. I will get into communication with Inspector Barnett, at Merivale."

"Oh, crumbs!" said the "constable" under his breath, and then he drew erect, with a majestic air. "There is no need for that, sir, if you lock Master Remington hup in a secure place, till I come back with the Hinspector!"

"Very well," said the Head, drawing a breath of relief. "Remington, you will follow me!"

In vain did Herbert Remington protest and splutter. It was decided that he should be locked in the upper boxroom, until the "constable" returned. And there the unhappy prefect was incarcerated.

The bogus P.C. strode away towards the gates, followed by the wondering eyes of a large crowd of boys.

### The Practical Joker.

THERE was a tap at the door of Study No. 4, and Wally Withers came in. He had discarded his make-up and was grinning broadly.

"All serene!" he announced. "I've introduced myself to the Head, and the Form master, and now I've come here to tea. My word! This is something like a spread!"

"What about Duncan?" inquired Jonny Gee. "Has he missed the hamper?"

"Yes, he has!" chuckled the new boy. "And I'm going to let him have it back. Stacey and his crowd from Earlwood are at the gates now—they've called for it. What about filling it up with a lot of old boots and other rubbish. That would be a great joke—what?"

Johnny Gee & Co. roared with laughter at this suggestion, and it did not take them long to carry it out. Wally Withers then carted the hamper away, and looking out of the study window, Johnny Gee & Co. saw Sergeant Rumble carry it across the quadrangle and hand it to the Earlwood boys at the gates.

"Kipping!" grinned Johnny Gee. "Now we can fall to!"



The Remove captain drew his chair up to the table, and sat down. No sooner had he done so, however, than there was a terrific bang from the seat, and Johnny leaped quite three feet in the air. "A jolly good joke, don't you think?" roared Withers. "Allow me to pass the sausage rolls!"

He extended the plate to Lord Reggie Pelham-Smith, who took a sausage roll—at least, he picked one up, but gave a startled gasp as the roll leaped out of his fingers and hopped across the table like a frog, hitting Tony Graham clean on the nose!

*Sizzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz!* Snowball had started to pour out the tea, but no sooner had the tea entered the first cup, than a terrific sizzling noise arose, and a great mass of froth, like super-power sherbet, rose from the cup!

Wally Withers sat in his chair and roared with laughter.

"Look here, you funny duffer, if you plant any more of your jokes on us, we'll jolly well bump you!" snorted Johnny.

Johnny Gee & Co. sat down gingerly, and when they did "pile in," they examined each item carefully. Even then, several other of the schoolboy japer's funny tricks caught them napping!

The last straw came when Jonny Gee and Co. attempted to carve the cake, and a jet of water squirted out, drenching him and his chums in the immediate vicinity.

"Here, this is too thick!" exclaimed the Remove captain in exasperation. "Grab the blighter!"

"Yaroooooooh!" Wally Withers went to the floor with a crash, whirled off his chair by many violent hands. Johnny Gee & Co. grabbed him, and commenced to bump their humorous Formfellow. Upon the first bump, he seemed to bounce, on the second bump, he rebounded from the floor to a height of quite three feet, and when they bumped him for the third time, he simply rose out of their hands and floated in the air, high above their heads. Wally Withers seemed to have become inflated, like a balloon.

"Good-bye, Bluebells!" chuckled Wally Withers. He opened the study door, and floated away into the Remove passage. He deflated himself when outside, and strolled away, chuckling.

At the end of the passage he met Duncan of the Sixth. The prefect eyed his nephew grimly.

"I say, Wally, have you been up to any of your practical jokes?" he demanded. "That policeman affair seems rather funny. The Head's been on to Inspector Barnet, and he knows nothing about it at all. The Head's just given orders for Remington to be released, and I believe the whole thing was a game of spoof."

"Go hon!" grinned Wally. "Now, as if you could believe me guilty of such a thing, George!" And he walked away with an air of injured innocence.

Wally Withers quickly established himself in the Remove as an incorrigible joker that evening. Thus, when George Cadman & Co. found the light in their study suddenly snapped off, and a "snake" with horrible green, gleaming eyes wriggling about the floor, there was a frightful scare. Cadman, Snell, Meeke, and Lucas grabbed the poker, cricket stumps, and all manner of weapons with which to swipe at the supposed deadly creature. When they discovered that it was all a hoax—merely a "joke" snake of Wally Withers'—the wrath of Cadman & Co. knew no bounds.

Wally Withers watched the results of his humorous pranks, and chuckled with glee. His manner changed,

however, when a deputation of incensed Removites grabbed him, whirled him over to the washstand and ducked him thoroughly in a basin full of water.

### Fothergill's Football Fiasco.

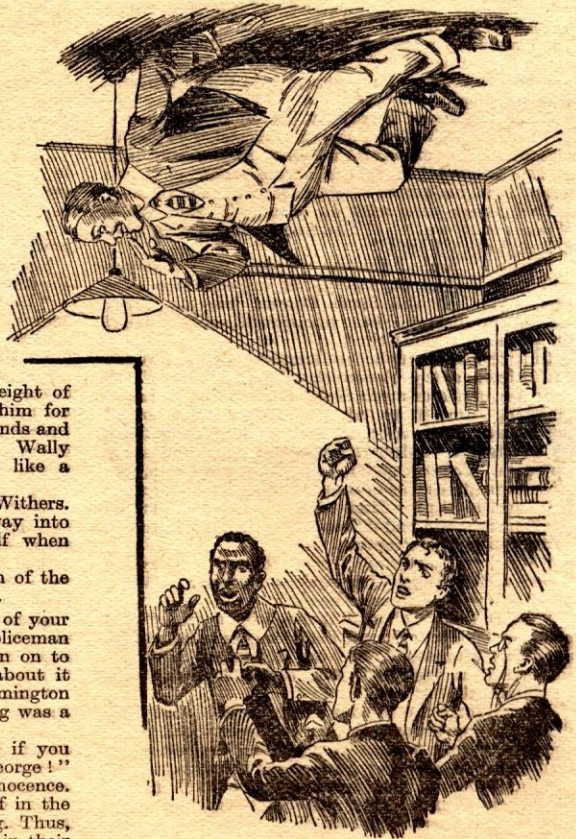
"WELL, of all the cheek!" said Johnny Gee in wrathful, indignant tones. He was standing at the top of the School House steps, and had just finished reading a letter.

"What's the matter, Johnny?" inquired the Hon. Bob Vernon.

"Those dunder-headed duffers of the Upper Fourth have done us!" hooted Johnny Gee wrathfully.

"Fothergill has bagged the match with the Young Aussies! He's written to Jim Bradman, saying that the Upper Fourth team represents the Junior School at St. Giddy's, and has fixed up to play the Young Aussies here on Saturday."

The Young Aussies were a team of Australian



THE BALLOON BOY.—On the third bump the japer of the Remove became inflated like a balloon, and rose out of his tormentors' hands up to the ceiling.

schoolboys, touring England, and playing matches wherever they went. This week they were at Northchester and Johnny Gee had written to their skipper, Jim Bradman, asking for a match. Now, after practising hard, they had been forestalled by Fothergill.



At that moment, a party of elegant and exquisite youths came ambling along from the direction of the tuckshop. They were Fothergill & Co., the knuts of the Upper Fourth, and the Joyous Juniors' great rivals at St. Giddy's.

Fothergill and his fellow dandies Heppelthwaite, Royce, and Clarence Vane, smiled in a supercilious manner as they passed by the Removites, and held their noses high in the air.

Johnny Gee clenched his fists hard, and but for the presence of Duncan of the Sixth, who had come along just then, with his young cousin of the Remove, a hostile scene might have ensued.

"Hallo! You chaps look pretty hipped about something," said Wally Withers.

"I should jolly well think so, too!" snorted Johnny Gee. And, in most indignant tones, the Remove leader recounted what had happened. George Duncan looked sympathetic.

"Hard lines, Gee!" he said. "But it can't be helped, of course!"

"Unless we work off some wangle that will put those dummies out of the running on Wednesday, and leave us to bag the match!" said Wally Withers, with a thoughtful look.

Duncan glanced keenly at his young cousin.

"Look here, Wally, I strongly suspect that you've already worked off a few 'wangles' as you call them, at this school!" he said in severe tones. "If you get up to any of your outrageously reckless pranks—"

"Oh, keep your wool on, George!" said Wally Withers with a grin. "You know what a nice, well-beloved chap I am!"

"I do!" replied Duncan meaningly. "And you will take fifty lines, Wally, for impertinence to a prefect." And the Sixth Former left his cousin staring in dismay. But punishment only quelled his jokes for a short time.

Only that morning in the Remove classroom, Wally had affixed a toy clockwork spider on one of the rafters over the master's desk, so that when Monsieur D'Oslong came in to take the Remove Mossoo had not been seated long before the "spider" came down on its thread, to dangle before his eyes, and shoot up again. The toy spider, being fully wound up, had gone through a series of most amazing tricks for some considerable time. That little joke had convulsed the Remove, and had driven the little French master to the verge of distraction.

"Well, you scallywag," said Johnny Gee, eyeing the new Removite with curious interest. "What joke have you got in mind now?"

"I was thinking," said Wally, with a grin, "that perhaps the Upper Fourth bouncers might be unfit to play this afternoon! So you had better have the Remove team ready!" And with a knowing wink he wandered off.

After dinner the Joyous Juniors made their way disconsolately towards the junior playing-field, where the Upper Fourth team were punting the ball about waiting for the Young Australians to arrive.

Johnny Gee & Co. gathered along the touchline and passed uncomplimentary remarks about Fothergill and Co. for depriving them of their best fixture of the season.

Presently Wally Withers appeared. Under his arm was a football which he was holding very carefully. He approached the Joyous Juniors, grinning broadly.

"Hallo!" he said. "You're looking pretty glum."

"So would you if you had to stand and watch those silly duffers trying to play football against the Aussies," growled Dick Bannister, angrily.

"But they're not playing them yet," grinned Wally.

At that moment one of the Upper Fourth team miskicked the ball and it came sailing over the heads of the Joyous Juniors. Wally Withers promptly dashed after it, still hanging on to his own football.

When he reached the ball he seemed to slip and sat down on the ground so that the ball disappeared from view for a moment or two. Then the japer was on his feet again, holding the ball in his hand. Instead of kicking it on to the field of play, however, he trotted up to the touchline and flung it to Fothergill and his cronies who were grouped together near one goal.

As the leather came whirling over Fothergill stepped forward and gave it a mighty, first-time lam. There was a loud *plop* and the ball burst, spreading a dense cloud of powder, which completely smothered the Upper Fourth team.

"*You-woow!*" roared the Upper Fourth leader. "Who's been messing about with our ball? You—*atishoooo!* *Atishoooo!*"

The rest of his remarks were lost in a violent fit of sneezing. Clarence Vane opened his mouth to speak but changed his mind and commenced to sneeze instead in sympathy with his leader. Next moment the whole of the Upper Fourth team were convulsed with sneezing. They groined through the cloud of powder, their eyes streaming, spluttering and choking.

"*Ha! ha! ha!*" roared Johnny Gee. "My hat! Is that another of your little jokes, you young scallywag?" he asked turning to Wally Withers, who was almost doubled up with mirth.

"Just a little of my patent sneezing powder," replied that youth, and went off into roars of laughter.

Suddenly, another voice made itself heard above the sneezes and gurgles of the unfortunate dandies.

"Boys!" rasped Mr. Cattermole. "Good heavens! Whatever is the matter with you?" And he seized Heppelthwaite by the arm.

"I don't—*arishoo*—know—*atishoo*, *atishoo!*"

"Good gracious! You must have influenza!"

Catty gasped. "You should not be here playing football! I will send you to the sanatorium at once!" He beckoned to Remington, who had been attracted to the scene by the crowd of juniors. "Remington," went on the housemaster. "See that these boys are put in the matron's care immediately."

Unable to protest because of their violent sneezes, the Upper Fourth knuts were shepherded off to the sanatorium. There they were instantly put to bed, and given huge doses of physic. Hot water-bottles were put at their feet and blankets added until Fothergill & Co. were fairly steaming.

Meanwhile, a party of bronzed and stalwart-looking lads in football garb appeared at the school gates, and Johnny Gee & Co. rushed across eagerly to greet them.

"Begad! The young Aussies!" exclaimed Lord Reggie Pelham-Smith.

"How are you, Bradman old top!" exclaimed Johnny Gee. "You've come to play the St. Giddy's Junior Eleven. Well, here we are, and we'll begin as soon as you like!"

"Is your name Fothergill?" inquired the young Australian captain.

"Nunno!" chuckled Johnny. And he proceeded to tell the Australian captain how Fothergill and his cronies had been taken "ill."

The Young Aussies chuckled, and expressed their complete willingness to play the Remove Eleven. In a short time the two teams were on the field, and a goodly crowd had gathered to watch the match.

George Duncan of the Sixth, who had arranged to referee the match, gazed hard and searchingly at Wally Withers as he came along to join the spectators. Wally, however, returned his gaze with a look of cherubim-like innocence.



The rival skippers tossed for ends. Duncan blew his whistle, and the game commenced.

The Young Aussies opened the attack in dashing, brilliant style. The St. Giddy's forwards were a little staggered by the terrific onset of the Cornstalks, but the defence line was not to be caught napping!

Dick Bannister and Tommy Muggeridge, the stalwart backs, played like Trojans, and Dick, taking a hefty kick at the ball after scooping it away from Bradman, sent it whizzing over the heads of the

Down the field went Johnny, dodging the halves, and passed swiftly to Lord Reggie, who dribbled it for a little way, then sent the ball back to his skipper. Johnny accepted it brilliantly, and took a shot for the goal. Bam! The goalie's fist was there to meet it and, out it came. Jim Bradman leapt out to it, and at the same moment, Snowball leapt, too. Both players were in the air together when the ball came down, but the little nigger's black, woolly head shot upwards a fraction of a second before the Aussie skipper's, and before the goalie quite realised what was happening, the ball had come back again—this time to pass clean by him, and land wallop! in the net!

"Goal!"

A few moments later, Duncan blew the last phoop



**THE BALL-BUSTING BOOT.**—Fothergill gave the ball a mighty lam. There was a loud plop, and the sphere burst, spreading a dense cloud of powder over the Fourth Formers.



players, towards the Aussies' territory! Johnny Gee & Co. raced up the field to seize it, and then the home forward line began to retaliate!

The Young Aussies were the first to score, but just before half-time, Johnny Gee broke through their lines in dashing style, and plugged home a swift, sure ground shot that quite left the goalie cold!

The wind was slightly in favour of Johnny Gee & Co. during the second half, but the Young Aussies pressed again and again, and were only held at bay by the brilliant team work of the Remove players.

The next goal was scored by the visitors, after a terrific ding-dong battle. The whirling struggle went on at a terrific pace. Following up a free kick Snowball nicked in from the wing with the leather spinning at his feet. He avoided the burly Australian back and shot well and truly!

The goal keeper leaped out at the ball, his fingers touched the whizzing sphere, but no power on earth could stop that howitzer-like shot! Thud! it went into the net, and a loud, lifting roar arose from the spectators.

Play became truly fast and furious after that! Both teams did their utmost to bag that one more coveted goal! There was a terrific scrimmage in front of the St. Giddy's goal, and Jim Bradman rammed across the leather with a hurricane shot. Otto flung his whole body downward, and his plump, rotund form fell plump! on top of the ball. Another nick of a second later, and he was on his feet and had lobbed the ball across to Tony Graham. Tony back-heeled to Johnny Gee, as the attackers came dashing up and sent him flying under their terrific charge. And Johnny went away with it.

of the whistle, and the game was over! The Remove had beaten the Aussies!

The Young Aussies were entertained to tea in the Remove Form-room, and the merry round of feasting and rejoicing went on until it was time for the visitors to depart.

The effect of the sneezing powder wore off by the evening, but Fothergill & Co. were ordered to remain in the "samey" until the morning, much to their dismay.

### In The Flood.

**H**ERBERT REMINGTON was furious. Saturday had come—the day of the First Eleven match with Ravenscroft—and Wellesley had told him that he was out, definitely out, of the team.

No wonder the bullying prefect of the Sixth wore an expression of black, bitter fury. He passed by a group of Removites who were standing under the elm trees in the quadrangle, eagerly discussing the forthcoming match.

"Jolly lucky old Duncan is able to play!" said Johnny Gee. "We stand every chance of licking Ravenscroft this afternoon!"

"Rather!" said Wally enthusiastically.

Remington gave them a black look as he passed, but the heroes of the Remove grinned serenely.

A party of elegant youths came out of the tuckshop.



Fothergill & Co. were dressed in most lavish style, and evidently had something "on."

Johnny Gee chuckled.

"Just look at the Brotherhood of Bright Young Things!" he murmured. "That's Fothergill's latest stunt, you know. According to Slocum, the high-falutin' bounders have hired a car, they're going to take a hamper of tuck on board, and hold a dungeon party at the ruined abbey."

"A dungeon party!" exclaimed Wally Withers. "My hat! That sounds exciting. I've been over the old abbey ruins, and—"

"Pretty miserable sort of entertainment, if you ask me!" said Johnny Gee. "Hallo! The car's arrived, and they've got the tuck on board. They're off!"

Wally Withers was looking very thoughtful.

"Look here," he exclaimed suddenly. "It would be a pity to let a chance for a rag on those dummies go by. Did you chaps know of a secret sluice in the ruins to flood the dungeons from an underground stream?"

Johnny Gee & Co. looked interested at once.

"We've read about it, but haven't actually seen the sluice," replied the Remove captain.

"I know where the sluice is!" said Wally. "The beastly thing is simply rusted up with age, but I dare say I could move it, and flood the dungeons! The sluice could be closed later, and the flood water would gradually disperse, so there would be no harm done. They're going for a run round in the car, I believe, before they go to the ruined abbey. That will give me plenty of time. I'm game to do it, if you chaps will keep mum."

"We'll keep it under our hats, all right," said Johnny Gee. "We'd come over with you, only we've impots to do for Remington, and we want to get them finished before the match starts."

"Righto!" said Wally. "See you chaps later."

No sooner had Wally Withers disappeared through the school gateway, than George Duncan hurried after him. Knowing his troublesome cousin's propensity for practical joking, Duncan had been keeping an eye on Wally.

"The young rascal!" exclaimed Duncan to himself, as he made his way down the road. "I wonder what mischief he's up to now?"

So intent was Duncan on following his cousin, that he did not notice the tall, burly figure that was stalking him from St. Giddy's.

Remington of the Sixth was on the trail, too!

Wally Withers, meanwhile, made his way through Merivale Wood, to the old ruined priory. He plunged down the narrow stairs that led to the vaults, and soon found the big slab of stone with the rusted iron ring let into it, that was the entrance to the dungeon regions.

Wally grasped the iron ring and, exerting all his strength, shifted the large stone slab. A black, gaping aperture was revealed. Wally switched on his torchlight, and lowered himself into the yawning hole!

He was in the dungeon regions, and between the gaunt arches he could see the grisly old cells, where in olden times the prisoners had been kept.

Wally Withers chuckled to himself as he made his way to the end of the narrow stone passage. He opened a massive oak door, and found himself in a small stone-walled chamber, at one end of which was a massive iron lever, rising through the floor.

It was the sluice handle.

Wally Withers grasped the rusty lever, and yanked at it. The sluices had not been moved for probably hundreds of years, and the mechanism, crude in itself, was firmly set.

But the japer of the Remove, by continually exerting all his strength on the handle, at last got it to move, and slowly the sluice gates were raised!

He heard the gurgling of the waters below, as they started to pour in amongst the foundations of the abbey. Then he left the stone-walled chamber, and scudded back the way he had come.

"Good egg!" he chuckled. "I think the water will just about be flowing along these passages, by the time those Upper Fourth dummies get set at their dungeon party. Oh, crumbs!"

He broke off with a gasp of alarm, as he heard footsteps creeping towards him through the darkness. Somehow, the tread sounded familiar, and he caught his breath in surprise when the unseen prowler struck a match, and the flickering yellow light revealed the face of his cousin, Duncan of the Sixth.

Wally drew into an alcove, and waited there tensely, holding his breath whilst Duncan passed on.

"Good!" he murmured to himself. "He hasn't spotted me!"

The japer of the Remove scurried along and scrambled through the hole in the passage roof.

He had scarcely gone ten yards through the dim, gloomy vaults, however when a burly figure strode out from behind an arch, barring his path. It was Herbert Remington of the Sixth!

"You little sweep! What have you been doing down there?" rapped the prefect. "Up to some mischief again, I expect!"

"Oh, Remington!" said Wally, in a tone of mild expostulation. "As if I could get up to any mischief down there!"

"Don't try to fool me!" rasped Remington. "I've been keeping my eye on you, and I know that you've been up to a lark of some sort. Get back to school at once, and wait for me there!"

Wally, with a rueful look at Remington, went onward to the old staircase, and so made his way back to St. Giddy's.

Remington stood in the old abbey vaults, a cunning grin twisting the corners of his mouth.

"Duncan's down there, roaming round the dungeons in search of that young villain!" he muttered to himself. "My hat! If I shove this stone back into place, he won't be able to shift it from underneath. I can keep him there all the afternoon, and prevent him from playing in the Ravenswood match! When Duncan is discovered, I shall admit putting the stone back, but I'll say that I was looking for young Withers, and having sent him back to school, I replaced the stone and went away, not knowing that Duncan was down there. Fothergill and his crowd are due here shortly. I'll wait for them, and send them away."

Remington hurriedly crossed over to the large stone slab. Gripping the iron ring, he dragged the slab, and dropped it into position.

The rascally prefect then made his way up the stairs, to the daylight of the ruined abbey, smiling grimly to himself.

There was a tooting of a motor horn, and a car swung round from the road at the side of the wood. Fothergill & Co. were aboard, and Remington strode up to them as they were about to get out.

"Where do you think you are going?" he demanded.

"Down into the dungeons, old top!" said Fothergill affably. "We're goin' to do somethin' really original—hold a dungeon party!"

"Well, you can just clear off, and hold your party somewhere else!" he snapped. "I've already had to turn out one little Remove rotter—"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Fothergill. "So the Remove had been here! Thanks for the info.

(Continued on page 35.)



**THE CROOK MAGICIAN OF CRIME CASTLE**

TELLING OF A STUPENDOUS CONSPIRACY AND OF THE  
MYSTERIOUS MACHINATIONS OF THE MAN  
WITHOUT EYES

AMAZING  
MYSTERY  
THRILLER



Spud and Phil and The  
Wizard of Droone Isle in a  
Great New Series of Eerie  
Thrill Tales. This is No.  
1, so Read It Now.

**Zarazan's Dying Request.**

**L**IUTENANT CHRISTY, Commander of His Majesty's super submarine, XI, regarded the two dishevelled, unkempt figures with intent interest.

Half-an-hour earlier one of the submarine's officers, through his binoculars, had seen two lurking figures on one of the supposedly deserted rocks of the Scilly Islands. And Lieutenant Christy, being suspicious, had sent a boat. Now, in the little cabin, the lieutenant faced the two sturdy young fellows who had been brought abroad. Their clothing was sea-stained, and it was obvious that they had been "roughing it," for some time.

"My name is Tregennis, sir—Phil Tregennis," said the bigger of the two. "And this is Spud Briggs, my pal."

"Were you camping on that rock for pleasure?" asked the lieutenant bluntly.



"Look here, sir, I'm going to tell you everything," said Phil, his eyes full of tense excitement. "Do you remember something that happened some nights ago? A tremendous rock seemed to be drifting down on the submarine, while she was at anchor? Well, Spud and I saved your ship then—saved it from certain destruction."

"Now, look here——" said Lieutenant Christy.

"Wait a minute, sir!" said Phil. "I know what I'm talking about. Droone Island is mine. It belonged to my father, but he and my mother went down in the *Stornaaway*. The vessel was deliberately destroyed by a terrible criminal who calls himself Zarazan. This man has his headquarters on Droone Island. He has got a great cavern there, full of mysterious machinery, and he employs a lot of dwarfs, who wear weird clothes, to make them look like goat men, and other monstrosities. He's got a ship that is camouflaged as a rock, and there are all sorts of secret tunnels. He's been stealing gold, too——"

"Gold?" said the commander sharply.

"Oh, I know it all sounds fantastic," said Phil. "You don't believe me, I suppose? But Spud and I grabbed some of that gold—and we hid it in our cave. That'll be proof enough for you, won't it? This fiend, Zarazan, hasn't got any eyes, but I believe that's a fake. Spud——"

"That'll do!" said Lieutenant Christy grimly.

"You may not know that I have a special commission to search the Scilly Islands for a mysterious gang of criminals," continued the lieutenant. "Our Secret Service has known, for some time, that something very mysterious was going on here. Your story corroborates many of the suspicions we have already formed. I'm going to take action at once. Perhaps you could help us? You know of some way into Zarazan's secret cavern, eh?"

In the misty darkness a short time later a small boat put out from the submarine, carrying Phil and Spud and Lieutenant Christy. The boat went to the rock where the two boys had lived, in a cave, during the last few weeks. Phil indicated the spot where he and Spud had buried the gold ingots. This gold had been tricked from Zarazan's agents, and it proved that the boys' story was no mere flight of imagination.

And soon the raid commenced. It was cleverly engineered. The *X1*, apparently cruising on manoeuvres, was not so innocent as she looked. Armed marines poured out of her. Droone Island was surrounded; grim men landed on the desolate shores, north, south, east, and west.

Even if Zarazan and his mysterious dwarfs were on the look-out, they stood little or no chance of escape. For not only was the island teeming with men, but the very seas were guarded on all sides. And at the instant of the general attack, searchlights blazed out and flooded the ruined building in the island's centre, which was known as Droone's Folly.

In these ruins, Phil lifted a great stone slab, and a yawning cavity was revealed, with steps leading downwards.

"That's the way into Zarazan's cavern!" he said. "But be careful, lieutenant! This man is a devil, and he knows all sorts of terrible things. He can paralyse men with a green ray——"

"We'll get him," said the lieutenant confidently.

The boys were not allowed to go down, and as they emerged from the runs, to see who was going on along the beaches, Phil suddenly clutched at Spud's arm.

"Look!" he pointed, his eyes alight with excitement.

In the mist, not far away, the boys saw a strange figure. It was grotesque and unreal—the figure

of a man with a great flowing beard and a conical hat. It was Zarazan, the Man Without Eyes!

"After him, Spud!" panted Phil. "He must have slipped out by some secret door, and I expect he's got some cunning way of eluding capture. Jove! It's left to us to get him, after all!"

The two youngsters sped through the mist. On this side of the island there were no searchlights. Everything was black and gloomy, but the boys could just discern the fleeing figure ahead.

"Master Phil!" gasped Spud, in sudden terror. "The cliff! It's right ahead, and——"

Even as he was speaking, a wild, terrified shriek came from the mist ahead. It seemed to die away somewhere below. In the nick of time Spud grabbed Phil's arm, and pulled him up short on the very edge of the cliff. No sounds came from below, except the boiling of the surf on the treacherous rocks.

"He's down there!" whispered Phil with a shiver. "He must have lost his bearings in the mist."

They ran parallel with the cliff edge for some distance, and then found a steep path where the precipice was not sheer. At last they were on the jagged rocks, picking their way under the cliff. And soon they came upon the crumpled figure which lay silent and still.

Zarazan lay there, face upwards, his hideous, eyeless features looking more dreadful than ever in the cold light of Phil's torch.

With a sudden impulse, Phil clutched at that face, and with a wrench he pulled away the loathsome mask which had always concealed the crook's real features.

"Jumping catfish!" gurgled Spud.

For he and Phil were gazing down upon the pallid features of a clean-shaven man of middle age. There was nothing repulsive in that face, and somehow as Phil looked at it, he seemed to recognise . . .

"Uncle Roderick!" he gasped, in amazement and horror.

The stricken man opened his eyes—and they were eyes which contained nothing vicious.

"Phil, my boy—Phil!" came the feeble words from the quivering lips. "I'm dying—I'm smashed up . . . here, inside."

"Uncle!" panted the boy. "I—I thought you were at Garth Castle, in Cornwall. I thought you lived only for your observatory, and your astronomy——"

"Listen, Phil," broke in Roderick Garth, once known as Zarazan. "I have only a few minutes to live. Forgive me, Phil. It was I who killed your father and mother——"

"You murderer!" choked Phil, his hands reaching for the man's throat. "You say that, and you ask me to forgive you!"

"I was mad," muttered Uncle Roderick. "Sanity has returned to me now—but it is too late! The greed for gold turned my brain, and nothing else mattered. I used my scientific knowledge evilly. Oh, Phil, I am horrified at my own actions. I am dying, and, mercifully, my brain is now clear. Take—take these."

With a supreme effort he pulled a bunch of keys from his pocket, and his hand was shaking as though with age.

"The . . . keys . . . of Garth Castle!" whispered the stricken man. "It is yours, Phil. You are my heir, and in Garth Castle there are treasures . . . wonderful treasures . . . there are glorious surprises for you . . . go there, boy, and perhaps you will understand . . ." His eyes seemed to glaze, and with a great effort he raised himself on one elbow, and clutched at Phil's arm. "Promise!" he croaked. "Promise you will go and claim your inheritance!"



A sudden wave of pity came over Phil Tregennis. "I'll promise, Uncle," he said gently.

"Thank you, lad!" whispered the other. "It makes my dying easier, and . . . and . . ."

A rattle sounded in his throat, and his head fell back. His eyes stared sightlessly upwards, glazed. His skin had become like wax.

"He's dead!" muttered Phil. "Perhaps it's all for the best. To think it was my own uncle—"

Very soon the sailors came, and Phil Tregennis told of what had happened.

There was no need for the body to be examined by a doctor when it was conveyed to the submarine, for it was already stiffening and growing icy cold.

### The Fire Fiend.

**T**HE DROONE SENSATION—as the newspapers called it—brought Phil Tregennis and Spud Briggs into great prominence during the next few days.

None of "Zarazan's" strange secrets were discovered. For, although the dwarfs were rounded up, they knew nothing—they were only hirelings. And the great cavern, when the sailors entered it, was a mass of wreckage.

The wonderful secrets had died with their mad inventor. And Phil Tregennis, for one, was not displeased. Phil felt that he had done his duty. All the gold had been recovered, and was now in the hands of the authorities.

"As far as we're concerned, Spud, the whole adventure is over," said Phil, a week later. "And now for a quiet life!"

They were on the mainland, approaching Garth Castle. Phil's inheritance! Phil was really going back to school, but he could not resist the temptation to stay a few days at Garth—and Spud had eagerly consented to accompany him. Phil had not forgotten his promise to his dying uncle.

"Faith, Master Phil, 'tis a fine old pile!" said Spud suddenly.

They had been walking up from the quaint little Cornish village, and for some time they had traversed the rough, rugged, desolate country. Now, turning a bend in the lane they came within full view of Garth Castle. It was a fine old edifice, with many pointed towers and frowning battlements. An incongruous note was struck by the huge domed central tower—a recent alteration. The Great Tower, as Phil knew, had been Roderick Garth's observatory.

The two boys passed along the gravelled drive through beautiful gardens, and well kept lawns. They were accorded a hearty welcome to the castle by Mrs. Wren, a kindly looking old lady who had been Uncle Roderick's housekeeper for years.

"'Tis yours now, Master Phil," she said. "I'm thinking may be, you'll no longer need my services."

"I want you to stay on, Mrs. Wren," said Phil quickly. "I don't know quite what I'm going to do—yet. But for this winter, at least, I want everything to go on as usual."

She looked at the boys gratefully—and yet, somehow, there was an expression in her eyes which sent an unaccountable chill down Phil's spine. He could not explain it. Spud, too, felt something of that sensation.

Mrs. Wren made them very comfortable. Phil had warned her of their coming, and a splendid meal was ready. Later, she talked a bit, and she told them of Roderick Garth's many eccentricities.

When bedtime came the two chums found them-

selves in a cheerful room where a fire blazed in the enormous, old-fashioned grate. There was no actual fireplace, but a great stone, on which the fire lay, sending its flames leaping and flickering up the vast chimney.

The boys put out the light, and climbed into the massive old four-poster bed. They sank luxuriously into the feather mattresses, and Spud was soon asleep. Phil remained wakeful, thinking of his mad uncle, now dead. But the warmth of the fire and the deep comfort of his bed soon made Phil drowsy. Gradually his breathing became deeper as he fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

**P**HIL did not know what had awakened him, but, suddenly, he found himself sitting up in bed. Spud was snoring gently. The light in the room was now a soft, ruddy glow. The fire had burned low, and the enormous grate was full of red hot embers. Little columns of smoke were curling upwards, and here and there flickered tiny flames.

"Funny!" muttered Phil, preparing to turn over.



**THE FIEND OF THE FLAMES.**—The devil figure stepped right out of the fire amid a shower of sparks. From its head jutted short horns, its ears were long and pointed.

"I don't usually wake up without any reason—" His eyes suddenly widened. Was he going mad—or could he see something rising from the very midst of the fire? A figure, vague and vile and hideous?

Phil remained petrified with a nameless horror. Something *was* materialising out of the very heart of the fire!



A human figure, blood red in colour. . . . No, a devil's figure! A face, distorted with malevolence and hatred; eyes which gleamed redly, with demonic fire—eyes which stared straight into Phil's.

Before the lad's horrified gaze, the devil's figure rose higher and higher, until, at length, it stepped right out of the fire, leaving a shower of sparks behind it. There were short horns jutting from the forehead, the ears were long and pointed . . .

The Fire Fiend advanced slowly, menacingly, and as it did so it faded, it grew unreal, and the very fire itself died away. The room was utterly black. The spell seemed to pass, and the lad uttered a choking cry. At the same moment, clutching hands reached out of the darkness—groping for his throat.

"No, no!" shouted Phil thickly. "Spud!"

The hands were gripping his throat—searing, scorching hands. The hands of the Fire Fiend!

*Crash!* Phil fell out of bed and shook the floor violently. The next moment he heard Spud's startled voice.

"Master Phil! What's happened? Where are you, Master Phil?" A match spluttered, and Spud managed to light a candle. He found Phil Tregennis sprawling on the floor.

"The Fire Fiend!" gasped Phil, staring about him with horrified eyes. "It—it clutched at me, Spud! A devil . . . it came right out of the heart of the fire . . ."

"You've been having a nightmare, Master Phil—that's what's the matter with you!" said Spud, with relief. "The fire's out."

He walked across to the great fireplace, and it was a fact that the fire was now merely cinders and white ash.

"I—I can't understand it," muttered Phil dazedly. "That—that awful thing came out of the fire, and advanced towards me. Then it vanished, and I felt its burning hands—"

He broke off. Spud was staring fixedly, intently, at Phil's neck. And at the same time he held the candle nearer, so that the flickering light should be stronger.

"What is it?" asked Phil tensely.

"Mebbe it wasn't a dream!" muttered Spud.

Phil put a hand to his throat, and he shuddered with sudden pain. On both sides of his bare throat there were long, searing burns, already blistering!

"Give me that candle, Spud!" panted Phil.

He took it, and ran across to the fireplace. But there was nothing there to account for Phil's ghastly experience. Both lads were filled with a nameless fear. What black magic was this?

"Look, Master Phil!" exclaimed Spud suddenly.

The door, which they had left securely fastened, was standing half-open, and even as they looked, it moved slightly, although there was no draught.

"There's something mighty queer about this," said Phil grimly.

He moved across to the door, and with a sudden determination, he strode out into the great corridor. As he did so he uttered a startled cry.

When they had come to bed, that corridor had been sedate and dignified, with a soft carpet on the old floor, pictures hanging on the panelled walls. Now the floor was bare, mildewy, and the walls were green with vile fungus. Great cobwebs were festooned from the arched ceiling.

"The place is a ruin—and last night—" Phil tried to grip himself. "We're not dreaming now, Spud!"

With a candle held high, he and Spud went down the corridor. Suddenly, two great bats fluttered down and swooped past them. They came to the landing, and gazed down into the panelled hall,

which was in a similar state of decay and desolation as the corridor.

"Let's—let's get out of this place, Master Phil," breathed Spud. "It's the abode of the devil!"

"Listen!" hissed Phil.

From the darkness of the hall came the sound of a slow, measured tread.

"In here—quick!" muttered Phil.

There was a door just behind them. Phil was not superstitious, and already his keen, active brain was full of grim suspicions. He opened the door, and he and Spud passed through into one of the other rooms of the castle.

*Thump-thump-thump!* The ponderous footsteps could be heard distinctly. Phil closed the door. As the latch slipped home, he experienced an extraordinary sensation. The door was passing away from him—sliding upwards!

"Spud!" Phil croaked. "The floor's dropping!" Rapidly it fell away, carrying them down into the unknown.

### The Hypnotised Horde.

**D**OWN—down—down! The speed became faster, and the two youngsters clutched at one another.

The candle had suddenly gone out, and they were in pitchy darkness. Yet, in spite of the singular happenings, Phil kept his senses. He could hear a curious whining hum—and the sound was familiar. He and Spud were in a lift!

The knowledge brought Phil back to realities with a jerk. Already the lift had descended far below the depths of the castle cellars.

"Steady, Spud," said Phil, as he felt his companion clutching desperately at him. "There's nothing ghostly about this. It's an ordinary lift."

Suddenly the whining note altered. With a jerk the lift stopped, and without warning a door slid back. Lights flooded upon them and, rather dazed, they walked out.

An amazing sight met their gaze. They were standing just within a cavern, the sheer rock wall of which towered far above them into the blackness. The size of the cavern, as it stretched out in front of them, took their breath away.

It could have been nothing less than a mile in length—and perhaps two miles, and it was half as wide. Suspended in mid-air, with mysterious blackness above, were hundreds of twinkling lights. Electric lights! Figures were in sight—tolling, labouring figures.

Not far from them a miniature railway could be seen, its tracks running across the rocky floor of the cavern. And even as the boys watched, a tiny train of metal trucks came into view, hauled by a gang of great negroes, who were bare to the waist, and whose bodies shone with sweat.

With a clatter and a rumble, the trucks passed on—far into the depths of the vast cavern. They were loaded with rocks and earth—and now Phil could see, dimly, that the entire back of the cavern was being piled with this kind of debris. Some sort of excavation work must be going on, and the cavern was being used as a depository.

"Look out!" came an exclamation from Spud. Three of the enormous niggers had emerged from a rocky tunnel near by. They walked straight past the boys. Yet, amazingly enough, they took no notice. They seemed to look at Phil and Spud, but they did not see them. Their movements were mechanical. They vanished into the dimness of the cavern.

"But—but this is fantastic!" said Phil, shaking himself. "What can it mean?"

Another gang of niggers was approaching, hauling an empty train of metal wagons. With a sudden



impulse, Phil ran forward, and Spud accompanied him. They stood right against the miniature track, and the niggers trailed past.

"Just a minute!" said Phil, his voice sounding queer in his own ears. "Where are we?"

But the niggers ignored him. Apparently, they did not hear him. Phil and Spud might have been

"No!" said Phil, grimly. "Don't you realise, Spud, that this tunnel is leading for miles? It passes right out under the sea—under the Channel."

"Jumping jellyfishes!" gurgled Spud. "A—a Channel Tunnel!"

"If it is, it is a secret tunnel—and that means that it is being made for crooked uses!" said Phil, tensely.

He was looking at the rounded walls of the tunnel. They were as hard as rock, and yet they seemed to be made of a deep brown material like concrete, and there were strange circular marks all round, as though they had been made by some kind of machinery.

Further and further the boys penetrated. And presently, in the far distance, where great lights blazed, they could see a strange gleaming machine at work. It was whirling and roaring—and Phil knew that it was boring through the solid sub-soil, far beneath the Channel.

The speed of the thing was incredible! This amazing machine was moving forward perceptibly, inch by inch, foot by foot.

By some magical marvel of construction, the excavated earth was being mixed with chemicals, and another part of the machine was plastering the mixture round the newly excavated tunnel. The stuff set like lightning, of concrete hardness. The nigger gangs were required for the removal of the surplus soil.

"I can't believe it, Spud," said Phil, fascinated. "Who could have invented this amazing machine? My uncle?"

"Who else?"

"You're right, Spud!" muttered Phil. "But what stupendous conspiracy have we hit upon?"

Spud suddenly clutched at his young companion's arm.

"Mebbe the people here don't know that Zarazan—as your uncle called himself—is dead!" he said. "They're carrying on, thinking that their boss will come back."

"By Jove! I believe you've hit it!" said Phil,

his eyes gleaming. "That's what Uncle Roderick tried to tell me before he died. His operations were not entirely confined to Droone Island; this is the real plot—the real conspiracy! But I don't understand."

"And never will you understand!" said a soft, mocking voice.

The boys spun round, and they both uttered cries of horror. For, standing there, in the tunnel, with his long robe, his white beard, and his conical hat, was—Zarazan, the Sorcerer!

### Hurled Into Space!

"DID I not promise you some surprises, my dear nephew?" came Zarazan's voice, still full of mockery. "I have permitted you to see a little of what I am doing here because it will be the last thing you will see on this earth."

Phil Tregennis gripped himself,



**THE DEATH FLIGHT.**—With a metallic clang the spring was released. The platform shot upwards, and the two boys were hurled into the air.

invisible. Then it was that Phil, staring into the eyes of the niggers, knew the truth.

"Spud!" whispered Phil. "They're hypnotised! Can't you see the 'deadness' of their eyes? This affair is getting on my nerves. And, by thunder! I'm going to find out what it all means! Let's follow this gang!"

The cavern, at its extreme end, narrowed down, and became a great tunnel. The miniature railway ran into it, and with a rumble and a clatter, the empty train passed along.

Phil and Spud followed, and nobody challenged them. The hypnotised niggers, apparently, were so completely under the spell that they needed no guards.

The spell! The term made Phil catch his breath in. He knew that Zarazan had practised the grim arts of black magic! Were these unfortunate negroes held in some necromantic spell?

The tunnel became narrower, it turned once or twice, but only gradually. And all along its roof, the little electric lights were glowing.

Presently, the air became filled with a strange droning sound, which grew louder and louder. The very air throbbed with it, and the sounds came echoing and re-echoing down the tunnel.

"Let's go back!" panted Spud.



"You can't fool me!" he said fiercely. "You're not my uncle! It's easy enough to wear that get-up and pretend—"

And then he broke off, for, suddenly, Zarazan had whipped away the hideous mask, and there, fully revealed, were the familiar features of Roderick Garth!

"Uncle!" almost sobbed Phil, his brain throbbing. In a flash, the mask was replaced.

"I am Zarazan!" snarled Roderick Garth. "I am not Roderick Garth, but the reincarnation of the Great Sorcerer of Dead Atlantis! I am Zarazan, and I combine modern magic and ancient magic!"

He swept out a hand, and indicated the toiling horde. "You see the work I am doing?" he went on. "A Channel Tunnel! Yes! And I am building it for my own ends. You will never know more than this, for to-night you will die."

He gave a peculiar whistle, and two of the great niggers came up at once; they seized Phil and Spud, and the strength of the black men was amazing. The two boys were forced along, and as they went, Zarazan came behind them, and he was talking.

"You thought I was dead—which you did not know of my wonderful elixir which gives men the appearance of death!" he said. "I did not fall down that cliff, but climbed down a rope, of which you saw nothing. Later, I escaped from the mortuary, and the authorities hushed the matter up, thinking that my body had been taken by some of my former friends. When I saw that submarine approaching Droone Island, I knew that the game was up. And I planned to get you two boys into my power, so that I could kill you."

"I'm beginning to understand now," said Phil fiercely. "I suppose there's a trick in that fireplace? Somebody dressed up in asbestos clothes came through a trap, or something?"

"You are clever, boy—far too clever!" retorted Zarazan. "You must disappear. You will be found—your bodies will be found—under mysterious circumstances. But none can suspect Mrs. Wren, the kindly old housekeeper of Garth Castle."

And he laughed evilly. Phil wondered, at that moment, if Mrs. Wren was merely another disguise

of Zarazan's. Phil could not forget the strange look in Mrs. Wren's eyes—and the conviction grew upon him.

Phil now understood how the castle had changed. That was more of Zarazan's trickery—designed, no doubt, to bewilder the boys.

Phil and Spud were placed in the lift again, and up it went. But this time it did not stop upon the same landing, but went higher. When they emerged they found themselves in a room of marvels.

At the first glance Phil Tregennis knew that this was the great observatory, at the top of the central tower. For, over them, was the enormous glass dome, through which the stars could be seen twinkling.

Phil saw something else, too—something which made him catch his breath in. Perched on the stone parapet, silhouetted against the moonlight, were two great figures. They looked like enormous vultures, with folded wings. Even as Phil looked, they opened their wings and fluttered off. For a second Phil had a glimpse of hideous heads and faces—human faces!

"Ah! You have seen my watchers!" said Zarazan. "They are always there—always guarding me."

All around the boys there were strange scientific instruments. There was a great telescope—but this, Phil now believed, was merely a blind. On the other side of the great chamber stood a mechanical contrivance of gleaming metal. It was a thing of girders, with enormous coiled springs, visible amidst the metal supports.

At a word from Zarazan, the two great negroes, as dumb and as obedient as ever, set to work on two great handles, and the boys could hear the ratchets clicking as the great springs were being pulled back.

At the end of the contrivance, pointing skywards, was a metal platform, with great clamps projecting upwards. Both Phil and Spud watched with a strange dread.

At last the powerful springs were pulled right back, in high tension. And now half of the domed roof slid noiselessly back, revealing the open sky. The cold night air blew in, and Phil and Spud shivered.



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In all the excitements they had forgotten until now that they were still only wearing their pyjamas.

Zarazan seemed to see this, too. Suddenly he turned aside and gave some orders to one of the negroes in a language which was unknown to the boys.

In a very short time the man returned—and he was carrying the boys' clothing.

"You will dress!" said Zarazan curtly.

There was no sense in refusing. Spud and Phil, without wasting time, dressed completely—even to their overcoats and caps.

"It is better that you should be found floating, far out in the Channel, fully clothed," said Zarazan.

"If you are found in pyjamas, it will seem strange—and it might lead to awkward inquiries. But when people come to the castle, and inquire of Mrs. Wren, she will say that you left the castle in the early morning—that you went for a ramb'e along the cliffs. And people have fallen from the cliffs before now!"

"But—but what are you going to do?" asked Phil, horrified. "We're a couple of miles from the cliffs!"

Zarazan pointed to the great mechanism.

"This invention of mine is the answer!" he replied. "You will now be clamped to it—and when I pull the lever you will be shot outwards and upwards for over three miles. You will fall far out into the Channel. There will be no trace of how you came there. There will be no suggestion of foul play. Your bodies will be recovered—and so there will be no mystery and no inquiry."

"You—you demon!" panted Phil. "You can't do a thing like this! You may call yourself Zzrazan, but you are really my uncle, and—"

"Enough!" snarled Zarazan. "You have hindered me far too much—and now I shall have my revenge."

At a word, the negroes seized the boys and placed them, side by side, upon the metal platform. The steel clamps closed over them, and they were held immovable.

Zarazan reached for a lever, and with one movement he pulled it hard over.

*Claaaaaaaang!* There was a tremendous metallic sound, and the platform shot upwards and outwards on great extending, criss-cross supports. Phil and Spud, side by side, were sent hurtling skywards—at

an angle of about forty-five degrees. They were being flung towards the sea, and they shot through the air like stones from a gigantic catapult.

After the first second or two, during which they were absolutely dazed by the terrific air resistance, they found themselves thinking clearly. And, strangely enough, they were still side by side, so that they could almost have touched one another.

Phil's brain was crystal clear. He knew that there could be no hope. The water, when they struck it, would be like something solid. They would be killed instantaneously. Every bone in their bodies would be broken.

Then, suddenly, it seemed to Phil that a great black thing was looming ahead. Then a yell came from Spud, a gasping, stifled shout.

*Plop!* Phil charged fully upon something, and he found himself struggling, clutching. The shock had been so slight that he was not even bruised. He felt a hand holding his arm, and Spud's voice was in his ear.

"Master Phil! What's happened? We're not dead!"

"It's a balloon!" yelled Phil. "We hit it in mid-air!"

It was, indeed, a great gas-bag—without its basket. It had been drifting throughout the night—as the boys were to learn afterwards. It was a great balloon advertising the goods of a famous French firm. That balloon had torn away from its moorings, and had drifted across the Channel. And Providence had sent it right into the path of the hurtling boys.

They clung to the network of ropes, and they felt the silken bag sagging beneath them. Their weight carried it down. Drifting, they struck ground not twenty yards from the treacherous cliff edge.

As the balloon hit the ground, it rolled over, and the boys fell clear. The balloon itself, caught by the wind, rolled over once or twice, lifted and drifted on.

"It's a miracle, Spud!" said Phil Tregennis fervently, as he and Spud stood with the night air blowing in their faces. "We're saved—and Zarazan thinks that we are dead! We're going to give that uncle of mine the surprise of his life!"

Corporal Keith, the Mountie crook catcher and Timberhead, the Nig with the Cast-Iron Cranium, are here again next week in "The Red Rustlers' Round Up."

## THE JAPE MAGICIAN

(Continued from page 28.)

Remington—we'll go somewhere else with pleasure!"

The knuts of the Upper Fourth resumed their seats, and the car drove off. Remington continued on his way back to St. Giddy's, grinning craftily to himself.

## Wally's Rescue Race.

**W**ALLY WITHERS arrived at the gates of St. Giddy's, where Johnny Gee & Co. were waiting for him.

"Well?" inquired Johnny Gee. "Have you worked the oracle?"

"Yes, rather!" replied the new Removite. "But there's one fly in the ointment. Remington—"

"So here you are, you young rascal!" broke in a harsh voice behind him, and a hand was clapped heavily on his shoulder.

Remington of the Sixth had come up behind him, and he was breathless from hurrying to catch up with his victim. Remington, in fact, had been running best part of the way, being anxious to "nail" Wally Withers, before he had a chance to talk to anybody.

"Come along with me. Withers!" rapped

Remington, fastening a grip on the Remove joker's collar, and dragging him along. "You've been up to enough mischief this afternoon."

He marched the junior indoors, and up the back stairs, to the Punishment Room—Nobody's Study as it was called. Remington flung him in there, and went off, locking the door behind him and pocketing the key.

Meanwhile Wellesley & Co. were on the field, but of Duncan there was no sign.

"Where the Dickens is Duncan?" asked the school skipper looking round anxiously. "Has anybody seen him?"

Wellesley was in a quandary. Search had been made everywhere, but no sign of Duncan could be found. It was then established that Duncan must have gone out, and the school skipper's anger and impatience increased.

"Surely Duncan knows what time the match is due to start?" he exclaimed testily. "If he lets us down—"

"Well, I'm ready to play, Wellesley," said Remington, sidling up to the school captain. "I suppose I shall take Duncan's place, if he fails to turn up?"

Wellesley nodded shortly, and turned away.



Great was the excitement on the playing field at St. Giddy's, when the news of Duncan's absence got round.

In the distance, through a narrow, iron-barred window in the School House, Wally Withers looked down on the seething crowd, wondering why everybody was so excited.

More minutes passed, then he saw a crowd of excited fags rush by, down below. He heard Pumfret of the Third screech out to some more of the fag tribe in the distance:

"Have you chaps seen Duncan? He's missing! Wellesley's simply tearing his hair——"

Wally Withers drew a sharp, startled breath.

"Oh, my hat! George must still be at the ruined abbey—perhaps lost his way in the dungeons, or got hurt, and the water—I must get out of here.

Being a jape magician, he had studied the methods of Houdini, and a locked door held no terrors for him.

He set to work on the lock of the door with a bent pin.

Click! After a few minutes desperate work the door swung back.

Wally dashed pell-mell down the back stairs. In the quad he almost ran into Johnny Gee & Co., who had been searching for Duncan.

"I want to tell you about George—he's at the ruined abbey—maybe he's down in the dungeons," gasped the japer. "The water—the place will soon be flooded—George must be found, if he's there——"

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Johnny Gee. "Kimmon, chaps!"

With Wally Withers in their midst, they dashed from St. Giddy's, and tore through the wood towards the abbey.

They reached the ruin, and went pounding down the stone steps into the vault. Wally Withers uttered a hoarse cry of horror.

"The stone—it's been put back!" he cried.

Johnny Gee sprang to his side, and together they dragged at the ring, and wrenched the stone slab out of position. They gazed, with horror distended eyes, into black and gleaming water that swirled in a swift flood close to the open gap.

Wally Withers, with a hoarse cry, plunged headlong through the hole, into the swirling flood below. Johnny Gee, drawing a quick breath, followed him. Together, they swam along the flooded passage in utter darkness.

"Help—oh, help——" From the darkness came a choking cry of horror and despair. Hastily the Juniors swam towards it. Johnny Gee was the first to clutch the struggling figure in the water.

Next moment, Wally Withers was alongside. Together they supported Duncan, who was nearly spent from his terrible ordeal.

In the distance, they heard their chums' voices, and they swam through the flooded tunnels, to the spot where the stone had been removed.

Strong arms relieved them of their burden, and Duncan was drawn upward through the aperture.

"George! Are you all right?" cried Wally, kneeling beside his cousin. "I'm sorry, George, I was I who opened the sluices—just for a joke on the Upper Fourth—I didn't know that you were shut up down there. Someone must have put the stone back——"

"I—I shall be all right soon!" gasped Duncan. "But if you hadn't come just then, I shouldn't have been able to hold out much longer. Oh, it was awful! What about the match? I must get back!"

Duncan rose to his feet. Already the colour had come back to his cheeks, and he was breathing more steadily. He ran from the vaults, and out of the ruined abbey, and the Removites followed him. By the time he reached the school, Duncan was almost his normal self.

He dashed on to the football field, tearing his way through the astounded crowds of spectators. The two teams were lining up for the start.

Herbert Remington was there. He reeled back, his face turning a chalky white, when he saw Duncan dash on to the field. Wellesley ran up to the newcomer, gripping his hand.

"Duncan! Where have you been! Are you all right?"

Swiftly Duncan explained. He turned fiercely upon Remington.

"Was it you, Remington, who replaced that stone, making me a prisoner down in the dungeons?" he rapped out.

"I—I—I——" Remington licked his dry lips. "I sent your cousin away, but I didn't know you were there——"

"Well, it doesn't matter!" rapped Duncan, with a curl of the lip. He turned his back on Remington, and faced the school captain. "I'm ready to play, Wellesley, if you think I'm fit enough," he said. "I feel all right now——"

"Get your things on, old chap," said Wellesley in a low voice. "We'll wait for you." Then he turned to Remington.

"You can leave the field Remington. You won't be wanted now."

Remington went, and if ever a fellow looked ashamed and crestfallen in his defeat, Herbert Remington did.

The two captains had a brief chat. The skipper of Ravenscroft nodded his agreement to the short delay. Duncan was not long in getting dried and changed, and a burst of cheering arose as he came running on to the field.

Then the match commenced, and it was a game that lived in the memories of the boys of St. Giddy's ever afterwards.

During the first half, the advantage was with the Ravenscroft fellows. They scored twice, against the lone goal that Wellesley netted after a burst of really phenomenal play.

In the second half, Duncan came into the limelight with Wellesley, and their combined play on the home forward line was magnificent to watch. Duncan scored a brilliant goal, and after a thrilling battle, in which the game went from end to end, Wellesley once more rammed in the leather for his side! There was no more scoring, and the boys of St. Giddy's fairly made the welkin ring with their cheering at the finish.

Later, Wally Withers came to Duncan's study. He was looking very quiet and crestfallen.

"I'm sorry, George," he said. "I realise that I overstepped the mark in that jape I planned this afternoon. I—I might have been the cause of your death. I'll be more careful in the jokes I play in future."

"I hope you will, young 'un!" replied Duncan drily.

And Wally Withers kept his promise.

Don't miss the Fifth of November Furore of the Joyous Juniors of St. Giddy's in next week's chortling school yarn. The World's Wonder Inventions described in next week's Wonder Book.