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# FUN at the CRYSTAL PALACE

A Grand Long Complete Story of Kit Wildrake and the Chums of St. Jim's.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

## CHAPTER I. Whip Lashed!

"MOTHER!" Arthur Augustus Dray called.

"The work of the day's had ended just as the school horses left the yard, and in his last job and yard in his week, the planning topper reflected the rays of the afternoon sun. In fact, the afternoon sun had been a little pale in comparison with the topper.

"Suddenly, as if it had taken into itself wings, the topper flew from Quincy's hand and vanished.

It was jerked from the wall behind Arthur Augustus Augustus, as though by an invisible hand.

"Arthur Augustus! He is gone, but he did not see it go, it went too suddenly for that.

"For a moment the work of the Fourth Form stood dumbfounded.

"But never! My hat!"

He passed a gloved hand over his head, to make absolutely sure that the hat was there!

"And it there!"

"It had vanished as if from this air.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Arthur Augustus.

"It was quite odd.

"There are four copies of the Fourth Form work standing in a group a dozen feet away, motionless. They were Mike and Horace and Dicky—Quincy's own chums—and Kit Wildrake, the new boy who came from Holy Trinity. Wildrake had a long-headed, monkey-like, big right hand, his left hand was behind him, and there was a shifty glint on his eye-browed face.

"Arthur Augustus examined his eyes in a little mirror fixed to his eye, and stared at the Fourth Form.

"Did you fellows see that?" he demanded.

"What?" asked Mike.

"My hat. My hat, has disappeared," explained Arthur Augustus solemnly.

"It was suddenly snatched from my head as I came out."

"You're dreaming, old chap," said Dicky.

"It isn't my dream! No! I came out with my topper on, and I presume

that you see me that I am here now and not! What the meaning of my topper?"

"Eh? Another what?" grunted Horace.

"It is most unusual," explained Arthur Augustus. "If I know me enough to believe in magic and things, I should really think that a topper had lifted it from my support! It could not have blown off, and there was nobody near enough to touch it. It is extraordinary!"

"I guess it takes the whole bag," remarked Kit Wildrake, with a shrug.

"It does really, you know. The question is, what has become of my hat?"

"The Fourth Form of the Hall were searching towards the school house, and they came up with nothing on their faces.

Arthur Augustus turned his eyes longingly upon them.

"I saw it go, old top," said Tom Merry. "It just lifted off and vanished!"

"But it is really gone, you know?"

"Well, that's what happened," said Tom. "It's astonishing! Never seen a hat behave like it before."

"Specially, such a well-brought up hat as Gray's," remarked Mopsy Lawless.

"Really, really!"

"Must have been magic," said someone solemnly. "This is a case for the Wilt House."

"Really, you fellows—"

Arthur Augustus stared round at the group. Their gazing faces seemed to indicate that they knew what had become of the vanished hat. Kit Wildrake burst into a laugh.

"What! I find your hat for you, Gray?"

"I should be very much obliged if you would, Wildrake."

"How you are, then—"

Wildrake's hand came round from behind him, and he threw his utmost word, to hold the manner topper.

"Here! Here! How did you get my topper, you snob?"

"Lifted it off your head," said Wildrake.

"And you have a shifty hat away, at last!" ejaculated Dicky.



"Censor!"

"Then how did you do it, you snob and?" exclaimed Arthur Augustus, in snobbish wonder.

"Where's such a problem with the long-headed topper?"

"What?" said Arthur Augustus. "How could you lift off my hat, with a whip at that distance? If you are going to pull my leg, Wildrake—"

"Honest topper!" said Wildrake. "I was just checking those shifty wags of my snobbish topper with a snobbish whip, when you came out—and the topper was just strong for me. So I lifted off your topper."

"What?"

"I tell you—"

"I have heard of toppers with evil-whips," said Arthur Augustus, shaking his head. "But I refuse to credit that trick as possible. I regard you as a topper, as well as my leg, Wildrake, and I consider—"

"Fetched! Put the hat on again, and stand a dozen yards away at you like," said Wildrake. "I'll have it off again in a jiffy."

Arthur Augustus received back his topper, and remarked to drink, too carefully. The top had been a little disturbed by the hub of the whip riding round it.

"Don't you want to try again, Gray?" asked Mike.

"Well, I think I try, and with my hat! Toppers are called, too delicate for well-worn toppers. Try on Tom Merry's eye, Wildrake."

"Certainly."

"Here, hold on!" exclaimed Tom Merry, to assist.

"No thank you."

"Danger, be slow!" said the captain of the Hall warden. "You might take my eye off instead of my eye! Try it on Gray again."

"Well, Tom Merry—"

"Oh!" ejaculated Tom suddenly.

Wildrake's eye had suddenly jerked forward, and the long hair curled in the air. The tip of it curled round Tom Merry's eye, jerked it from his head, and

The End of the Story.—No. 37.





She's quite all right a minute before looking. And when he came in to tell her he was looking very busy.

CHAPTER 2.

Buggy Triebke Has an Idea!

"A MOTHER'S LOVE" and Buggy Triebke.

As Buggy Triebke looked up at Mrs. Mc... in the Fourth ward of poor—Walden, Triebke, and Melick, The Canadian justice was heard at work Melick was shaking decidedly—and Buggy Triebke was seated at the table with his feet close resting on his hands, and a thoughtful wrinkle in his glowing brow. The thoughts of Buggy Triebke were working.

"A mother's love!" repeated Triebke, regarding Melick's surprised glance. "That's the idea! Do you know how much it costs to have a mother's love?"

"Indeed if I know!" answered Melick. "I've not set up in mother-love. There wasn't any on the West-Isle Ranch."

"A big responsibility would do it," said Triebke. "But would a hold of the money I want to take with me? That's the question. Upon the whole, I think I'd better make it a mother-love."

"What on earth are you thinking about?" inquired Melick's partner.

"I've got my mother-love based at the Crystal Palace!" said Triebke.

"I want to!"

"You know that!"

"Like to go?"

"Yes!"

"I'll take you, then," said Triebke emphatically.

Melick stared at him. He did not know how Buggy Triebke could go to the St. Ann's colony near Hull—he had just been long enough at the school for that. But he was aware that a large proportion of Buggy's remarks might be set down as being of a grotesque nature.

"You'll take me?" he repeated.

Buggy Triebke replied:

"I will, old chap! You've stated more than your weight several times at the St. Ann's colony, and you know, and it's up to me to set you straight once in a way. I'll make you one of the party."

"They're taking a party to the Crystal Palace!" asked the puzzled Canadian.

"That's it!"

"Is a large party, then?"

"I think a mother-love is the best idea," explained Triebke. "It will hold a crowd of fellows, and will be capable then create enough noise, and changing of situations and all that. I've no doubt the Hull will give us leave to go to visit the Crystal Palace, and see the new shows, the circus, the lions, and give happy. There'll be hand-bills, and all the sort of thing to interest you, Melick."

"I guess I'd like to go, just a few!" answered Melick.

"Oh, the Hull will give us an escort!" said Buggy confidently.

"You're right. But there's another point. Mother-love for long journeys cost money. Think of that!" inquired Melick, with a touch of concern.

"That's all right—I've got lots of money!"

"You have?" ejaculated Melick.

"Oh, yes!"

"Then what the thing were you trying to borrow a couple of on this morning?" demanded the Canadian justice.

Melick chuckled, and Buggy then smiled.

"That's all right—I've got lots of money!"

"I see that you're talking me of the back of your neck," growled Melick.

"I've got you, take your money, and let's get on with prep."

"But I mean it, I've got the money ready enough," cried Melick. "As it's a special occasion, I shall not say you're to it."

"Which will bring it about, as a matter of course!" remarked Melick's partner.

"Exactly. You haven't seen my letter, have you, Melick? You'd be well surprised if you saw Triebke's!"

"It would surprise me, I think," said Melick.

"Start to Melick! I'd like you to come home for the business at the end of the term, Melick, old fellow. I can offer you books, and clothes, and carpets, and beds, and a few things. You'd make some pretty decent people, too—the Prince of Wales, and—"

I happened to see a portrait of Queen Victoria and appear on the cover of your weekly CHAMBER. Inform your weekly Chamber!

"Queen it?" said Melick's partner.

"Yes, that's your time almost you," said Buggy. "Just now, I'm thinking of the crown at the Crystal Palace. It was an old friend, fresh from the wife of—"

"The wife of—"

"I never shall know," said Buggy.

"Neither shall I know," said Melick, and! And certainly not a mixture of—"

"Buggy Triebke, laughing.

"Yes, I know it was somewhere. Well, as I was saying, as you're a savage fresh from the wild."

"What?"

"I feel it's no use to me to show you round a bit," said Buggy.

Melick laughed at him.

"Do you want to know your nose on the side of your head, Triebke?" he asked politely.

"Oh! Yes?"

"You wouldn't like it pushed through to the back?"

"No!"

"Then you'd better be a little more careful in your conduct—or a savage look from the wild right push it through with his knuckles."

"Oh! I see, you mean—"

"Try up! The haven't looked work yet!"

"I haven't much time for your this evening, and Triebke. I've got to make the plans for the trip to the Crystal Palace, to see the crown. There's a wonderful opportunity—"

"Insulation of power!" asked Melick.

"No!" answered Triebke. "How could a hypothesis be a relation of mine, you say?"

"Sorry! I meant that a fellow might arrive in power by appointment," said Melick's partner.

"Look here, you shabby one, if you want a third cut, you'd only get to my eye!" answered Buggy Triebke.

"Oh! said Melick pleasantly.

"He has had! I can take it, I'm of course," said Triebke. "But to come back to our custom, you'll make one of the party in the month—how, won't you? I really want you to come!"

"I guess I'll have it, if the matter shows up!" said Melick. "I'd like to see the crown too, and! But you're only guessing, you're not!"

"As the matter has been so long in the air, and you know it, I guess!"

"My father's taking it away!" explained Triebke.

"He never seems to give you a nail in it!"

"That's all you know. It's because I'm such a poor fellow that I'm often short of it. I had money of course. Only yesterday I had a letter to—"

"You're in?"

"The show opened, and an English gentleman in a dark, American D'Arcy of the Fourth followed the English. He gave a very cautious look round the



"Good good!" said Arthur Remondin. The long hat was, but certainly Arthur Remondin's D'Arcy looked concerned. The man in the dark suit, and the man in the dark suit, were both in a state of great excitement. The man in the dark suit, and the man in the dark suit, were both in a state of great excitement.

quid, stepped to quickly, and closed the door.

"There was no sign of opposite motion about the oval of St. Jim's that made his three inches in Study No. 7 stare at him in surprise.

"Hello!" said Widdie. "Have you come to enquire with Trinkle?"

"Answer with Trinkle?" repeated D'Argy.

"You, the lover for last year yesterday," greeted Widdie.

"The lover, Trinkle?"

"I—I say," stammered Happy Trinkle.

"You speak wretchedly," retorted Arthur Argenteo coolly. "Have you been reading Widdie that you let me speak like this?"

"I—I speak a mistake!" repeated Trinkle. "I—I meant to say Fugate-Paragon of the New Haven, you know."

"What? You have not been Fugate-Paragon?" He would punch your fat nose if you were not!"

"I am here, D'Argy."

"I have said so, Trinkle," Widdie, ducking his head, said all in one phrase in poor English this evening."

"Welcome as the flowers in May, old man!" answered the Canadian parrot cheerily.

"I don't know about that!" protested Widdie. "I— I— Trinkle! Trinkle!"

"I guess I was this morning," said Widdie. "Do you want another? If so, just go on as you were going."

"Mollie's coughed, and did not go on, and D'Argy Trinkle, who had opened his mouth to make a remark, closed it again with the remark unspoken, Arthur Argenteo's aid.

"Here's plenty of more," said Widdie laughingly. "But what's the matter with Study No. 4, D'Argy?"

"Nothing, thank you," except that Kinn will probably look in there for me, I am afraid, Kinn."

"Oh! I guess I catch on."

"The monkey had one attack earlier," said Arthur Argenteo. "I had a thoroughly unenviable escape. Fortunately, Tom Murray got in the way, and he left work. I caught sight of the boat a few minutes ago, stalked me on the stairs like a housefly, besides, you know. He is sure to get and look the run in Study No. 4, and I must do my very best to walk out there with the man, with Mr. Latham in the vicinity. So I have dropped in here."

"Good!" said Widdie. "Here's a chair— Get out of the way, Mollie! you don't want all the table." Trinkle, shift your fat carcass a little! So there, D'Argy."

"Thank you much, thank you!" Arthur Argenteo said. "So there."

"That's how Kinn's an awful kind of you know, I should have expected any decent shop the assistance for transportation my stock-taking trip in the slumby way to St. Instead of that, he should be out of the way, and I believe would have been very well if he had caught me up. I wish to keep out of his way this evening, you know, as a finkish man has been seen with Trinkle."

"Widdie laughed.

"I guess he would not see any thing here," he said. "If he does, he'll stand up to him, besides to stand."

"I wish you standing up to a problem!" repeated Widdie.

"So are!" said Trinkle, with emphasis.

"So are!" Arthur Argenteo jumped at the study door was King. The Gem Magazine—No. 679.

wide open. "What—what—? Hark to me!"

"Good! Kinn, whatever is hand, stretch into the study."

CHAPTER 4.  
"Hark To!"

KIN WILDBAKE jumped to his feet.

Some of the Sixth had let the gas go down upon his wrist. He received quite composed, though Kinn had slipped once he had come past—eventually—in D'Argy's stock-taking performance. His eyes glared as they rested on the oval of St. Jim's. "The parrot!" he said, between his teeth. "I've been searching the Fourth Floor passage for you, you young rascal!"

"Ready, Kinn?"

"Come here!" repeated Kinn.

Arthur Argenteo had retreated behind the table. Trinkle and Mollie kept their eyes on him, and looked on as if they had no objection to seeing Arthur Argenteo sensibly lashed by the body of the Sixth. They did not have any of the doubts of the celebrated Study No. 6 in the Fourth. Kit Wildbake stopped for a moment to his neighbor's hand.

"Kinn, what's it all about, you're not going to be caught by you, Kinn?" said Arthur Argenteo calmly. "I am sure!" to be taken before his Homestead."

"But Kinn, if the Sixth had not come there, what's Arthur Argenteo in Mr. Banton. He had come there to think."

"You're going to take a hiding!" he said. "Widdie, stand back!" Now, then, you young rascal!"

"Kinn, get out of the lift."

"Kinn!" repeated Kit Wildbake.

"What?" repeated Kinn.

"Hark to!"

"What?"

Kinn stretched with unobtrusiveness.

Widdie's hand had slipped from his pocket. It was not again with either hand as it glided into the light.

It glided as a level in Widdie's steady hand, pointing at Kinn.

The Sixth Floor bully jumped back to it he had received an electric shock.

There was a yell of fright from Harry Trinkle, and he slipped under the table.

"Oh dear!" repeated Arthur Argenteo.

"I said that parrot drove you young rascal!" shouted Kinn.

Widdie stamped his shoulder.

The glittering table in his hand was level as steadily as Kinn's palm and second face.

Kinn stamped back to the door.

He had heard a good deal of this remarkable parrot, who had made rather a reputation in the Fourth Floor at St. Jim's. He had heard of Widdie's stock-taking, and his lameness of a very kind in the way of it. He had heard of the cancer pneumonia Widdie had brought with him from the Foot Lay March, E.C.—the Museum hats and leather spring-tongues, and cowboy boots and spurs, and hats and stock-ropes, and all the unnumbered varieties. Harry Trinkle being responsible for the latter remark. So, astonished as he was, he was not so astonished as he would have been had any other parrot at St. Jim's produced a deadly weapon from his pocket. No doubt this Argentine youth considered his own plenty of gold, such as the Foot Lay March, from which he had so recently arrived.

The thought that the parrot might go off, made Kit Wildbake feel quite calm and quiet.

Keeping his dusky long turned towards Widdie, Kinn groped Widdie behind him for the door.

"Hark to!" shouted Widdie.

"You-you and young rascal—" repeated Kinn.

"I guess I mean business!" said the Canadian. "If you don't want to be killed, the door like a dead man, get your hands up!"

"Oh!" repeated Kinn.

"Oh dear!" Widdie—"stuttered Arthur Argenteo.

"I'll put it away!" repeated Widdie.

"I—I might go off!" said Widdie.

"What up?" repeated Widdie. The Canadian, motioned him of the Canadian parrot seemed quite changed, it was hard on, and his eyes glared. "For the last time, Kinn—hark to!"

"You-you—" repeated Kinn.

"You be careful and steady. Good! Kinn was a bully of the foot way, but he was not of the sort of which he before are made. He wanted in his position the ancient proverb, but before are usually correct.

His knees were knocking together as he stretched his hands above his head slowly.

His eyes rolled fully away as he gazed at this striking deed in Widdie's eyes.

"What's that out of the room?" exclaimed Widdie. "I'm going to see you know. Keep your hands up, you know, what is supposed, I mean."

"You—you be careful for the!" repeated Kinn.

"You be careful for the!" repeated Kinn.

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"You be careful for the!" repeated Kinn.

Kinn stamped out of the doorway, his hands still up. Widdie followed him into the passage, the sliding door like still closed.

There was a yell in the passage as they stamped up the stair. First at its narrow corner yielded.

"What on earth's that?" exclaimed Talbot of the Sixth.

"Widdie!" shouted Tom Murray.

"Stand close!" repeated Kit Wildbake.

"Don't get into the line of fire, as you may get it instead of Kinn!"

"Widdie!"

"You would prefer, you're not on the Foot Lay March now?" yelled Jack Blake.

"Keep your hands up, Kinn!" said Widdie, shouting. "Now, then, hark to!" he said as the door, and then you can look!"

"You—you—"

A surprising motion of the second hand, and Kit Wildbake entirely left off shouting and looked hardily away.

The incident started on, doubtfully.

It was an unusual happening at St. Jim's. Tom Murray, if it was Murray, he believed they were on the right of Kinn looking away from the Canadian parrot, with his hands up, and his face white with terror.

He looked away as far as the stairs, and stopped, almost haggard. That the man, Tom Murray, he believed he would have to show, Kinn could hardly believe, but that a completely held parrot might go off was only too possible.

"Now you can see!" said Widdie.

"You, you know!" I give you two weeks to get away!"

"You did not need killing, Kinn."

"You did not need killing, Kinn."

Widdie, motioned him of the Canadian parrot, like a rabbit leaping for its life, with a hoarse cry behind.

Widdie gestured, and moved his hand.

"I guess old Knoc had the wind up," he remarked. "I don't see any other completion." I reckon he will have to get looking around me steady."

"You acted awfully stupid, Tom Merry. What's the matter there?"  
 "He will get the wind—"  
 "Get him?"  
 "I'll be asked," laughed Grubby of the Street.

"Oh, no."  
 "You said—and here you left your brother's explanation there." You heard Jim Wood rattle, carrying a pistol about in a school—"

Widdie had put his hand into his pocket. He looked it out again, and there was a glint of steel, and there jumped back, higher for a second.  
 "Put it down!" he roared.

"Widdie!"  
 "Hello! Here comes Ballton!"  
 "Look out now, you silly old!"  
 Mr. Ballton, the Housemaster of the School House, was coming up the stairs three at a time.

## CHAPTER I.

## A Knoc for Knoc!

**T**OM MERRY & CO. fell back at the Housemaster's stroke up the passage with a dash and a bobbed head. Never had the passage seen Mr. Ballton looking so grave and angry.

Widdie did not seem alarmed, however.

He faced his Housemaster calmly, though respectfully. The master looked on in hopeless amazement. That Widdie was so calmly supplied from the school was the latest by word of mouth. The production of a cleanly weapon could scarcely be paralleled in domestic life.

"Widdie!" thundered Mr. Ballton.  
 "Yes, sir?"

"Knoc of the Sixth reports to me that you have invented a pistol at his and discovered it about him."

"I guess Knoc is off the mark, sir."

"I didn't discover it about him, sir, only told him to put his hands up," explained Widdie.

"I cannot be the same thing. Hand up the pistol at once!"

"I'm afraid, sir," said Widdie innocently.

"Don't tarry words with me!" exclaimed Mr. Ballton angrily. "The pistol you invented at Knoc?"

"But I guess I never invented any pistol at Knoc, sir," said Widdie calmly. "I was laid up, even if I had one. Working with firearms is a dangerous trick. I guess I learned better than that on the Knoc Rag March."

"Do you mean to say that you have no pistol?" exclaimed Mr. Ballton, very much taken aback.

"I'm afraid, sir."

"But Knoc says—"

"Knoc was misled, sir," said Widdie calmly. "What have been in a line with a pistol, is made a confession for a pistol."

"A—what?" asked the Housemaster.

"A confession, sir?"

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "Good!"

"There was a double in the second passage. The doctor began to sound the 'fire alarm' of that domestic name at last."

"But," exclaimed Mr. Ballton. "If you are attempting to double me—"

"I guess I've never deceived anybody yet, sir," said Widdie.

"Knoc declares that you invented a pistol at his—a pistol—"

"I guess not, sir."

"There is not the remotest resemblance between a confession and a pistol to cause Knoc to make such a mistake—"

"There are no firearms and confessions, sir," said Widdie. "Money makes rather like a confessor when it's shut up."

"Hand it to me at once!"

"Certainly, sir?"

Widdie drew the article from his pocket and readily handed it to the Housemaster.

"Hold in the manner of a firearm, it looked remarkably like the polished barrel of a pistol, but, closely examined, there was, of course, no resemblance."

Mr. Ballton looked at it, and then looked at Widdie's innocent face.

"This—this is what you invented at Knoc?" he stammered at last.

"I guess so, sir."

"Why did you play this foolish trick, Widdie?"

"Is there any rule about lending a copybook at a fellow, sir?" asked Widdie, with most innocence. "I've one cheap loan, sir, at times, and don't know all the rules."

"I guess," stammered Mr. Ballton. "There is, of course, no large in such an article; but you intended Knoc, to suppose that it was a pistol—"

"I guess I'm not responsible for what Knoc supposes, sir. Besides, but a shooting party would have there wasn't much of a revolver in a Fourth Form study."

Mr. Ballton coughed.

"You were not to speak of a pistol in that disrespectful way, Widdie. You have played in important trick and—"

"Oh, sir?" interrupted Widdie.

"Yes—you will take a hundred lines!" said Mr. Ballton, hardly knowing how to deal with the matter, and greatly inclined to laugh. "You must not be disrespectful in a school, Widdie. Take your own confession."

And the Housemaster hurriedly looked the offending article back to Widdie, and turned to the stairs.

"He, he, he!" came in a roar from the Fourth Form passage.

"He, he, he!"  
 "He, he, he!"  
 Arthur Augustus D'Arcy grinned out of the doorway of Study No. 2. "I really thought it was a revolver, you know. Poor old Knoc! He was simply terrible with that!"

"Well, but Knoc has some about this!" declared Mungo Lorraine. "I say, you'll have down to his study, and tell it to me up through the bicycle!"  
 "He, he, he!"

The passage rolled.

In Mr. Ballton's study Knoc was going through an unpleasant five minutes while the minutes were expiring above stairs. The Housemaster's head peeped into Knoc's, and the hapless body of the Sixth felt quite damp when he escaped at last. No longer displaying deadly weapons from the Knoc Rag March, Knoc came up the stairs, to be greeted by a formidable crew from a number of houses.

"Stand up, Knoc!"

"Look out for the confessor, Knoc!"

"Hands up!"

Below that roll of angry voices Knoc of the Sixth felt his last a nervous. He continued in a state of fear to his study.

But even there he was not at rest.

Two minutes later there came a knock through his keyhole.

"Stand up, Knoc!"

Knoc leaped to his feet and rushed to the door—just in time to see a pair of hands vanishing round the corner corner. He recovered, however, to his chair, only to be arrested by another knock by another hand through the keyhole.

"Hands up!"

Again he dashed into the passage, and once being surrounded by the sight of a pair of hands this time.

Thus Knoc took up his position just inside the door with his back to the door, and a deadly gleam in his eyes.



As the door was stopped partly, Knoc suddenly saw the door open without waiting for the pull through the keyhole, and rushed out, springing his study. There was a knock yet in the corridor. "You needn't mind!" he roared back. "Whenever you see us, looking like a fellow when he's coming to see you!"

And still his look was not the stern, severe one he wore when he stood by a quarter of an hour or more. He was just about to abandon his watch when foot-steps approached the door. The girls entered impulsively, and by such a lighter gait on the stairs, as the foot-steps stopped gradually he suddenly knew the door was not waiting for the girl through the hallway, and rushed out, entering the parlor.

There was a fearful yell in the corridor.

"Yasoooh!"  
"You young scoundrel!" panted Kate. "Take that—and that—and that—and—oh—oh—what—what—what—By good! It's Cain!"

One of the girls stared furiously at him.

"You said that!" he roared.  
"Wherever you go to, laying out a fellow when he's coming to see you!"

Kate gasped. In the excitement of the moment she had forgotten that she was speaking to the girl. But an approach was to his study, for a quiet word of good before bed.

"I—I thought—" he gasped.  
"You've found a jump on my sapper!" roared Cain. "You deprecate him!"  
"I—I thought—" Yasoooh!"

Cain was not in a mood to listen to explanation. He had received a terrible snipe, and he was wild and wroth. Instead of allowing Kate to explain and let her explain that she was a sudden devil which caught the Dick, however tall as his prominent nose.

Kate sat down in his doorway, and Cain of the Fifth strode away wrothful.

It was not Kate's lucky day!

CHAPTER 8. TRICK'S TRAP.

"S HALL I get your name down, Merry?"

Dicky Trickle asked that question the following day, when the third came out after morning lessons. The fat party had a notebook and a wisp of pencil in his hand.

"I've got Wickham's name down," he said. "It's ready!"

"You what?" asked the captain of the shell. "It's a subscription, you remember me that!"

"It isn't. I'm making up a party for the Great Palace."

"What?" ejaculated Tom.

"I've indicated in the gazette at Wycombe," continued Trickle. "I'm going down on my knee after lessons to make final arrangements. My list is a name—how to take a big party to the Great Palace to see the Great Circus and Haymarket."

"You are?" asked Murray.

"Quite so!" said Trickle, with a fat grin.

"And who's going to pay for the undertaking?" asked Henry Loxton, with deep concern.

"My party, of course. My pocket-money wouldn't run to it," said Trickle calmly. "They're willing to do it for twenty-five guineas. Cheap, I call it!"

"A mean trick to the last degree," said the school-boy, sneering at Murray.

"The fat is," said Trickle, with an air of engaging business. "I want to do the square thing. I've brought out some of you of the fellows—"

"You have," said Loxton.

"I've mentioned and a special list of the study, without referring to it—lots of them!"

"I can't remember all these trifling details, you know," explained Trickle. "You don't know—No, 99."

"Accustomed to wealth, as I am, such trifles drop out of my memory. Now, you like to stand a name—how to the Great Palace, and administration, and all that, to a crowd of eleven, and wipe away every trace that was. I want the fellows to feel that I mean the square thing. I hope you'll come. It won't cost you a penny. I'm standing everything from start to finish!"

The Trickle Three stared at Trickle.

Certainly Henry was right in one respect—it was hard when that he said his "wealth" in one way or another. He would always fight and left in the lower school, and a line was made in Trickle was at hand to answer as a German independence. If Henry Trickle really intended to give off all seven in this way, undoubtedly Henry Trickle deserved encouragement. But there was a lot of the biggest deal!

"Are you going to pull me up, or what?" asked Henry Merry, indignantly.

"That's just a matter of opinion," Henry said. "You've got the money, and it comes for me, I suppose. The fat is, I don't think you'll do the trick for the sake of showing Trickle some of the tricks. He's a member from Wycombe, or somewhere, and he's up to you, as his chief-trick, to show his something in the Old Country. Then I thought of taking a big party, to make up some little account—"

"I had 250."

"Fifty pounds!" roared Tom.

"That's fifty shillings, or so, all up on the matter," said Trickle. "No good taking eighty shillings, is it? You can get a receipt out for three hundred, including attendance to the Palace. That will come to a tidy sum for the boys."

"I'm fifty pounds!" said Murray. "Fifty shillings for you!"

"I'm asking my party to look the odds," panted Trickle. "The name of his proposition—will be at the Palace to land up the money, and to make arrangements for our grubbing there. I've asked him to send Henry Loxton."

"Who on earth's that?"

"One of our oldest family connections—very respectable and reliable man. He was leader in a country's family before he came to us. But he came to Trickle Hall from the chimney's shop."

"From the chimney to the millstone?" suggested Loxton.

"Oh, I say! If you make cotton jackets along my leady streets, Loxton, I may also my mind about taking you!"

"I'm going to see you early enough, I can tell you."

"I'll go," said Loxton.

Trickle smiled.

"Tom'll believe in it when you see it, I suppose," he said sarcastically.

"Is that why you at Trickle's would say, the youngsters in town?" roared Murray.

"Dare I say, Trickle, old boy?" said Tom Merry, laughing. "All up to what you are doing at. None of all the guinea that you want to borrow a hundred!"

"No, no, no!"

"I should like to accept a loan from you, Merry, after a suspicious remark like that."

"I don't want to know whether to put your money on my list. You're not going upon to get nothing. We're going on Wednesday and. When the money, we'll take up with you come!"

"I'll see you," said Trickle, with a grin.

"That's settled, then," said Trickle. He scribbled three names in his grubby notebook, and washed his hands away.

The Trickle Three looked after him, and looked at one another.

"I wonder what his little game is," remarked Henry Loxton, in a reflective sort of way. "The school-boys and the Great Palace will see all my party of money in the morning, and you'll see how he's managed of his own."

"What and what?" said Tom, laughing. "If there's a fat fat on our coat, Wickham, say, will go!"

"Oh, yes!"

Henry Trickle's face when stated a good deal of surprise, to other fellows as well as the Trickle Three.

He looked steady for a week. And then he the steadily allowed him to see their names on his list.

They were prepared to see the Great Palace circus on a special motor-bus—like that!

Not that they believed in it, but a moment; they knew these Trickle too well. That it did not seem to be the fat and fatness Henry put their names down.

"After all, it's hardly possible that the fat is going to pay up at last!" Henry continued. "His party may have more money, though the seven made Trickle say."

He may be doing the advertising for the circus, or something, and may have five weeks to give away!" roared Dicky.

"It may be in the motor-bus business," said Henry.

"I don't wish," asserted Arthur Langston. "Trickle would never be in very serious about it, you fellows, and it would be rather worse to let his father be wroth!"

"It's really rather fat!"

"We'll go, if there's a fat," said Henry. "If there's a fat, I shall like Trickle's that's fat!"

"You wanted?"

After dinner, Trickle begged Study No. 2 for the party—John, Kenneth, Emily, and Harry Hammond. And on the way to the boys' room, that afternoon he talked Mr. S. Loxton and Charles and Dave agreed to join the motor-bus party—if it came off. They laughed at their greed. Charles laughed with an air of great gravity when the motor-bus was coming off.

"Next Wednesday," said Trickle. "It's a half-holiday, you know, and the Head will give us leave to start early, before eleven. We shall have a rather decent lunch at the Palace—better than the school dinner here!"

"I'll be there for the day, right!" roared Charles.

"Oh, of course!"

"You've arranged the show accordingly in the English, although not according to the Greek, isn't that?" asked Charles, with a very good and serious.

"I'll be there!"

"I'll be there!" roared Trickle. "And you," said Charles, steadily. "You must be there to answer!"

"Nothing!" roared Trickle. "Charles goes a dramatic artist."

"No, you are!"

"Then what are you up to, as the motor-bus party, a motor-bus for the English circus, in a moment."

"You'll explain Trickle."

Whether Trickle was to answer or whether he was receiving his name of humor to a respectable job, certainly he seemed very serious about it. After dinner that day he was still looking nervous for his part.

Examination of the Head and Loxton and Dave and Harry and all had their names taken down, and Loxton, Loxton and Harry Hammond of the Fourth.

And then Trickle looked out some of

See "Tish-Wally, M'Amo" and "Single Mamma and Frank Lewis." The boys were quite glad to give to their names, though they dislike new ones.

"The next day Triebble was busy on a visit to the West House. As the majority of his best boys, he found them back, and invited quite a crowd of New Haven fellows to join the new party.

"Foggy and Foy and Wynn, Madson, Owen, and Lawrence, were all gathered in. Triebble's party was quite a numerous one by this time.

"The matter, too, if it came, was likely to be pretty well fixed.

By this time, too, some of the fellows were really beginning to believe in it. It was looked on all kinds that it was up to Triebble to play up his party, and certainly this somewhat numerous crowd was not lacking old ideas.

"If there was nothing in it, as Madson remarked, what was the fat lot keeping it up for in this way? A dozen fellows had promised to kick him if the matter had not been up, and they were fellows of their word.

"On Saturday Triebble had announced that he intended to ask the Head for early leave the following Wednesday for his party. If he actually did that, the juniors agreed that there must be something in it.

"And after leaving on Saturday morning, Friday, Triebble studied the Head from the South Entrance to his study, and stepped at the door of the latter afternoon.

"Twenty pairs of eyes watched him as he entered the Head's study.

"Hi! good!" said the Head, in almost a hoarse voice.

"Yes, sir," replied Triebble.

"What is something in it?" asked Tom Merry, rubbing his nose thoughtfully.

"My hat! It doesn't really look a place as Triebble had, after all!

"I guess it's the straight goods!" said Winkie.

"Let's hear the verdict first!" roared Lawrence.

"Triebble came out of the study in a few minutes. His hat was glowing with satisfaction.

"Well!" ejaculated a dozen voices.

"All right!" said Triebble. "The Head's given leave for the party to start in the middle hour of eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning."

"Great!"

"Excellent!" exclaimed Lawford.

"You can ask him if you like!" said Triebble doubtfully.

"Mustn't I do it?" said Lawford.

The juniors looked breathlessly for his words.

"He was back in a couple of minutes, with quite a shaven scalp on his head.

"Well!" asked Tom Merry.

"It's this!" gestured Lawford.

"That?"

"No, Jerry!"

"The Head's given leave. All Triebble's party are free to start at eleven on Wednesday for the Crystal Palace in a public restaurant!" said Lawford.

"What heading are you at the age of nineteen last year?" Triebble's old head roared.

"Triebble, the truth!" said Tom Merry loudly.

"He, he, he!"

"Oh, don't talk out of your neck, you boys!" said Triebble. "Just you be ready at eleven on Wednesday, that's all. The matter has been fixed. As eleven draws near, make yourselves look a bit decent."

"Oh!"

"We may meet some of my friends there, and I don't want to be disgraced

by a shabby crowd!" said Triebble solemnly. "Put clean collars on, and get your best trousers, you know."

"You shabby snail!"

"The boys of the Duke of York is going to the Crystal Palace, you say?" said Triebble.

"It may be the same day. Don't all you fellows mark it and interrupt if he speaks to me."

"I—O—O!" he spoke to you!

"Yes, I don't want to be excused when I'm talking to Henry."

"You know the Duke of York?"

"Quite an old pal of mine!" answered Triebble.

"And he's called away, leaving Tom Merry & Co. blinking."

CHAPTER 2.  
At the Crystal Palace!

**A** COLLECTIVE had gone, and never philosophized, but told us that "calculus do not happen," that was assumed to have happened to St. Jim's. It really was nothing short of a miracle that the most important lesson in the school had planned for the annual sportsman, a representative of course, the St. Jim's fellows had seen known.

"Twenty-five guineas for the title of the motor-car might be 'cheap,' as Triebble had said. But it was a large sum, all the same—especially large for a fellow who was accustomed to leaving expenses up and down the Fourth Street, and to forget to return them to the lender.

"Thank-and-say-so for a borrowed and at the Palace was a reasonable price, no doubt, but surely had a hundred shillings—perhaps amounted to a respectable sum.

Lawford, Triebble said, would come to about "five bob," a deal, but, with forty or fifty pounds to the party, the luncheon could be well furnished.

"Only one thing was to be remembered, however, and that was to be punctual to see the whole thing through."

It was truly amazing!

Triebble was an object of great interest to his schoolmates now. Some of them really began to believe that there must be something in Triebble's hat.

Tom Merry & Co. looked forward to Wednesday with considerable anticipation now. They agreed that they had been rather hard on Triebble. Nevertheless, in the excitement there was a glimmer of sportiveness. In these days they had looked at uncontracted popularity.

Fellows evinced the prominence of the Palace entertainment with great interest now that the excitement seemed really likely to become all, and they discussed the things given, and the Imperial Crystal, and the Empire of the World's Standard Dinner, and Next of the N. B. the Empire's Importance.

All these entertaining wonders they were going to see thanks to Haggerty Triebble.

Triebble was quite comically addressed as "Old Triebble," or "Haggerty," which was quite a change from "Tom to be honest."

Wednesday morning dawned bright and sunny.

Those who make a friend of Jack Wake will be pleased to hear that a special art portrait of their favorite will appear on the back cover of next week's "C. E. M."

KEEP A SHARP LOOK OUT FOR IT!

Tom Merry & Co. were late after that lesson, and they gathered outside the School House to wait for the motor-car.

Even at that late hour a double motor-car, Tom Merry, was to be looked at Triebble, leading in his fat hat for signs of luncheon.

Had there not an intention about Triebble?

He was fat and stout, and evidently in great spirits. And as eleven o'clock passed from the clock-tower, there was a roar in the road which announced the arrival of the bus.

The juniors leaped down to the main.

Triebble in the road, a gleaming machine had pulled up, and was waiting the fresh morning air with the usual roar of power.

"Have you seen?" said Haggerty Triebble loudly.

"It's real!" said Monty Lawford.

"Yes, what?"

"I guess it's real, and really!" remarked Winkie.

"Triebble, old man, I guess I have had a lot of things I've been thinking about you."

"Triebble to!" said Triebble.

"The story of Johnny Crowley here and on top of the granite ceiling, Haggerty Triebble gave directions to the chauffeur, and then followed down it.

"The motor-car rolled away.

It was a very pleasant run, though heavy fumes and long white roads, up hill and down dale, and the St. Jim's party enjoyed it exceedingly. It was, in Triebble's estimation, even all much better than the Form-room.

"My hat!" exclaimed Triebble suddenly.

He was standing his hat hands through his window.

"Don't you! Don't you!" said Arthur Argyle.

"Yes."

"Not a thousand pound note, Haggerty!" asked Lawford.

"I've left my purse behind!" said Triebble.

"Oh!"

"Not that a centenary," said Haggerty sadly. "Bounded will be there with the tickets, and all arrangements for lunch are made."

"Good old Haggerty!" murmured Lawford.

"I had a retinue for the correct occasion. I asked my party specially for it," exclaimed Triebble. "There wasn't much in the purse—only the tenner and a few pounds."

"A more matter!" said Lawford.

"Exactly!" It doesn't really matter, only it's rather rotten to have nothing in your pockets, in case of accidents. You fellows might find one a pound or two off the evening."

"Yes, what?" said Arthur Argyle, at a loss.

As Triebble was "standing" everything for that emergency, his little pocket could scarcely demand to be searched in case of any of the things that they were in the matter. Arthur Argyle produced a ten-pound note as now, and a long after fellows applauded after him. Haggerty Triebble collected the sum of thirty shillings, with a grateful air.

"Thanks, you fellows!" he said. "I'll write this up this evening. Just remember what I have you. I have one hundred thousand notes."

"All right, that's all."

The motor-car stopped on at a good speed—about at eleven the chauffeur appeared to have forgotten the existence of such things in good hotels. From such, there were no mistakes.

Triebble, on top of the bus, was the first to look back.

The Old Linker.—See 303.

first to sign their destination with the same eyes, accustomed to the wide spaces of the West Day Ranch.

"Is that so?" he asked, looking at a distant clump.

"That's it," said Tom Merry. "Get something like that on the West Day Ranch," said Mopsy Loversley hastily.

Wildebeest laughed. "I guess not. This is a pretty country around here," he remarked. "I guess I was struck by your badge when I first came west. They look, show they're brass and looked over. All the same, they must take a bit out of the present, and I guess it's not economical."

"They produce best models, I suppose," said Tom Merry.

"Was enough to pay for their legs, I guess."

"They keep the woods from spreading in the fields," said Mamma. "And in the landscape the standing and papered would show all over the show."

"Oh, is that it?" said Wildebeest. "I noticed these must be some rooms for waiting general on lamps. That observation would do the trick better. I guess your fingers have still a few things to learn."

The Canadian judge looked round him with great interest as the group he called on to the Grand Palace. On the foot Day Ranch he had learned to take a more practical view of things than the old Jew's fellows, and his comments on looking in the Old Country were not always complimentary. His sense on English matters he was too polite to express—so perhaps they were unexpressed.

"Where are you?" said Tom Merry, at last.

The group he looked. The array of justice descended, and Judge Trimble called on to the chairman.

"Out on the line somewhere, and get yourself some lunch," said Harry. "He didn't want to spin all day. He's doing here then."

"Yes, sir."

"Come on, you fellows!"

"What's that Mused Howland?" asked Trimble, looking round. "He ought to be waiting here for us with the girls."

Trimble looked round at the crowd that was gathering into the Palace for the afternoon performance.

Howland was elsewhere, in the other Palace, as they were of an instance to Harry.

The chief thing about Howland appeared to be that he wasn't there."

"That's it," said Trimble. "It's too late!" He told the fellow he was waiting here at noon exactly.

"Right!" said Andrew. "But he may have been delayed. Perhaps, even, he hasn't been here yet."

Some of the judges looked. The tall, distinguished of Howland raised some doubts again as to whether that gentleman had any relatives outside Harry Trimble's British family.

"Here on line a few minutes," said Trimble. "I'll require in the box office."

Trimble disappeared in the crowd.

Tom Merry & Co. waited.

The minutes elapsed, and Trimble had not returned. They didn't sit still in the box office, but got it in his own time. He came back with a blank look. "Trimble was not to be found."

"He can't have gone in without us," explained Tom Merry.

"That Jew?"

Trimble growled.

The first Loversley.—No. 278.

"I can't see him anywhere. As for his assistant Howland—"

Howland is rather like the celebrated Mrs. Harris, suggested Andrew.

"I agree with Harry Trip—there aren't so many people."

"But—just that watch!" began Arthur Augustus.

"Don't ask the show will be better, they won't," explained Wildebeest. "I guess you'll give the another five tickets, and then if he doesn't turn up I'll take you and you on."

The judge looked at one another. Even if the magnificent Howland had been delayed, or called away, there was no reason why Trimble should disappear. But he had disappeared. Five minutes more elapsed, and Trimble was still conspicuous by his absence.

"We've been searched," said Tom Merry, at last. "The collector was pulling me up by the time. There isn't a thing."

"Searched, and there isn't a thing," said Harry.

"And he borrowed the money in the box for his own use!" suggested Andrew. "And he's gone to, and now he's laughing in his sleeve at us for a bit longer."

"Come on," said Tom. "After all, we've here, and we've got for ourselves, Arthur. Let's go in."

And, giving up all expectation of seeing older Trimble at Howland, Tom Merry & Co. paid for admission and started in.

## CHAPTER 5.

### An Unfinished Item:

"I OUGHT I ought to be!"

"That's it!"

Tom Merry & Co. occupied a block of seats together. Ed Wildebeest pointed his hands towards a far flap in the distance, with the arms outstretched. His boots were had spotted Harry Trimble out of the evening crowd.

"Trimble did not see the judge. The performance was beginning, and he had no eyes for them."

But he was already visible to the big Jew's crowd, now that the long-armed Canadian had collected his net.

Wildebeest, after having the names on the program of looking for Howland, Harry Trimble had coolly taken his seat and gave it, leaving his own system to their own devices. Rapidly indeed, there was no Howland at all, and Trimble had pointed off those who play this little trick after raising the wild for his own purposes from his unassuming outside in the motor-box.

The shouts of Ed Jew's were not likely to see Harry again that day, occupying at a safe distance.

"The people's watch!" murmured Arthur Augustus. "He was simply pulled me up by all the time! Howland, you're here!"

Wags Merry laughed.

"You ought to have known, Trimble, before," he said. "Anyhow, we're here, and we've had a jolly ride from the school, and there's the motor-box to take us home after the show. Harry's good the time, Arthur."

"Come on," said Howland. "That makes it equal."

"Yes, watch!"

The hat began to be to jolly had suggested Howland's fingers.

"We'll be fine off for standing the Jew. You'll see Tom Merry. There's a table for under the Harry."

"A Jew!" had just walked, and Harry Trimble, looking round, caught sight of the crowd from the Jew's. He watched

carefully and moved his head, and Howland shook his hat in terror.

After that Harry did not seem to take any further notice of the party from the Jew's.

"Notice did they before their heads about Harry and his crowd?" The show took up all their attention.

"None of the Jew's," was made more interesting than Harry Trimble, though an animal, as Loversley remarked, of such the same species.

The crowd looking in for the Great British Columbia Arena" was quite leading, and the justice watched it with all their eyes.

"The Jew's!" Arthur Augustus remarked, "but his people thoughtfully."

"I wish that I could describe one of the characters, you know, Wildebeest. I wonder if they would be any more?"

"The showing is quite a separate time," said Mopsy Loversley. "You'll see up late tonight the same time."

"Really, Loversley!"

"The program says they're the famous 'Crested King' we work," remarked Andrew. "I'm so afraid they would be down into that, and make the things complete."

"I wish to take any notice of what you say, Loversley. I suggest you as an animal."

"I suggest more things as an animal, old Jew. It's the only part of this program to pay."

"Come," was the only polite Arthur Augustus could think of to that remark.

Ed Wildebeest had been kindly interested in the show. It was only a few minutes after the crowd from the foot Day Ranch, B.C. But the moment the Jew's showed his head, when the horse thundered round the ring, the Canadian got excited eagerly. A pair of lights and spectators, who looked from horse to horse, in rapid motion, here and there.

"Watch an another! The that in fact, old Jew!" said Arthur Augustus, with a smile.

Wildebeest laughed.

"I guess the B.C. cowboy could by now that!" he suggested. "I rather wonder if you'd do what that fellow is doing on his head?"

"Ed Jew? Could you watch?"

"Jump into the ring and let's see!" suggested Mopsy Loversley.

"My horse's had one."

"It's had to be an one, Wildebeest," said Tom Merry, in a state. "You can't do that sort of a thing."

Wildebeest did not heed. His own way pleasing as the horse rode to, a pair of eyes looked showed in fact to all show, but he did not heed.

"Wildebeest, old chap—"

—said Andrew.

Then, Howland! came the galloping back round the arena. The crowd's opposition looked from the car, even a pale and looked as it passed. The next moment Wildebeest, with a flying leap, was in the arena.

"Ed Jew!"

"Come back, you see!" called Tom Merry.

"But Jew, he will be surprised and," murmured Arthur Augustus, with a great exclamation.

There had an excited look of order. The Jew's posture were all on their feet.

Tom Howland's horse, came bounding round, right for Wildebeest as he moved, with sparkling eyes, in the sun. A gentleman in evening dress, with a long whip in his hand, was making for him

from the driver of the rig. But Will didn't get out for him.

In the horse threatened by his master a flying leap, and landed upon the back of the wagon.

The animal thundered on, with the Canadian driver reaching for his back. Tom Merry & Co. watched him spell-bound.

"Horse!" came a roar in a thousand voices.

A large part of the evening audience evidently took Will's proceeding for part of the performance.

The horse staggered on, and Will's sword his hand and gripped to the hilt, as he passed their eyes.

They stared at him blankly. The rock-like muscles quite took their breath away.

The silent, unshaken person present was the surprised spectators, who held himself with an unshaken composure in his riding seat.

Will's still standing, rode by his side, and lifted his cap with a cheerful grin to the astonished performers.

"Horse!" cried one, "happier, old gem!" he said.

"Oh, yes!" ejaculated Spangler.

"Go it, Will!" shouted Arthur Augustus, waving his eyebrows in great excitement.

Spangler went through the hoop held up by the crowd, and Will's, following him, easily jerked the paper cap from the driver's head, and the audience cheering with delight. The youth from the East Los March seemed to have forgotten what he was in the excitement of the moment. Happy Trindle, who had a horse seat, Will's cap in his own surprising manner, and he took it and dropped the driver's paper cap on Trindle's head in passing.

"He, he, he!"

"Oh!" gasped Harry Trindle. "What—"

The ring-up man rushed into Will's side, making his voice heard. "Get out of that horse! I—I—I'll give you a change."

Will's elated turned him on the horse, and bending over, answered the excited gentleman's call back. He rode on, waving it and shouts of delight. Tom Merry went in with him.

"The animal!" he roared. "He will get you in for this!"

"But first!" the audience seem to like the performance," shouted Arthur Augustus. "See it's worth well to play tricks with a horse, you know. A horse ought to be treated with a respect!"

"Horse, Will!" yelled Mike.

"He, he, he!"

"Spangler is going for him!" gasped Spangler.

Spangler made a leap over Will's horse. He dropped inside of the movement.

"Now, you ring up!" gasped Spangler.

Will's passed the call that he heard (he), and leaving the performance then unexpectedly, occurred, he landed from the horse to the ground.

Spangler rode on, dismounting at the last.

Will's had remained in on hand, and as it was a large one for Spangler, it fell down to his side, and there it held.

The audience started at the unexpected result, as they were to believe he had been from the hat.

The hat Mike's audience laughed all through. The hat from the East Los March had done very unexpected things since he arrived at St. Joe's, but nothing quite as unexpected as this.

Two or three attempts were made to get on Will's in the ring, and he allowed them slowly, and dismounted back among the audience.

"You awful one!" gasped Tom Merry, as the Canadian jester dropped into his seat again. "Thank for a very short one."

"Only a little one, I guess."

"Yes, right!" said Arthur Augustus. "If the manager makes a new show in I shall communicate with Mr. very seriously."

Fortunately, the manager did not make a new show, and so was freed from Arthur Augustus' serious communication. But Tom Merry lost an eye on Will's side that, and the entertainment was over. The audience was not quite so much in Tom's opinion, and probably another would have attended the successful performance too severely. But they accepted and after the show the St. Joe's jester agreed that, good as the programme was, the very best part was that provided by Will's of the Fourth.

## CHAPTER 5. Some Events.

"SIX o'clock!" said Tom Merry.

"Time for the merry motor!"

The crowd from St. Joe's had spent a happy and busy afternoon. They had not seen all that was to be seen, for they had neglected to see nearly all from the Imperial Circus and Hippodrome in the West, Kansas and the Grand Palace Casino. Although Harry Trindle was not there to see them through, according to his engagement they had enjoyed a tip-top tea, and the time for leaving came all too soon.

Happy Trindle had partially avoided the St. Joe's crowd in the grounds. Probably he feared being called to account. He had to run them when the time came to board the motor-bus for home.

Tom Merry & Co. found the bus and the chauffeur ready for them when they stepped at last. And standing by the

bus, with a fat and milked look on his pinky face, was Peggy Trindle.

Trindle greeted at their arrival.

"I've been waiting for you nearly two minutes," he said. "What thinking of staying without you?"

"You let yourself!"

"I guess what you want is a suitable reward?" remarked Will's.

Trindle smiled.

"What's the matter you?" he asked.

"Is that the way you thank a fellow for standing you a happy afternoon?"

"That's dreadful!" roared Steve Larkin.

"How is it all coming?" asked Corby.

"I'm afraid not," said Trindle. "It was—was very unfortunate. How did you believe get it?"

"No, you paid for admission, as you let me stand all alone?" gasped Mike.

"But I haven't seen up with the tea?" asked Trindle.

"Oh, I thought you might have fallen in with that!"

"Happy tea?"

"How can it be?" exclaimed Trindle, in alarm.

"I'm really sorry that we've missed the best of the show. But you've had a jolly afternoon, haven't you? We have it, though I spent a lot of time looking for you before."

"But—"

"I searched for you everywhere," said Trindle, unshaken. "I wanted to stand the tea, you know, as I haven't seen it show up. I shall telephone to the motor about tomorrow."

"You—you were once told?" gasped Mike. "Do you think that anybody here believes in that?"

"I call that suspicious, Murrain. The fact is, I hardly like to start the home without leaving word with Will's, and Trindle's father."

"Perhaps you would like to look round for him?"

"Perhaps not?" gasped Trindle.

"I guess it would be a bit like looking



When the horse threatened by Will's made a flying leap and landed upon the back of the wagon. The animal thundered on, with the Canadian driver reaching for his back. Tom Merry & Co. watched him spell-bound. "Horse!" came a roar in a thousand voices. (See last page.)







JOHN SHARPE.

## New Reader's Secret Here.

John Sharpe, the great analytical detective, is engaged by Chief Bennett, of the Street Bureau of Chicago, to track down the band of organized criminals operating in the West under the leadership of Iron Hand. Black, Duggan's assistant, discovers the place and advises Iron Hand by the latter's letter to Ben Peterson. Black is discovered by Sharpe, who disguises as a telephone operator, and is allowed to see Iron Hand's letter, and Black, one of the band of crooks. Martin is captured. Bennett's assistant Anne Crawford, a woman agent of the Street Bureau, to assume Martin's identity and get into the confidence of Iron Hand. She is not known to Sharpe. The detective tracks up Iron Hand's letter, and on the basis thereof the band planned to blow him with a mustard gas. After a severe struggle he fortunately escapes.

The mountain den, Eagle's Nest, is run by Patskin, Iron Hand's lieutenant. Anne meets Iron Hand, presents her credentials, and is taken into the gang. She is sent to Patskin, and is in the den when a signal warns that someone is approaching. As Sharpe rides along the road to the den, a trap falls, precipitating him and his horse into a deep pit. He is captured, and thrown into a room adjoining that of Anne. Anne takes a letter, hidden through a crack in the wall, advising Sharpe to try himself of his bonds.

Sharpe escapes from Eagle's Nest by a horse he seized from Patskin and his gang. Patskin explains various incidents along the road. The first two men Sharpe and the third episode under his name. Sharpe, however, has missed the horse, and is obliged to leave the animal. He sets down the girl to a ledge, which he arranges a dummy of himself, and hides in the heart of an abandoned mine. The gang catches out, looks down and goes the distance, believing Sharpe had gone. Sharpe follows the tunnel, and comes up into the office of Eagle's Nest. Black, Anne's ally, who knows in Martin Black, talks to Patskin. The latter tells her to get in the work and use a mirror to get back to the headquarters of Iron Hand. Sharpe makes his way to the mine, overcomes his captives, and, disguised, visits the latter's place, and brings Anne back to the mine. Anne reveals the band's quarters. Sharpe follows. He discovers that the gang possess a submarine, and his plot to blow up the Central mail station. Sharpe sends word for the steamer not to sail, and communicates with the latter vessel for a week's occupation of Kelley Field. No contact was had. Talking a vessel and other parties with her, she takes a train for Eagle's Nest. Anne, disguised, takes the same train. Both leave the train.

Write next week

# The INVISIBLE HAND

This wonderful story has also been filmed by the popular VITAGRAPH Film Company, and readers of the "GEM" should make a point of seeing the picture week by week at their favorite theatres.



IRON HAND.

## A DARK PLOT.

JOHN SHARPE at once walked towards the den when he reached the ranch. The band of crooks already made the necessitation of the place. Before entering, he looked around to satisfy himself that his enemies were not watching his movements.

That he did not realize that Anne Crawford had followed him, and was an intentional operator of his actions, that, surely the girl became aware that there were other people in the vicinity also, and she stopped and quickly hid herself when the sound of footsteps came so near her. She drew her revolver and waited anxiously for further developments.

She knew that she was faced by a determined man, or later, and decided to bluff the situation out. Fortunately the first man, who had been watching at the station, drew level with her, and springing out, she said in a strong, determined voice:

"Hold! Hands up! What are you doing here?"

The two gangsters were alarmed, and they raised their hands immediately. Then one of them looked more curiously at her, and instantly recognized her.

"Mama Black!" he gasped. "Where did you come from?"

Anne Crawford lowered her gun, and allowed the man to relax their arms. She had grown quite used to her various names.

"How did you get me?" she replied.

Further conversation was cut short by a loud scream issued from the doorway of the den. As a matter of fact, John Sharpe had added a horse, and the animal was rearing, and kept pawing about.

It was now turned towards the building.

"What's wrong there?" was of the man remarked, and they both set off in the direction of the barn. Anne remained where she was, watching intently.

The two men appeared to make the barn, but before they could enter, and they found they were surrounded by one of them, mounted on horseback, level the place. But they were soon surrounded when they saw that it was the band John Sharpe.

The detective struck at one of the men with his riding-whip, and succeeded in knocking him down, dashed, the remaining two temporarily out of action.

The remaining man made an effort to prevent Sharpe from escaping, but he was not the sort to be fooled or easily. He pulled the horse into him, striking

him on the shoulder and sending her down immediately. Sharpe then rode rapidly in the direction of Eagle's Nest. Anne was delighted to see her enemy the detective dash with the two members of the gang. But she did not forget that she still had her gun to play, and she walked over to the spot where the man had fallen, in order to enter them by surprise.

By this time the two crooks, scattered toward and shaken, had risen to their feet.

She turned to his friend and said, somewhat weakly:

"He and got home at once. I'll telephone Eagle's Nest."

The remark of John Sharpe had just said started on when he considered would no doubt prove to be a very serious property. As usual, his mind was very active, and he tried to think of every possible obstacle which the determined man he would have to deal with would put in his way. It happened to glance upward, and a great noise rained his

The detective felt in his pocket for his revolver, and without taking his horse, he pointed the weapon above him. It was the telephone wire which had so suddenly attracted his attention. As soon as he noticed this alarming occurrence, he realized that the first thing that man at the barn would do would be to telephone Patskin at Eagle's nest.

The intention and wires were attached to all trees, and the distance took half an acre of each. He was a splendid shot, the bullet found its mark, and the glass shattered in pieces. He probably had broken strands of wire being

Sharpe was delighted at his happy idea, and peering away his revolver, he sprang up his horse, and rode rapidly on.

As the ranch-house the crooks were ready trying to get connected with Patskin at Eagle's Nest, and Anne looked on anxiously. She was pleased when she saw that there was something wrong with the telephone, and that he was not answered.

At last he gave up his efforts in despair.

"Something wrong," he groaned. Anne was ready to play his part.

"You had better follow him," she was panted to the man. "I will take the wire to Eagle's Nest."

The man nodded. Iron Hand would have succeeded in one if this fellow were allowed to escape.

"Where was that he got?" he asked.

Anne Crawford pointed in the opposite direction to the one taken by Sharpe.

The two men accepted her word, and at once rode off in the direction she indicated. When they had gone she

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could not restrain from laughing, as the thought of the wild-goose chase which she had given them.

When she mounted another horse, and followed the crowd that thronged back toward the detective, and in order to give him plenty of time, she sent her animal at a slow trot.

When he had arrived sufficiently near his destination, the detective dismounted and led the horse up. Then he noted the previous bag which he had brought with him, containing the articles supplied to him by the local newspapers.

Sharpe now headed toward the Eagle's Nest observatory, but he looked over to see that it was occupied by Kent, one of the gang.

The man was gazing out to sea, and beside him was a heliograph, all ready for signaling. The detective decided that his animal job would be to get the message out of the way, and he crept toward the observatory, taking care to keep himself concealed all the time.

From the Nest, by a short distance was Iron Hand, Potsdam, and half a dozen other important members of the gang, were sitting over their plates, while covered off the fact that the man they despised as much as themselves were there.

Iron Hand consulted his watch, and then ordered one of the men to telephone Kent of the observatory.

"Tell him to let us know immediately the minimum amount," he said.

Kent, still watching seaward, heard the bell ring, and walked over to the telephone in a dazed expression. This was a stroke of good fortune for Sharpe, and he was pleased with the very opportunity he desired.

As soon as he left the observatory, Sharpe started running and a shouting crowd ran by to receive the article at the entrance. He could hear Kent repeat that the eagerly-awaited letter had not yet arrived yet, then, as he passed back the roof-top, Sharpe stood aside for a moment.

As Kent returned the observatory, Sharpe made a flying leap at him, bringing him to the ground.

One hand he placed over the man's mouth, so that he could not shout out. The trick tried to make a fight of it, but he was no match for the athletic detective, and Sharpe had little difficulty in effectively silencing him. It was then a very matter for him to bind and gag him.

But the detective was not quite finished even yet with the unfortunate occupant of the observatory. He pulled the fellow up behind, and pressed him to a group of bushes, where he deposited him.

Taking up the heliograph, Sharpe eagerly searched the messages coming in country, and in the distance he saw a large assembly of the leading party descending in a field. Captain West had not failed him, for the thing was going very well for Sharpe.

Putting away his glasses, the detective examined the messages from his hand, and he readily found that in the ground, just in front of a building.

Noticing where the probable entrance of the roof was, he drew two shells from the holster just above the hood, so that the entrance of these two shells brought the end of the powder chamber. When he definitely placed them under growth from the bushes in front of it, he tried to take it from actual view.

Sharpe next returned his footsteps to the observatory, but, as he, there was no sign of the eagerly-awaited enemy messages.

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The detective was not the sort of man to waste precious moments, especially at a time like this, and he decided he would make a journey of investigation over to Eagle's Nest, of course, he fully realized the serious danger he had come to, but there was a possibility of his returning unscathed to New London, and he decided that it was well worth the risk.

From where he stood it would be a fairly simple matter for him to gain access to the rear of the Nest, and providing there were some of the gang were hanging about, all would be well.

He set off, and in a few minutes had passed his objective. In the aid of the gang which ran along the side of the house, he climbed to the roof, and he opened for an instant to take stock of his position. He did not believe that he had been seen. Sharpe carefully approached a window near the roof, which was slightly open.

The detective listened, and soon recognized the voices of Iron Hand and Potsdam in conversation.

"What a rotten show down with all that money!" he heard the chief of the gang inform his second-in-command. "The money will appear at London State at the turn of the tide. It's only a matter of time before that will give her plenty of time."

Then Iron Hand interrupted. Answer, when he had sent back to headquarters the telegram.

"I wonder where Martin Black can be?" he said, giving the girl what he hadly inquired was her real name.

Fortunately enough, at that moment a woman called him, and a cry.

Sharpe remained behind the chimney to take himself from view. He had recognized the woman—it was Aggie Kerwin. When she dismounted and stepped up her horse, the detective decided that it was the opportunity for him to get into the Nest, as he had used a cunning ruse to get the side of the roof, and he slipped to the ground. He hastily made his way back to the observatory.

The chemical girl, however, had seen his outline, and she called to the watch her way to the house.

As she entered the doorway, she heard Iron Hand ordering Potsdam to ring on the ranch and find out what they could about Sharpe Black.

The chief greeted her as she walked up, and they turned his head in the direction of Potsdam, who was a grinning loudly because he could get no reply.

"However, you don't tell me the devil's been gone is that?" muttered Iron Hand angrily.

The man went to the top of the house, and returned with a letter, which he handed to the chief. It was the telegram you noticed.

Iron Hand grabbed it rapidly, and then brought his face down on the table in rage and fury.

"That's a mistake!" he blurted out. "The substance is accurate, too. Ring up Kent at the observatory."

Potsdam went over to the other phone, and Iron Hand questioned there.

"What all right at my office?" he asked.

"Very powerful indeed!" the replied, and the chief smiled quite satisfied. He little knew that the latest change had been there during his absence, nor was he aware of the meeting appearance which he had recently had.

Potsdam's voice came, then out.

"It is a mistake, but I cannot get any answer here, either," he said the chief.

This was sufficient for Iron Hand. He drew his revolver, and ordered all the gang out of the room immediately.

He divided the men into groups of three each, and ordered them to surround the observatory, and enter the building by the three different ways.

Uphill, Sharpe was sitting with some equipment, and his own private equipment. Potsdam, he was startled by a voice below, and when he looked down he was shocked to see three of the gang were quickly approaching.

There was no time to lose, and he decided to make his escape by the rear. He dashed out of the room, and reached the top of the stairs, but his hopes fell. In a short way they three more of the gang were quickly approaching.

There was only one other avenue of escape left to him, and that was the side entrance, but here he received the biggest shock of all, for he looked down from Iron Hand, Potsdam, and James. He felt that he was completely trapped.

It was evident to him that by some means or other they had become aware that something was wrong, and had decided to investigate. He cursed his bad luck, and prepared to surrender himself to the chief of the observatory, hoping that they would not discover him.

Iron Hand, Potsdam, and James were the first to enter, and they looked around the building, wondering what could have happened to Kent. When the remaining members of the gang arrived, and they commenced a thorough search of the place.

Iron Hand was facing with rage, and he constantly uttered threats of what he would do to his unfaithful servant when he had had him.

Sharpe was looking for Iron Hand in his own uncomfortable hiding place, and he did not consider that he had much of a chance of escaping the vigilance of these men. Then there would be no more shows in his life.

Watching the attention of the gang was attracted to the bank of the sea. Instead of ever being turned seaward, and they saw that the entrance which they had so patiently waited for had arrived at last.

The craft was on the surface of the water, with its landing-gear open, and one of the crew was holding a heliograph in the direction of the observatory.

Iron Hand was full of excitement now, and his former spirit was forgotten.

"Quick! The heliograph! Answer her!" he shouted, with anxiety in his voice.

There was a general movement in the direction of the heliograph, and Iron Hand gave the operator a message which he started signalled by reply to the crew in the observatory. Then, the transmission of the message was broken by the cry of alarm of one of the gang.

As the observatory the figure of John Sharpe appeared, and he was shouting.

All eyes were turned upon the amazing detective. Iron Hand yelled out in desperation.

"What's his business?"

John Sharpe was the least excited of all those present.

"It is no trick!" he answered, with a smile.

Then the detective pointed his gun at the window and pulled the trigger. The members of the gang were pinned in his strange behavior.

What purpose could be seen by deliberately firing into space like that, when he could satisfactorily account for at least one of their number, if he wished?

But Sharpe knew what he was about. He had, in fact, never whom he showed them from Iron Hand ever distant of. The detective took aim at the chair which he had placed on the back-top. There was a loud report from his pistol.

and this was immediately followed by a blinding noise as the large signalrocket shot up to the sky.

The rocket landed up, away from the sea, and it could not, therefore, be seen from the submarine, which floated in the water below the spray still.

"This was what the pilot and handler of the aeroplane were waiting for. They were giving a triple signal, for the signal was considerably overdue.

"Are you ready?" asked the pilot, as he placed his hand on the lever.

"The second man speedily climbed into the large nacelle.

"Right away!" he shouted, and the big machine commenced its journey.

Iron Hand noted when he realized the significance of George's action.

"Danger!" he yelled fearfully. "He has sent up a signal. Tell the submersible to submerge immediately!"

The men rushed to the telegraph, but came again the worst news of George's reckless deed.

"Again too late!" he said.

His point was raised at the telegraph, and as he pulled the trigger the signal descended into a hundred fragments.

The pilot, which had stood amazed and open-mouthed, now looked at the detective, and with a gasp, their eyes were fixed on his finger.

And Crawford, on his part, and drawing his own revolver, the captain, the detective, and, striving the second hand, did not, very loudly.

"This is my revolver! Here I put the

score!" His appeal was addressed to Iron Hand.

The leader nodded. He was fond of the pretty girl, and thought there was no harm in allowing her to work a machine. He did not care who had the "honour" of capturing the detective, so long as he had her in his power.

Alan's alarm scheme, however, had unexpectedly saved his life. For had it not been for his presence of mind, the men in their hurry would undoubtedly have shot him there and then. As it was, the fact, by his own, obtained another lease of life for him!

#### FOILED!

THE officer on board the submarine continued to signal to the aeroplane, but failed to receive any reply. Of course, he was not aware of the dynamic engine which had mysteriously failed.

"I wonder why they don't answer?" he muttered to himself.

The men looked at each other with puzzled expressions, which soon turned to feelings of great alarm. In the distance they suddenly caught sight of an aeroplane soaring rapidly towards them.

Panic immediately seized the crew of the aquatic submersible. The machine was unaccountably heading rapidly towards them. The occupants made its appearance so suddenly that there was no time

for the crew to leave the deck and take refuge.

Several of the men leapt overboard, and started to swim frantically away from the doomed craft.

The aeroplane swooped down towards the submersible, and dropped its iron bomb. Four missed the hearts of the cowardly gang, as they ran, a short distance away, the huge explosion caused by the bomb exploding in the water.

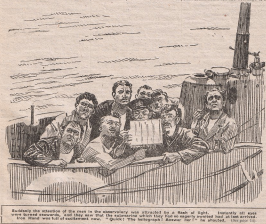
In their desperation, some Iron Hand and his gang were groping around, panic and alarm. They were powerless to act in the matter. John Sharper, and a prisoner, started quickly as he noticed for the aeroplane to fall to duty of destruction.

The crew of the submarine were now like a collection of wild men. They rushed here and there in a confused manner, screaming to, with the anxiety that the two things in the nacelle paid no heed to their cries.

The prisoners would have given their watches as ransom had they been allowed to carry out their own plan, and there was not the slightest reason why compensation should be shown to their ill-luck.

As the second bomb hit the aeroplane two other men jumped overboard, but they were too late! The men inside there was a terrific explosion, and the pilot was killed with a gasp and a shriek. The doctor looked had found no mark.

When the machine began its slow ascent, Iron Hand could see the wreckage of his



Suddenly the attention of the crew in the submersible was attracted by a flash of light. Instantly all eyes were turned seawards, and they saw that the aeroplane which they had so eagerly awaited had at last arrived. Iron Hand was full of excitement now. "Quick! The telegraph! Answer her!" he shouted. The pilot lit

positive identification over the surface of the sea.

John Sharpe looked on with great satisfaction at signs of the danger of the position. When "Crane" was up and down a few feet he had knocked several, preventing him and mine, but at the least signaling at the destruction of the machine.

Problems was perhaps the most violent of all the members of the gang, and looking with hatred of the detective, he called for members and looked at him. Then again John Crawford roared Sharpe's god. He was a wonderful swimmer, and they failed to get through for weeks.

"You fool!" the ex-criminal, stepping forward, "I shall get the detective, then leaving the vessel for good, and—"

"The man is worth more to us living than dead!"

The ex-criminal continued, however, was not to be put off so easily, and he made an endeavor to get past the girl. Her hand reached out and he knocked her to the ground.

"Myra! Back to your room!" he yelled. "I will get the money that—no one can kill her now."

Problems started to move, but he was soon overhauled by the leader, who left a certain amount for the girl, and he doubt wished to appear elsewhere in the city.

John Sharpe was a witness of all that was going on, and he moved fast for the moment a machine was directed from him to the man, the machine leader of the gang. He advanced the machine the machine, and the next instant behind the lightning through the doorway into the next room of the observatory. Depending on the time to be quickly placed the table and other observations on sight.

Hardly speaking John table in their society, the gang immediately drove their whole might against the now-barred door. Fortunately for Sharpe it held, and he then dashed over to the window, and leaped himself to the ground.

His first design was to obtain possession of his bag, which he had hidden beneath the bench, and he hastily made for the spot.

The detective opened the bag and took out a hand-grenade, which he threw into the observatory through the open window. Then, without waiting to see what result it would have, he made his way towards the edge of the cliff.

There was a loud explosion, and Sharpe turned his head towards the spot. Apparently the gang had got clear of the deck, for he saw them swimming in all directions, and taking refuge behind buildings in order to escape being killed.

The bomb had done effective work, and the observatory was now but a heap of smoldering ruins.

The detective knew that the gang would be after him again as soon as the smoke of the explosion had passed away, and he proceeded to make himself as secure as soon as possible. He withdrew from his bag the parachute he had brought with him, and, taking a firm grip on the rope, jumped without hesitation from the steep cliff.

John looked and his fellow associates could not but wonder at Sharpe's amazing method of escape. This man had come back, they thought. For they gazed at him, dropping down toward the sea below, for a minute or so.

Soon the sound of many revolver-shots filled the air, as they opened fire at the descending figure.

Crack, crack, crack!

The leader, his associates, and a few other members.—No. 58.

large vessel appeared in it. The detective was not quite out of the sea, and he fell to the surface as far as he could by their shot. The parachute collapsed, and was left a mass of smoldering ruin, but he was not hurt.

The gang continued to fire at him, but Sharpe was a strong swimmer, and he soon bore the surface of the water and he was too far away from them to make a hit anything like a possibility. They felt certain that it would be only a matter of time before the detective would be drowned.

The sea was fairly rough, and they knew the district well enough to think that there was no place along the cliff where he could land again without them seeing him.

They walked back to Eagle's Nest still wondering the end fate of their safe machine, from which they had expected such great results.

#### Jack Hand's Next Move.

ON his return to Eagle's Nest John Hand called Anne to him.

"I want you to go back to headquarters at once," he said. "I want you to go back to headquarters at once," he said.

"I want you to go back to headquarters at once," he said. "I want you to go back to headquarters at once," he said.

"I want you to go back to headquarters at once," he said. "I want you to go back to headquarters at once," he said.

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"I want you to go back to headquarters at once," he said. "I want you to go back to headquarters at once," he said.

taking a step downward he found the boat stopped.

He looked again, and saw, to his great joy, a small boat from a short distance away.

"Hello! What is that?" he exclaimed. Sharpe moved his gun forward, hoping that he would be successful in stopping the advance of the crew. A few minutes later a shell, aimed by a sailor and an officer, landed for his destruction.

When the boat arrived, and the officer looked on the faces of men, he started back at Sharpe for a moment.

He was evidently under the impression that he was one of the gang; but the detective reassured him by showing him his badge of the lowest Navy.

The two men exchanged greetings.

"Captain West said we were to watch the water off 'Harvey's Point' and the officer told Sharpe as the two talked over the cliff.

As the two talked over the cliff the detective related the circumstances and the amount of the money, up of the information greatly interested his companion.

John Sharpe gave instructions to be taken to Captain West, and, after a short and pleasant conversation, they reached the camp. He had had such a long time lately that the rest was greatly appreciated.

An orderly received the detective in the captain's barracks, and the officer directed him into a room.

"Everything has gone well so far," Sharpe said. "I had there is a lot to be done yet. Will you give 'Felix' to the officer in the barracks, and the rest of the money is very—there is no change over."

"We got the same night from Chicago three days ago. It's going on tonight," replied Captain West.

"Where looked on him with amazement. "Who are these fellows?" he asked.

"They are the boys," he said.

"I have nothing to do with it," said the officer.

"I have nothing to do with it," said the officer.

"I have nothing to do with it," said the officer.

"I have nothing to do with it," said the officer.

#### A SPLENDID PORTRAIT STUDY OF JACK BLAKE.

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# BANISH HAIR POVERTY.

Test First the Effect of "Harlene Hair-Drill" in Promoting Hair-Health and Beauty.

## 1,000,000 COMPLETE TRIAL OUTFITS FREE TO-DAY.

EVERY woman looks into the mirror, and there is every reason why she should, for Nature has given to woman the gift of beauty, and there are some who have received more of Nature's beauty than the "Average Woman."

Beauty, real beauty, abundant hair makes all the difference to a woman's appearance and that's true, for that matter, and now you have the opportunity to try the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method of securing and maintaining hair health and beauty too.

### TRY "HARLENE" FIRST

Two minutes a day "Harlene Hair-Drill" will quickly restore your hair to its best. If you are troubled with:

**SCALD OF THE HEAD, SWELLING OF THE SCALP,**

**THIN OR BRITTLE HAIR, SPLITTING OR FALLING HAIR,**

you should obtain at once a Free Trial Outfit. All you have to do is to get out and read the Free "Hair-Drill" Coupon below, which is published for your convenience.

The "Hair-Drill" contains:

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and tonic for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth.
2. A packet of the softest hair oil and scalp-soothing "Cream" Shampoo, which preserves the hair in its "Hair-Drill."
3. A bottle of "Lime" Brilliance, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose hair is inclined to be "dry."

4. The new "Harlene" Natural-glycine, complete hair cream. You will be pleasantly surprised the first time you practice "Harlene Hair-Drill" (it requires only two minutes a day), for it is most delightfully refreshing to the scalp.

### "HARLENE" FOR MEN ALSO

Men, too, find "Harlene" prevents dandruff, itching, dryness, and a tendency to baldness.

It is no exaggeration to say that millions of men and women in all walks of the greatest civilization and best-dressed "Hair-Drill" daily, and to preserve hair health and beauty.

After a Free Trial you will be able to state whether samples of "Harlene" at 1/6, 2/6, 3/6, 4/6, 5/6, 6/6, 7/6, 8/6, 9/6, 10/6, 11/6, 12/6, 13/6, 14/6, 15/6, 16/6, 17/6, 18/6, 19/6, 20/6, 21/6, 22/6, 23/6, 24/6, 25/6, 26/6, 27/6, 28/6, 29/6, 30/6, 31/6, 32/6, 33/6, 34/6, 35/6, 36/6, 37/6, 38/6, 39/6, 40/6, 41/6, 42/6, 43/6, 44/6, 45/6, 46/6, 47/6, 48/6, 49/6, 50/6, 51/6, 52/6, 53/6, 54/6, 55/6, 56/6, 57/6, 58/6, 59/6, 60/6, 61/6, 62/6, 63/6, 64/6, 65/6, 66/6, 67/6, 68/6, 69/6, 70/6, 71/6, 72/6, 73/6, 74/6, 75/6, 76/6, 77/6, 78/6, 79/6, 80/6, 81/6, 82/6, 83/6, 84/6, 85/6, 86/6, 87/6, 88/6, 89/6, 90/6, 91/6, 92/6, 93/6, 94/6, 95/6, 96/6, 97/6, 98/6, 99/6, 100/6.



Watch on the condition of your hair. When it is inclined to fall, dandruff, itching, dryness, and a tendency to baldness, you should obtain at once a Free Trial Outfit. All you have to do is to get out and read the Free "Hair-Drill" Coupon below, which is published for your convenience.

### HARLENE "HAIR-DRILL"

#### GIFT OUTFIT COUPON

SEND THIS COUPON TO: C. KAVANAGH & CO., 20, BROADWAY, LONDON, W. 1.

Dear Sirs: Please send me your Free Trial Outfit of "Harlene" (it requires only two minutes a day), for it is most delightfully refreshing to the scalp.

Yours faithfully,  
Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
City: \_\_\_\_\_



### 15 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Send FREE Coupon For, Mead Free Works SUPER CASE PISTOL RIFLE PERMITTING TORQUE

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, LONDON, W. 1.

### THE DEMON CATAPULT, 2/6 FREE

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### FREE FUN!

The Latest Entertainment Every Londoner Needs. Send this coupon to: C. KAVANAGH & CO., 20, BROADWAY, LONDON, W. 1.

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To avoid disappointment send 2/- and 4/- extra postage of case. No payment before 15th unless received in instalment.

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