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# The Greyfriars Herald 1½d



No. 30 (New Series)

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

May 22 1920.



**A "ROW" WITH RANSOME ON THE RIVER!**

*(A thrilling incident in our rattling complete school tale.)*

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Harold's Bridge, built of stone, and spanning a picturesque stream near Waltham Abbey, is said to be the very oldest bridge in existence in England.—Taken by G. S. Monkfield, 59, Moundfield Road, Stamford Hill, N. 16.

A GREEK ABODE



The humble abode of an old woodcutter, tucked away in a lonely corner of the woods in sunny Greece. It looks as though the rain might drop in occasionally.—Taken by William Murphy, 56, Trafalgar Street, Leigh, Lancs.

LOYAL AND KEEN



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THE BOWLING MACHINE!



A mechanical bowler in use at the Warwickshire County Cricket Ground.—Taken by A. J. Johnson jun., 21, Humpage Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

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# Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

## MORE CLUBS.

Archibald M. McNeill, 2, Church Place, Greenock, tells me he has started a club, and would like to hear from readers. Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. These Greyfriars Clubs are doing a lot of good all over the country, and I hope a crowd of my northern supporters will join this one. Greenock readers are numerous, and a good club was much wanted.

## SURPRISES IN STORE!

I have kept the real big news till last, just as Bunter always keeps the piece of cake with the most currants in it till the end. And, talking of Bunter, let me whisper that I have decided to give the poor fellow a column all to himself. He has worried me for ages, but no one has desired the job of correcting his spelling. However, I am going to let the spelling go and give him three doughnuts a week for supplying me with reports of cricket matches. He calls his feature "My Cricket Kollum," and the Owl's first perpetration will appear next week. Look out for it!

In addition, I have induced Lord Mauleverer, who has been rather tired of late, to contribute a fashion article. It's about time he did some work, and this will appear in due course.

Other new features, including a wonderful new serial, which will delight you all, are on the way!

HARRY WHARTON.



DICK PENFOLD



MURREE SINGH



BILLY BUNTER



TOM MERRY



JIMMY SILVER



ARTHUR A. DARCY

## A SAD BLOW FOR OLD GOSSY! - - - Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



1. The other afternoon while Peter Todd was standing wondering whether to spend his last tuppence in the tuckshop, or upon a course of Spellmanism, old Gosling, the college porter, espied him. Now Gossy had a grudge to pay off against Toddy.



2 "Which as 'ow I've found the young varmint," he muttered to himself. "Presented me with a bottle o' gin, 'e did—lastways, 'e said it was gin, but I was nigh pizened, I was. It was plain' water, the kind o' stuff you washes in!"



3. And Gossy made a smighty wipe—er, mighty swipe—and Biff! he struck the inoffensive notice-board a blow which would have put Joe Beckett out of business for a year. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Toddy. "You seem to have rapped your knuckles, old bean!"

# FAGGING FOR RANSOME!

A long, complete school tale, dealing with the adventures of the boys of the Benbow

By OWEN CONQUEST

(Author of the famous Rookwood school stories appearing weekly in the Boys' Friend)

## I.

### A Facer For Daubeny!

"DAUBENY!"

Vernon Daubeny, of the Shell, turned his head in a leisurely way, and glanced at the two juniors in the doorway of his study.

Drake and Rodney, of the Fourth, were in flannels, and Jack Drake had a bat under his arm. Drake's brows were knitted a little, as he looked in at the elegant Daub.

Daubeny looked the picture of lazy comfort, reclining in a long chair, with his feet on another. He had a cigarette between his fingers, and he ejected a stream of smoke from his mouth as he glanced at his visitors.

"Hallo!" he yawned. "Anythin' wanted?"

"Yes. About the cricket," said Drake.

"You've nothin' to do with the cricket, dear boy," answered Daubeny. "If that's what you've come about, you needn't pursue the subject. Good-bye!"

Egan of the Shell, who was sitting on the table, swinging his legs, gave a chuckle. He seemed to find some entertainment in the expression on Jack Drake's face.

"I'm going down to practice now," said Drake.

"Go, and take my blessin'!" answered Daubeny.

"You're not at practice this afternoon, it seems."

"It certainly does seem not," assented Daubeny.

"Is that how you're getting ready for the matches—lolling in a chair and smoking?" asked Drake.

Daubeny nodded.

"You've got it!" he answered.

There was another chuckle from Egan.

Drake stepped into the study.

"I want to know about the cricket," he said. "It looks as if you're going to muck up cricket, the same as you did the footer last term. I suppose I can take it that I shall not be wanted in the eleven?"

"You can."

"Or Rodney?"

"Or Rodney," assented Daub.

"Or any of my friends?" continued Drake.

"Or any of your friends," smiled Daubeny; and he blew out another little cloud of smoke.

"The same with the boats, I suppose?"

"The same with the boats."

"In fact, we're going to be left out of everything, while you and your friends make a mess of things generally?"

"You can put it like that, if you like," assented the junior captain of St. Winifred's. "The fellows did me



"Fag!" Ransome beckoned from the ship, but Drake did not stir. "You can get someone else, Ransome," he said, "I'm going down to cricket."

the honour—undeserved, I dare say—of electin' me skipper. I intend to be skipper, I assure you. Don't you worry about the cricket. That's in my hands, and it's stayin' there. Would you mind shuttin' the door after you?"

Jack Drake breathed hard.

"It's not good enough, Daubeny," he said, after a pause.

"You'd better make the best of it. You see, you can't quite help yourself, can you?" said Daubeny agreeably.

"I suppose you can play the goat at cricket, as you did at footer, as the fellows have been duffers enough to elect you," said Drake slowly.

"Exactly."

"Oh, quite!" grinned Egan.

Dick Rodney tapped his chum on the arm.

"Come on!" he said. "No good talking to these silly chumps. It's the fellows' own fault for putting in such a dud as Daub as skipper. The games will have to go."

"They will have to get on without your assistance, certainly," said Vernon Daubeny. "I'd as soon play Tuckey Toodles as either of you."

"Well, you won't be allowed to play the goat as you did before," said Drake.

Daubeny raised his eyebrows.

"How are you goin' to stop it?" he asked.

"Why shouldn't I raise a rival eleven?" said Drake quietly. "There's

plenty of material in the Fourth; you've left over all the fellows who can really play. Lovelace is head of the games, and he ought to chip in, and I think he will when he sees a rotten, fumblin' team representing St. Winny's, and a good eleven left out in the cold. How do you like that idea, Daub?"

Daubeny started.

His expression was quite sufficient to show that he did not like the idea at all.

He sat upright in his chair, his brows coming together in a dark line.

"You couldn't do it," he exclaimed.

"Think again. You know I could."

"The fellows wouldn't follow your lead."

"I've asked some of them already, and they're keen on it," answered Drake coolly. "We'll play your crew, if you like, and undertake to mop you up with an innings to spare!"

"I should certainly refuse to play a scratch team of fags," answered Daubeny haughtily. "And if you try to play such a trick—" He paused.

"You can take it that I'm going to," said Drake. "You can either buck up and play the game, and put a winning eleven into the field, or I shall take on the job. And when my eleven gets going, yours won't be allowed to represent St. Winny's much longer. Lovelace isn't very pleased with your slacking, as it is."

Daubeny set his teeth. "You won't do it!" he said. "I don't quite see how you'll stop me."

"I'll stop you, all the same—you can rely on that. And now, get out of my study!" exclaimed Daubeny savagely.

"I'm going. We're off to practice now, and I'm going to begin picking out my eleven this afternoon."

"You meddlin' cad!" shouted Daubeny. "I won't allow you to do anythin' of the kind. You pushin' ratter— Yooooop!"

Jack Drake lifted his bat, and interrupted Vernon Daubeny with a powerful prod. Daubeny sprawled back in his chair with a loud yell.

"Here, stop that!" exclaimed Egan, slipping off the table with a war-like look. "Get out of the study, you cad—"

Egan, too, was interrupted at that point.

Drake's left hand caught at his collar, and the nut of the Shell was spun round, and tossed upon Daubeny's knees.

There was a howl from Egan as he sprawled over his great leader, and a still louder howl from the hapless Daub.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Drake and Rodney quitted the study, chuckling.

"Yow-ow! Gerroff, you born idiot!" gasped Daubeny. "You thumpin' ass, you've shoved your silly elbow into my eye! Ow!"

"Blow your eye!" spluttered Egan. "I've banged my funny-bone! Ow-yow! I—I'll—I'll smash that cheeky fag—"

He scrambled off, and ran to the door. Drake and Rodney were strolling down the passage, quite easy to overtake. But Egan apparently thought better of it, for he turned back into the study. Vernon Daubeny was rubbing his eye savagely.

"You thumpin' ass!" he said.

"You silly chump!" retorted Egan. "I've a jolly good mind—"

"Oh, dry up!"

The two Bucks glared at one another, and it really looked, for a moment, as if there would be trouble in Daubeny's study. But the great Daub calmed his temper with an effort.

"Cheese it!" he growled. "No good raggin'. We've got to put a spoke in that cad's wheel."

"How are you goin' to do it?" sneered Egan. "He can call up an eleven if he likes, if the fellows choose to play for him. And if he makes up a better one than yours, I shouldn't wonder if the captain of the School chips in on his side, just as he says."

"He's goin' to be stopped!" said Vernon Daubeny, between his teeth.

"How?"

"I'm goin' to see Ransome of the Sixth."

"What the thump can Ransome do? He's only a prefect, and he's got nothin' to do with the games."

"He owes me money," answered Daubeny coolly. "I lent him a fiver to back a horse that came in about eleventh."

Egan laughed.

"I don't see how that will help, all the same," he said.

"You'll see."

And Daubeny of the Shell left the study, and hurried away to the Sixth-form quarters.

**Fag Wanted!**

"I'M your man, old top!" Tuckey Toodles made that remark, with enthusiasm.

Drake and Rodney were on the gangway between the old Benbow and the bank of the Chadway, with two or three of the Fourth. Sawyer major, Rawlings, and Estcourt were in full agreement with Jack Drake on the subject of a rival eleven, and the juniors were discussing the project, when Rupert de Vere Toodles gave in his enthusiastic adhesion.

"Count me in," said Toodles warmly. "I'll play for you, Drake. I only make one condition."

"I should have to make a condition or two, I think!" said Drake, laughing.

"I should want to open the innings in all important matches," said Toodles. "If that's agreed on, you can count me in."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll count you in," said Drake, "but on several conditions. You'll have to learn to play cricket—"

"What?"

"So that you'll know a wicket from a wicket-keeper—"

"Look here—"

"And you'll have to bring down your fat till you don't weigh more than half a ton—"

"You silly ass!" howled Toodles. "I jolly well won't play for you now!"

"Then we may as well give up the whole stunt," remarked Sawyer major.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Drake!"

Jack Drake looked round as his name was called.

Ransome of the Sixth was looking over the side at the group of juniors on the gangway.

"Hallo! Did you call, Ransome?" asked Drake, not very graciously.

Hubert Ransome was not popular with the juniors. He "pulled" very well with Daubeny and Co., with whom he had a good deal in common. But Drake, even in former days, when he had chummed with Daub, had never liked Ransome. The sportsman of the Sixth was rather too shady for his taste, and a senior who borrowed money of juniors could hardly be respected. Since Drake had broken with his former associates, he had found himself the object of Ransome's dislike, and he avoided the Sixth-former as much as he could.

Ransome beckoned to him from the ship, but Drake did not stir.

"What do you want?" he inquired.

"Fag!"

"You can get somebody else, then, Ransome; I'm just going down to the cricket."

Ransome frowned.

"You'll come at once," he answered.

"I don't want any cheek from you, Drake."

"Look here, you can't fag chaps when they're playing cricket," exclaimed Sawyer major.

"Are you a member of the junior eleven, Drake?"

"No."

"Then you can be called on to fag at any time. Come on deck at once!" snapped Ransome.

Drake hesitated.

"Better go," said Rodney, in a low voice. "No good kicking up a row with a prefect, Drake. Can't be helped."

"If I have to fetch you—" called out Ransome.

"I'm coming!" grunted Drake.

He came back very slowly on board the Benbow. There was no help for it; Ransome was acting within his rights.

"Well, what is it?" he asked, as he stepped on the old warship again.

"What do you want?"

"I want you!" snapped Ransome.

"You can put that bat away; I shall want you for some time."

Drake set his lips.

"I was going down to cricket—"

"Your cricket can't be very important, as you're not in the junior eleven, or even down as a reserve, I understand. If you were any good, I suppose your captain would know."

"Daubeny does know; he knows that I could play his head off," retorted Drake. "So do you, if you come to that, Ransome. What do you want me to do?"

"Steer for me."

"You could get any fag to steer for you."

"Quite so—that's why I've called you," said the Sixth-former coolly. "I'm going in for the boats this summer, and I shall want you pretty often. You needn't scowl over it, Drake; I don't like scowling faces, I warn you. My boat's on the other side; come along."

Drake stood still, his breath coming hard. He thought that he could see the hand of his old enemy in this. He was well aware that Daub was intimate with the sportsman of the Sixth, and that Ransome had more than once been obliged with a loan by the wealthy Shell fellow. It looked as if this was Daub's reply to the threat of a rival eleven, and it was hard to see how such a drive was to be countered.

"Are you coming?" snapped Ransome, looking back over his shoulder as he crossed the deck of the Benbow.

Drake's temper was not always in the best control. It flashed up now.

"No!" he exclaimed.

"What?"

"Do you think I don't know that Daubeny's put you up to this?" exclaimed Drake passionately. "Go and eat coke! I won't come!"

"What? What is that?" exclaimed a sharp voice behind the junior.

"Oh!"

Drake spun round, to find himself face to face with Dr. Goring, the Head of St. Winifred's.

His face flushed crimson.

He had certainly not been addressing Ransome as a junior should have addressed a prefect of the Sixth Form, and the Head's expression showed that he thought as much.

"Drake! How dare you speak to Ransome in that manner?" exclaimed the Head sharply.

"I—I—" stammered Drake.

"What is the matter in dispute, Ransome?" asked the Head.

"I want Drake to fag in the boats,

“sir,” answered the Sixth-former smoothly. “I called him as he was hanging about doing nothing.”

“Drake—”

“I was just going down to the cricket, sir,” mumbled the hapless junior.

“Is it a match this afternoon that you are playing in?”

“Oh, no, sir.”

“Drake is not in the junior eleven at all, sir,” explained Ransome. “The junior captain will not even accept him as a reserve.”

“Indeed! Then there is no reason whatever why you should not do as Ransome wishes, Drake. I am afraid that you are too much addicted to idleness, my boy. You will go with Ransome at once.”

“But I—I—”

“That will do.”

The Head walked on, with a severe brow. Jack Drake’s eyes gleamed as he followed Ransome. If he could have ventured to defy the prefect, there was no defying the Head, and he realised that he was in for it.

Ransome smiled grimly.

“Jump in, you sulky little cad!” he said.

Drake entered the boat in silence.

Ransome followed him in, and pushed off from the Benbow. With Drake at the lines, he pulled away down the river.

But as the masts of the Benbow disappeared in the distance, Ransome pulled in the oars.

“You can take a turn if you like,” he said.

“I don’t like,” answered the junior shortly.

“Well, I do! Take the oars.”

Ransome settled himself comfortably in the stern, as Drake sat down to the rowing.

Safe out of sight of the Benbow, Ransome extracted a pink paper from his pocket, and lighted a cigarette. That, evidently, was the boat practice he intended for the afternoon! Drake pulled on savagely. He liked rowing well enough, and a pull on the sunny river was enjoyable in itself; but he had the feeling of being caught in a trap—of dancing, as it were, while Vernon Daubeny pulled the strings. And he realised that this one afternoon at boat fagging was not all he had to expect.

It was nearly tea-time when the boat pulled back to the Benbow, Ransome taking the oars just before coming in sight of the ship. As he came on deck he gave Drake a rather ironical grin.

“Keep Saturday afternoon open for me,” he said.

“What?”

“I shall want you again on Saturday.”

“Do you mean that you’re going to bag all my half-holidays?” asked Drake, between his teeth.

“I mean what I say! That’s enough; get out!”

And Drake walked away to his study with feelings that could not have been expressed in words.

#### A Very Unsatisfactory Fag!

DRAKE!

The Fourth Form were coming out from lessons on Saturday morning, when Vernon Daubeny lounged into view.

Drake gave the Buck of the Shell a dark look.

“Well?” he snapped.

“Message for you, from Ransome of the Sixth,” said Daubeny blandly. “You’re not to forget that he will want you this afternoon.”

“Go and eat coke!”

Daubeny shrugged his shoulders and lounged away. The look Drake cast after him was not pleasant. He was greatly inclined to “handle” he nut of St. Winifred’s there and then.

“You’re going, I suppose?” said Rodney, in a low voice. “I’m afraid it can’t be helped, Drake.”

Drake nodded.

“I’m going,” he said. “But I think it will be the last time, this afternoon.”

“I wish I thought so; but—”

“You think it’s a game to keep me away from the cricket, and that Daub has fixed it up with Ransome?”

“Well, it looks like it, doesn’t it?”

“It does,” said Drake. “In fact, it’s quite plain. All the same, I think Ransome will be fed if he takes me boat fagging this afternoon. He will find it better to take another fag next time.”

Dick Rodney looked uneasy for a moment.

“You’ve got some stunt in your head?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“What are you thinking of?”

“Making Ransome feel sorry he had me in the boat,” answered Drake coolly. “I’m thinking of cricket just at present, not fagging for Ransome, and I’m going to make him tired of it.”

“Remember he’s a prefect, old chap.”

“I’m not thinking of punching his nose,” said Drake, laughing. “But accidents will happen sometimes, in a boat. I think there will be accidents this afternoon. It’s his own look-out.”

Rodney said no more, though he was not feeling quite easy in his mind. “Backing up” against a prefect of the Sixth Form was not a simple matter, and he was aware that his chum was reckless. But Drake had made up his mind; he was at the end of his patience now. As well as the lost Wednesday afternoon, there had been a good deal of interference from Ransome during the past two days, and Drake had been able to put in hardly an hour at the nets. It was time matters came to a head, in the junior’s opinion.

After dinner he presented himself in Ransome’s study to ask for instructions. He found the prefect talking to Steyne of the Sixth, and he was waved impatiently away.

“Don’t bother me now!” snapped Ransome.

“When will you want me?”

“Come back in half an hour.”

“All right.”

Drake returned to the deck, inwardly fuming. It was not much use going ashore for cricket, to return

in half an hour. He spent the half-hour about the Benbow, and returned to Ransome’s study promptly when time was up.

Steyne was gone, and he found Ransome alone, poring over what looked suspiciously like a betting-book.

The senior looked up irritably.

“What do you want?” he asked.

“You told me to come in half an hour.”

“Oh! I’m not ready yet.”

“When will you be ready?” asked Drake, in a low voice.

“Come back in a quarter of an hour.”

“Am I a fag or a footman this afternoon?” asked Drake.

“Clear out, and don’t be cheeky.”

The junior returned to the deck, and leaned on the rail, looking away towards the cricket-ground ashore. Most of his comrades were there, at practice, Rodney among them. Drake turned it over in his mind whether he should join them, and leave Ransome to whistle for his services. But that only meant being fetched back by the bully of the Sixth, and resistance would not be feasible. So he waited.

When he presented himself in Ransome’s study again, that cheery youth was reading a novel, sprawled on a sofa.

“Not ready yet?” asked Drake sarcastically.

Ransome yawned.

“You can get the boat ready,” he said. “Come and tell me when it’s ready.”

“Don’t you find this rather a tie on your time, Ransome?” asked the junior.

Ransome stared at him.

“This—what?”

“Playing this rotten game for Daubeny, I mean. How long are you going to keep it up?”

Whiz!

By way of answer, Ransome’s novel came hurtling through the air, and Jack Drake dodged out of the study just in time. The volume fell in the doorway, and Drake, with a lift of his boot, sent it whizzing along the passage.

“Bring back that book!” roared Ransome.

Drake walked away.

When he returned to announce that the boat was ready, alongside the Benbow, he found Ransome with a black-brow.

“Ready!” announced the junior.

“I’m coming now, you cheeky cub.”

Ransome walked away to the boat, and his fag followed. As they pushed off from the Benbow the senior fixed his eyes on Drake, who sat at the lines.

“I’ve had enough of your cheek this afternoon, Drake,” he said. “If there’s any more, look out! I’ve brought a cane with me.”

“Rats!”

“What?” howled Ransome.

“Deaf? Rats!” retorted Drake.

The Sixth-former glared at him along the boat. With an oar in each hand, it was rather difficult for him to deal with the junior. There was a wind on the river from the sea, and the water was rather rough, and the boat was rolling a little. Ransome

swallowed his wrath as best he could, and gave his attention to rowing.

When well away from the Benbow he laid in the oars with quiet deliberation, Drake watching him the while. Then he picked up the light walking-cane he had tossed into the boat.

"Now, you cub—" he said.  
"Now, you rotter!" said Drake coolly.

"Stand up!"  
"And let the lines go?"  
"Hang the lines! Stand up!"  
"All serene."

Drake let the lines go, and stood up, looking very wary. Ransome came closer along the boat, the cane in his grip.

"Now hold out your hand!" he said.  
"No fear!"

"Hold out your hand, or I'll lay the cane round your shoulders!" roared Ransome.

Drake picked up a boat-hook. He had placed it in the boat in readiness, in case it should be wanted.

"Come on!" he said.  
"Put that down at once!"  
"When you put down the cane—not before."

Ransome plunged forward towards the junior, but stopped, turning almost pale, as the boat-hook touched his chest. He jumped back in a very great hurry.

"You—you young ruffian!" he gasped. "Put that boat-hook down at once!"

"Put the cane down first, old scout."

Ransome bit his lip hard, but it was clear that he did not care to come to close quarters again. He laid the cane down. Drake followed his example with the boat-hook.

"I'll settle with you for this when we get on the Benbow again!" said the Sixth-former, between his teeth.

"There may be something else to settle for then."

"What do you mean, you cub?"  
"Find out!"

"Look out, there!" came a roar from a passing boat, and Ransome clutched the oars hastily. The boat was pitching spasmodically, and was, in fact, in some danger of capsizing in the rough water.

"Take the lines, you young fool!"  
"Any hurry?" grinned Drake.

"Take the lines!" panted Ransome.

The boat was almost athwart the course of a big wherry coming up the river, and the wherryman was addressing Ransome in a stream of language, the picturesque eloquence of which might have been envied by Demosthenes at the time when he was busiest on the subject of Philip of Macedon.

Ransome thrashed the oars into the water, catching a crab in his clumsy haste, and the boat fairly danced; and the eloquence of the wherryman became more lurid as he barely escaped a collision.

Drake did not touch the rudder-lines.

Ransome had told him to stand up and let them go, and he was in no hurry to take them again. Ransome could get out of his scrape by himself; he certainly was not entitled to help from the junior he had impressed into his service.

Ransome was not much of an oarsman, and he did not find it easy to row and steer in rough water.

Fortunately, the boats cleared, and the wherryman's dulcet voice and polished epithets died away up the river.

Ransome sat gasping, and the look he gave Drake was almost homicidal.

"Were you trying to bring on an accident, you young villain?" he exclaimed breathlessly.

"No need to try, with you at the oars!" answered Drake. "I never saw such a clumsy owl!"

"I—I'll—I'll—"

"What will you do?" grinned Drake. "First of all, I should suggest getting out of the way of that barge."

"Oh, my hat! Take the lines, confound you!"

"You can suit yourself about that."

"I think we may as well be getting back to the Benbow," said the senior. "Take the oars, and don't capsize the boat changing."

"We shall be back rather early, sha'n't we?" asked Drake satirically. "I shall still have time for some cricket, you know."

"I'll see that you haven't," said Ransome, between his teeth. "I don't think you'll feel much like cricket when I've done with you."

"Perhaps we sha'n't be back early, though!" grinned Drake.

"Shut up, and take the oars!"

It required some care to change places in the rocking boat. Ransome crept aft very cautiously, and gasped as Drake trampled recklessly along the boat. There was a violent rocking,



"Daubeny's put you up to this, Ransome!" exclaimed Drake. "Go and eat coke!" "What's that?" cried a sharp voice behind the junior. Drake spun round to face the Head!

And Ransome just succeeded in circumnavigating the barge, to an accompaniment of remarks from the bargee. The unhappy prefect was feeling very warm and flustered by the time the boat was clear, and he was able to pull away in peace.

**Accidents Will Happen!**

"NOW, you cheeky little cad—" "Hallo, you cheeky big cad!" was Drake's reply.

Ransome gritted his teeth. "Back-chat" of this kind was very hard to bear from a junior, but chastisement just then was out of the question. The river was a good deal too rough for Ransome's taste, and a tussle in the boat would probably have led to an overturn. The bully of the Sixth had to bottle up his wrath.

"I suppose I can trust you with the oars?" said Ransome, as calmly as he could.

and a splash of water came over the gunwale.

"Take care, you young fool!" roared Ransome. "Do you want to get us both drowned?"

"Oh, we shouldn't drown; we can both swim, you know," answered Drake cheerfully. "Besides, we could hold on to the boat till we were picked up. Are your feet very cold, Ransome?"

"Oh, you young rascal, just you wait till we're on the Benbow again!" spluttered Ransome.

"Right-ho, old top; it may be a long wait."

Ransome took the lines, and Drake the oars. As they plunged in, they escaped from his hands, and went gliding away into the water.

At the sight of that catastrophe Ransome gave a yell.

"You—you—you young lunatic, you've lost the oars!"

"Looks like it!"

"You did that on purpose!" shrieked Ransome.

"Go hon!"

Ransome stared after the oars, dodging and dancing away on the turbid water. There was no possibility of recovering either of them without swimming—and Ransome certainly wasn't inclined to plunge into the rough river. And in a few minutes it was too late even for that. Ransome turned his eyes upon the Fourth-former with an almost homicidal look.

"You—you—you've landed us!" he gasped. "How are we to get back to the Benbow now?"

"Is that a conundrum?" asked Drake cheerfully.

"Oh, you young rascal!" groaned Ransome.

The boat was moving along with the current now, gliding through the water fairly fast, as Ransome kept its nose straight with the stream. They were a couple of miles from the Benbow, which was up the river, and without oars there was evidently no means of propelling the craft back to the school on the ship. Ransome ground his teeth as he looked at the cool and defiant face of the fag. Drake had been quite right in supposing that after that afternoon the Sixth-former would be "fed" with fagging him at boats. Whatever happened as a result of this escapade, it was pretty certain that Ransome would never trust himself on the river again with Drake to steer.

"What are we going to do?" muttered Ransome, as the green banks glided by. "Oh, I'll—I'll skin you for this!"

"Keep on to the sea!" grinned Drake. "We shall be out in the estuary soon, and it will be too late to get ashore. Have you ever thought of a life on the ocean wave, Ransome?"

"You—you—you—" Ransome panted with wrath. "I'll make you suffer for this! I shall have to run ashore, and leave the boat. Oh, you young rascal! Wait till I get you on land!"

Ransome steered for the shore, and the current drove the boat on. In a short time the boat's nose was in deep rushes.

"Jump ashore," snapped Ransome. "There's a stump there, and you can fasten the painter."

"Three miles to walk back to the Benbow!" grinned Drake. "It won't hurt me, but you'll find it rather a pull, after so many cigarettes, Ransome."

"Get ashore!" roared Ransome.

"Right-ho, old top!"

Drake hooked the boat closer in with the boat-hook on a tree-stump, and jumped over the rushes. He landed safely, and turned to look back at Ransome. He tossed the boat-hook back.

"There you are, old scout!" he said.

"Fasten the painter——"

"Bow-wow!"

"I—I'll——"

"My dear man, I know what you're going to do when you get ashore!" chuckled Drake. "But you're not landing yet. Good-bye."

With a sudden drive of his boot, Drake sent the boat surging out into the river again. Ransome sat down in the stern seat with a gasp. Drake walked away up the towing-path, chuckling.

He glanced back a few minutes later.

"Oh, you young beast!" howled Ransome. "Go and get some help! I may be drowned!"

Drake laughed easily.

"Well, you won't want any help for that, old top!"

"Oh, you callous young ruffian!"

"Don't blub, Ransome," said Drake soothingly. "It won't make things any better, you know. Of course, you may get picked up. Anyway, I'll tell the fellows you won't be back to tea."

And all the time during the conversation the boat was drifting out into the river.

Drake had a feeling of intense exhilaration as he watched it. For the time being he thought nothing of the consequences to himself.

Ransome was making frantic efforts to get the boat inshore again, his face crimson with fury. That was the last the junior saw of him as he strode away towards the distant Benbow. For that day, at least, he was done with fagging for Ransome!

THE END.

Next week's ripping yarn of the school on the river will be "Up Against the Prefects!" Order your "Greyfriars Herald" to-day!

#### RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 25.

In this competition no competitor sent in a correct solution of the pictures. The First Prize of £2 10s. has therefore been awarded to:

E. C. COON,  
57, Fircroft Road,  
Balham, S.W.

whose solution contained two errors.

A Tuck Hamper has been awarded to each of the following seven competitors, whose solutions contained three errors each:

Charles E. Watson, 32, Upton Rd., Torquay, S. Devon; Charles C. Feldman, 75, Ethingham Pk., Church End, Finchley, N. 3; F. H. Cobb, 312, Strone Rd., Manor Park, E. 12; A. Mottram, 43, St. Albans Rd., Kingston-on-Thames; A. Webber, 48, Cranmer Rd., Croydon; Harry Chilton, 82, Flag Meadow Walk, Worcester; Michael Baker, 79-72, Berner St., Commercial Rd., E. 1.

#### CORRECT SOLUTION:

Dear Chums All,—Here is a bright suggestion from Billy Bunter, to advertise this paper. His idea is to distribute a Tuck Hamper gratis to all readers, and then let each to write an essay on grub, the writer of the best to receive free feeds for a year.

Billy ought to be my advertising manager!

HARRY.

## THE CRIMSON ARROW

(Continued from page 19.)

see by the brilliant blankets and quilled trappings that covered his horse, and by the white barred eagle feathers that adorned his war-bonnet, that he was an Apache war chief.

And, as he drew near, a crowd of four hundred Indians rose upon the ridge of the valley, well out of rifle shot, watching their champion.

It was a challenge to single combat, and the challenger had no need to make himself known, for he was over six feet four in height and of a massive build which is not common amongst the Redskins.

It was Na-na-tau-quah or Big Tree of the Apaches, one of the deadliest enemies of the Palefaces.

And the story of his enmity was a queer one.

In times of peace, Na-na-tau-quah had been a great hanger-on at Fort Clay, a frontier outpost on the borders of his country. Here he had received many presents in order to conciliate him and to induce him to keep his tribe quiet on the border. But he had developed into a regular loafer and cadger, always begging for tobacco and the forbidden firewater, and stealing what he could lay hands on.

And it had so happened that, one day, Big Tree had watched the surgeon of the fort at work in his little dispensary, mixing up a nauseous draught which he served out to soldiers whom he suspected of malingering.

Now Big Tree, though he was a great chief was very ignorant. He had watched the surgeon amongst his bottles and he had only one idea of bottles. They must contain drink. It was drink that he wanted, and he made up his mind that the neat, little rows of bottles on the shelves in the dispensary were a sort of saloon bar.

He waited and he watched till the surgeon was called away from the dispensary to the hospital. Then, slipping in at the door, he had grabbed at the vessel containing the mixture for half a dozen men, and had tipped it down his throat.

It was said that, after that, the surprised troops of Fort Clay saw the finest Indian war dance that was ever performed. Big Tree stood on his head and tied himself in knots. Then, when he had recovered a bit, he had ridden off across the prairie, vowing that he would have the scalp of every Paleface he met.

He had three that very day, and he had kept it up ever since.

And this was the warrior who now rode towards the waggon, shouting his challenge to any Paleface who would dare to come out and fight him in single combat.

Another long thrilling instalment of this magnificent new serial of Redskin and Paleface will be given in next Tuesday's issue. Do one good turn to a non-reader chum to-day by bringing to his notice "The Crimson Arrow!"—Editor.



# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

*The views of my readers, given below, Are not necessarily mine, you know!—Ed.*

**Another "Fishy" Affair!**

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Say, Mr. Editor,—I guess I'm conducting an auction sale in the Rag on Wednesday evening, and I want to draw the attention of your readers to the gilt-edged, eighteen-carat bargains I propose to offer them.

Among the many articles to be placed under the hammer I would draw special attention to the following:

Lot 1.—A magnificent cricket-bat, of great age and historical value; and not broken in more than fifteen places. This bat is supposed to have been used by that celebrated cricketer, William Shakespeare, when he played for Stratford-on-Avon versus the Ancient Britons in the year 9999 B.C.

Lot 5.—A tame hedgehog, recently captured on Courtfield Common. This creature is remarkably sharp for its age, and its good points can be seen in an instant. Its upkeep will not cost more than twenty dollars a week. It will require good, nourishing food, and has no objection to having its meals in Hall.

Lot 13.—A grandfather clock, handed down by J. Caesar, Esq. A very useful and reliable timepiece; can be slipped quite easily into the waistcoat-pocket. The pendulum can be detached and used as a study poker.

Lot 20.—A magnificent self-filling fountain-pen, used by King John for the purpose of signing the Magna Charta. Guaranteed not to leak beyond the extent of half-a-gallon of ink per day. Simply unique for writing impots. Going for a mere song.

Lot 24.—A heavy suit of armour, worn by Captain Webb when he swam the Channel. If found too big, can be filed down to measure. In splendid condition, and only recently pinched from the school museum.

I sorter calculate that the articles I have described are real bargains, and there are numerous other lots for disposal.

Catalogues may be obtained from the undersigned at his office—No. 9 Study.—Yours faithfully,

FISHER T. FISH.

(Fishy's fishy ways are getting on our nerves. We have published his letter—not because the public will wish to take advantage of his offer, but in order to show them what an undesirable alien he is.

We intend to turn up at the auction sale on Wednesday, and at the conclusion of the proceedings the floor of the Rag will be strewn with little pieces of Fish!—Ed.)

**Declined With Thanks!**

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Dear Wharton,—I shall be glad if you and the other members of the editorial staff will have tea with me in my study on Saturday afternoon at five.

I wish to discuss with you a new serial story which I have in mind, and I also wish to demonstrate, with the aid of my Winchester repeater, some of the most exciting incidents.

Pray do not trouble to dress in your Sunday best. I myself shall be wearing an old golfing-suit—a thing of shreds and patches, as Shakespeare humorously observes.

I trust you will all avail yourselves of this invitation, otherwise I shall not feel disposed to give the suggested gun-firing rehearsal.—Yours cordially,

PAUL PONTIFEX PROUT.

(The editor regrets that an attack of whooping-cough prevents him from having tea with Mr. Prout. As for the sub-editors, they have just discovered that they have important appointments to keep in the village. Lord Mauleverer, the fashions expert, is suffering from the new sleeping-sickness, and will therefore be unable to come, and the Fighting Editor also declines, on the grounds that he wishes to preserve his life.—Ed.)

**Dicky Nugents' Loss!**

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Dear Sir,—I rite to say that all the faggs have been plunjed into deep morning on akkount of the sad deth of Micky, my favorite wite mouse.

Pore Micky was taking a konstitutional in the Close, when he was suddingly pownced upon by Tim, the kitching cat. There was a terribull struggel, but be-4 I could get to the spott Micky had chucked in his mitt.

Under the serks, deer sir, don't you think I should be justified in peppering the kitching cat with my peashuter? You see, he was responsibull for pore Micky's deth, and I view his brootal kondukt with silent content. I think he desserves to be shott, and that there should be no saving claws.


As I have alreddy said, there is weeping and nashing of teeth in the faggs' 3's.—Yores mizzerably,

DICKY NUGENT.

(What can I say to comfort my yung friend? I can only urje him to leev the kitchen cat in piece, and to bare his loss with 40-tude.—Ed.)

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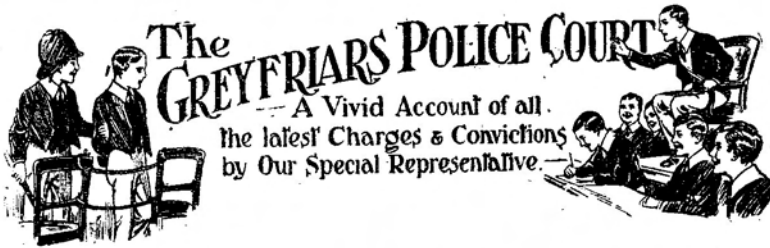


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## The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

A Vivid Account of all  
the latest Charges & Convictions  
by Our Special Representative.

There was a goodly sprinkling of spectators at this week's police-court proceedings. His worship took his seat on the coal-scuttle at 2.59 p.m. amid a storm of cheering, in which the prisoners joined, fondly hoping that by so doing they would get off.

### DUSKY NABOB IN THE DOCK! Charged with Assault and Battery!

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, described as an Indian Nabob, was the first prisoner to appear. As he stepped into the dock, various disorderly persons in the gallery commenced singing:

"Way down upon de Swance River."

Magistrate: Order, please—order! If we require any coon songs, I will persuade my learned friend Mr. Cherry to render one, he being a coon! (Laughter.)

Mr. Cherry (indignantly): Look here, your worship—

Magistrate: I refuse, unless you remove your mask.

Mr. Cherry: It isn't a mask; it's my face! (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate: Your face? Great Scott! Then what's that peculiar growth in the middle of it?

Mr. Cherry: That's my nose!

Magistrate: Oh, help! Are you the prosecuting counsel in this case?

Mr. Cherry: I am.

Magistrate: Well, all I can say is that you're the fellow who ought to be prosecuted, for going about with a face like that! (Laughter.)

Mr. Cherry: Unless your worship apologises for recent utterances, I shall leave the court!

Voice from the Gallery: A jolly good thing for the court! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: If I have said anything to hurt your feelings, old hatchet-face, I am sincerely sorry. Now perhaps you'll get to business.

Mr. Cherry: The charge against the dusky prisoner is one of assault and battery.

Magistrate: Whom did he batter?

Mr. Cherry: A porpoise named Bunter, your worship. He punched him with great violence on the nose. And although prisoner is my chum, and it cuts me to the heart to have to say so, I consider that his act of violence calls for severe punishment. We must put a stop to these disorderly brawls.

Mr. Mark Linley, K.C., who appeared for the defence, pleaded justification. "I will ask prisoner to tell the court in his own words what happened," said counsel.

Prisoner: I was walkfully proceeding along the Remove passage, your worship, when the fat and ludicrous Bunter rolled up to me, and requestfully begged a loan. I told him I was in the state of stony-brokefulness, but he would not accept my explanation, and called me a mean nigger. And so, of course, your worship, I punchfully smote him on his snubful nose. (Laughter.)

Mr. Linley: You will therefore see, your worship, that prisoner acted under great provocation.

His worship, summing up, said he did not agree with counsel for the prosecution that the prisoner's act of violence called for severe punishment. He considered that Hurree Singh had been perfectly justified in smiting Bunter, and if the jury came to any other conclusion they were a set of doddering idiots. (Laughter.)

The jury were absent ten minutes, at the end of which period they brought in a verdict of guilty. His worship discharged them, on the grounds that they didn't know their job, and prisoner was acquitted. He salaamed to his worship on leaving the dock, and said that the grateful thankfulness which gushfully poured from his heart was terrific!

### REPORTS IN BRIEF.

A whimpering child named Myers pleaded for the dissolution of his fagship with Mr. Gerald Loder, on the ground of the latter's bullying conduct.

Magistrate: I really can't be bothered with these matters. You must apply to the Fags' Union.

The petitioner wept bitterly on leaving the court.

Mr. Paul Prout, M.A., who did not appear, was charged with riding his motor-cycle in a dangerous manner in the Close.

Magistrate: I shall fine Mr. Prout half a crown, though whether we shall ever see the colour of his money or not is a matter for doubt.

Mr. Cherry: I suggest that your worship goes to Prout's study and collects it.

Magistrate: Thanks, but I'm not exactly pining for a licking! (Laughter.)

Lord Herbert Mauleverer was charged with having been found in a recumbent attitude on the steps of the School House.

Prisoner pleaded that the heat of the sun had made him feel drowsy.

Magistrate: Do you feel drowsy now?

Prisoner: Yaw-a-aw! Yaas, your worship!

Magistrate: Then I shall instruct each member of the jury to prick you in the calf with a pin.

Prisoner: Oh, crumbs! I—I'm wide awake now, your worship! (Laughter.)

The pin-pricks were withheld, and prisoner left the court looking very relieved.

Harold Skinner was charged with writing insulting letters to the editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Magistrate: I've had enough of these surprises; you'll suffer at the next assizes!

Voice from the Gallery: That's worthy of Mr. Justice Shakespeare! (Laughter.)



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 Send your effort on a Postcard to-day

**NOTE:** When more than one reader sends in the same acceptable storyette, the prize is awarded to the first read. Remember your joke should be written plainly on a postcard.—Editor.

**A Sad Case!**

The insurance-agent had called to collect the premium due, but he received an unexpected rebuff.

"But surely, my dear madam," he said, "you are not going to let the premiums lapse? It would be a shame not to continue the insurance on your husband, after all these years."

"I'll not pay another penny," affirmed Mrs. McPherson. "I've paid reg'lar for eight years, and I ain't had no luck yet!"—Sent in by L. Jensen, 16, Perrymead Street, Fulham, S.W.6.



1. "Ha!" tootled the teacher. "I'm glad to see you're not like other boys who go bird's-nesting." And he gave Jimmie a friendly pat-a-cake on the crumpet.

**Biting Reproof!**

Dr. Doper: Put out your tongue, little girl. That's right, but just a bit farther.

Kitty Katt (indignantly): That's as far as it will come, doctor; it must be fastened at the other end!—Sent in by F. Weston, 7, Baden Street, Ardwick, Manchester.

**His One Thought!**

"Now, Bunter," said Mr. Twigg, master of the Third Form, "if A starts for a ten-mile walk at the rate of four miles per hour, and B starts half an hour later at the rate of five miles an hour, at what point of the journey will B overtake A?"

"At the first tuck-shop, sir!" cried Sammy Bunter, waking up with a start.—Sent in by E. Brett, 27, Rockland Road, Waterloo, near Liverpool;

**One For His Nob!**

Red-haired individual (to the bald-headed buffer): Say, where were you when hair was given out, mate?

Bald-headed Buffer: Oh, I was hangin' around all right, but they were only giving red hair away, and I didn't want any o' that!—Sent in by R. G. Elliott, 101, Grove Lane, Handsworth, Birmingham.

**His Reasons!**

The new Irish pupil at the big boarding-school excited much curiosity by his habit of talking to himself. One day a senior boy stopped him and asked with a supercilious smile:

"Why on earth are you always chattering to yourself, Paddy?"

"Shure for two very good reasons," was the unabashed reply.

"Two reasons? What are they?"

"Well, bedad, one is that Oi loike to listen to a sensible man, and the other is Oi loike to talk to a sensible man!"—Sent in by T. H. Anderson, 4, Cleveland Terrace, Blitterlees, Silloth, Carlisle.

**The Wrong Suit!**

Miss Mink: I thought you were a suitor for Miss Cashley's hand?

Mr. Jink: I was, but I didn't.

Miss Mink: Didn't what?

Mr. Jink: Didn't suit her!—Sent in by N. Wheeler, 246, Long Acre, Nechells, Birmingham.

**Bowled Out!**

The Office Boy (a county cricket enthusiast): Please, sir, I want to go to my grandmother's funeral to-day.

The Employer: Well, I can't let you go, and I don't think you will be missed, anyway. The last time she had a funeral, there were ten thousand other mourners present!—Sent in by L. Perrins, 56, Wyley Road, Radford, Coventry.

**His Chance!**

Kindly Old Gentleman: "Why do you carry that umbrella, little boy? It's not raining."

"No, sir!"

"And the sun's not shining!"

"No, sir!"

"Then why do you carry it?"

"Well, sir, when it's rainin' pa wants it, and when the sun's shinin', ma wants it, and it's only this kinder weather I can get to use it at all!"—Sent in by H. Haynes, 16, Penryn Street, St. Pancras, N.W.1.

**A Brilliant Save:**

A big draper's shop was on fire, and a lady was wildly shrieking from the fourth-floor window. Steadily the fire was gaining entrance to the room from which she was vainly endeavouring to escape.

Seeing the woman's desperate

plight, an Irishman in the crowd of spectators that thronged the street, ran and obtained a rope. Then he rushed back to the burning building, and shouted encouragement to the victim at the fourth-floor window.

"Be jabbers, ye're all right, now!" he cried. "Catch hold o' this rope, and Oi'll soon pull ye down to safety!"—Sent in by H. Williams, 16, Woodland Terrace, Mountain Ash, South Wales.

**The Bald Fact!**

Little Jimmy gazed earnestly at his uncle's bald pate for a few moments, thoughtfully. Then he said:

"Uncle, why haven't you got any hair on your head?"

"Because I'm old, my boy," replied his uncle.

Shortly afterwards the nurse took Jimmy to see the baby. As he looked at it, the disgust on his face became painfully evident.

"Oh, mother," he cried, "send it back! They've sent you an old one!"—Sent in by J. H. Holland, 22, Emily Street, Hedon Road, Hull.

**A Weighty Proposition!**

Billy Bunter (who has sprained his ankle in Friardale): I say, Wharton, if you were half the chap you ought to be, you'd carry me back to Greyfriars!

Harry Wharton: And if you were half the chap you are, I might!—Sent in by A. Reader, 23, Chalk Farm Road, Haverstock Hill, London, N.W.1.

**Missing the Mark!**

A negro was brought up on the charge of shooting a dog, and the following dialogue took place:

Magistrate: Did you shoot that dog with malice aforethought?

Rastus: No, sah; didn't have no mallets. Shot him wid a gun!

Magistrate: You don't understand. I will put it in another way. Did you shoot him in self-defence?

Rastus: No, sah, I shot him in de off hind leg when he jumped de fence!—Sent in by Miss Dorothy Heppenstall, Hepworth, The Avenue, St. George, Bristol.



2. But it was lucky that kindly old teacher didn't look round. Yes, those eggs Jimmie had stowed away in his head-gear certainly got a bit damaged!



RODDY STEEL.

**On the Scent.**

**A**S Pyke hurried downstairs, after receiving Roddy's wireless call for help, Tigg ran to the garage. Pyke slipped into a big overcoat, took a revolver from a drawer, and followed him. The Rolls-Royce was already gliding out of the garage. Pyke jumped on to the seat next the wheel.

"Make for London. Let her go all out," he said.

Soon they were racing along the road, the powerful headlights throwing a blaze of light in front and on the hedges. They ran through village after village, and in twenty minutes were drawing near to the metropolis. Meantime Pyke, mastering the excitement into which Roddy's call had thrown him, was deciding on his course of action.

"Where are we to stop, boss?" Tigg asked. "The roads branch off here, and if it's the City you want—"

"Drive to the Admiralty."

"Right-ho!"

They sped through the suburbs, ran through Clapham Junction, crossed Westminster Bridge, and stopped in Whitehall. Pyke disappeared through a doorway.

The night-porter took his card, and he walked impatiently up and down the hall until summoned upstairs. He was conducted to a large office, empty except for one official on duty, smoking a pipe and very sleepy.

"Well, Mr. Pyke, what can I do for you?" he asked, twirling the card in his fingers.

"I've picked up a message from a ship called the Flying Queen. Your wireless has probably picked it up also. My young assistant is aboard, and in danger. I can't think how he's got there, but we're doing work for the Foreign Office, and I'm certain he's in the clutches of the scoundrel we are striving to capture."

"Ha! Wait a moment."

The official was wide awake now. He left the room, inviting the great detective to take a chair, and have a cigar from a box lying on the table.

# HELD TO RANSOM!

Our magnificent detective serial story, specially written for "The Greyfriars Herald"

By **GEORGE WINGATE**

**Introduction.**

Old Mark Steel is followed home by a mysterious individual who has seen him near the scene of a crime. The stranger proves to be none other than Gordon Pyke, the great detective. Pyke enlists Roddy Steel's services to assist him in hunting down a notorious gang under the leadership of a daring criminal, Tarbovy Strang. Pyke affirms it was not Paul Steel who was killed, but proof is not forthcoming as the body mysteriously disappears. Strang captures old Mark Steel and his brother Paul, and has them placed on board a yacht lying in the mouth of Thames. Roddy follows them to the ship, and, climbing on board, manages to send out a wireless message for help before he, too, is made prisoner. Gordon Pyke receives Roddy's message on his own private installation and orders Tiny Tigg, his chauffeur, to get the car out, ready to race to the rescue.

He shortly returned with another man.

"Yes, we picked up the message," said the newcomer, "but we didn't take it seriously after we had called back and failed to receive an answer. You'd be surprised at the rubbish that gets mixed up with business."

"Do you know anything about this vessel?"

"I'll look that up."

He was away a considerable time. "The Flying Queen is a yacht," he explained, "recently bought from Sir Oswald Hemmetson. At the moment I can't ascertain the name of the purchaser. She's riding in the Thames beyond Benfleet."

"Thanks! Much obliged. You've helped me a lot. To Benfleet!" Pyke cried, as he sprang into the motor again.

"Where in thunder is that, boss?" Tigg gasped.

"Away down the river, on beyond Erith, a matter of thirty miles."

Tigg nodded. They ran swiftly through the silent streets in the direction of Upminster. After passing Barking, Tigg could no longer curb his curiosity. Pyke had been sitting beside him, tense and evidently anxious, and the tiny chauffeur had not dared before to break the silence.

"Hope there's nothing much wrong, boss?" he said.

Pyke swiftly looked at him.

"Why—don't you know? But of course; I forgot. I haven't told you the reason for this sudden rush. Roddy Steel is aboard a yacht down the river! He wirelessed to me that he's in great danger."

"Why, he started off to see his father!" Tigg gasped.

"He did. And his father left the



GORDON PYKE

house where I had put him for safety, and he can't be found. That's what makes the puzzle so very serious. Steel, no doubt, has been searching for his father. He must have tracked him down the river-side. But whether the lad went to the yacht of his own choice or has been hauled aboard is far from clear."

"If he's in danger, we've our work cut out!" Tigg remarked.

"We certainly have. And every hour makes the danger greater. But we are doing our best. Got plenty of petrol—eh?"

Tigg's parchment face wrinkled in a quiet grin.

"I made sure of that," he said.

They relapsed into silence. The car flung mile after mile behind. The road was open, the engine purring softly. They shot through town after town, and half an hour after leaving Whitehall the strong, salt wind was beating in their faces.

In thirty-five minutes after starting, and after stopping occasionally to inquire the way from solitary policemen sheltering in doorways, they were running through the streets of Benfleet. Pyke left the car, and began to make inquiries.

The police could not help him, and but for them the streets were empty. He went down to the water-side, and spoke to some of the watchmen on duty. They had not heard anything about the yacht, either, but one of them directed him to a pilot's house. Finding it after some difficulty, he knocked loudly, and had to wait some minutes before the door was opened. He briefly explained the reason for his call.

"The Flying Queen? Ay, I saw her as we came up the river this evening," the pilot said. "She was riding about half a mile off Serrango Point. A fine rig of a yacht she be, too. Do you happen to know who owns her, mister?"

"No, I don't."

"Perhaps it's her skipper you want to see?"

"Yes, I should like to see him."

The pilot rubbed his weather-beaten face.

"We was wonderin' who he might be," he remarked.

"Why? He didn't take your fancy—eh?"

"Well, as you ask me, he didn't—nor any of the crew, either. Though if he's a friend of yours—"

"He's not a friend. In fact, I would give a good deal to get hold of him. It's most urgent that I should get aboard that yacht. You're as straight as a die, or you wouldn't be a British pilot, and I'm going to take you into my confidence, and ask your help. The crew aboard that yacht are a pack of foreign scoundrels, and—"

"Ay; that's what we all think, but I didn't want to offend you by saying so, in case you knew 'em," the pilot cut in, his eyes brightening with interest and approval.

"And, somehow or other, I'm going aboard," Pyke continued. "You can help me in that."

The pilot hesitated.

"If they're all you think 'em, mister, they'll make it hot for you," he demurred. "It's easy enough to get aboard, I s'pose, but when you're there—"

"I don't worry about that."

"All right. I just thought I'd warn you. Well, as you mean taking the risk, I'll help you, of course. Half a mo., till I get my hat."

He came out, and led the way towards Serrage Point. Standing at the steps down which Roddy had gone in pursuit of Strang, he gazed across the river and whistled softly. A haze still lay over the water, but it had lightened.

"I guess she's slipped her moorings," he said. "She was lying right yonder."

He indicated the position.

"She's gone out to sea!"

"I reckon she has!"

For a moment Pyke was taken aback.

"She must be going into the Channel by now," he said. "She hasn't had time to get far. Can't we find out where she's bound for? Surely there are some along the river-side who would know."

"Ay, old Mollins might be able to tell us. He came off the water late to-night, and he gets wind of all the gossip. A fair wind-bag himself, he is. He lives over there, where the light's shining. He ain't gone to bed yet."

They tramped across the broken ground, and reached a cottage standing on the edge of a rough road. The pilot knocked, and an old, wizen-faced man came to the door.

"Be that you, George?" the old man asked.

"Ay, it be, mate, and this gent is looking for the Flying Queen, not that he fancies her crew more nor us do, but he has business aboard. She ain't riding at her moorings. Do you chance to know where she's gone?"

"I heard she was bound for Plymouth. Taff Gudom was working all the evening, loading her up with provisions. Proper care they take of themselves, too. Nothing but the best, he says."

"Are you certain she's bound there?"

"Nigh certain. Taff heard 'em talking. He was curious, same as we all are. There's summat about that there skipper as don't seem square. Only last night Billy Chaffin was sayin' that if he had his chance—"

"Ay; I'm of the same way of thinking, too, mate. Well, we won't keep you standing in the cold. It's time I turned in myself, for that matter."

They left, and Pyke hurried back to Tigg.

"Good job you've plenty of petrol," Pyke said as he joined him. "For we've a long run before us. You keep to the wheel for the first half of the journey, and I'll take it then. For we're bound for Plymouth! The Flying Queen is on her way there."

They took the road to Basingstoke, and ran without a stop through Salisbury and Yeovil and Axminster, and day was breaking as they entered



The pilot gazed across the river and whistled softly.

Exeter. Here they had breakfast, and after a short rest they started again. Pyke was not unduly anxious to push on, as he knew that the yacht could not arrive until the afternoon, at the earliest. The world-famous seaport town was beginning the day's work as they rolled through its ancient streets and came down to the Hoe. Before them the Sound stretched out, the waters dancing in the sunshine.

Pyke bade Tigg take the car to an hotel, and order rooms. He went himself to the coastguard station, and made inquiries. Having explained when the Flying Queen had started, he was told that she was not likely to arrive for several hours yet, and that notification would be passed on from station to station.

There was nothing to do but to wait. He joined Tigg at the hotel, and rested. Twice in the afternoon he went again to the station, and night was closing in when a message was

delivered to him. He sprang to his feet in alarm.

The Flying Queen was passing Plymouth!

She was heading straight for sea!

**The Collision;**

**W**HEN the boatswain's whistle rang with a shrill blast on the Flying Queen, and the ruffianly sailors came running along the deck, Roddy had sprung into the nearest cabin and closed the door. And as he stood in the darkness, his heart thumping hard, for he believed he heard the sound of heavy breathing, the yacht had begun to glide from her moorings.

All hope seemed gone. He had boarded the yacht to rescue his father and uncle, and now he was a prisoner himself, unless he dashed out of the cabin and jumped into the river. That he would not do. He would not leave them to the mercy of the gang.

He heard the crew hauling in the cable, and the siren hooting as the vessel picked its way through the traffic. He could see the lights receding ashore, and his mind was wracked with foreboding and consternation. Then someone in the bunk yawned loudly.

So he was right—he was not alone! He had not even the cabin to himself where at least he might hope to hide. Something must be done at once. At any moment the man might get up and knock against him, and give the alarm. If that happened—He heard a thud on the flooring.

Desperation gripped him. Without a moment for hesitation, he put out his hand and touched the electric button by the side of the door. The light blazed up, and he saw a young fellow only a few years old than himself sitting on the bunk. As the man stared, amazed and aghast, Roddy sprang at him like a panther.

His fingers closed on his neck, and he threw him back, his head striking the woodwork.

"Lie still! Don't dare to move!" he whispered in tense accents. "If you obey me, you're safe. If you don't I'll choke the life out of you!"

Aghast, half dazed, and wholly terrified, the man stared up at him, wild-eyed. Roddy slightly released the pressure on his throat, and spoke again.

"You mustn't shout; you must lie still," he commanded; and he dragged him straight along the bunk. He saw a heavy stick in the corner, and quickly grasped it. "If you attempt to rise, I'll pay you out with this."

He was trembling himself with excitement and apprehension lest someone might enter. But, with his face full of dogged determination and his eyes flashing, he looked a formidable antagonist, well able to carry out any threat he might make. The young man on the bunk gasped, and felt his throat where the lad had clutched it.

"What on earth—" he began, and spluttered.

Roddy looked about him quickly. Great Scott! He was in the wireless cabin! This man was the operator! His heart thumped with a new hope. He had a chance yet.

"You're wondering who I am," he

said. "Well, I'm not one of your rascally gang, and, at all events, the tables are turned, as far as you're concerned. You're in my power, and you'll do as I want. Just step across there and send a message for me. After that we'll talk."

The other did not stir. He was too dazed still to take in all the lad was saying.

"Do you hear me? Get out at the end of the bunk, where you won't be able to close with me," Roddy continued. "I'll keep you at striking distance, and if you try to bolt you'll go down like a log. I want you to send a message."

He stood with his back to the cabin, and prodded the young operator with the end of the stick.

"Look sharp! Get a move on!" he rapped out, and prodded the harder.

With a stifled malediction the man tumbled out. Roddy shoved him along.

"Sit down and send the message," he commanded.

The man obeyed. He turned his head.

"You're a cool 'un!" he managed to splutter at last. "Who do you think you are? Of all the blessed cheek—"

"That's enough. Get to work."

"What am I to send?"

"A short message first. If we have time after that—"

"Well, what's the message?"

"Help! Help! Have you got that off?"

"Yes."

"Aboard the Flying Queen."

"Right-ho!"

"Roddy Steel."

"Eh?"

"That's my name. Send it."

Hardly had he spoken than he heard a sharp step along the deck. To switch off the light and lock the door was the work of an instant. He heard the handle turned.

"Hallo! Askett! Open the door, you loafing cub!" a voice shouted. "If you think you can skulk in there I'll soon warm you up! Open the door!"

It was the skipper's voice. Roddy stood tense and silent. But there was one thing he had forgotten in the urgency of the moment. He and the operator were now in darkness! Before he could stir, his own throat was clasped, and a furious yell of vengeance and triumph rang out.

"Smash in the door!" the operator yelled. "There's a spy here! He's fighting hard. Make sure he doesn't bolt!"

Roddy was wrestling with all his strength, though he knew escape was impossible. As the operator seized him, he first struck out and then closed with him. They swayed and stumbled, whilst the skipper, after tugging at the door—which, of course, failed to open—shouted stentoriously to the crew:

"Get a crowbar! Hi, there! Muster all hands! A crowbar! A crowbar!"

Roddy and his antagonist were nearly matched when it came to a wrestling tussle. They held one another in a vice, stumbled and fell together, scrambled to their feet, and

again closed. And all the time the babel outside grew louder, and before long the crowbar was at work. The bolt snapped, the door burst open, and the lad, by a supreme effort shaking himself free, made a last dash for liberty.

So sudden was his rush that he was out of the cabin before anyone could enter. Dodging outstretched hands, he ran along the deck, in the vain hope of finding some hiding-place, and he was close to the funnel when a couple of sailors, running towards the cabin, collided with him. He staggered, stumbled, and fell. And before he could rise those pursuing him had caught him by the back of the neck, and had pinned him down.

Amidst hoarse jeers he was dragged to his feet; he saw the skipper, his evil face distorted with rage. The young operator pushed his way forward.

"That young cub tried to do for me!" he snarled. "Lay him out!"



As the man stared aghast, Roddy sprang at him like a panther.

"Who is he?" the skipper demanded.

"A stowaway! He sneaked into my cabin, he set on me when I awoke, he made me send a wireless—"

"A wireless! What in thunder was it about?"

"I don't know."

"Then what was it, you fool?"

"Help! Help! Aboard the Flying Queen.—Roddy Steel."

At once the skipper's face paled; his eyes grew startled. Almost in fear he gazed at the lad. Then his voice boomed in a sudden access of fury.

"Roddy Steel! He's the young cub that's working with Gordon Pyke! He's the son of one of the old jossers we have down below. And you sent the wireless, you cowardly idiot?"

"I daren't refuse. He had me at his mercy. He—"

The brutal skipper smote the operator a blow in the face that sent him on his back. Ploughing round, he rushed at Roddy, his great fist clenched.

"And as for you—" he snarled. And then he dropped his hand.

For in a flash he saw his own danger. The message had travelled far

and wide. It had been picked up at sea by many vessels within the radius of the Channel. Ships might be keeping a look-out now. And if he were stopped, and an investigation were made— He beckoned to the mate, and they strode away a few steps.

After a short and breathless talk he walked back.

"Take him down to the saloon," he grunted. "Make sure he's well watched. I'll deal with him later on!"

Half a dozen hands gripped the lad, and he was roughly dragged along the deck and pitched down the companion-way. Kicked and buffeted, he was thrown into a cabin, and the door was locked, and one of the ruffians stood on guard outside. Sore in limb and body, Roddy picked himself up, crawled into a bunk and laid down. He had done all that was humanly possible; he was worn out with exhaustion, though he knew his life trembled in the balance, yet he could not keep awake. His eyes closed and he fell asleep.

Meantime, the villainous skipper, sitting in his cabin, was trembling with fear as he unburdened his mind to the mate.

"It's a bad job whatever way you look at it," he grumbled. "I never did like taking on those two old fossils as passengers, but once the boss gives an order there's no kicking against it. And now with this young cub on my hands, I feel tied up proper. Not that I would hesitate to throw him overboard after his cheek in boarding us, and sending out that wireless, though he showed himself well plucked, I'll allow. But there's just where the trouble comes in. Folks now know he's on the Flying Queen, and wherever we put in there might be inquiries."

The mate's face grew long.

"That's so!" he muttered. "And the youngster wouldn't be an hour ashore before we would all find ourselves in chokie. I'm about fed-up with the whole business. I ain't agoin' to run any more risks. What I say is, let us clear out when we get the chance."

"And take the youngster with us?"

"No fear, nor the old 'uns neither. We'll dump 'em into a boat when we get near Plymouth. They can make land for themselves."

Roddy slept on. No one came to awaken him, and when at last he opened his eyes the short winter day was closing. He sat up stiff and aching, puzzled at first by his surroundings. Then he remembered everything, and wondered greatly why he had been left in peace.

He was desperately hungry and very tired still. When after a time he heard the key turned in the lock, he looked eagerly, hoping his captors were bringing him food. But instead two clutched him without a word of explanation, and bundled him out into the saloon.

His father and uncle were standing there also guarded.

Old Mark's pallid face flushed with joy when he saw his son.

"Roddy!" he gasped.

"Father!"

"However did they get you?"

But Roddy had not time to answer. He was pushed out of the saloon on to the deck. The night was dark, a strong wind was blowing and a high sea running. He knew they were not very far from land, he could see twinkling lights ashore. Some sailors were making ready to lower a boat, and, as he divined the reason, he found that his father and uncle had been led up on deck also.

The skipper strode forward. "Get into that boat, we're going to lower it," he grunted.

Roddy looked at the heaving water. Even with an expert crew it would be difficult to keep afloat in such a sea. He was thinking of the two old men.

"It's murder!" he panted. "We could never make the land. These old men could never stand the hardship. I'll go by myself if you insist, but—"

"Get in and no more talk about it," the brutal skipper snarled. "We'll slow down to give you a chance, after that—"

"Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!" The cry rang out in startled accents. The skipper stared ahead.

"I don't see anything," he began. "Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!"

He turned and looked over the yacht's quarter. He gave a yell of fury and fear. A large tug was bearing down right abeam. He ran along the deck bawling.

"Starboard your helm! Starboard!"

Too late. Even as the yacht began to answer the helm, the tug, rising on a wave, towered for an instant over her. Then, with a terrible rending and grinding, its bow came down on the yacht just abaft the funnel.

**The Rescue!**

**T**HE yacht listed to port with the first tremendous impact, and then rolled heavily to starboard. A scene of indescribable confusion followed. The masts came crashing to the deck, the wire shrouds lay all over it in a tangled maze, half the crew were swept off their feet, and a huge wave breaking over the yacht added to the pandemonium.

The tug rose, and came down on the yacht again, driving it farther under, and both vessels locked. Roddy, hurled against the deck-house, and then carried along by the wave, managed to save himself by clutching at a hawser. Staggering to his feet, he looked for his father and saw the old man lying near the funnel wedged in the debris. He ran towards him while yells of terror and fury broke from a dozen throats, and a megaphone call rang clear from the tug.

"Steel! Come along whilst you have the chance."

It was Pyke's voice, and Roddy, stopping in amazement and gazing up the tug's bridge, saw the great detective. The sailors were lowering the boats, the yacht was sinking.

"Father and uncle are aboard," he yelled back.

"Then fetch them also!"

Old Mark Steel was bruised and shaken, but not unconscious. He managed to rise with Roddy's aid, but he limped so badly that he could hardly walk. Roddy propped him against

the gangway and looked around for his uncle. He was standing holding on to a skylight. The lad looked up at the tug again, feeling helpless to save them.

Then to his joy, he found that some men were dropping on to the yacht's deck from the tug. Pyke was the first to get aboard. The ruffianly captain of the Flying Queen had been hurling blood-curdling maledictions at the tug skipper, whilst the mate was vainly trying to lower a boat, and Pyke made straight for the captain, a revolver in his hand.

"You'll be the last to leave," he thundered. "Do your duty by your crew. Get them in some shape, they're altogether out of hand. Pull yourself together and look sharp. This craft will founder in five minutes!"

Water was pouring into the huge gap made in the yacht's ribs. His words rang out vibrant and cool, and steadied the cowards.

The captain quailed before the re-



Pyke hitched the rope round the old man, and waved to have him drawn up.

volver, and the fierce determination in Pyke's eyes; he accepted his authority with a salute, and shouted his instructions. Pyke pressed on to where Roddy was standing.

They did not speak, there was not time. Pyke lifted Roddy's father into his strong arms and strode with him to where the tug's bow was still towering over the yacht. A sailor had paid out a rope, and hitching it round the old man, Pyke waved to have him drawn up. Roddy's uncle was taken off the yacht in the same way and then Pyke turned to the lad:

"Up you go!" he said.

Roddy swarmed up the rope, and was grasped by willing hands and reached safety. A few seconds later Pyke joined him.

Half a dozen of the yacht's rascally crew climbed the rope before the tug dipped, and her bow sank into the water again. A yell of despair broke from those left adrift. But the tug's boats were in the water now, and Pyke shouted through the megaphone.

"You'll have to jump for it. We'll pick you up!"

The scoundrels hesitated, running wildly along the deck, shrinking back at the taffrail, raising their arms and shouting in fear. And of a sudden the yacht took a plunge, her bow sank deeper and her stern rose sheer out of the water with the propeller clattering in the air.

With despairing shrieks, the cowards jumped into the water as the yacht slid into the deep. The tug's sailors pulling hard raced to save them. For a minute the sea boiled where the yacht had disappeared, and debris of all sorts was scattered on its surface. But all the struggling swimmers were rescued, some none the worse for the plunge, some injured, a couple unconscious. They were hurried below and a watch set on them. And the tug made for the harbour again. For the first time Pyke and Roddy were able to talk.

"However did you find us?" Roddy asked, as they clasped hands.

"I got your wireless and followed it up. But how is it that you and your relations were on the yacht?"

As briefly as possible, Roddy told all that had happened, how he had found that his father had been deceived, how he had gone to the old home in Highgate, how he had discovered his uncle there. He narrated his experiences with Strang and his gang, his own pursuit of Strang, his arrival aboard the yacht, the daring resource by which he had sent the wireless, and his capture.

Pyke listened, his eyes shining. "Capital!" he murmured. "You did splendidly. I couldn't have done better myself. And Strang?"

"He was to have joined the yacht at Plymouth!"

Pyke started. "Then we'll net him also. We've got this pack of scoundrels, and that is the biggest evidence against him possible. He's foiled. He can't get out of England. At any time now we may come up with him."

They were drawing close to the harbour, and both gazed silently at the myriad lights ashore. The heaving of the tug stilled as they ran past the breakwater. Pyke's face was wrapt in thought until he was startled by a cry from Roddy.

"There he is! There's Strang! I'd know him anywhere!"

He pointed to a powerful launch rushing close past and out to sea. Strang had set out to overtake the yacht in ignorance of its fate.

Pyke whipped his revolver from his pocket.

"Which is Strang?" he cried.

"The man sitting alone aft."

The revolver spat and the bullet found its mark. Strang flung up his arms and toppled to one side.

"Is he dead?" Roddy shouted in his excitement.

"No! He's stirring. But he's badly winged. We'll swing the tug round. Great Scott! Have I got him at last!"

And he rushed to the bridge to the skipper. Another long instalment of this exciting detective story will appear in next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald." Order your copy in advance to save disappointment!



# The GRIMSON ARROW

A Thrilling New Serial Story of Buffalo Bill and The Redskins

By Mr. PAUL PONTIFEX PROUT

(Master of The Fifth Form.)

## Beaten Off!

THE Redskins were attacking the mock convoy in their usual fashion, galloping their horses in a wide circle around the waggons and travelling at full speed, gradually closing the circle of horsemen upon the waggons, whooping like fiends, and taking pot shots at long range.

But not a shot was fired from that little bunch of waggons.

Buffalo Bill had strictly urged on all his men to hold their fire till he drew his handkerchief from his pocket. And this was to be the signal for a full volley.

In the meantime the boys, urged by Uncle Baldy, shrieked at the top of their voices so that they could be heard sometimes by the enemy between their own savage war-whoops.

And the Redskins were fully taken in by these shrill squeakings.

They were perfectly certain that they had to deal with only a lightly guarded convoy of defenceless women and children, whose loaded waggons of family goods and chattels would offer a rich plunder. They were certain that they had fallen in with the main convoy of settlers flying from their farms to the shelter of Fort Madison, and little did they dream that this convoy was passing far to the south of them, or that those agitated figures in print frocks and sun-bonnets, that they could see dodging here and there amongst the waggons, were none other than the troopers of the dreaded Fifth United States Cavalry.

Buffalo Bill, seated on Buckskin, in the centre of the circle of waggons, surveyed that galling circle of feathered ruffians, calmly.

He was listening to the crack of the Redskins' guns and watching the puffs of white smoke.

The cast lead bullets and bobtailed slugs of the enemy whined over his head, some of these passing uncomfortably close to him.

But the scout did not move. He sat like a statue of bronze, measuring with his eye the distance between that galloping circle and the waggons.

Now and then a bullet would smack into the stout woodwork of the prairie schooner waggons.

It was plain to Buffalo Bill that the Redskins were using better powder than usual, for the range of their old muskets was longer. At the same

time their aim was worse, for most of the bullets passed well over the waggons, kicking dust spots off the green, far outside the circle.

Buffalo Bill was interested.

There was some new enemy at work, supplying the Redskins with better ammunition than they were accustomed to use, and this enemy must needs be a white man. And, from the amount of firing that was going on, it was plain to the scout that the Redskins were better provided with ammunition than usual.

For the Redskin is careful with his ammunition and does not squib it away like his eastern prototype, the Bedouin. He knows well that his life, or at any rate his supper, may depend on a single charge of powder and ball.

And this waste of ammunition was not unnoticed by Buck Dixie.

He rode up to Buffalo Bill, and pointed at the flying circle.

"There is some rascal at work supplying these fellows with ammunition and guns!" said he. "These muskets are new and of better quality than anything they have had before. And the powder is better too!"

Buffalo Bill nodded.

"Sure there is a white man behind this rising!" said he. "That will

prove a job for Deadwood Dick, to track him down and bring him to justice. Deadwood Dick knows more about the Bad Men than he does of the Indians. But see, Buck," said the scout, "they are closing in faster now. They think they have an easy prey. Let them come to arrow range and we'll give 'em Hail Columbia!"

The Redskins were perfectly satisfied now that the convoy of ox waggons was an easy prey.

Their riding, and their whooping, and their wild firing was merely intended to intimidate, and finding that not a single shot came from this convoy of women they altered their tactics.

The racing circle stopped and the warriors bunched in two groups, one on each side of the bunch of white tilted waggons.

Then, the two gangs of yelling warriors came on with a wild whoop, fitting their arrows to their bow-strings and letting fly a cloud of feathered shafts in advance of them.

Most of these fell short, being fired at too long a range.

A few quivered in the stiffened tilts of the waggons.

The two squadrons of braves came on carelessly, sure proof that they thought they had only women to deal with, and that this attack would be a mere affair of scalping, murder and plunder.

And with a grim smile Buffalo Bill watched them coming on.

Then he drew his handkerchief, slowly and deliberately, from his pocket.

The signal was answered by a crashing volley from each of the bunch of waggons, which wrought havoc in the two attacking parties of braves.

Warrior after warrior swayed on his horse and toppled slowly to the ground, a disordered bunch of feathers.

A yell went up from the Redskins as they came to a sudden halt, their frightened mounts, after the fashion of Indian ponies, bunching still closer together and making a better target for a second crashing volley which tore through their ranks.

The Dandy Fifth were wasting no ammunition. Every shot told in those two crowded gangs of feathered braves.

Then a sudden panic seized the Redskins.

## READ THIS FIRST.

Into Fort Madison, the headquarters of the 5th United States Cavalry—the famous "Dandy Fifth"—rides a little group of horsemen bringing news of an uprising of the Redskins. The leader of the party is Buffalo Bill, and other members are Buck Dixie, Deadwood Dick, Uncle Baldy, Jake Bellow, old Prairie Wolf, a former Navajo chief, and Kit and Joe Desmond, two British boys whose father is a prisoner in the hands of the Indians. Uncle Baldy arranges for a convoy of innocent-looking waggons to go forth, with Kit and Joe and some of the troopers disguised in print frocks. The Navajoes and Apaches attack by riding round in an ever-narrowing circle. "Now scream like gals, boys!" chuckled Baldy. "That'll bring the varmints near enough to kill every time!"



Their ponies swung round and away they went, the riderless steeds chasing after the mounted men leaving over sixty Navajo and Apache warriors stretched on the ground:

And, in the convoy, not a single man was hurt.

There was no cheering as the Redskins raced off. Buffalo Bill had forbidden this. He wanted to keep up the mystery of the convoy as long as possible, for he knew that the Redskins would never allow themselves to be beaten off by what they believed to be a party of women.

A Redskin warrior beaten by a crowd of Paleface squaws could never hold up his head again in the camp or council.

But the firing did not cease from the waggons as the discomfited braves raced off. The new fangled Springfield rifles, with their accurate sighting and long range, rolled another twenty warriors over before they were lost to sight behind a fold in the ground.

And, in a few minutes, not a Redskin was to be seen in that long, shallow valley. They had all taken cover, and were doubtless taking counsel on this strange turn of affairs. In their first attack they had lost over eighty men.

Uncle Baldy wiped his forehead, and chuckled as he blew down the hot barrel of his rifle, proceeding to clean the weapon carefully.

Then, drawing his bowie knife, he carved four fresh notches on the stock.

Four Redskins had fallen during that short-lived attack before his long-barrelled Kentucky rifle, a tracker's weapon which he used in preference to any other.

There were now forty-one notches carved on the stock, which represented Uncle Baldy's tally of vengeance against the Redskins, who had raided his little home farm and had murdered his wife and his child.

"This hyar is the queerest Injun fight I've seen in all my time!" said he, with a laugh. "Ye shrieked fine, boys, an' it was that that brought those murderin' varmints on to our guns. They were caught nappin'. But they'll come back again. They think they've been beaten by a bunch o' Paleface squaws. And they'll never suffer that!"

"Why not?" asked Kit.

"Why boy," replied Uncle Baldy, "amongst th' Redskins, a squaw don't count. And for a war-party o' five hundred braves to be beaten off by a few women, as they think, is a disgrace that none o' these varmints could face. They'd be laughed at in every lodge, and shooed off from every camp-fire this side o' the Rockies. They couldn't live. They are sittin' down beyond yonder ridge now, pow-wow and smoking over it. But they'll come back again presently."

"And the longer they stay there, the better for us!" put in Laramie Jack the cowboy, delightedly dandling the rag doll, which had represented a Paleface baby in this little comedy. "They'll be gettin' on the move from Fort Madison soon. And if they hang about too long, it strikes me that none o' them Injuns will see home again! It's hoss and beaverskins for them this time."

In this remark Laramie Jack used an expression of the old gambling trappers who would put horse and their catch of beaverskins on the turn of a card. The force of Apaches and Navajoes that was up against them were bound to capture the convoy, or to die in the attempt. If they failed, as they supposed, to beat a few Paleface women, they would not show their faces again.

It was typical of Redskin warfare that, though over four hundred of them were within a mile of the bunch of waggons, not a single Redskin figure showed in the landscape.

There were one or two riderless ponies galloping about, and those limp feathered figures of the braves who

Soon, fires of buffalo chips and old bones were burning bright and hot. Coffee was made and jerked buffalo meat and biscuits were served out to all the party.

And it was the queerest sight in the world to see these rough troopers dressed in their print skirts and sun-bonnets, trying to frizzle the buffalo meat, and to make the bread and coffee without setting themselves on fire.

Many were the jests at the queer figure they cut. But they spoke in low tones lest their voices should be heard by the spies of the enemy hidden in the long buffalo-grass.

There was water in the waggons. But Buffalo Bill did not rely on this. He set his men to dig a well in the



The Redskin gave a wild war-whoop. It was a challenge to single combat, and the challenger was Big Tree of the Apaches!

had been killed in the attack, and that was all.

But though not a single live Redskin showed on the prairie, this did not mean that no eyes were watching them.

In the bottom of the valley there were patches where the rank buffalo-grass was green and long, and both Buffalo Bill and Buck Dixie knew well that in this waving grass were hidden the enemy, braves who crawled through the grass like snakes, and who were watching this mysterious convoy with eager eyes.

So he bade half his men to remain hidden in the waggons, whilst the rest descended from the waggons and prepared breakfast.

centre of the circle, for he did not know how long they would be held up, or when they would be relieved by a party from Fort Madison.

There were the oxen to be thought of as well. These had been well watered before they had left the fort. But soon, as the sun broke through the grey clouds of the early morning, it would gather power, and this prairie valley would be a hot and thirsty place.

Buffalo Bill had halted his convoy at a good spot, for in this bottom was an old buffalo wallow, a sure sign of water.

The wallow had long since been abandoned. But the wandering bison

of the prairie never makes a mistake in finding water.

If there is no stream, the bulls set to work tearing up the turf with their powerful hoofs, and soon scratch out a small pond or wallow which fills up with muddy water, and in this they love to roll, covering their hides with a thick plaster of mud, which protects them against the worrying flies.

The water hangs in such places for a long time, and digging in the bottom of this old wallow, they came upon water two feet below the surface.

The little water hole they dug soon filled up and, two by two, the patient oxen were unyoked from the waggons and led down to drink.

Then half a dozen of the troopers were sent outside the circle of waggons to cut a good supply of the long-growing, sweet buffalo-grass which here sprouted thick in the moist soil.

Goodness knows what the Indian spies thought as they saw these figures in their print dresses and lilac sun-bonnets calmly scything the grass and carrying it in great trusses on their pitchforks into their fort of waggons.

But Uncle Baldy knew that they would soon begin to think of murder.

So, carefully loading his rifle, he crawled out of the camp, and taking cover behind every tussock of grass, trailed away into the grass like a snake.

#### The Mysterious Arrows.

UNCLE BALDY had nothing to learn from the Redskin in taking cover.

When he was fifty yards out of the circle of the waggons, he had disappeared altogether from sight.

"What is he after, Wolf?" asked Kit of old Prairie Wolf, who squatted beside them smoking at his stoue calumet.

"Him go catchum one more Red Man!" said Prairie Wolf calmly. "Plenty Indian hide um in grass. Injun, him heap cunning!"

The boys watched the track which Uncle Baldy had left in the long grass, with interest.

Already the blades over which he had passed were lifting up again under the pull of the morning sunshine, and not a sign of humanity showed in that peaceful stretch of grassland.

The grass cutters kept about their work, bringing truss after truss of the long, sweet-smelling grass into the circle of the waggons.

Nobody, to look at the scene, would have dreamed that it was the stage of a fight to the death, and only those limp, feathered figures, lying half-hidden in the grass where the two attacking bodies of Redskins had been taken by surprise, told of the morning's battle.

But, presently, from a great patch of green waving grass, came five hundred yards from the camp, there showed a puff of blue smoke, which was followed by the echoing report of a Redskin musket.

A bullet whined over the heads of the grass cutters, who all dropped down on the ground.

And on the heels of the report came the sharper crack of Uncle Baldy's rifle.

Uncle Baldy, lying prone in the grass, had been waiting for that puff of smoke.

A painted Apache brave staggered to his feet, the smoking musket still in his hand. He stood for a moment erect, as though looking round for his hidden foe. Then he pitched heavily on his face.

"Uncle Baldy him kill Apache heap dead!" said old Prairie Wolf, as he watched proceedings.

And, ten minutes later, when Uncle Baldy, beaming and radiant, crawled back through the grass, there was yet another notch recorded on the stock of his long Kentucky rifle.

"I knowed there was one o' the varmints hidden up in th' grass!" said Uncle Baldy triumphantly. "An' I judged I'd get him. He's gone to th' Happy Huntin' Grounds with as sweet a shot as I ever made! Now, is there any mo' coffee lef' in th' pot, boys?" added the old trapper. "This hyar crawlin' is mighty thirsty work!"

By nine o'clock the oxen were all well fed and watered, each of the placid brutes lying on the ground, chewing slowly and comfortably at a large pile of grass.

The sun was gathering heat now and the hot air was shimmering over the waving grass making the horizon line dance and quiver in the sun.

But Uncle Baldy had not been idle. He had crawled out of the camp, marking out ranges and distances to guide the fire of the defenders. And he had made his way out as far as the first group of dead Redskin braves, taking from them their pipes and tobacco pouches, and their muskets and arrows, the bullets in their pouches, and their powder horns.

It was a queer pile of objects that he dragged back to the camp, never showing his head above the waving grass. There were feathers, and beads, and bullets, and slugs, as much as a schoolboy could offer up.

But every object had its meaning to Buffalo Bill and Buck Dixie. From the stone bowls of the calumets they would tell the neighbourhood from which each of the dead warriors had come. The little gourds of vermilion and black paint, which they carried to renew the hideous markings of their faces, likewise told their story as well as the flattened dollars and other silver coins, which, beaten out into thin discs and braided on buffalo hair, had adorned the crowned locks of the dead braves.

And the medicine bag of charms which each warrior had carried also told its story of the brave's tribe and nation, whether he was Apache or Navajo. But what puzzled both Buck Dixie and Buffalo Bill was the fact that in each quiver of arrows which Uncle Baldy had brought into the camp was a single war arrow, crimson from barb to feathering.

That this arrow was not intended to be used except in cases of emergency was betrayed by the fact that it was stitched to the inside of the quiver by two stiches of deer sinew, a sinew which is taken from the back of the deer, and is proof against weather and rotting.

It was plain, therefore, that the

crimson arrow was stitched into the quiver of the brave so that it could not be pulled out and used unwittingly from amongst the other war-arrows, in the haste of a fight. It could only be removed from the quiver by cutting through the strong stiches with a knife.

And with these crimson arrows before then, Buffalo Bill and Buck Dixie pondered and talked long together.

Without a doubt they were some mystic symbol in this mysterious Indian rising. They were only found amongst the arrows of those braves whose war-paint showed that they had taken a scalp—warriors of the first class.

Amongst the fallen there were one or two younger braves who, as yet, had taken no scalp. In the quivers of these were only war-arrows, and the mystic sign was absent.

Deadwood Dick was called to the council, and the three sat, smoking their pipes over the heap of Redskin equipment.

First of all Dick examined a pot of the black plumbago used by the Redskins for the black stripes of their war-paint, and for blackening their face at times of rejoicing.

Then he carefully examined a musket which Uncle Baldy had brought in. It was of the old Tower pattern, generally in use amongst the Redskins, but it was a new weapon.

Then he took a powder-horn, shaking a little of the gunpowder into a cup of water and tasting the mixture.

And finally, he picked up one of the mysterious crimson arrows. The shaft and the feathering were plainly of Navajo or Apache workmanship. So was the colour and dye with which it was tinted.

But it was the barb which interested Deadwood Dick. He examined it closely and scratched at it with his knife till the metal was laid bare.

Then he whistled under his breath. The barb had never been through the hands of a Redskin. It was of foreign make and of steel.

"Boys," said he, "it's a Paleface that is behind this rebellion!"

"What sort of Paleface?" asked Buffalo Bill.

Deadwood Dick shook his head as he examined the mysterious arrow-head.

"I thought I knew all the Bad Men of the West," he answered, "but this is a new man altogether. He's the big medicine, and it's him that is working this rebellion against the government. You arrowhead was never forged in America!"

"Then where was it made?" asked Buck Dixie.

But Deadwood Dick would not answer. He sat silent and musing, gazing at the sinister arrow which lay on the ground at his feet.

#### The Challenge!

THE afternoon passed away quietly.

Greatly to the relief of the boys, the day did not set in so hot as they expected, for large, round-topped clouds in great fleecy piles were swept across the prairie by a fresh breeze, casting dappled shadows over the great green spaces.

Uncle Baldy smoked his pipe and mended his deerskin trousers with a patch borrowed from one of the jackets which he had stripped from their dead foes.

And Uncle Baldy talked of the good old days when beaver were plentiful in the river, and when the trappers went about hunting the beavers, whilst the Indians hunted the trappers.

"But th' Redskins didn't have it their own way, boys!" chuckled Uncle Baldy; "for every trapper that lost his scalp ther' was a dozen Redskin scalps hangin' in th' trappers' lodges."

"And what did they do with the beaver skins?" asked Kit, who was always greatly interested in hunting and trapping.

"Why," replied Uncle Baldy, "they used ter use 'em fer makin' th' old top hats in th' old days. That thar tile that yer John Bull always wears in th' pictures, is a real beaver-skin. An' I kin tell yer, boys, th' old trappers was cute as any Injun. They had ter be so, for th' beaver is the cutest animal on earth. When you go out after beaver, you must never take a boss near th' water, where th' critters make thar lodges o' gnawed branches an' gnawed trees. An' when ye get near th' lodge to lay th' traps ye must wade in th' water, so that th' critters don't get a scent o' yer trail."

"And what size trees do they use for their lodges?" asked Joe

"Why," replied Uncle Baldy, "I've seen cottonwoods two feet thick through th' trunk, gnawed off by th' little critters an' thrown as well as a woodsman could throw 'em with a good use o' his axe. An' they gnaw off th' branches in th' same fashion, cuttin' them up into logs an' leavin' th' marks of their teeth like the marks o' a little adze. But th' beaver allus works at night, an' he puts out his sentries to watch whilst the labourers do their work. An' if th' sentry sees or hears anything suspicious, down comes his tail whack on th' water with a crack like a pistol shot; an' a moment later yer don't see a sign o' th' beaver—not a single hair. An' beaver tail is very good eatin' too!" added Uncle Baldy. "It's nice white meat, an' roasted on a stick over th' fire it beats all yer buffler tongues an' humps an' marrow bones."

"Do you skin them at once when you've caught them?" asked Kit.

"Sure!" answered Uncle Baldy, "the beaver weighs twelve pounds or so without his skin, an' when you've taken it off, ye stretch it over a hoop o' willow twigs an' scrape off th' flesh an' fat, an' dry it carefully. Then th' skins are folded up in a square sheet with th' fur turned inwards, an' th' skins are made up into bundles of twenty, packed, pressed an' tied. Hallo, but what's this?"

Uncle Baldy laid down his pipe, and picked up his rifle.

For over a ridge in the valley, rode a magnificently mounted Redskin.

He rode rapidly, approaching the ring of waggons fearlessly, giving forth a wild war-whoop now and then.

And, as he drew closer, they could

(Continued on page 8, col. 3.)

## My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of  
"The Greyfriars Herald"

This week: VERNON-SMITH.

I WAS in quite a good humour as I strolled into the editorial sanctum.

My last interview—with Kipps the juggler—had worked out jolly well. It was crowned with a first-rate feed, and I sincerely hoped that I was about to have another happy experience of the same sort.

"Who am I to interview this week, mighty chief?" I asked.

The editor paused to apply a lighted match to Alonzo Todd's latest contribution. Then he said:

"How would you like to interview Smithy?"

I fairly capered with joy.

Vernon-Smith is the son of a millionaire—I believe he's a multi-millionaire by this time—and I chuckled as I thought of the magnificent repast I should probably be asked to share.

"For that happy inspiration of yours," said I, thumping the editor on the back, "you deserve at least a knighthood!"

"Stow it," growled the editor, "and go and get busy."

Picking up the heavy ledger which I always carry about with me as a note-book, I repaired to Vernon-Smith's study.

Skinner was within. He was lounging on the window-ledge, nibbling discontentedly at a chocolate cigarette. Doubtless he was wishing it was a real one.

"Smithy not at home?" I asked.

"No," said Skinner, adding, with crashing sarcasm; "but don't take my word for it. Better look under the carpet, and up the chimney."

"Don't be a funny ass! Tell me where I shall find him."

Skinner shrugged his shoulders.

"Am I the Bounder's keeper?" he said. "Dashed if I know where he is! He went for a bike-spin after lessons, and he hasn't returned."

"You don't know which direction he took?"

"I know which direction you'll take, if you don't stop asking potty questions! Clear out!"

Somewhat damped in spirits, I set off in search of Smithy. I concluded that I should find him somewhere on the Courtfield road, but nearly two hours elapsed before I did come across him. He came trudging along the Courtfield High Street, pushing a badly punctured bike.

"Punctured?" I asked sympathetically.

I thought the Bounder was going to knock me down.

"It doesn't need the savvy of a Sherlock Holmes to deduce that much!" he snapped. "What do you want with me?"

"I am the special representative of 'The Greyfriars Herald'—"

"And the biggest dud on the staff!"

"Well, I shouldn't go so far as to

say that," I remarked, "because you happen to be on the staff!"

"My hat! Take back those words at once, or—"

"Life's too short to quarrel," I said. "Let's shake hands, and go along to the bun-shop for a feed."

Vernon-Smith brightened up.

"I'm certainly ravenous," he admitted. "I got this beastly puncture at Burchester, and I've had to tramp all the way back."

"Never mind!" I said cheerfully.

"Come and drown your sorrows in weak tea!"

We adjourned to the bun-shop, the Bounder leaving his bike outside.

I was looking forward to a top-hole feed, and I was not disappointed.

"Bring us the best of everything," I said to the blushing waitress.

I knew that Smithy's pocket-money allowance was six times as large as that of any fellow in the Remove, excepting Mauly, so I didn't stint myself. I am ashamed to confess that I almost out-Buntered Bunter!

The Bounder, too, went great guns. He tucked into the good things at an amazing rate, and we kept the waitress busy.

Finally, having finished his fifth cup of tea, the Bounder rose.

"I can't thank you enough, old chap," he said.

"Eh?"

"It's been a ripping spread!"

"But—but—"

"Cheerio!" said Smithy. And he strolled to the door.

Leaping to my feet, I dashed after him.

"The bill!" I said hoarsely. "The bill!"

"Eh? What about it?"

"You haven't paid it, man!"

"And I don't intend to," said the Bounder calmly. "I came here at your invitation."

"No, no!" I protested. "You've got it all wrong! I came here at yours!"

"Rats!"

"Look here, Smithy," I said wildly, "that bill's got to be settled—"

"I couldn't settle it, in any case," was the reply. "I'm broke until I get the next allowance from my pater."

The next moment he was gone. I returned to the table, to find myself confronted by a stern-faced proprietor and a bill for two pounds five and eightpence!

I groped in my pocket, and produced the princely sum of—twopence!

Then, just as the proprietor was about to let off steam, who should drift into the bun-shop but Mauly.

Dear old Mauly! I poured out my tale of woe, and he turned up trumps.

I thanked my benefactor profusely as we wended our way back to Greyfriars, and I promised to pay him back at the rate of a bob a week.

But when, a few days later, I went along to Mauly's study with the first bob, he informed me that Smithy had settled up in full, his next allowance having just arrived.

It was very decent of Smithy; all the same, he shouldn't give me such nasty frights. My nervous system won't stand 'em!

THE END.



# TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES! GREAT NEW COMPETITION.



### 1st PRIZE 50/-. And 5 Other Prizes of Tuck Hampers.

This week I am giving the above splendid prizes, which will be awarded for the best efforts in the following simple task. Below you will find an attractive picture-puzzle, and I want you to try to make it out for yourselves. I myself wrote the original paragraph, and my artist drew up the puzzle. The original paragraph is locked up in my safe, and the First Prize of 50s. will be awarded to the reader whose solution is exactly the same as my "par." The other prizes, which consist of hampers crammed full of most delicious "tuck," will be awarded to the reader whose solutions are the next in order of merit. If there are ties for the money prize, this will be divided, but no reader will be awarded more than one share.

Should more than five readers qualify for the tuck hamper prizes, these will be added to. You may send as many solutions as you please, but each must be accompanied by the signed coupon you will find on this page. Write your solutions, IN INK, on a clean sheet of paper, fill up the coupon below, and pin to this, and address to: No. 30, TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, May 25th.

Remember that my decision must be accepted in all matters concerning this competition as absolutely binding.

I enter "The Greyfriars Herald" Tuck Hamper Competition No. 30, and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.

Signed.....

WRITE CAREFULLY. Address.....

## CAN YOU READ THIS LETTER? OUR ONE-WEEK COMPETITION.

