

THE SCHOOL AT SEA! GREAT NEW SERIES
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The Greyfriars Herald 1 $\frac{1}{2}$



No. 34 (New Series)

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

June 19, 1920



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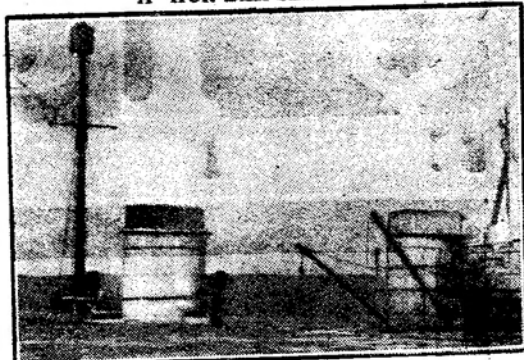
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ARGUING WITH HIMSELF!



In this clever trick picture, the "two" people are one and the same person.—Taken by T. Smith, 11, Elmfield Road, Walthamstow, E.17.

A HUN-DER-SEA-BOAT!



The mighty Hun battleship, Hindenburg, as she lies in Scapa Flow.—Taken by F. Hill, 43, Heath Green Road, Birmingham.

A GALLERY OF KEEN READERS OF "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD."



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Miss A. C. Edwards (Monmouth).



R. Ball (Ely).



A. Taylor (W. Hartlepool).



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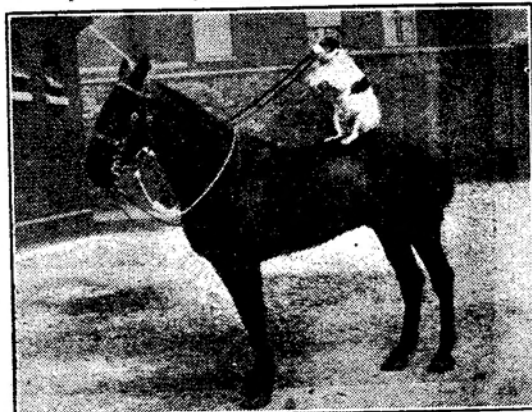
W. H. Owen (Bermondsey).

EXERCISE IN THE EAST!



A native of India indulges in a little club-swinging practice before breakfast.—Taken by J. J. Hindson, 47, Minford Gardens, W. Kensington, W.14.

GREAT CHUMS!



The clever little dog of the Royal Army Service Corps at Portsmouth up on his pony friend.—Taken by Wilfred Delamere, 59, Heidleberg Road, Southsea.

The

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THE SCHOOL AT SEA!

My dear Chums,—The school on the river is no more for the old Benbow has been outfitted at Chadport, and is now ready to proceed to sea. The adventures of Jack Drake, Dick Rodney, Tuckey Toodles, Daubeny and Co., and the rest of the St. Winny's fellows, have kept you keenly interested in the past, I know, and I can promise you that you will be delighted with our great new series of long, complete stories in which all the old characters visit Florida, the Spanish Main, and the Orinoco River in South America.

A GREAT RECEPTION!

As I expected, the magnificent new racing serial by Major Cherry has been accorded a rousing reception, and letters of congratulation have poured in upon me from all parts of the British Isles. As the story unfolds some thrilling races are described, and you will see how the two stable lads, Tony Draycott and Dick Selby, aided by the young and pretty daughter of their master, Lord Estor, completely change the luck of the Estors. The narration will hold you spell-bound!

PULLING TOGETHER!

Here is a sample of the letters which have been filling my mail bag: "Dear Harry," writes "Sportsman," of Doncaster, "I hardly knew the old GREYFRIARS HERALD when I saw the fine picture of the racehorses on the cover of the Derby Number, and, although I usually read the complete school tale first, I waded right into 'The Luck of the Estors.' It was ripping, and my chums and I send heartiest congrats on Major Cherry's topping yarn of the racing-stables. Also we send our thanks for introducing Herlock Sholmes again. "We can all see you are trying to give us what we want, and the best of everything, and we are going to do our part by getting everyone we know to buy the good old Herald!" Thanks, "Sportsman," and all my other chums who have written! By pulling together we shall work miracles with our little paper!—Your cheery pal,
HARRY.

A PASTING FOR PAGET! - - - Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



1. Just because Samuel Tuckless Bunter happened to drink young Percival Paget's ginger-pop by mistake in Uncle Clegg's tuck-shop, the Third-former chased Sammy right through the village of Friardale, breathing threatenings and slaughter!



2. And soon Sammy felt like Lord Estor's doped horse after the Derby race. He could run no farther—something had to be did, and that right speedily! Just then he spotted a merry old brick doing nothing, and a bright wheezelet smote him!



3. Yes, he plonked that piece of building material straight at the old paste-brush that the bill-poster had left for a few moments—Biff! "Tee-hee, Paget!" he chortled. "I've always told you I'd give you a jolly good pasting one day!"

THE SCHOOL AT SEA!

The first story of a magnificent new series of long, complete tales 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)

CHAPTER I.

The Last Night Ashore!

"TO-MORROW!" said Jack Drake.

"At sea to-morrow!" said Rodney. "It seems too jolly good to be true, doesn't it?"

The two chums of the Fourth were on the deck of the Benbow, leaning on the rail and looking away towards the twinkling lights of Chadport.

The night was dark, only two or three stars glimmering in the black, velvety sky.

Most of the St. Winifred's fellows were below; there was a jollification going on in the common-room, to celebrate the last night ashore. Drake and Rodney had come on deck, to breathe the keen, salt air from the sea, and chat before going to their hammocks. The Benbow was ready for sea, the crew and the passengers all aboard. In the morning the anchor was to be raised, not to sink again in English waters for many a long day. The chums of the Fourth were in a thoughtful mood as they gazed at the twinkling lights across the bay.

"Where's Toodles?" asked Drake suddenly.

Rodney laughed.

"Gone to bed. He's been over-doing it in the canteen. I'm sorry for him if the ship gets a roll on to-morrow."

"Hallo, there's a boat!"

From the black shadows on the water a boat loomed up dimly, without a light. The two juniors glanced down at it curiously, as it edged closer to the side of the Benbow. A man stood up and waved his hand to the two faces looking down over the bulwark.

"Hallo! What do you want?" called out Drake, in surprise.

"Shut up, will you?" came a fierce, whispering voice behind Drake, and he turned with a start.

Daubeny and Egan and Torrence, of the Shell, loomed up in the shadows. It was Vernon Daubeny who had whispered.

"It's our boat!" muttered Egan. "For goodness' sake, keep quiet, Drake. You'll give us away."

"But what's the game?" asked Drake, puzzled. "You're not going ashore at this time of night."

"That's our business," answered Daubeny sourly. He leaned over and signalled to the boatman.

The boat ranged closer to the ship's side, the boatman standing up and fending it off with his hand.

"Here's the rope," muttered Daubeny. "You first, Egan, and don't make a row."



"Friend o' mine, young gents," said Mr. Smith affably. "Name o' Slaney. Knowed your father, Master Daubeny." "Indeed!" said Vernon Daubeny drily.

"Right-ho!"

Drake and Rodney stood aside, silent, looking on.

They understood now.

Daubeny and Co. evidently intended to pay a final visit to some shady haunt ashore, before the Benbow sailed. It was their last opportunity.

Jack Drake's lip curled.

"Why shouldn't Drake come with us, Daub?" murmured Torrence, as Egan disappeared silently down the rope. "Drake, old chap, slip into the boat with us, and come along. We're going to the Lobster Pot—"

"I thought so," answered Drake.

"Well, come along. It's the last chance, you know. We shall be at sea to-morrow."

"Thanks, I won't come," answered Drake drily. "You must be asses to go. There'll be a row if you're missed from the ship."

"We sha'n't be missed," grinned Torrence. "We've told Vavasour we're goin' to bed early, and we've rigged up dummies in the hammocks. You go and do the same, and come along with us."

"No, thanks."

"What's the good of talkin' to Drake?" said Daubeny, with a sneer. "Hasn't he turned over a new leaf, and isn't he too good for such things? Get into the boat, Torrence, before the watch looks this way."

"I'm going."

Torrence slid down the rope, and Vernon Daubeny followed him. The boat glided away silently into the shadows.

"Silly asses!" commented Drake.

"And rotters," said Rodney. "We'd better clear off, Drake. Somebody's coming, and we don't want to be asked questions."

The two juniors walked away quickly as a seaman came along the deck. They went below, into the lighted common-room, where most of the fellows were gathered. It was close on bed-time now; Tuckey Toodles had already turned in, but the rest of the school was still "keeping it up." Sawyer major was singing, and Estcourt accompanying him on the piano—a very hardly used instrument, which had seen much service. Sawyer major was under the impression that he possessed a voice of a fine tenor quality—an impression which he had wholly to himself.

"I'll sing thee songs of Araby—" Thus waited Sawyer major as the chums of the Fourth came in.

"Oh, my hat! I almost wish I'd gone with Daub!" murmured Jack Drake. "They won't be singing songs of Araby at the Lobster Pot, anyhow."

Rodney chuckled.

"Bravo!" shouted Rawlings, when

Sawyer major had laboured through his first instalment. "Now then, Drake—"

"Hold on—there's another verse!" exclaimed Sawyer.

"Your mistake—there isn't."

"But there is!"

"Not this time, anyhow. Hands up for Sawyer's second verse!" shouted Rawlings.

Not a hand went up.

Sawyer major sniffed.

"Look here—"

"Let Drake give us 'Rolling Down to Rio,'" said Rawlings. "We're going to Rio, not to Araby. Run away and play, Sawyer!"

Sawyer major, with a still more emphatic sniff, retired from the limelight. Jack Drake was rushed to the piano.

"Go it, Drake!" sang out Conway.

"We'll soon stop you if you make a row like Sawyer."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly owl!" hooted Sawyer.

"Dry up, Sawyer! Go back to Araby. Go it, Drake!"

Drake laughed.

"I don't remember the words—"

"Never mind; put some in. It's Kipling's words, so any others will do just as well."

"Go it, Estcourt!"

Estcourt "went it," on the piano, and Jack Drake came in a couple of bars late. But as he did not remember half the original words, he turned out a new version applicable to present circumstances.

"I've never sailed the Orinoco

In Venezuela's clime,

But we're going there on the Benbow
To have a jolly good time!

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" echoed the juniors, with great enthusiasm.

Mr. Packe looked in at the doorway, with a smile on his face.

"Bed-time, my boys," he said.

And the merry gathering had to break up.

The voice of Tuckey Toodles was heard as Drake and Rodney came to their hammocks.

"I—I say, Drake—"

"Hallo, old top?"

"Is—is the ship rolling?" murmured Toodles.

"Ha, ha! No. Just swaying a bit at the anchors, perhaps," answered Drake.

"I—I feel as if it was rolling," murmured Tuckey Toodles. "I—I suppose it's the lobster."

"What lobster?"

"Or it may have been the tomatoes—"

"The tomatoes?"

"Yes, or perhaps the cream," moaned Toodles. "Perhaps I over-did the cream a little, considering the lobster and the pork-pies and the jelly and the—"

"Oh, my hat! If you've laid in provisions for the whole voyage at one sitting, you must expect trouble," chuckled Drake. "Possibly the lobster doesn't care for tomatoes. Go to sleep."

"I c-c-can't!"

"What Toodles wants is a dose of cod-liver oil," said Sawyer major.

"Shall I get you some cod-liver oil, Toodles?"

Groan!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors turned in cheerily, and they were soon asleep—with the exception of Toodles. Possibly the lobster did not care for tomatoes and pork-pies, and it continued to give the unhappy Toodles severe trouble.

The Last Flutter!

HERE we are again!" said Daubeny of the Shell, as the nose of the boat drove into the rushes of the Chad. The lights of the Lobster Pot glimmered through the trees on the bank.

"It's jolly late," remarked Torrence.

"What does that matter?"

"I mean we shall be jolly late back if we stay long. It's a good pull down from here to Chadport."

"We shall go back with the current. Besides, who cares?" said Daubeny. "It's our last night ashore, and we're goin' to make the most of it. We sha'n't be missed from the Benbow—an' if we are, who cares?"

"Well, I do, for one," said Torrence. "We sha'n't have to deal with the Head, but Mr. Vavasour can be ratty when he likes."

"Bother him!" answered Daubeny. "Come on."

The three Bucks of St. Winifred's stepped ashore, and followed the path to the back of the riverside inn.

A few minutes later they were admitted at the verandah window of Gentleman Smith's room.

Mr. Smith greeted them effusively.

The sharper had not been at all pleased to hear that the school on the Benbow was going to sea. The loss of the acquaintance of Daubeny and Co. was rather a serious one to him—financially. Mr. Smith had done very well by helping Daubeny and Co. to "see life." He had been glad, however, to hear that Daubeny proposed to visit his old haunt for a last flutter before the school went to sea.

Mr. Smith was not alone when the Bucks came in.

A man in seafaring garb was seated by the fire, smoking a short black pipe, which he did not remove as he nodded to the visitors. The juniors glanced at him rather curiously. He was not a prepossessing individual to look at. His face was swarthy, his hair black and curly, and his teeth almost as black as his hair, from incessant use of tobacco. He had but a single eye; but that eye was very keen and penetrating, though it was afflicted with a squint. The squint was a very pronounced one; the seafaring man seemed to be staring at the fire, when Daubeny, with a start, found that the eye was, as a matter of fact, staring at him. Over his other eye was a black patch.

"Friend o' mine, young gents," said Mr. Smith affably. "Name of Slaney. Knowed your father, Master Daubeny."

"Indeed!" said Vernon Daubeny drily.

It certainly did not seem probable to Daub that that rough, seafaring man could possibly have any acquaintance with Sir George Daubeny.

Slaney ducked his rough head to the Buck of St. Winifred's.

"Ay, ay; I knowed your father, young gentleman, if you are Master Daubeny," he said. "And I can see you are—you're like him. Queer that I should run into this here port on this very night, and meet you, ain't it? Back from South America only last week, and goin' to sea agin in the mornin'—that's me. I guess I'll be going, Smith."

"Oh, don't go yet," said Mr. Smith. "Maybe the young gentlemen would like you to take a 'and.'"

"No objection," said Egan, closing one eye at Torrence, unseen by Mr. Smith and his friend. The black sheep of St. Winifred's had met more than one queer character in their visits to Gentleman Smith's quarters at the Lobster Pot, and on such occasions they were not very particular as to the company they kept.

The seafaring man drew his chair to the table as the Bucks sat down. Gentleman Smith produced a pack of cards.

He passed round a box of cigarettes, and Daubeny and Co. began to smoke. Cards and cigarettes were the "life" they had come to see.

"Poker?" asked Mr. Smith, as he shuffled the cards.

"Any old thing," drawled Daubeny.

Daubeny was feeling a little uneasy—he hardly knew why—under the eye of the seafaring man. He felt himself under Slaney's observation all the time. Whenever he looked at the man, the single squinting eye was fixed on him.

"You're back from South America, I think you said?" he remarked. "Did you know my father there? Sir George was in Venezuela a good many years ago."

Slaney nodded.

"That's it—I knowed him on the banks of the Orinoco," he said. "So he's 'Sir George' now, is he? Quite forgotten an old messmate, I desay. If I wasn't goin' to sea to-morrow, I'd look in on him and 'ave a talk about old times, so I would. P'r'aps I will when I come back from this here v'y'ge. Maybe I'll 'ave some dockyments to show him he'll be pleased to see."

"Cut for deal," said Mr. Smith.

Daubeny looked hard at the seafaring man. Slaney was grinning, but in his grin there was, to Daubeny's mind, something curiously evil and menacing.

"We're going to sea to-morrow," remarked Torrence.

"You, sir? I reckoned you young gents was schoolboys," said the seafaring man, squinting at Torrence.

"So we are, but we're in a school that's going to sea," answered Torrence.

Slaney started.

"Not the Benbow?" he exclaimed "Oh, you've heard of it?"

"Ay, ay—down at Chadport," said Slaney, with a grin. "So you're goin' on the Benbow to South America? And you, too, Master Daubeny?"

"Yes," answered Daubeny curtly.

"Now, ain't that queer?" said Slaney, squinting curiously at the three juniors.

"I don't see anything queer in it,"

grunted Daubeny. "Your deal, Smith. Put out the cards."

"What-ho!" said Mr. Smith.

Conversation ceased as the four began to play poker.

But during the next hour Vernon Daubeny was conscious of the evil, glittering eye that was squinting at him incessantly.

At ten o'clock Mr. Slaney rose to his feet, declining a further "haud," and took his leave.

"I guess I've got to be on board my ship," he explained. "I'll see you again some day, Master Daubeny."

Daubeny knitted his brows. He had taken a dislike to Gentleman Smith's queer friend, that was not unmixed with fear.

"You're not likely to see me again," he answered brusquely. "I'm off to South America to-morrow."

"Ay, ay; and so am I," answered Slaney, with a grin.

"You're not likely to run across the Benbow out there," said Daubeny.

The seafaring man chuckled.

"Quien sabe?" he said; and with that, and a nod to the company, he quitted the room, and his heavy steps were heard descending the stairs.

"What the dickens did he mean?" asked Egan. "Was that Spanish?"

"It means 'who knows?'" grunted Daubeny. "That's a queer fish, Smith. Where on earth did he blow in from? I've never seen him here before."

"I've known him on and off for a good many years," said Mr. Smith. "He's away in foreign parts most times. Mixed up in a revolution in Venezuela, he was, and that's how he lost an eye. He spins yarns of battle, murder, and sudden death when he's full of rum. Your deal, Master Egan."

"But what is he?" asked Torrence.

"I fancy he's been a good many things. I believe he's a ship's cook now," answered Mr. Smith.

"Oh!"

Daubeny gave a grunt. It was not quite in accordance with the fitness of things for the son of Sir George Daubeny to play poker with a ship's cook. But Daub dismissed the sea-cook from his mind, and gave his whole attention to draw-poker.

The Bucks of St. Winifred's were not having good luck.

As a rule they lost more than they won in their little flutters at the Lobster Pot; but the judicious Mr. Smith sometimes gave them a run for their money.

On the present occasion, as they were going to sea on the morrow, Mr. Smith had no object in letting them off lightly—and he didn't.

By eleven o'clock the three Bucks were looking decidedly green.

They had come to the Lobster Pot well provided with cash for that final flutter. Now they had had the flutter, and the cash reposed on Gentleman Smith's side of the table.

Daubeny's face was flushed and feverish as he ran his hands through his pockets, in the hope of finding some overlooked currency-note. But he found it not.

Mr. Smith smiled imperceptibly.

"Gettin' late, isn't it?" he remarked. "I wouldn't 'urry you young

gents, but I dessay you ought to be on board your ship."

Daubeny smiled bitterly.

Mr. Smith had read his thoughts before he could utter them, and the sharper had no intention of playing for IO U's, which could not be honoured till the Benbow came back from her voyage—if then! Gentleman Smith rose to his feet as he spoke.

"I—I suppose we'd better go," murmured Torrence, rather dismally.

"Ave another smoke," said Mr. Smith hospitably. He opened the French window on the verandah.

"Lovely night; you'll 'ave a nice pull back to the ship. Shall I whistle to your man?"

He whistled shrilly into the night.

"Oh, let's go!" said Daubeny savagely.

A couple of minutes more, and the three Bucks were tramping away through the shadowy garden to the river.

Mr. Smith winked at the stars as he closed the window after them. Probably Gentleman Smith found a certain amount of humorous entertainment in the St. Winifred's Bucks and their mode of "seeing life."

The Shell fellows sat in the boat and pulled their coats round them as the boatman pushed out into the river.

"Dashed idiots to come!" muttered Torrence. "That wastrel has screwed a fiver out of me."

"Same here," grumbled Egan.

"Oh, don't grouse," growled Daubeny irritably; and he muffled himself against the wind, and sat in angry silence.

The boat glided down the river with the current.

The Anchor's Weighed!

TUMBLE up!" Dawn was glimmering over Chadport, and the old Benbow was all astir. Tuckey Toodles yawned portentously as Drake shook his hammock.

"Lemme alone! 'Tain't rising-bell!"

"Turn out, fatty!" said Drake, laughing. "You've got to get on your sea-legs, you know. The tug's coming."

"Oh, dear!"

"How's the lobster?" grinned Rodney.

"Wow!"

Tuckey Toodles turned out dismally. There was a trampling of feet on the deck overhead, and a buzz of many voices.

The Benbow was preparing for sea. In the distance, from above, the deep voice of Captain Topcastle could be heard, booming orders.

Most of the juniors were cheerful and excited. Sawyer major's voice was raised in melody:

"A life on the ocean wave;

A home on the rolling deep,

Where the—

You beast, Rawlings! Did you chuck that soap?" howled Sawyer, as his melody came to a sudden stop.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There'll be a death on the ocean wave if you don't give over howling, Sawyer," said Furdy.

"You silly ass—"

"All hands on deck!" called out Drake; and he went up with Rodney.

"No lessons to-day, at any rate," said Tuckey Toodles, trying to cheer up. "I—I say, Rawlings, do you think she'll roll much?"

"Sure to," answered Rawlings, with a grin. "I've heard the skipper say she'll roll till her backstays dip."

"Ow!"

"Till the mainyard dips into the scuppers, old top!" continued Rawlings. "The deck will be at an angle of forty-five most of the time—when it's not on beam-ends."

"I—I don't believe it!"

"My dear chap, you'll see. Better not have any brekker, Toodles; it will be sheer waste. We shall be out on the merry old ocean in an hour's time. Don't waste good food."

"Beast!"

Tuckey Toodles was feeling very uneasy already, though the Benbow was hardly stirring. The lobster was avenging itself still. The fat junior crawled on deck at last, and blinked round dismally at the scene of busy animation there.

"Keep out of the way, Toodles!" called out Drake.

Tuckey stared round.

"Eh, what—yaroooop!"

A trailing rope across the deck caught Tuckey's feet as it was hauled, and the fat Fourth-former was suddenly up-ended.

He sat down on the deck with a loud bump and a louder yell.

"Yow-ow-ow! What the—oh!—who the—yooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wriggle away, you ass!" exclaimed Drake, as five or six busy seamen came tramping across, right for the sprawling Tuckey.

"I—I—Ow!"

Tuckey Toodles maintained afterwards that he was trodden upon on purpose. Perhaps he was. He was feeling quite winded when Drake and Rodney clutched him and hauled him below, and planted him in the common-room.

"Now you stay there, you duffer," said Drake. "If you get in the way of the sailors you'll get jumped on. I saw the skipper's eye on you."

"Ow! Ow! I suppose I can go on deck if I like?" howled Toodles.

"Not if you get in the way. Stay here till we're out at sea; you won't want to move after that," chuckled Drake. "They're hitching on to the tug."

"What's that awful row?" gasped Toodles.

"The anchor, fathead. They're yanking it up."

"Oh! I—I thought the ship was going down! I—I say, Drake, is—is it too late to change my mind? I—I think I'd rather go ashore."

"Well, if you'd like to swim, go ahead," answered Drake. "The last shore boat has cast off."

"Oh, dear!"

The Benbow was in motion now. The last good-byes had been said the previous evening; the Benbow was going out with the first tide. But hands and handkerchiefs waved from the quay as the old ship moved, and the Benbow fellows waved back and

shouted. In the wake of the snorting, sooty-looking tug the Benbow moved, slow and stately, down the estuary.

"We're really off at last!" exclaimed Rodney, his eyes gleaming. The sailor's son was quite at home on the waters; the salt breath of the sea was like wine to him. "Hallo, here's Packe. Good-morning, Mr. Packe."

Mr. Packe glanced at him with a lack-lustre eye.

The motion of the Benbow was very mild as yet, but apparently it was enough for Mr. Packe.

"G-g-good morning, m-m-my b-b-boys!" murmured Mr. Packe. "A b-b-beautiful m-m-morning!"

And he disappeared below.

"My word! What will he be like when we're at sea?" grinned Rodney. "Do you feel anything yet, Drake?"

"No fear!"

"Hallo, there's Daub—he looks rather queer about the gills."

Drake laughed. Vernon Daubeny certainly did not look his best that fresh and breezy morning. Late hours and too many smokes had told on him, and the gathering motion of the ship added to the effect. Egan and Torrence were still in their hammocks. All school rules were relaxed for the first day at sea. It was quite probable that the masters would not be in an efficient state for enforcing rules.

"Did you have a merry old time last night, Daub?" asked Drake cheerfully.

Daub's answer was a scowl. The waters at the mouth of the estuary were rough, and the Benbow was "wallowing" a little. Daubeny found it rather difficult to keep his feet.

"She rolls more than a steamer," muttered Daubeny. "What the thump are we goin' to sea in a giddy sailer for, by gad? Ow! What are you rotters grinnin' at, confound you? Do you think I'm sick?"

"You look a bit green, old top!" grinned Drake.

"We cast off the tug at the Point," said Rodney. "Can you hear what old Topcastle is bellowing? I know it's orders to set sail. What a voice!"

Captain Topcastle's bull-voice could be heard from stem to stern of the Benbow. The active seamen ran out on the yards. Vernon Daubeny tottered away below, and joined Tuckey Toodles in the common-room. Tuckey met him with a ghastly look.

"Is it—is it a fearful storm, Daubeny?" he spluttered.

"Idiot!" snapped Daubeny.

"Wha-at's that awful hooting?"

"Only the tug, ass!"

"I—I say, are you sure the ship's not going down, old chap? It—it feels to me as if it's going down."

"Oh, dry up!"

The tug had cast off, and the Benbow, under main, fore, and topsails, was plunging the salt waters of the sea.

Tuckey Toodles lay back on a couch, with a weird complexion that was rapidly growing green.

Daubeny was not feeling much better.

There was a call to breakfast, but a good many of the juniors did not heed it. Some thought it more judicious not to eat just then, while others

could not have eaten to save their lives. Overhead it was a fine and sunny day, but the sea was a little rough, and every roll of the old ship was a fresh shock to the landsmen. Drake and Rodney and some of the other fellows remained on deck, but there was quite a numerous gathering in the common-room, looking at one another with pallid faces.

"Sing us songs of Araby now, Sawyer; old man," said Rawlings.

"Ow!" gasped Sawyer major.

"Shurrup!"

"Ooooooooooooooh!" suddenly came from Tuckey Toodles.

"Clink! Clink! Clink!"

The steward's mate came into the room, the bearer of a number of tin bowls, which he distributed. The sight of them made the juniors feel more seasick than they had felt be-

be his shipmate during the voyage of the Benbow to tropic climes!

But Daubeny was not able to give that matter further thought just then. A heave of the ship overcame him, and his head fell forward over the tin bowl. Tuckey Toodles was already gurgling piteously. On all sides there were sounds of woe and anguish. Let us, as a novelist would say, draw a veil over the tragic scene!

At Sea!

ST. WINIFRED'S was at sea at last!

That day, under a sunny sky, the old ship thumped her way through rough waters, and for most of the St. Winifred's fellows it was an enjoyable day.

They marvelled to see the crew so cheery and self-possessed. They were



A trailing rope caught Tuckey's feet, and the fat Fourth-former sat down with a bump. "Yow-ow-ow!" he yelled as the seamen tramped across.

fore. Vernon Daubeny was sitting very still, breathing softly.

"Ere you are, sir," said the steward's mate, banging a tin bowl at his feet.

Daubeny started; the rough, rusty voice was familiar to him. In spite of his inward trouble, he looked up quickly.

A single glinting eye squinted at him from a swarthy face. It was Slaney, his acquaintance of the night before at the Lobster Pot.

"You here!" exclaimed Daubeny. The one-eyed seaman grinned, and touched his cap.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"What are you doing on board this ship?" exclaimed Daubeny.

"Steward's mate, sir, for the v'y'age," said Slaney. "I told you we'd meet agin, sir."

"By gad!"

Slaney quitted the common-room, Daubeny staring after him blankly. The sight of the swarthy face and the squinting eye had given him a strange thrill of fear. So the evil-eyed seafaring man of the Lobster Pot was to

amazement to behold a man balance himself with his hand on a stay, and drink a pannikin of coffee.

How a man could eat and drink with the ship rolling in rough waters was a deep mystery to the juniors the first day, and to some of them the second and the third.

But everything has an end, even seasickness.

Most of the fellows got on their sea-legs at last, and began to enjoy the sea-breeze and the sunshine.

Tuckey Toodles was the severest sufferer, and the last to recover.

After school lessons had started for the others, Rupert de Vere Toodles was still in his hammock, an invalid.

Even in his hammock he found little rest.

More than once a loud howl from Toodles announced his fear that the ship was going down, when the Benbow gave an extra heavy plunge in the billows. And sometimes poor Tuckey almost wished that the ship would go down; it would at least have made an end of the weird and terrible revolutions to which his inward

economy had become subject. To be deprived of food was to Tuckey Toodles the greatest disaster that could befall, and now he dared not eat. For days he ate little, though in the intervals of seasickness he was assailed by a terrific appetite. But the scourge always returned, and for the first time in his fat career Tuckey Toodles "went easy" on his rations.

It was on the fourth day that Drake and Rodney, coming to visit the sufferer, found him recovered.

Tuckey had turned out and dressed, and he met the chums of the Fourth with a cheery grin.

"All serene," he said. "The beast isn't rolling so much to-day, I think."

"You've got used to it," said Rodney, with a smile.

"Well, it doesn't seem so beastly. I say, I'm awfully hungry," said Tuckey. "I suppose it wouldn't be safe to eat very much, would it?"

"No fear; go easy at first."

"I feel as if I hadn't eaten anything since before the war," said Tuckey pathetically. "I could eat a horse, you know. But I know I ought to be careful. I'll go easy. I say, Drake, will you give me your arm into the canteen?"

"Can't you walk?"

"Ye-es; but I'd like you to help me. Besides, I sha'n't enjoy a feed unless you're there, old chap," said Toodles affectionately.

Drake laughed, and gave the fat junior his aid. Tuckey kept hold of his arm as they went into the canteen, and did not let go of it again.

"You're an awfully good chap, dear old top!" murmured Tuckey. "I knew you were going to stand me a decent feed, after all I've been through. I'm ever so much obliged."

"But—"
"It's tea-time in half an hour, and the ship's tea is good," said Rodney. Tuckey gave him a reproachful look.

"Do you think I can wait half an hour, when I'm perishing of hunger?" he asked. "Besides, Drake wants to stand me a feed, and I'm not going to disappoint him."

"Oh, go ahead," said Drake resignedly. "Most of Capps' shore stuff is gone by this time, and you may as well finish it."

"So I will, dear old boy."
And Tuckey Toodles did his best.

There was still a supply of "shore stuff" in the canteen—perishable goods which the juniors were not likely to leave to perish. Tuckey Toodles made a gallant raid upon it. Heedless now of the motion of the ship, Tuckey piled in with great energy, his usually terrific appetite rendered still more terrific by long abstinence and the keen sea-air.

"Hadn't you better go easy, old chap?" murmured Drake at last. "I'll stand you all you can eat, but—you'll get collywobbles again."

"Oh, I'm all right. Still, I don't think I'll have any more, except that cake, and that bag of jam-tarts, and a pineapple. Can't be too careful."

"Oh, my hat!"

Tuckey Toodles disposed of the cake, and the tarts, and the pineapple. He added a few bananas and some apples,

some nuts, and a jar of ginger. His companions watched him in alarm. Tuckey slacked down at last, and he seemed to sit very still.

"Finished?" asked Drake.

Tuckey turned a glassy eye on him. "I—I—I haven't overdone it," he murmured. "Don't think that for a moment. I haven't! But—but—Groooooogh!"

And the hapless Tuckey had to be carried away.

THE END.

"The Secret of the One-eyed Seaman!" will be next Tuesday's rattling yarn of this splendid new series of the boys of the Benbow!

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

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

Blundell's Little Joke!

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Sir,—The last meeting of the Fifth Form Debating Society was completely spoilt by the unruly antics of the cheeky young puppies in the Remove. They burst into the debating-room, and proceeded to pelt the speakers with cabbages, prehistoric eggs, old boots, and other missiles.

Please note that dogs will not be admitted to the Fifth-form debates in future, unless led by a chain.—Yours contemptuously, GEORGE BLUNDELL, President, Fifth-form Debating Society.

(The dogs of the Remove beg to reply "Bow-wow!"—Ed.)

RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 28.

In this competition one competitor sent in a correct solution of the pictures. The First Prize of £2 10s. has therefore been awarded to:

JOHN CUNNINGHAM,
10, Hugo Street,
Falls Road,
Belfast.

A Tuck Hamper has been awarded to each of the following six competitors, whose solutions came next in order of merit:

H. M. Davies, 62, Colonna Rd., Tonyrefail, Glam.; J. L. Meadows, 21, Little Moor Ave., Manor Park, E.12; A. W. McLeod, 52, Molyneux Rd., Kensington, Liverpool; Edwin W. L. Clarke, 5, Cranbourne Rd., Gosport, Hants; James T. Wood, 15, Lawn St., Paisley; Oliver J. May, Corner House, Russell Ave., St. Albans.

CORRECT SOLUTION:

Dear Chums,—Bunter, who applies regularly six times a week to be put in charge of the Tuck Hamper forwarding department, now suggests that during the summer a crate of ginger-pop should be sent to each winner of a hamper. Billy generously offers to undertake this extra labour as well!

HARRY.

MY KRICKET KOLLUM

By
BILLY BUNTER

WHEN, dear reader, you open Wisden's Almernack twenty years hence, you will find it packed from kover to kover with descriptions of my brilliant exploits on the cricket-field. I shall be spoken of as "Bunter—Britain's Best Batsman," and my praise will be chanted from the howse-tops.

The reason why I have not already leapt to fame is that Wharton and the others are jellus of me.

When the Rookwood match came off, I kwite ekspected to be given a plaice in the team. I should have plade larst weak against Courtfield, only I pinched Bolsover major's flannels—and Bolsover major pinched me afterwards!

Shortly befor the Rookwood encounter, I had a few wurdz with Wharton. He and his palls were standing in frunt of the pavvillion, redy for the fray.

"Look hear, Wharton," I said. "I'm going to play!"

The kaptin of the Remove raised his highbrows.

"Reely!" he said. "This is the 1st I've herd of it!"

"I'm going to play," I repeated; "and, what's more, I insist upon taking 1st nock!"

"Rite you are!" said Wharton. My eyes farely glissened behind my spectacles.

"You reely men to give me 1st nock?" I ejaculated.

"Sertingly!"

At this junckcher, Bob Cherry and Frank Nugent seazed me, and lade me ackross a form, face downwards. And then Wharton started lamming me with a kricket-stump.

Wack, wack, wack!
"Ow-ow-ow! Help! Fire Merder!" I showted. "What's the littel game?"

"I'm giving you 1st nock!" explained Wharton.

It was a verry paneful predikkerment, deer reader. Pickeher to yoreself a carpet-beeting eppisode—with me as the carpet! Then you'll get a faint idea of what it was like.

My rores of angwish brought Wingate of the 6th to the spott, and he ordered Wharton to release me.

I was refewsed a plaice in the team, so I had to watch the game with the rest of the specked taters. And, for certain reasons, I was compelled to watch it standing up!

The Remove faired badly. Their shotts for gole were apallingly wide of the mark. And their batsmen kept getting off-side.

There is no need for me to deskribe the match in detale, deer reader. Suffise it to say that the Remove were well licked. And the result will allways be the same—untill the happy day when W. G. Bunter gets a plaice in the ellevven!

THE END.

THE BACON MYSTERY!

Our Great New Series dealing with
the amazing adventures of

HERLOCK SHOLMES
DETECTIVE

Written by

PETER TODD

I.
HERLOCK SHOLMES was standing at the telephone when I came in from visiting my patients. He put up the receiver, and glanced at me with a slightly bored expression.

"Another case, Sholmes?"

"Another case, Jotson," he answered. "I am wanted at the docks. A cargo of foodstuffs from Chicago was landed yesterday, and some fool-hardy individual has stolen a side of bacon. At all events, so I am assured. The official who rung me up declares that it could not have wandered away, as the dock-gates are watched. If you care to come—"

"Certainly, my dear Sholmes."

"Then get your gas-mask at once, and let us start."

"My gas-mask?" I repeated.

"Undoubtedly. We are going among the newly landed cargo—"

"But—"

"You are aware, my dear Jotson, that in the United States everything moves on a higher plane than in this country. The ideals are high, the prices are high, and the bacon is most decidedly high. All things considered, it will be safer to take our gas-masks. Why run unnecessary risks?"

"You are right, Sholmes, as, indeed, you always are."

In a few minutes we were on our way to the docks.

We arrived there, and were received by the official in charge, and, having donned our gas-masks, were taken to the bacon storage department.

There Herlock Sholmes made a very brief examination. As a rule Sholmes was very thorough-going in his methods. But on this occasion he seemed somewhat hurried.

"Have your suspicions fallen upon anyone?" he inquired, as we emerged.

"One of the casual workers has not turned up to-day, Mr. Sholmes. We have inquired at his home, and find that he is missing."

"Ah! What steps have been taken?"

"We have circulated his description among all the provision-dealers."

"For what reason?" inquired Sholmes.

The official stared.

"Naturally, to prevent him from disposing of the side of bacon, as it seems clear that he is the person who purloined it," he answered tartly.

"Really, Mr. Sholmes—"

Herlock Sholmes smiled his inscrutable smile.

"Any other steps?" he asked.

"None."

"Very good. I will take up the case, and I hope to place the man in

your hands in a few hours. Give me his description."

We breathed more freely when we had taken our leave.

In Shaker Street once more, we separated.

"I shall be busy this afternoon, Jotson," said Herlock Sholmes. "You may go and see your patients, my dear fellow. The case is hardly worthy of my powers, but I will see it through."

"On the contrary, my dear Sholmes, you seem to have set yourself a difficult task," I remarked. "You have no clue—"

"I have the description of the man who bagged the bacon, Jotson."

"True; but—"

"I am now about to make a round, and look for him."

"But in so large a city as London, Sholmes!" I exclaimed in amazement.

"Surely—"

"My visits will be confined to the



Having donned their gas-masks, Sholmes and Jotson entered the bacon storage department.

places where it is probable that he will be found, Jotson."

"At the provision-dealers?"

"Not at all. But I will explain when we meet again, my dear fellow, at the end of the story, as usual."

And we separated.

II.

I WAS thinking of Herlock Sholmes—a good deal during the remainder of the day.

My faith in my amazing friend was great, but I was perplexed.

With simply the description of the missing dockerman to aid him, how was he to find the man in the vast wilderness of London?

Certainly the man was not likely to return to the docks, and it had already been ascertained that he was missing from his lodgings. And Sholmes evidently did not believe that he would be found attempting to dispose of his plunder at a provision-dealer's.

What clue, then, existed to his possible whereabouts was a mystery to me.

I was eager to see Herlock Sholmes that evening, for, puzzled as I was, I

did not doubt that he would be successful, as usual, and would furnish me with the usual explanation over our evening kipper.

I had to perform an important operation that afternoon. When it was over, and I had signed the death certificate, I returned to our rooms at Shaker Street. A grateful and comforting aroma of kippers greeted me as I entered. Sholmes, already seated at the table, looked up with a smile.

"My dear Sholmes," I exclaimed, "you are back already!"

"As you see, Jotson."

"And the case of the missing side of bacon—"

"Is finished."

"And the thief—"

"Is found."

"My dear Sholmes! You amaze me more and more."

Sholmes smiled, with a rather bored expression.

"My dear Jotson, the case was, as I remarked to you, hardly worthy of my powers. However, I will explain."

"I am all ears, Sholmes."

"Not all—though, perhaps, nearly all," smiled Sholmes. "However, to explain. What do you suppose the man's object was in stealing a side of bacon newly landed from an American ship?"

"For profit, I presume—to dispose of it to a dealer."

"Impossible. No dealer would have taken it off his hands. Even in a time of scarcity, Jotson, there is a limit. Moreover, the man could not have taken it about the streets for long without risk of detection. He might have been stopped at any moment by a policeman, for leading it about unmuzzled."

"True."

"No, Jotson; it was evidently a genuine case of hunger," said Sholmes.

"The man bagged the bacon with the intention of eating it—"

"Poor, poor fellow!" I exclaimed involuntarily. "He must indeed have been in severe want."

"Undoubtedly. The bacon was stolen yesterday, and I judged that he had had some of it, at least, for his supper—on the theory that he must have been very hungry indeed to take it at all. I took his description, therefore, and made a round in search of him—"

"Where, Sholmes?"

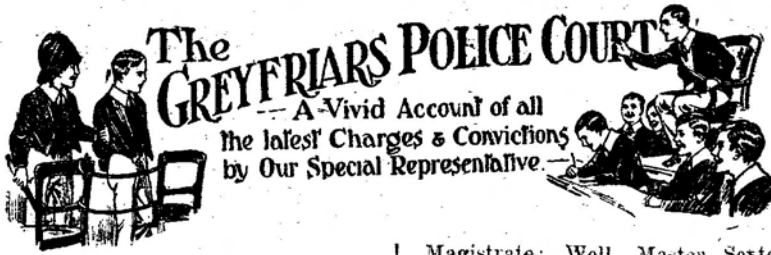
"Naturally, at the hospitals," he replied. "Convinced that he had eaten part of his plunder, where else should I look for him?"

"Most true!"

"At the third hospital I visited I found him. He had been admitted overnight, suffering from a complication of severe internal disorders. I telephoned his present address to the docks, and—voilà tout! Child's-play, my dear Jotson," said Sholmes, with a yawn. "But the kippers are getting cold; let us dine."

THE END.

The next screamingly funny adventure will be "The Case of the Chopstein Venus."



The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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

Several interesting cases came before Mr. Justice Wharton at the Woodshed Assizes on Wednesday.

Accommodation was limited, and the police were compelled to turn a large number away with their boots. Doubtless this will serve as a warning to the public to book their seats in advance.

Trouble For Temple!

An elegantly dressed young named Cecil Reginald Temple was the first prisoner to be bundled into the dock. He seemed quite self-composed, nodding affably to his worship, and remarking that it was very nice weather for the time of year.

Magistrate: Yes, but you may expect a violent storm shortly! (Laughter.)

Mr. Mark Linley, the handsome and distinguished K.C., rose to address the court. As he did so, a number of Fourth-formers in the gallery opened fire at him with their peashooters.

Magistrate: This bombardment must cease forthwith— Yow-ow-ow!

P.-c. Johnny Bull: What's wrong, your worship?

Magistrate: Ow! My worshipful countenance is being peppered with peas! (Laughter.)

P.-c. Bull: Shall I eject the authors of this outrage, your worship?

Magistrate: Of course! If the police don't buck their ideas up, I'll sack the lot!

(After a fierce struggle, the Fourth-formers were bundled neck and crop out of the court.)

Magistrate: Good! Now we can get on with the washing. What is the charge against prisoner?

Mr. Linley, K.C.: At midnight last night, your worship, he attempted to scare the occupants of the Remove dormitory by appearing therein in ghostly attire.

Magistrate: Ho, ho! Fetch me my black cap, somebody! (Laughter.)

Mr. Linley: Fortunately, nobody showed the slightest trace of funk when the ghostly figure appeared—with the exception of your worship.

Magistrate (sharply): Does my learned friend insinuate that I showed the white feather?

Mr. Linley: You showed nothing, your worship—not so much as an eyebrow! Directly the "ghost" came on the scene, you disappeared beneath the bedclothes! (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate: You are a silly ass, sir

Mr. Linley: Then I am in excellent company! (Renewed laughter.)

Magistrate: If you don't stop making personal remarks, I shall clear the court!

This threat having had the desired effect, Mr. Linley called the first witness—Detective-inspector Penfold.

Magistrate: Well, Master Sexton Sherlock Pyke, what do you know of this affair?

Witness: At midnight last night, your worship, I was in the Remove dormitory—

Magistrate: Disguised as a bolster?

Witness: No, as a bit of fluff, your worship! (Laughter.) And just as the first stroke of twelve boomed out from the old clock-tower, the prisoner, enveloped in a sheet, glided into the dormitory.

Magistrate: How did you manage to identify him?

Witness: By his feet, your worship. He was wearing size nine boots, and he made the dickens of a clatter. He behaved more like a rhinoceros than a ghost! (Laughter.) I arrested him this morning on the stairs, and read the charge to him. He made no statement.

Detective-inspector Penfold's evidence was corroborated by fourteen members of the Remove Form, who all tried to get into the witness-box at once, with the result that the structure collapsed.

Magistrate: Telephone for the ambulance! (Laughter, mingled with the groans of the victims.)

When the injured persons had been removed to the temporary hospital at the back of the wood-shed, Mr. Ernest Dabney, K.C., A.S.S., rose to conduct the defence.

"Any chump can see that my client, Mr. Temple, was merely walking in his sleep," said the counsel.

Magistrate: You're the only chump present in court, then! (Laughter.)

Mr. Dabney: Mr. Temple had not the slightest intention of scaring the

Remove dormitory. His somnambulist actions—

Magistrate (faintly): His what?

Mr. Dabney: His somnambulist

Magistrate: Constable Bull! Take the learned counsel out of court, and thump him on the back. He's swallowed a dictionary!

Mr. Dabney having been removed, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty.

His worship said that this was clearly a very bad case, and it would not do to err on the side of leniency. Prisoner would be sentenced to be bumped, tossed in a blanket, and severely chastised with a cricket-stump. After which—provided he was still alive—he would be made to run the gauntlet.

The sentence was duly carried out, and prisoner's remains were sent home to his sorrowing parents in a match-box!

REPORTS IN BRIEF.

Richard Nugent, George Tubb, and George Alfred Gatty were charged with contempt of Court. P.-c. Johnny Bull deposed that he had heard them giggling throughout the proceedings.

Prisoners pleaded that they had just been to the dentist, and had not shaken of the effects of the laughing-gas.

Magistrate: Do you expect me to swallow a yarn like that?

Prisoners (in chorus): Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! He, he, he!

His worship ordered the offenders to be handed over to the Lunacy Commissioners.

William George Bunter was charged with refusing to duck his head when bathing in the River Sark.

Magistrate: Ho, ho! Refused to duck your head, did you? Well, you'll jolly well duck it now!

So saying, his worship hurled a cricket-stump at prisoner, who promptly ducked, the missile striking Mr. Peter Todd, K.C., on his somewhat prominent nose.

Magistrate: I am reminded of the words of the poet:

"I shot an arrow in the air;
It fell to earth—I know not where."
(Laughter.)

Mr. Peter Todd having been removed on the ambulance, his worship sentenced prisoner to be ducked in the fountain three times daily, until further notice.

George Bulstrode, Peter Hazeldene, Robert Donald Ogilvy, and William Wilbey were summoned for non-payment of their cricket subscriptions.

Mr. Frank Nugent, the treasurer, said that he couldn't for the life of him see how the club was going to be carried on successfully if people didn't pay their subscriptions.

Magistrate: I heartily agree with my friend!

Mr. Nugent (bitterly): Your worship's own subscription is outstanding! (Laughter.)

Prisoners were given five minutes in which to pay, his worship remarking that his own subscription could jolly well wait!

For a Boy or Girl
£100
AND
100 TEN SHILLING
NOTES

Every boy and girl who wants to get on in the world should try for the £100 grant which is offered by the Editor of THE CHILDREN'S NEWS-PAPER for the best attempt at painting a simple picture. 100 other prizes. For further particulars see this week's

CHILDREN'S
NEWSPAPER
Out on Friday.

OUR SILVER SHILLING FEATURE
 Money Prizes
 for all Contributions Printed on
 this Page.
 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 jokes should be written plainly on a postcard.—Editor.

Not By a Jugful!

Mrs. Newlywed was patiently instructing her new Irish maid-of-all-work as to the proper names of certain articles.

"And remember, Bridget," she said in conclusion, "these are ewers—ewers, remember, so don't call them jugs any more."

"O! won't, mum!" cried Bridget joyfully. "An' is all them little basins mine, too, mum?"—Sent in by Miss C. Gentle, 146, Kilmarnock Road, Shawlands, Glasgow.

Gave With Both Hands!

The Sunday-school teacher was giving her class a lecture on mottoes, and remarked that she wished the class to memorise the motto: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Yes, miss," piped up the smallest boy; "my father says he always sticks to that motto in his business."

"How noble of him!" exclaimed the teacher. "By the way, what is his business?"

"He's a boxer, miss!"—Sent in by J. Colville, 52, Rensbury Road, Walthamstow, E.17.

TALKING SHOP!



FREDDIE: "If I had all the tiddlers I ever caught fishing, I could open a fish shop!"

BERTIE: "Yes, and if I had all the ducks I've made at cricket, I could open a poultry shop!"

A Terrible Tease!

"Willie," said the teacher, "you have written the word 'rabbit' with two 't's.' You must leave one of them out."

"All right teacher," said little Willie cheerfully. "Which one?"—Sent in by W. G. Biddiscombe, 6, Bert Road, Bensham Lane, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

He Got the Stick!

Mr. Quelch was taking the history-lesson in the Remove class.

"Now, boys," he said, "imagine yourselves in the midst of the battle. Napoleon with his Frenchmen are on your right; Wellington with his Englishmen are on your left."

Then, noticing Bunter not attending, he snapped out:

"What is on your right hand, Bunter?"

"P-please, sir," stammered Bunter, waking with a start, "only some treacle toffee! It's stuck to it, and won't come off!"—Sent in by J. Hartley jun., 6, Woodplumpton Road, Ashton-on-Ribble, Preston.

Not Fair!

"Now, my son," said the conscientious father, "tell me why I punished you."

"Boo-hoo, that's just it!" howled his offspring indignantly. "First you nearly slaughter me, and then you don't know what you do it for!"—Sent in by Miss Ellena Ferrarini, Central Pier, Morecambe, Lancs.

Very Good For it!

Visitor: Is this a good place for rheumatism?

The Oldest Inhabitant: Ay, it do be that, zur—O! got mine here!"—Sent in by L. Henley, 6, Merridale Crescent, Wolverhampton.

Fed Up!

Mrs. Bunter: Did you have a good time at the party, Sammy?

Sammy: Yes, rather, ma!

Mrs. Bunter: Then why didn't you stay till the end?

Sammy: What was the use, ma? I couldn't eat any more!"—Sent in by A. Waddington, 299, Two Mile Hill, Kingswood, near Bristol.

A Present of the Past!

Sammy Bunter (to his sister): Gimme back my ball!

Bessie Bunter: But you gave it to me for a birthday-present.

Sammy: Yes, but that was yesterday; 'tisn't your birthday to-day!"—Sent in by C. Morling, The Cottage, Coopersale House, near Epping, Essex.

On the Bus-t!

The very reverend gentleman was just about to board the 'bus when he noticed in the corner a man who appeared to be somewhat the worse for drink.

"Er—surely, conductor," he said, "you don't allow an intoxicated man to travel in your 'bus, do you?"

"No, sir," came the reply; "it's sartinly agin the law. But"—in a hoarse whisper—"op in quick, guv'nor, and nobody'll notice yer!"—Sent in by L. Surridge, 75, Douglas Road, Romford.

The Smith Got Bitten!

A rather simple-looking lad halted before the blacksmith's forge on his way home from school, and eyed the doings of the proprietor with much interest.

The brawny smith, ill-pleased with his curiosity, held a piece of hot iron under the boy's nose, hoping by this means to make him go away.

"Say, mister," said the lad, "if you'll give me half a crown I'll bite it."

With a smile the smith handed the simple-looking boy the half-crown demanded, whereupon the lad bit the coin, stowed it in his pocket, and walked slowly away!—Sent in by M. A. Simkins, 13a, Hubert Road, Selby, Oak, Birmingham.

WISE BOY!



DEAR OLD GENT: "I suppose, my lad, you love your enemies?"

THE LAD: "Oh, yes—when I meet them all at once!"

Some Method!

Mr. Quelch: Bunter, why have you sent in three pennies with your examination-paper?

Billy Bunter: Please, sir, I couldn't get the sum to work out right, so I made it up with threepence borrowed from Peter Todd!"—Sent in by A. Wise, 74, Southgate Road, Old Swan, Liverpool, Lancs.

Very Cool!

A young man went into a restaurant for dinner. Sitting down to a table, he called the waiter to him.

"What's the price of meat pudding?" he asked.

"Sixpence, sir."

"And potatoes?"

"Threepence a plate, sir."

"And the cabbage?"

"Fourpence, sir."

"Oh—and the gravy?"

"We give that in, sir."

"Well," murmured the customer, "bring me a plate of gravy, as I've brought my own bread!"—Sent in by E. Davies, 62, Penwith Road, Southfields, S.W.15.

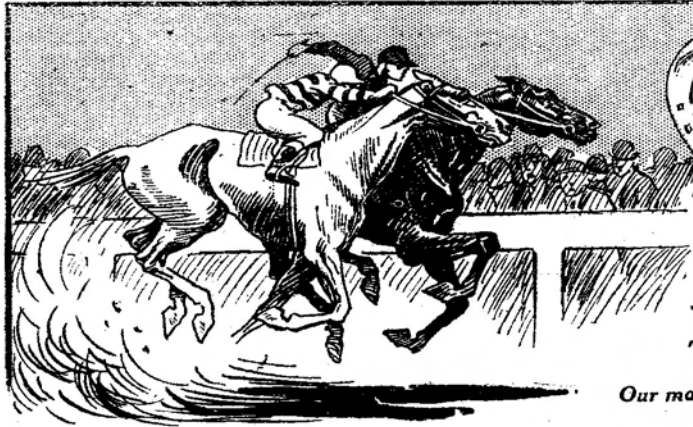
Ticked Off!

Harold Skinner (to the tuck-shop-keeper in Friardale): Say, Uncle Clegg, why do you never wind up that clock of yours?

Uncle Clegg: Why, 'cause it's in keepin' with my motto.

Skinner: And what's that?

Uncle Clegg: Well, to be sure, it's "No tick here!"—Sent in by W. Whish, 68, Clifden Road, Twickenham, Middlesex.



The Luck of the Estors

THE OPENING CHAPTERS

Our magnificent new racing serial specially written by

MAJOR CHERRY

Tony Finds a Clue!

TONY gazed in open-mouthed amazement at the girl who had so dramatically appeared at midnight.

"Lord Estor isn't to be found, Lady Dorothy?" he cried. "Why, what on earth do you mean?"

"Oh, it's true, Tony!" cried the girl. "Father retires as regularly as clockwork at eleven, yet at half-past he wasn't in the house at all. All the servants have been seeking him, and—oh, this suspense is dreadful!"

The pent-up emotion under which the girl was labouring burst forth in a torrent of tears.

With all the helplessness of a boy in the presence of a weeping woman, Tony could only stand and stammer in a feeble attempt to offer comfort. Dick Selby, his chum, came to the door, attracted by the sound of the weeping, and seemed smitten in a heap by the spectacle of the Owner's daughter and her heart-rending distress.

"Won't you come in, Lady Dorothy?" murmured Tony. "If you'll take a seat in the library, I'll tell Barney, and—"

"Hallo! What's all the rumpus about?"

The girl raised her head, and Tony and Dick swung round at the sound of the voice. It was Barney Bulfin, and he was hardly in the rig for receiving Lord Estor's daughter. Covering him was a long fancy dressing-gown, beneath which showed a flash pair of striped silk pyjamas. His ankles were bare, but his feet were shod in a pair of embroidered slippers which a curate might have envied. On his head reposed a yellow silk night-cap, from which was suspended a gorgeous tassel. Whence Barney obtained his ideas for night-attire it is impossible to say, but the result was a wonderful blend of ancient and modern fashions in a colour-scheme which would have sent a Futurist into raptures.

From half-way down the hall the trainer recognised the Owner's daughter, and stopped short in his stride. For a moment he seemed to be contemplating a hasty retreat to his bedroom, but he stood his ground like a man in the presence of feminine distress.

"Bless my soul! Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "Whatever are you

doing out alone at this time of night, Lady Dorothy?"

The girl darted past the astonished Tony and Dick, and flung herself into the arms of the genial trainer.

"Oh, Barney," she cried, "I've come for your help and advice! It's about father! He—"

"There, there, my dear," murmured Barney soothingly, as he patted the girl's head. "Calm yourself."

He led her gently towards the library, at the same time beckoning to the two boys to follow. Feeling very sheepish, Tony and Dick did so, closing the door behind them.

Barney escorted the girl to a comfortable armchair, and took a seat facing her. The two boys hovered in the background, feeling rather like intruders.

"Now come, Lady Dorothy," said the trainer. "Tell me all about the trouble, and you can rely on me to give you all the help that lies in my power."

The girl made an effort, and brushed her tears away.

"It—it's awfully silly of me to make all this fuss, I know, Barney," she said; "but you've no idea how worried I've been. Father, as you know, retires each night punctually at eleven

unless we have guests staying at the Hall. To-night I left him shortly after ten, but I felt curiously uneasy, as though everything wasn't quite as it ought to be, and I couldn't sleep for some time. At last I dropped off, but it couldn't have been for long, for I awoke with a start, imagining I heard somebody moving about in the corridor outside my room. I'm not usually nervous, Barney, but I simply couldn't shake off a horrid premonition of something evil and sinister."

The girl gave a shudder, and Barney leaned forward in his chair and patted her hand reassuringly.

"Well," continued Dorothy, after an effort, "so thoroughly unstrung did I feel that I got up, switched on the light, and opened the door. The time by my watch was only shortly after eleven, so I crept along to father's room and called to him softly. There was no reply, and after knocking on the door two or three times I tried the handle. The door opened at once, and I switched on the light in the room. Father was not there, neither had his bed been touched. Thinking he might have dropped off to sleep in the library, I went downstairs, but the whole place was in darkness. Then I rushed upstairs again and hastily dressed."

"And came on here?"

"No, Barney; I went to the servants' quarters first. James, the butler, had not retired, and he, and some of the other servants we aroused, joined in a search. Father had disappeared without a word to anyone. Without telling James or the others of my intention, I came down here to seek your aid. Oh, do help me to find him!"

Barney sat thoughtfully regarding the girl for a few seconds. He well knew that the habits of Lord Estor, who had been a soldier in his time, were as regular as the pendulum of a clock. The apprehension of the girl was contagious, and he felt more than a little worried at the tidings she had imparted; but he strove to hide his fears.

"You remain here for a few moments, my dear," he said to the girl, "and chat away to these two young rascals, while I go and throw on a few clothes fit for out-of-doors wear. Then I'll walk back with you to the Hall. I dare say your father only went for a little moonlight stroll, and

READ THIS FIRST.

Lord Estor, a grand old British sportsman, is attending Epsom with his daughter, the Hon. Dorothy Cavanagh, a charming girl of sixteen. The bad luck which has dogged the Estors for some time reaches a climax, for Sunfire, the Derby favourite, with Danny Wade up, loses the great race. Afterwards a veterinary surgeon examines Sunfire, and he gives the startling verdict, "The mare has been doped!" The matter is hushed up, but every effort is made to solve the mystery. Next evening Tony Draycott and Dick Selby, two stable boys, catch a red-haired man on Lord Estor's estate near Newmarket. He has two letters on him, one unaddressed, and the other for Lord Estor. The second is delivered, but the boys try to solve the other which is in cipher. While still at it at midnight Lady Dorothy calls and announces that her father has disappeared.

we shall find him back again and wondering where you've got to when we get there."

"It's jolly good of you, Barney," said Dorothy, "but I know you're only saying that to try and buck me up. You know as well as I do that father hates walking. He's only happy in the saddle, or else in an armchair in the library."

In less than five minutes Barney had garbed himself respectably in coat, riding-breeches, and gaiters, and announced himself ready to accompany the girl back to the Hall.

"You can come along, too, Tony, if you like," he said. "As for you, Dick, you'd better be getting back home, as fast as your legs'll carry you. I expect your pa will give you a jolly good licking, as it is."

"Oh, father'll think you've put me up for the night, Mr. Bulfin, the same as you've done before," said Dick. "He won't mind, really, and I'd like to come with you. Please let me!"

"Well, I don't mind, so long as Lady Dorothy doesn't," said Barney, as they left the house together. "But mind, no hiding away in the stables for a quiet nap to-morrow!"

As they walked briskly along to Grange Hall, the trainer tactfully tried to obtain further information from Dorothy.

"I suppose James took your father his usual glass of toddy at a quarter past ten, my dear?" he said.

"Yes; father could not have left the house more than ten minutes or a quarter of an hour before I knocked at the door of his room."

"Did the butler say he noticed anything unusual about him?"

"He thought father looked a bit worried, and I thought so, too, when I left him to retire. But then, he has been rather upset ever since that horrible Derby business, so I did not think much about the matter."

"I—I suppose," said Barney, in hesitating tones, "that James didn't telephone to the police about your father's absence?"

"Oh, yes, he did," said Dorothy. "I made him. He advised me not to make a fuss so soon about the matter, but I had such a feeling that—that something serious had happened that I wanted to leave no stone unturned."

For the rest of the way the four strode along in silence. As they entered the wide drive that led up to the Hall they saw that the front entrance was ablaze with light. Beneath the porch three servants were standing, talking volubly. Suddenly one of them turned, and darted down the steps to meet them.

"Lady Dorothy!" he cried. "Wherever have you been?"

The girl rushed forward to meet the man.

"Oh, James!" she cried. "Has father returned?"

The butler stopped short, and shook his head.

"It—it's very strange, your ladyship," he stammered. "I'm afraid that—"

"Oh, Barney!" cried the girl, turning back to the trainer, her face drawn with worry and suspense. "I'm sure something dreadful has happened!"

Supporting the girl with his arm, and murmuring soothing words, Barney led the way into the house.

The Hall was ablaze with light inside, and standing by one of the suits of armour were the cook and two chambermaids, discussing the mysterious disappearance of Lord Estor in hushed, frightened voices.

"Come, cook, look after Lady Dorothy," said Barney shortly. Then, turning to the girl, he said: "Leave us now, my dear. Just rest a while, and let the cook make you a nice, strong cup to tea to pull you together."

"No, Barney," said the girl firmly. "I'm going to stay by you. I sha'n't rest until daddy has been found."

"Well, well," murmured Barney resignedly, "let's go into the library. We shall soon find your father, never fear."

Followed by Tony, Dick, and James the butler, Barney and Dorothy entered the beautiful apartment, bordered with hundreds of well-bound volumes, where Lord Estor spent so much of his leisure time. Barney settled the girl in one of the great, enveloping armchairs, and then drew the butler aside.

"Have search-parties left the house?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied James. "All the footmen and the other male members of the household set out in twos and threes to try and pick up some trace of his lordship. They've taken lanterns, and intend to scour the woods, in case—"

"Shh!" hissed Barney, with a hurried glance in the direction of the girl.

"Be careful what you say. But it's as well that a search is being made, and the police will soon be on the trail as well. Were all the windows fastened in here when you entered the library after being aroused by Lady Dorothy?"

"Yes, sir; everything about the place was in perfect order."

"Did you— Why, what's the matter, boy?"

The sharp little stable-lad had the detective instinct strongly developed in him, and he had been casting a keen eye round the library, in search of something which might afford some clue as to why Lord Estor should have left the Hall. In doing so his glance had rested on that portion of the rich Turkey carpet between a small movable table and the Owner's favourite armchair, and there he had espied a torn scrap of paper.

This he picked up and examined. As he did so he uttered the cry which had attracted the attention of the others.

"By gum, this ought to help us, guv'nor!"

"What is it, sonny?"

Tony handed over the torn piece of paper, and Barney took it in his hand and examined it closely. The words were written in bad script, and read as follows:

ss - roads
ack and Horses

For some seconds Barney gazed at the scrap, his brow puckering more deeply the while.

"Well, what does it mean?" he said at last. "Sherlock Holmes might see something in it, but I'm bothered if I can!"

"Why, don't you see, guv'nor!" cried Tony excitedly. "This is a portion of a letter delivered to the Owner. Coming home after our tramp last evening, Dick and I saw a ginger-headed chap crawling through the woods, and—"

Dorothy jumped up from her chair. "Surely not that tout we saw spying, and chased from the Heath, Tony?"

"Yes, it was the same fellow. Dick and I tackled him, and afterwards Robins, the keeper, found two letters on him. One was this cipher affair I've got tucked away in my pocket, and the other was addressed to Lord Estor."

"Then you think this scrap of paper is from the note the spy wanted to deliver?" said Dick.

"That's it," said Tony; "and I believe we shall find in it the clue to Lord Estor's whereabouts."

"H'm; maybe you're right, sonny," admitted Barney, "and if we had the note here now, we might be able to get on to the Owner's track. As it is, we're almost as much in the dark as ever." He glanced downward at the torn scrap of paper again. "Ss—roads—ack and Horses!" he muttered to himself. "Now, what the dickens does that mean? Something to do with the gees, evidently."

"Let me look at it again, guv'nor," said Tony.

He took the torn piece of paper and examined it carefully beneath the strong light of a reading-lamp, while Dorothy and Dick peered eagerly over his shoulder. There was nothing on the back of the scrap, and it had plainly been torn from the right-hand bottom corner of an ordinary sheet of notepaper.

For some seconds he looked at it in silence, thinking deeply. Then his face suddenly cleared, as an idea flashed through his head. He turned to Lord Estor's daughter.

"Have you a map of this district handy, Lady Dorothy?" he asked excitedly.

"Why, yes!"

Dorothy darted across the room, unearthed one from beneath one of the bookcases, and handed it to the stable-boy. Tony spread it on the table, and rapidly ran his finger over it.

"Eureka!" he cried. "I thought I'd heard of the place!"

"What place, Tony?" asked the girl eagerly.

"Why, The Coach and Horses, to the south of Framham. The fact that there was a capital 'H' to the word 'Horses' in that piece of paper gave me the clue. And here are the cross-roads, about half a mile from the inn. I'll bet that the note delivered to the Owner enticed him to a meeting with someone at this very spot."

He placed his finger on the map, and all crowded round to see.

"Egad, the idea sounds plausible enough!" muttered the trainer. "Though it must have been something

mighty interesting to send the Owner marching six or eight miles at that hour of the night."

"Well, having nothing better to go upon," said Tony, "we might as well follow up this clue. If you'll order the chauffeur to get the car out, Lady Dorothy, one or two of us might drive over to the cross-roads near The Coach and Horses. If your father has gone there, we may even catch him up before he arrives."

"But the car's laid up for repairs, Tony. We had a breakdown yesterday afternoon."

By this time Barney, who could think of no other possible solution to Lord Estor's mysterious disappearance, had caught some of Tony's enthusiasm for following up the one clue they had in hand. He could stand the inactivity no longer, and longed to get into action.

"Run over to the stables, lads," he cried, "and get the horses out. I'll ride over and—"

But Tony and Dick were already out of the library.

"Bring Ladybird, too!" called Dorothy after them.

At top speed the boys raced to the stables, wakened the grooms, and brought out the mounts. Then, with Tony up on the Rocking-horse, leading Barney's big bay mare, and Dick riding a black hunter with the Ladybird in tow, they cantered back to the Hall.

Meantime, Dorothy had made a hasty change into a riding-habit, but had not troubled to don a hat. She and Barney stepped out on to the porch as the boys rode up.

A crescent moon was shining fitfully between scudding patches of black cloud, but the road through the wood was in almost total darkness. They set out at a brisk trot, and, once clear of the wood, gave the horses their heads, and galloped the rest of the way at breakneck speed. The dark hedges and spectre-like trees flashed by on either side, but, although they kept on the alert, they saw no human being on the way. All the time their thoughts alternated between fears of foul play and the hope of finding Lord Estor at the cross-roads near The Coach and Horses Inn.

At last the white signpost at the cross-roads loomed up before them like a ghostly being before the dark wooded background. On the grass at the foot of it was a black, motionless heap.

Dorothy, who had secured a slight lead on the others, gave a loud cry of alarm and reined in her mare. Then, leaping from the saddle, she hastened across to the recumbent form.

"Father!"

The girl threw herself on her knees by the side of the fallen man, and gazed anxiously down. Then she sprang back as though shot, for the face, half hidden in a mask, was the face of a total stranger!

Lord Estor took his favourite armchair in the library in Grange Hall, and settled down to smoke and think.

But even the soothing effect of his specially imported Havana could not altogether dispel the disquieting thoughts which harried his mind.

In the first place, his financial position worried him. Taxes and bad luck on the Turf had hit him badly, and he shrank at the idea that the Grange Hall, the home of the Estors for over three centuries, might ever pass out of his hands.

Secondly, he was mystified and uneasy concerning the dastardly doping of his beautiful three-year-old, Sunfire, which had been the Derby favourite.

Suddenly his ruminations were interrupted by a tap on the door and the entry of a footman bearing a silver salver, on which reposed a grubby-looking letter.

"Robins, the keeper, has just brought this up to the Hall, your lordship," explained the man. "He said that a stranger he caught trespassing in the wood asked him to see it delivered to you."

Lord Estor took the note from the salver, and, with a careless gesture of the hand, dismissed the footman.

For some seconds he sat regarding the grubby missive with evident disfavour. Like all men in his exalted position, he was the recipient of many begging letters, and this looked a fair specimen of that variety.

He reached for an ivory-handled paper-knife, slipped the envelope, and drew out the note it contained. He glanced carelessly over the writing, but the very first paragraph caused him to rivet his attention to the letter with intense interest.

"My lord,"—the note read—"You have been having bad luck of late on the racecourse, but a friend is riting this to tell you that it was not bad luck what caused your mare Sunfire to fail in the Derby—it was foul play. If you want to know who did it, come to the cross-roads wich is near to the Coach and Horses, and you will heer sumthing wich will surprize you. My price for the informashun is £500. I shall be at the cross-roads at mid-night to-night, to-morrow, and Saturday. Bring the money in pound notes, and remember it is no use coming without the dibs. You must come alone, for if you bring any pals or other people I shall not appear, nor will you get any informashun."

"A WELL-WISHER."

The signature at the foot of the grubby document caused a faint smile to light the Owner's handsome, aristocratic face. He then carefully read right through the strange letter again.

The composition was evidently the work of a very uneducated man, who revealed also a considerable amount of optimism and ignorance in presuming that Lord Estor might have a sum as large as £500 about the house which he could bring that very night to the cross-roads if he so desired.

"Jove!" murmured the Owner. "This looks like something worth following up! At least the fellow's right in stating that it was foul play that

caused Sunfire to fail to place in the Derby. I've a good mind to meet the rogue."

For some time he carefully weighed up matters in his mind. He was desperately eager to follow up any clue which might help him to unmask the mysterious individual who had administered the drug to his crack racehorse, and the more he thought things over the more decided did he become to visit the cross-roads near The Coach and Horses. Having ridden to hounds throughout the whole countryside, he knew the spot well.

Although the mysterious missive distinctly stated that it was no use for him to visit the cross-roads without the money to hand over, so great was Lord Estor's impatience that he became determined to meet his correspondent that very night. That the man would be alone he felt convinced, and he had a strong hope that he might be able to wring his secret from him in another way than by paying the five hundred pounds.

Lost in thought, the Owner slowly tore little pieces from the letter. Then, suddenly recollecting himself, he collected the torn scraps from the carpet, and, replacing them in the envelope, thrust the missive into his pocket.

Shortly after ten, James the butler entered the library, bearing a glass of toddy, and after he had set the drink down his master dismissed him for the night. Standing close to the library door, Lord Estor heard the man fasten the various doors and windows about the house, and finally take his departure for the servants' wing.

Feeling rather like a thief in his own house, the nobleman crept through the great hall and secured a cap, a light overcoat, and a heavy ashplant stick. Then, returning to the library, he switched off the electric lights, made his way to the drawing-room, and quietly unlocked the glass doors leading to the lawn outside. In case James came prowling round again, he slipped the key from the lock, fastened the doors on the outside, and dropped it into his pocket.

Proceeding cautiously at first, the Owner soon became accustomed to the dim light of the crescent moon, but once clear of his estate he set off at a rattling pace along the road skirting the wood. As a rule he had a rooted objection to walking, probably because he had always someone to dance attendance on him with a comfortable car or a fine, upstanding piece of horse-flesh; but now, in his eagerness to meet the mysterious writer of the grubby missive, he thought nothing of the journey afoot.

Midnight had struck from the quaint old church in the village of Framham some fifteen minutes when at last Lord Estor reached the cross-roads near The Coach and Horses Inn. Suspecting that if the man he had come to see was hanging about at all that he was concealing himself among the trees and bushes in the background, the Owner made himself as conspicuous as possible on a grassy patch of ground beneath the signpost.

For ten minutes he waited in a silence which was almost uncanny,

A Strange Meeting at Midnight!
SHORTLY after the time when Tony Draycott and his chum Dick Selby had tackled the racecourse spy on the path through the wood,

and he began to come to the conclusion that the place was deserted, save for himself. But even as he was about to set off back to the Hall, a dim form glided from the bushes and swiftly approached him.

"Is that Lord Estor?"
The Owner peered hard through the darkness, but beyond seeing that the man was of a small, slight build, he was unable to learn much from his scrutiny, for the fellow's face was concealed by a piece of rough sacking with eyeholes cut into it.

"Yes, I am Lord Estor," he said, "and I suppose you're the precious rogue who wants to sell some information to me?"

"'Ere, 'old 'ard, guv'nor!" whined the man, edging back a step. "Them's 'ard words to use agin a bloke what wants to do yer a good turn—all I want the dibs for is to pay a passage to the States or Australia, and 'ave a bit over to start life afresh. I ain't makin' any guesses. I know that one o' them there 'ypodermic needles was used on the favourite, and—wot's more, I know when it was done, and who did it!"

Lord Estor was visibly impressed. Cunning rogue though the man undoubtedly was, there was an eager earnestness in his voice which seemed to indicate that he was speaking the truth on this occasion, anyway.

"So, having the certain knowledge that my mare was tampered with, and of the despicable scoundrel who did the job, you intend to wring five hundred pounds out of me for imparting the information?"

The eyes of the grand old sportsman, who had always played the game himself, flashed with scorn, and his voice rang with a tone of biting contempt.

"Well, you can afford it, guv'nor. Anyway, I ain't got time to stand yappin' 'ere all night. 'Ave you got the dibs on yer, or not?"

"Take off that mask, or whatever you've got on your face, and I'll discuss the matter."

"Not so likely, guv'nor. I ain't so green as all that!"

Lord Estor threw down his ashplant stick, and clutched the rogue's shoulder. In a flash the other whipped from his pocket a loaded cane.

"Leggo, you old idjut, or I'll smash yer!"

But even as he raised the cane the Owner darted in, with an agility that was surprising for a man of his years, and managed to secure a grasp on the scoundrel's wrist. Then, with a wrench that nearly dislocated the other's arm, he sent the weapon hurtling to the ground.

In his day Lord Estor, a double Blue, had been one of the best all-round athletes at his 'Varsity, and his early training, superior height and reach, and splendid virility, conserved by clean living and open-air sport, made him more than a match for his masked antagonist.

With a sudden movement he transferred both his hands to the fellow's throat, and shook him as a terrier would a rat.

"Ooch! Groo! You're a-chokin' of me!"

"Ay, I intend choking out of you

the name of the despicable wretch who tampered with my Derby mare! But I'll have a look at your face first!"

Gasping painfully, the man strove desperately to avert his head, but the Owner was too quick for him, and, with a deft movement, he tore off the mask of sacking. The moon, bursting from behind a bank of cloud, revealed to the sportsman peer a thin, crafty face, set with a pair of dark, shifty eyes, and surmounted by a shock of reddish hair.

"Ow, lemme go, guv'nor!" howled the rogue. "I don't know nothink—s'help me, I don't!"

He struggled fiercely to free himself, kicking and biting, but Lord Estor held him in a grip of steel.

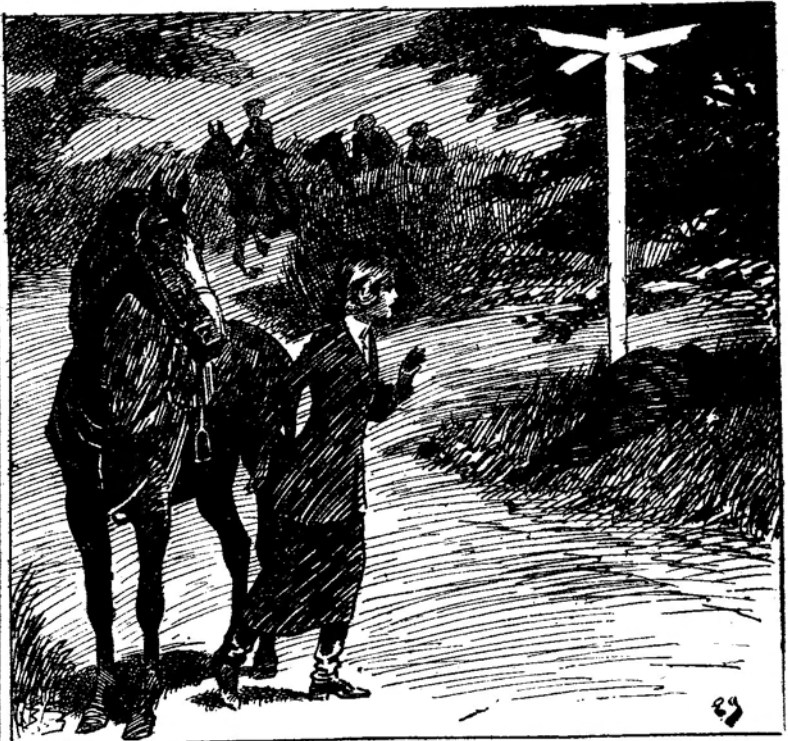
"Oh, so you say that now, do you?" cried the Owner, panting from his exertions. "Well, since I've seen

faces, for, although the automobile had evidently stopped somewhere close to hand, no headlight shone along the road. Who were the mysterious motorists, and why were they abroad at that unearthly hour?

But hardly had the question flashed through the Owner's mind than Ginger, seeing his captor's thoughts directed elsewhere, hurled himself back towards the clump of bushes in a frantic effort to escape.

Although nearly jerked off his feet by the tug on his arms, Lord Estor managed to retain his hold. The man fought madly, but the Owner brought to bear a well-known ju-jitsu hold, and rendered him incapable of further movement, save at the expense of great agony.

"Now," he said, "about this little



On the grass at the foot of the white sign-post was a black, motionless heap. With a loud cry Dorothy reined in her mare and leaped from the saddle.

your rascally face, my fine fellow, I'm more of the opinion than I was before that you know quite a lot about the doping of my mare—in fact, I shouldn't be surprised to learn you had a hand in the job. Who are you?"

Realising the folly of struggling further with his captor, the man adopted an attitude of abject humility.

"They—they calls me Ginger, guv'nor," he whined; "but I didn't help 'em with the Derby job, and that's solid trewth!"

He stopped suddenly and pricked up his ears, while Lord Estor also stood stock-still, in a listening attitude. The hum of a swiftly moving motor-car sounded on the road leading from Framham. The noise rose in a whirling crescendo as the car approached and then suddenly died away, as though the engine had been stopped.

Both Lord Estor and his captive showed a trace of surprise on their

Derby business. Who was the scoundrel who doped Sunfire?"

"I—I don't know, guv'nor! Honest Injun, I don't!"

"Give me his name!"

"Yow-ow! Leggo me arm—I'll tell yer!"

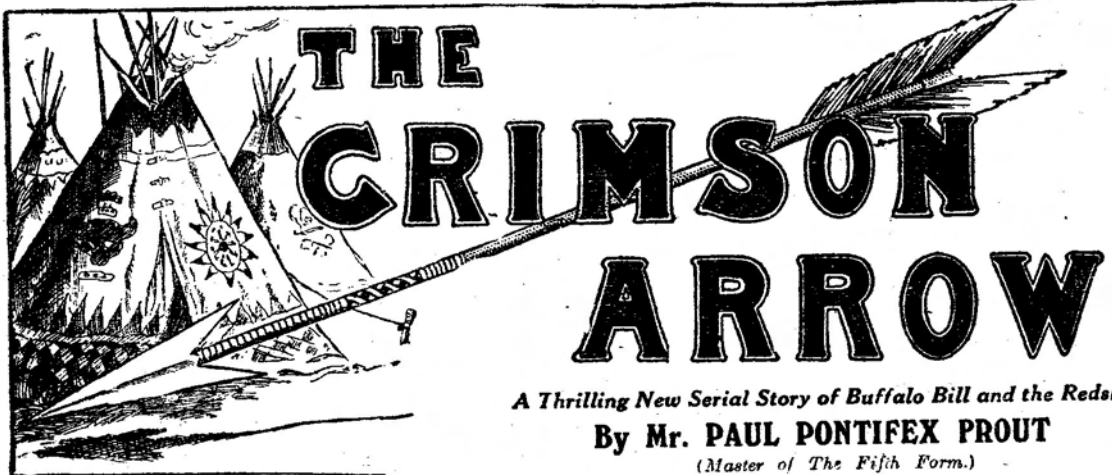
"Then who was it?"

"It was—it was—"

Ginger hesitated, and as he did so something black and bulky swung in a curve from the darkness of the bushes, and descended with fearful force on the rogue's head. Without a cry he slipped from Lord Estor's grasp to the turf, and lay very still.

Next moment three masked men leaped out from the shadow of the bushes!

Another long, powerful instalment of Major Cherry's great new racing story in next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald."



A Thrilling New Serial Story of Buffalo Bill and the Redskins

By Mr. PAUL PONTIFEX PROUT

(Master of The Fifth Form.)

Kit's Strange Ride!

THE buffalo, with Kit clinging to the shaggy mass of hair that covered his hump and shoulders, staggered to his feet, glaring round him fiercely.

He was a long way from being a dead buffalo, for his only hurt was a clout from a spent lump of shell, which one of the Dahlgren guns had fired into the stampede, and this, striking on his massive forehead, and rebounding, had stunned him.

Now he was all alive and full of devilry.

Uncle Baldy gave a yell as he saw the brute charging him, his eyes showing red and vicious in his shaggy front. He leaped aside and tried to hamstring the angry beast, as it leaped over the carcass he was skinning, and made for the open prairie.

A couple of shots were fired, but missed their aim, for the troopers who fired were too much afraid of hitting the boy, to get in a mortal shot.

The bullets smacked into the massive body of the brute. But they only tickled him up, and away he went over the prairie with Kit clinging to his back for dear life, waiting for a chance to throw himself off.

But the chance did not come, for the buffalo had travelled only a couple of miles when it was joined by a small herd of frightened bulls and cows, which had been left behind in the stampede. And these closed round the equally frightened bull, and away they all went.

Kit knew that, if he threw himself from the brute's back now, the whole lot would turn upon him. All he could do was to sit tight and wait events.

The buffalo bull was thoroughly frightened. He and his companions should have had the steam out of them after the heat, of the stampede. But Kit, clinging to his back, felt the wind roaring past his ears, as they stampeded again to the south-west.

Far behind him, he could see a single horseman coming away from the camp at full pelt, and he thought this must be Buffalo Bill. Then a fold of the prairie hid the pursuing rider from sight.

Kit had some idea now, how fast a buffalo can travel when he is well scared. The brute on which he was mounted was in full condition, and travelled like a train, thundering down the long slopes of the prairie at

full pelt, followed by the new companions which had accepted his leadership, and were travelling in single-file over one of the many buffalo-paths that crossed and recrossed the prairie.

Kit's strange mount led the van. The rear was brought up by three shaggy bulls, the last of which, from his enormous size and venerable frontlet and beard of shaggy sunbleached hair, looked like a very patriarch of the tribe.

Of all animals, the buffalo, when alarmed, has the most diabolical aspect. His two short, black horns curve out of a front of thick matted hair, which is clogged by the mud of the buffalo-wallows, for the buffalo is as fond of wallowing as a pig, a good overcoat of mud protects him from the attacks of the flies. His eyes glow like coals, his mouth is open, his tongue parched and drawn up into a half crescent, his tail is erect and tufted and whisking in the air like the tail of a pantaloon.

Such was the aspect of the strange group of shaggy beasts which raced after Kit as, clinging to the back of their leader, he raced across the prairie.

Kit soon found that buffalo-riding was no easy proposition, for the buf-

falo, as he runs, has a queer jerky motion of his vast head and hump. The weight of this enormous head and shoulders slows him as he travels up hill. But when he races down a slope, it seems to add impetus to his speed.

And the going was by no means easy, for the prairie, over the country that the frightened beasts were taking, was no smooth plain, but cut up by deep ravines, lined with thick bushes and shrub-oak, and carpeted in the bottoms with thick pea-vine or prairie-tares.

Over the bushes that lined the sides of these ravines, huge tangles of wild grape-vines ran like masses of cordage.

But the buffalo broke through these like pack-thread, as he tore on his wild career. And well it was for Kit that he had been doing some hard riding in recent months, or he would certainly have been thrown, as the huge beast he was bestriding, slide down the stiff slopes of the ravines and scrambled up the opposite sides, grunting ferociously as he smashed through the bushes of wild-sloe and shrub-oak.

This shrub-oak was nasty stuff, consisting as it did of miniature oak trees tough and wiry which bore acorns when they were only two feet high, and which seldom grew more than twelve feet.

Once or twice, Kit was nearly dragged off his wild mount's back by the strong branches. In this case he would have fallen under the feet of the bulls which followed him up, and would certainly have been stamped to death.

He lay close along the brute's back with each hand plunged deep in the shaggy hair, holding it tight.

And glancing round as the buffalo scrambled up heavily out of the hollows, he saw that the horseman who had followed him, could not follow over that rough patch of country, but was skirting it at a distance of over two miles.

Kit knew that it was Buffalo Bill who was in chase of him, for a glint of sunlight fell upon Buckskin's queer-looking coat, and he knew well that there was no other horse on the prairies that was of the same colour, though there were many cream and spotted horses amongst the wild droves from which the Redskins got their mounts.

But the boy knew well that Buffalo

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 Bellew, 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. A mock convoy sets out from the fort, and the Redskins make an attack, which is beaten off with heavy loss. Afterwards some mysterious crimson-coloured arrows are found sewn into the quivers of the fallen braves. A buffalo stampede sweeps by the camp and some of the beasts are killed. Kit goes to secure a buffalo robe from one fallen bull when the brute gets up with the boy clinging desperately to its back.

Bill would have a long, stern chase to overhaul him. The buffalo knew their own tracks and were following the toughest line of country that they knew of, in order to avoid pursuit.

And, over this rough country, the speed of this little isolated bunch of animals was far greater than that of a horse.

There was another thing that Kit knew, and this was that Buffalo Bill would have to travel slowly, even over the open prairie beyond this broken prairie common land, for the soil was sandy, and where such ground existed it was always riddled with the burrows of the prairie dog and the prairie owl, those two quaint burrowers which form large colonies of underground villages and towns.

And, presently, as the buffalo bull sped on, the pursuing horseman was lost sight of altogether.

Sometimes Kit thought of abandoning his uncomfortable perch, but a glance backward at the shaggy gang of following bulls, soon deterred him. On horseback, or in a buggy, a man may pass safely through vast herds of buffalo, but Kit knew that if he dropped to the ground now, instead of hunting the buffalo, the buffalo would very soon hunt him.

General Richard Irving Dodge, of the United States Army, one of the leading authorities on the big game of America, in this regard, tells how in May 1871 he drove a buggy from old Fort Zarah to Fort Larned, on the Arkansas River. The distance was thirty-four miles. At least twenty-five miles of that distance was driven through an immense herd of buffalo.

"Some miles from Zarah," says the general, "a low line of hills rise from the plain on the right, gradually increasing in height and approaching road and river, until they culminate in Pawnee Rock.

"So long as I was in the broad level valley, the herds sullenly got out of my way, and, turning, stared stupidly at me, some within thirty or forty yards. When, however, I had reached a point where the hills were no more than a mile from the road, the buffalo on the crests, seeing an unusual object in their rear, turned, stared an instant, then started at full-speed towards me, stampeding and bringing with them the numberless herds through which they passed, and pouring down on me, no longer separated, but compact into one immense mass of plunging animals, mad with fright, and as irresistible as an avalanche.

"The situation was by no means pleasant. There was but one hope of escape. My horse was, fortunately, a quiet old beast, that had rushed with me into many a buffalo herd, and had been in at the death of many a buffalo. Reining him up, I waited till the front of the mass was within fifty yards, then, with a few careful shots, I split the herd and sent it off in two streams to my right and left. When all had passed me, they stopped, apparently satisfied, though thousands were yet within reach of my rifle.

"After my servant had cut out the tongues of the fallen, I proceeded on my journey, only to have a similar experience within a mile or two, and

this occurred so often that I reached Fort Larned with twenty-six tongues, representing the greatest number of buffalo that I can blame myself with having murdered in one day!"

But Kit knew that a single boy, on foot, would stand very little chance with a bunch of frightened and angry buffalo bulls.

The brute he was riding, seemed hardly to notice the weight on his back, and he plunged uphill and down dale over ten miles of country, as broken as a brickfield.

Then the path emerged from the shrub-oak on to the open prairie, which stretched in the blood-red sunset in a great sea of waving grass.

The Indian file of buffalo, with the boy clinging to the neck of its grim-looking leader, kept on towards the eye of the sunset, following one of the numerous hard-beaten buffalo paths,

of buffalo began to slow, and Kit was beginning to wonder what was to happen, when suddenly the old bull he was bestriding, sniffed the air, gave a grunt, and started travelling again at a brisk step.

The wind was from the east, a following wind, and Kit knew that his mount had scented something.

And presently, he heard the steady beat of horse's hoofs.

There are no two horses that gallop alike, and Kit's ear told him that it was brave old Buckskin who was overhauling him. Buffalo Bill had picked up the trail and, once out on the open prairie, well away from the soft ground that was riddled with the burrows of the prairie dogs, he had stirred up Buckskin to do his best.

And Buckskin's best was a gallant stretching gallop, which carried his



"Jump!" cried Buffalo Bill. Kit threw himself from the back of the great beast, and rolled to the ground.

which almost gave this desert country the look of a settled land.

Kit began to wonder when the buffalo would stop. He was getting very tired and stiff, hanging to his precarious perch. But the little string of beasts kept hurrying on as though they meant to leave the width of a county between them and the neighbourhood of so many alarms.

The sun sank as it sinks behind the sea, leaving a long, red-golden streak along the horizon, barred by a straight mahogany coloured cloud, beneath which shone the planet Venus.

And Kit looked at this star with no great favour. It was called by the old plainmen "The Pawnee Star," and they held that under that star you would always find a bunch of Redskins.

And the buffalo for a long time, had been following the line of retreat that the Redskins had taken after their defeat earlier in the day.

But presently, as the dusk grew on, and the smoky sunset faded, the string

master, swift as an arrow, in the wake of the flying buffalo.

Although Buckskin had been travelling far and fast, and was wayworn by a long spell on the prairies, he was a horse with a heart like a lion. He seemed to know that his young friend was ahead in the dusk, and in danger, and he came pounding along over the thick carpet of the buffalo-grass, at great speed.

The string of buffalo snorted and scattered as they heard him overhauling them. But Buckskin needed no prompting as to which of the bunch his master was looking for.

Travelling at high speed, he ranged up alongside the lumbering buffalo bull as a fast frigate ranges alongside a seventy-four.

Buckskin had no more fear of a buffalo than he had of sheep. He was a real buffalo hunter. He would close alongside the ugliest bull of any herd, and bring his master alongside, so that he could use the pistols, which are

favourite weapons of the buffalo hunter, as they are easier to handle at full-gallop than a long-barrelled, heavy rifle.

"Lift your leg, Kit," cried Buffalo Bill's voice, cheerily from the gloom, as the gallant horse ranged alongside the quarry.

Bang!

There was a flash in the dusk, and Kit felt the buffalo waver and falter.

Bang!

"Jump!" called the voice of Buffalo Bill.

Kit threw himself from the back of the beast, and rolled over on the ground as the great body went lumbering on.

Then with a crash, it stumbled to its knees and rolled over.

Buffalo Bill's second shot had done its work. He had fired his first shot to slow the brute—the second to kill.

The rest of the buffalo, which had dashed on ahead, stopped and stared stupidly as the pistol cracked. Then away they went again at full pelt, their hoof-beats dying away over the darkened prairie.

By the Campfire!

Kit sat up on the ground, and looked up at Buffalo Bill, who sat Buckskin, a black statuesque figure against the stars.

"Hallo, Kit!" laughed the scout. "That's a queer sort of mount you selected!"

Kit rubbed his eyes. He was half dazed and jolted by his strange ride, till he fell nearly asleep.

"I didn't select him. He selected me!" said he.

"Hurt?" asked Buffalo Bill. "I did my best to let you down gently!"

Kit felt himself all over, and shook his arms and legs.

"I'm not hurt a bit, sir!" he answered.

"That's good!" laughed the famous scout. "We'll make a bit of a bivouac here, and get something to eat, and Prairie Wolf will be coming along presently with a spare horse. Then we can ride back to camp. I told him to follow us up!"

Kit did not see how Prairie Wolf was going to find them at night on the boundless prairie which, now that the last of the sunset had died away, looked for all the world like a vast starlit sea.

There was nothing but the great grassy waves, and the immensity of stars overhead. They seemed to be countless miles from anywhere.

And Buffalo Bill was talking quite calmly about getting something to eat. But then, considered Kit, with Buffalo Bill all things were possible.

The scout slipped from his horse and threw the reins on its neck, and Buckskin, after marching slowly up to Kit and muzzling him all over to make certain that he was not hurt, started to crop at the short, sweet spikes that were growing from the tussocks of buffalo-grass.

"I've heard of a few fellows who have done short buffalo rides!" exclaimed Buffalo Bill, laughing; "but I've never known anyone stick to a wild buffalo for a matter of thirty miles. You'll be famous over this, Kit!"

He walked to the fallen buffalo, and

started to cut a few steaks, and the tongue, from it.

Then, striding over to a small cut or ravine in the prairie, he returned with an armful of grease-willow and some brushwood, and started to build three fires, setting these in the form of a triangle.

Soon he had the whole three blazing. Buffalo steaks on sticks were frizzling at the blaze, whilst the buffalo tongue, in a tin, was cooking in the embers.

Kit looked on astonished.

It seemed to be asking for trouble, to light three fires on the line of retreat of a whole broken war-party of Redskins.

Buffalo Bill laughed when he watched the look of dismay on Kit's face, which was plainly apparent by the rosy glow of the fires, for the grease-willow, which was full of oil at this season, burned with a bright flare.

"It's all right, Kit," said the scout reassuringly. "I haven't joined the 'suicide club,' if that's what you are thinking about. If I had lighted one fire you would have had our Red friends coming back full pelt to see what it was all about. And we might well expect fifty hostile braves to supper. But these three fires will make their rear-guard travel all the faster, for it is a signal that the troops, in force, are on their trail! That's one of the advantages of knowing the Indian customs, and their orders for the day. You will notice that when we had the fight to-day, I overhauled all the medicine-bags of the braves, who were killed, and I found these!"

And Buffalo Bill held forth three faded red flowers and a chip of reddish stone.

"Redskins don't have written orders," said he, as he filled the coffee-pot from a skin of water, that was hanging from his saddle-bow, and put it on to boil. "That chip of stone comes from the Funeral Mountains, where these chaps are running for. That flower is the fire-flower of the Indians, and these orders are for the war chief, told off to cover the retreat. He was a sort of signalling officer, and, in case of a retreat, was to signal by three fires from far in the rear, if any large body of troops from Fort Madison were following up the retreat. The Redskin scouts in the rear of the retreat, are watching these fires now, and they pass on the word to push on the retreat. So whilst they are travelling all night, we can have supper in peace, and wait till old Prairie Wolf picks up our fires, which will serve as a signal to him! Sit still, my boy," added Buffalo Bill, "you have had a tough ride, and will need to save yourself for the ride back."

Kit thrilled at the kindness and thought of the great scout. He had something of the roughness and hardness of the frontier life, and of the frontier men.

The deadly fight to the death, which was taking place between the Red Man and the Paleface, was probably the hardest fought and most cruelly contested warfare which has ever taken place in the history of civilisation. There was no quarter on either side. Redskins were shot like vermin. Palefaces, captured in warfare, were doomed to the stake and the torture. Both sides took scalps.

Yet, out of this bitter struggle, was already growing a spirit of chivalry and mutual help which, in our days, has blossomed forth in civilised communities in the marvellous organisation and teaching of the Boy Scouts.

Building better than they knew, men of the type of Buffalo Bill, Buck Dixie, Kit Carson and Jem Beckwourth, the chief of the Crow Indians, were laying the foundations of this new movement, by a spirit of chivalry hitherto almost unknown in the fierce struggle between the old trappers and frontiersmen and the Redskins.

It must not be believed that the wrongs were all on the side of the Redskins. Swindled by the Indian traders of their goods, and tricked by cunning lawyers and politicians out of the lands of their fathers, they saw the great buffalo-herds on which they depended for their subsistence being slowly slaughtered and driven back by the oncoming rush of the white men. So they fought as the ancient Britons fought against the Romans, and as our Saxon forefathers fought against the Normans.

But their race had not the power to absorb their conquerors as ours has done. To-day, Roman, Norman, Saxon and Ancient Briton are welded into one vast race, the British. But only a few dying tribes of Redskins are left in the United States and Canada.

Buffalo Bill explained all this to Kit as they sat side by side between their three fires, eating their supper of buffalo tongue and steaks.

"The Red Man is doomed, my boy!" said Buffalo Bill; "and he knows it. But he will fight to the last, and this war we are entering upon will be one of the last great wars, which will end in the fall of the Red Man. I know it, for I have been fighting the Red Man all my life. I killed my first Redskin when I was eleven years old!"

"How was that, sir?" asked Kit, eager to learn something of the wonderful life of the great scout.

Buffalo Bill looked up at the stars and laughed. Like most men of his type, he was shy of telling his own deeds. But the companionship of the campfire, and the eager face of the boy, overcame his reticence.

"Well, Kit," said he, "I was born on the 26th of February, 1846, in a little rough log-cabin in the backwoods of Iowa, and when I was six years old we moved to Kansas, which was then opening up under the advance of the Palefaces. When I was nine years old, my father died, and I had to start work to help my mother, and my first job was that of a cattle drover."

Buffalo Bill suddenly paused.

Buckskin had suddenly lifted his head, and, with a snort, was snuffing the slight breeze of night air that came from the eastward.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Buffalo Bill, "There's somebody coming. Now wonder if it is friend or foe?"

He looked to his weapons, and, kneeling down, laid his ear to the earth, listening intently.

(Another long, stirring instalment of this magnificent Redskin serial will appear in next Tuesday's issue.)

My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of "The Greyfriars Herald"

This week: **GEORGE HERRIES**

"TAKE this," said the editor, handing me the princely sum of fourpence, "and go over to St. Jim's and interview Herries of the Fourth."

I threw the four coppers contemptuously on to the table.

"My dear ass," I said, "I shall want sixty times this amount to go to St. Jim's!"

"Nonsense!"

"It isn't nonsense!" I exclaimed warmly. "The railway fares have soared higher and higher, and still higher. If I can't go to St. Jim's in comfort, I sha'n't go at all!"

"I'll meet you half-way," growled the editor. "Here's a ten-bob note. Take it or leave it."

Ten bob was a jolly sight better than fourpence. So I took it.

"Now, about this fellow, Herries?" I asked. "Is he a nice sort of merchant to interview? I understood he was the owner of a ferocious bulldog—"

"Ferocious? Not a bit of it! The

beast in question, which responds to the name of Towser, is as gentle a pet as you ever clapped eyes on. Now, run along, there's a good fellow, or you'll miss the train!"

But was it my intention to go by train? Nay, dear reader! I resolved to accomplish the journey on the editor's bike, thereby saving ten bob.

A mean trick, do you say? Well, perhaps you are right. But, dash it all, a special representative must live!

It was a long and lonely ride to St. Jim's, and I was more than bucked when the gates of that famous establishment came into view.

Leaving my bike—or rather, the editor's—outside the porter's lodge, I betook myself to No. 6 Study in the Fourth-form passage.

A terrible din greeted my ears, and, throwing open the door, I beheld beheld George Herries, with puffed-out cheeks and bulging eyes, in the act of rendering a cornet solo.

"Hallo!" he ejaculated, becoming aware of my existence for the first time. "Who are you?"

"I'm the special representative of 'The Greyfriars Herald,'" I explained. "Would you mind giving me some information about yourself?"

"Right you are! My name's George Herries, and I come of a very good stock. My great-grandfather fought at Waterloo and at Marble Arch. I'm not captain of the Fourth, but I jolly well ought to be! I'm hot-stuff at

footer, and I'm in a class by myself at cricket. My chief hobby is music."

"Got any pets?"

"Yes, one. A faithful bull-dog called Towser. You must come and see him."

"I should like to see the beast," I said, rising to my feet.

Herries led the way to a kennel in the quadrangle.

"I don't like the look of that brute!" I said uneasily. "Hark at him growling at me!"

"That's only his fun. He's a very playful dog, is Towser."

"I—I'd rather you didn't unchain him," I stammered.

But the deed was done. And no sooner was the wretched animal released, than he made a savage spring in my direction.

I'm not a coward, but the sight of that brute's fangs unerved me.

Taking to my heels, I sped wildly away in the direction of the school gates.

Close behind me sounded the patter of canine feet. It was followed shortly afterwards by the snapping of canine jaws. And when I glanced round, with terror-stricken eyes, I saw that several square inches of trousering reposed in Towser's mouth!

Without waiting to retrieve my property, I mounted the editor's bike, and rode furiously away. What a life!

THE END.



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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. 34, TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.4; so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, June 22nd.

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. 34, and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.

Signed

Address

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