

TUCK HAMPERS FOR STORYETTES!

The Greyfriars Herald

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No. 37 (New Series)

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

July 10, 1920



THE MIDNIGHT JAPER LAID BY THE HEELS!

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A HIGHLAND HOME.



This substantial-looking home in the Highlands, built of good Aberdeen granite, is on the borders of the open, purple-clad moors. The laird, in his native kilt, is asking about the chances of a good day's sport among the grouse and deer which abound in the district.—Taken by Francis Love, Chislehurst, Kent.

AN INDIAN HOME.



This flimsy-looking home in Mysore is on the borders of the thick jungle wherein lurk the tiger, snake, and leopard. These children would not dare to be abroad at night, for, when hungry, the tiger especially would be only too glad to make a meal off one of them.—Taken by W. Hitchens, Myrtle Dene, Liverpool Road, Newcastle, Staffs.

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Occasional Contributors from GREYFRIARS

Editorial

Occasional Contributors from Other Schools

By Harry Wharton.



TUCK HAMPERS FOR STORYETTES!

My Dear Chums,—Some of you, I know, will be jolly disappointed at the fact that there is no Picture-Puzzle this week, but I can promise you that the omission will only be temporary. As I wrote in my "Chat" last week, there is not the same interest taken in competitions during the fine summer months as there is when boys and girls can sit quietly at home on the long winter evenings and work out their solutions without the distraction of knowing that all their chums are disputing themselves on the cricket field, the tennis courts, or in the swimming pool.

Meanwhile I am going to give a bumper hamper crammed full of delicious tuck to the sender of the best storyette each week, in addition to prizes of silver shillings to the senders of all the others used. Let me, however, advise you all to keep your eyes well skinned, for, later on, I intend to start a magnificent new competition along novel lines, for which a whole host of delightful prizes will be given. In place of the Picture-Puzzle on page 20 of this issue I am giving a short Greyfriars story, pending the introduction of another splendid new feature.

DROP ME A LINE.

Although my mail-bag is a pretty hefty one as it is, I can always handle a few more letters. Therefore, when you can spare a minute, sit down and drop me a few lines, telling me what you think of our serials and other features, and making any suggestions which you think would be beneficial to our little journal. Also, if you are in any difficulty and desire a word of advice, you can be sure of the aid of

Your Cheery Pal,

HARRY.

GUSSY GETS SEVERELY DROPPED ON! - - - Drawn by FRANK NUGENT!



1. While Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was passing the Rylcombe Grammar School, he spotted a notice on the wall and stopped to read it. Whereupon Gordon Gay quietly balanced a full-sized brick upon Gussy's expensive and immaculate gingham.



2. "Bai Jove, it's stopped raining," said the Swell of St. Jim's, as he turned away; "I sha'n't need the useful old umbrellah any more, thank goodness!" And he shut it with a snap as per above Nugentian masterpiece, and—



3. Biff! "Wow!" howled Gussy; "my pwiceless toppah's absolutely wuined!" "Ha, ha, ha,!" roared the unfeeling Grammarian fag, "that's where I score one for his nob!" And he beat it with exceeding alacrity for the merry old schoolhouse.

THE FOES OF THE BENBOW!

A splendid, long, complete tale of our magnificent new series 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.

Done in the Dark!

"TOODLES!"
Snore!
"Tuckey, you fat rascal!"

Snore!

"Toodles!" roared Jack Drake.

The old Benbow was ploughing the waves of the Atlantic, under the stars, and Jack Drake and Rodney had come into No. 8 cabin to turn in.

Tuckey Toodles was in bed already—in Drake's hammock.

The boys of the Benbow had to sling their hammocks themselves, and Tuckey Toodles did not like the task—or any other task that called for exertion.

Drake and Rodney had slung their hammocks early, and gone back to the common-room to chat till bed-time, and the astute Toodles had slipped in a few minutes earlier and bagged one of the hammocks already slung.

Now he was fast asleep, his resonant snore was to be relied upon as proof.

"The cheeky ass!" exclaimed Rodney. "Roll him out!"

"I jolly well will!" said Drake wrathfully. "Stand clear!"

Tuckey Toodles woke up suddenly. He had not heard Drake shouting at him, but he contrived to hear that observation.

"I say, Drake, old top—" he stut-tered.

"Oh, you're awake now!" said Drake sarcastically.

"You—you woke me up, you know. I say, don't you roll me out, you beast! I'm going to have this hammock to-night."

"Get out!"

"I'm ill!" said Tuckey Toodles pathetically. "I've—I've come over suddenly seasick, and I—I had to turn in in a hurry. Don't be a beast, old fellow, when a chap's ill."

"Gammon!" growled Drake.

"If you're ill, you don't want the hammock next the door," grinned Rodney. "You tried it before, and said there was a draught."

"I—I—in fact, I've taken this hammock because there's a draught," said Toodles. "That's it—I don't want to be selfish, you know. I think Drake's entitled to the best place for once."

"You've taken my hammock to save slinging your own, you lazy bounder!" growled Drake.

"Not at all, old fellow! I simply don't want to be selfish—I mean I'm ill—both, in fact!" urged Tuckey Toodles.

Drake burst into a laugh.

Tuckey Toodles would have prevaricated till dawn rose on the Atlantic, rather than have turned out of the hammock.



The blow fairly tore the Fourth-former from his precarious hold, and, as Drake's cry rang out, Daubeny realised what he had done.

"You fat slacker, you can stay there if you want to," said Drake, "but for goodness' sake don't roll out any more whoppers."

"My dear old chap—"

"Oh, dry up!"

Tuckey Toodles grinned contentedly, and settled down in Drake's hammock. He did not mind a little plain English, so long as he did not have to turn out. That was the great point.

The other hammock was slung, and Drake and Rodney turned in as Mr. Packe came down into the junior quarters to see all lights safely out.

By this time the Benbow fellows were quite accustomed to the roll of the ship, and they dropped off into a sound sleep in a very few minutes after turning in.

Tuckey Toodles' deep snore resounded through the cabin once more, in genuine earnest this time.

But all the schoolboys of the Benbow were not asleep, though Mr. Packe and Mr. Vavasour supposed that they were.

Half an hour after lights-out, there was a faint sound outside the door of No. 8. It was the sound of a cautious footfall. The door was tried, and opened silently, and three dim figures loomed up in the gloom. Had anyone in the cabin been awake, it was too dark to recognise Daubeny, Egan and Torrence of the Shell. In the deep

gloom the three Shell fellows stood and listened by the open door.

"Safe as houses!" whispered Vernon Daubeny. "They're fast asleep. Quiet, though!"

"You know Drake's hammock?" murmured Egan.

"You bet—the one nearest the door. I made a note of that."

"I—I say!" came in a whisper from Torrence. "He will get an awful bump on the floor!"

"That's what I want."

"But—"

"Hush!"

Torrence was silent. He stood outside the doorway with Egan, while Vernon Daubeny, silent with his bare feet, stepped into the cabin. In the gloom he could only make out faintly the shape of the three hammocks.

Silently he paused at the hammock nearest the door, and opened his pocket-knife, grinning.

The edge of the blade was laid to the rope supporting the foot of the hammock.

With a steady hand Daubeny sawed at the rope.

It was a trick that any St. Winifred's fellow, outside Daubeny's select circle, would have described as "rotten," for though the hammock was slung low, the occupant was certain to get a very heavy bump when it came down with a run all of a sudden.

Daubeny did not worry about that. Indeed, he would willingly have cut the hammock down by the head if his nerves had been good enough. But he dared not run the risk of inflicting a serious injury upon his old enemy of the Fourth Form.

He sawed silently; it did not take long.

Not for an instant did he dream that the occupant of the hammock was not the junior he hated. It was Drake's hammock, he knew that, and that was enough for him.

Tuckey Toodles was deep in a happy dream: he was dreaming that Mr. Capps had given him a free run of the school canteen. He smiled in his sleep, under the influence of that beatific vision.

The vision was suddenly interrupted.

Crash!

Bump!

"Yoop! Yaroo! Help! Fire! Murder! Yarrrrrrroooooop!"

The silence of No. 8 was changed into wild uproar.

In the terrific outbreak of yells from Tuckey Toodles, a soft chuckle at the door was unheard.

"Yah! Oh! I'm killed! The ship's sinking! Yoooooop!"

Drake and Rodney started out of sleep on the instant.

"What the thump—"

"What the dickens—"

"Yow-ow-woooooop!"

Tuckey Toodles was rather hurt with his sudden bump on the floor, and he was more startled and frightened than hurt. He had not the slightest doubt that the Benbow had struck on a rock, and was going down. He rolled on the floor, yelling, and his fat paw came in contact with an ankle. He clutched at that ankle, as a drowning man might clutch at a straw.

"Yow! Help! Yow!"

The ankle was striving to escape from the cabin. It did not belong to Drake or Rodney, who were not yet out of their hammocks. It belonged to Vernon Daubeny.

Daub had intended to scud out of the cabin the instant his knife was through the rope. But the rope had parted suddenly while a strand still remained to be cut—assisted by the terrific weight of Tuckey Toodles in the hammock. Daubeny had been knocked backwards by Toodles as he pitched out, and he struggled in the darkness to get to the door, but the door had shut to in the roll of the ship, and Daub blundered on it in the dark and found it closed. Before he could get it open, his ankle was clutched by Tuckey Toodles.

Outside, Egan and Torrence had fled for their own quarters, supposing that Daub was after them. But he wasn't! He was in the terrified grip of Tuckey Toodles, dragging in vain at his captured ankle.

"Help!" shrieked Toodles. "Don't leave me here to drown, you beast! Yow! Ow! Help! Don't desert an old pal! Yaroooh! Help!"

Daubeny had the door open now, but with such a sheet-anchor on his ankle he had no chance of escaping.

Tuckey, in the fixed belief that the ship was sinking, and that he had hold of one of his comrades who was desert-

ing him in his extremity, clung to Daub's ankle for dear life.

He yelled for help as he clung.

There were sounds of startled voices from the other cabins, as Tuckey's terrified howls rang out.

Daubeny panted with fury.

He groped for Toodles in the dark, and succeeded in getting hold of him, and began to punch him savagely, to induce him to let go his hold. His punches had the effect of redoubling Tuckey's roars.

In utter amazement, Drake and Rodney turned out, bumping against the struggling pair in the dark. Drake groped for his electric torch, and turned on the light.

The Misfortunes of Toodles!

"HELP!"

"What the—"

"Yoop! Help! Leave off hitting me, Drake, you beast! Don't desert an old pal! Help!"

"Daubeny!" yelled Drake, as the light flashed on the strange scene.

Tuckey Toodles blinked in the light dazedly.

Daubeny had already discovered that it was not Drake he had cut down; Tuckey's yells had told him that. He had paid his visit to No. 8 for nothing, after all—or, rather, to pay the penalty of an attempt that had not come off. Dick Rodney jumped to the door and put his back to it. There was no escape for Vernon Daubeny now, even when Tuckey's terrified clutch on his ankle was released.

"Daubeny!" repeated Drake, as the light gleamed on Daub's savage, furious face. "Shut up, Toodles! You'll have the watch on deck here in a minute! Dry up!"

"The ship's sinking—"

"Ass! The ship's all right."

Toodles sat up dizzily.

The light restored his courage a little, and he realised that the Benbow was not taking its last plunge into the watery recesses of Davy Jones's locker.

"I—I—I've had an awful bump!" he gasped. "Mum—mum—my hammock's come down! You silly ass, why didn't you put up the hammock properly? Ow! I'm nearly killed! Yow-ow!"

"The hammock was put up all right," said Drake. "It's been cut down, you ass—that's why Daubeny's here."

Daubeny approached the door, but Dick Rodney did not move. He clenched his hand, ready for Daubeny, and the Buck of the Shell did not attempt to force a passage.

"I'm hurt!" moaned Toodles. "I—I've broken my back, I think. Also my—my collar-bone! I can feel the pieces—"

"See that that cad doesn't get out, Rodney, while I look at Toodles."

"You bet!" said Rodney.

Drake rolled Tuckey over, to see whether he was hurt. He had two or three bruises, but otherwise he was not damaged.

"You're all right, you blessed malingerer!" growled Drake.

"I'm not all right!" howled Toodles wrathfully. "I'm battered and

bruised all over! I think I'm dying—"

"Die quietly, then, for goodness' sake!"

"Why, you—you heartless beast!" shrieked Tuckey. "I jolly well won't die quietly to please you! Yarooooooop!"

"Hush! You'll wake the whole ship!"

"I don't care—I'm hurt! Yoop!"

"Do you want Packe here, you fat idiot?" howled Drake.

"I don't care! Yaroooooooh!"

"What the thump's the row here?" came Sawyer major's voice through the keyhole. "You'd better chuck it; Packe's coming with a light."

"You hear that, Toodles? Shut up!"

"Yaroooooh!"

Daubeny turned quite pale. His trick in No. 8 had turned out disastrously in every way. He was caught in the act, and the master of the Fourth was coming. He knew what Mr. Packe would think of the trick he had played in cutting down a hammock containing a sleeping Fourth-former.

Drake gave him a look of scorn. "Get out of sight," he muttered. "If Packe finds you here it's a flogging for you—and serve you right. But get out of sight. We won't give you away."

Daubeny looked round wildly.

Drake pushed him into a corner, where he was nearly hidden by Rodney's hammock. Rodney and Drake stood before him, to cover him as much as possible. Angry as they were with the black sheep of the Shell, they had no intention of betraying him to the Form-master.

"Toodles!" said Drake, in a fierce whisper, as the Form-master's footsteps approached the door.

"Yaroooh!"

"If you mention Daub I'll skin you to-morrow!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

The door opened, and Mr. Packe appeared, his lamp gleaming into the study. Behind the lamp Mr. Packe's eyes were gleaming, too. Mr. Packe was not in a good temper.

"What is this disturbance?" he exclaimed angrily. "Rodney—Drake—why, what—what—what are you doing on the floor, Toodles?"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Get up immediately!" snapped Mr. Packe.

"Toodles' hammock came down, sir," said Drake, hoping that Mr. Packe would not think of making an examination and learning exactly how it had come down.

In the corner, Daubeny scarcely breathed.

Fortunately, Mr. Packe was casting the light of his lamp upon Tuckey Toodles, sprawling on the floor, and in the shadowy corner, behind the hammock and the two Fourth-formers, Daubeny was pretty well hidden.

Toodles scrambled to his feet.

Mr. Packe's anger vanished at the sight of the fallen hammock, which accounted for the uproar.

"You should be more careful, Toodles, in securing your hammock," he said severely. "Are you hurt?"

"Frightfully, sir!"

"If you are really hurt, Toodles, you had better come and see the doctor—"

Tuckey Toodles recovered immediately. The last time he had had occasion to see Dr. Pankey, that humorous gentleman had put him on diet—an exceedingly thin diet. Tuckey Toodles did not want any more of Dr. Pankey's peculiar sense of humour.

"Oh, I—I—I'm not so bad as all that, sir!" stammered Toodles hastily. "In—in fact, sir, I'm all right now."

"Then replace your hammock, and go to bed," snapped Mr. Packe.

"Ow! Yes, sir! Ow!"

"I will remain and show you a light. You may help him, Rodney and Drake."

Daubeny, in the corner, nearly ceased to breathe as he heard that. Discovery seemed inevitable now. But again Jack Drake came to the rescue.

"I've an electric torch here, sir," he said. "We can manage all right with that, sir."

"Oh, very well," said Mr. Packe genially. Mr. Packe had been called away from a social gathering in the gun-room, and he was anxious to return to it. "Very well, Drake. Good-night, my boys!"

"Good-night, sir!"

Mr. Packe retired, closing the door after him, in happy unconsciousness of the fact that there was a trembling culprit in the cabin. Vernon Daubeny gasped aloud with relief as he went.

"You can come out now, you cad," said Jack Drake contemptuously. "I'll show you a light while you splice that rope, and fix up the hammock."

"I'm not goin' to do anythin' of the sort!" muttered Daubeny.

"You'll get the rope's-end if you don't."

"Give him the rope's-end, anyhow!" exclaimed Tuckey Toodles warmly. "Ain't he going to be punished for cutting me down, and nearly killing me?"

"To-morrow for that," said Drake. "I'll call you to account to-morrow, Daub. I know whom you meant to cut down; it was my hammock. It's a bit too dangerous a trick to play, and you're going to have a lesson, you cad. Now fix up the hammock, or we'll rope's-end you till you howl, before we kick you out of the room!"

Vernon Daubeny gritted his teeth, but he had no choice but to obey. In savage silence he set to work, and the hammock was shipped again at last. Rodney and Drake watched him grimly, Tuckey Toodles rubbing his bruises the while.

The work was done at last, and Drake examined it and pronounced it satisfactory. He opened the door quietly.

"Get out!" he said curtly.

"I—I say, Drake, mayn't I kick him out?" spluttered Tuckey Toodles. "I'm frightfully injured—"

Drake laughed.

"Go it!" he said.

Daubeny dodged to the door. Tuckey Toodles plunged after him, and kicked with all his might. The Shell fellow stumbled out of the cabin and fled, and there was a howl of anguish in No. 8. It came from Tuckey Toodles.

"Ow! Ooooooop!"

"What on earth's the matter now?" exclaimed Drake testily.

"Ow! Wow! My toe!"

"Bother you silly toe! What's the matter with your toe?"

"Ow! I—I forgot I hadn't a boot on!" wailed Toodles. "I've put my toe out, kicking that beast! Ow! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Drake and Rodney turned in again, and Tuckey Toodles, still bemoaning his latest injury, followed their example. There was no further visit from Daub and Co. that night. In his hammock in the Shell quarters, Daub had settled down to an uneasy night, full of disagreeable anticipations of the morrow.

Daub is Not Keen!

LESSONS were on deck the next day, with the white sails of the Benbow humming over the heads of the juniors as they sat in class. The old ship ploughed her way west by south, with Captain Popcastle, in his spruce uniform, walking the quarter-deck, his keen eyes generally on the sails or on the sea, and oblivious of the school. Boys and masters had "got their sea-legs" now, and the school work went on as in the old days at St. Winifred's ashore. Even Monsieur Plou, the French master, the severest sufferer from the dreaded mal-de-mer, was well and cheerful, and was no longer heard muttering in his cabin: "Mais c'est affreux! J'en meurs! Helas!"

Most of the Benbow fellows looked very cheery, but there was one in the Shell who wore a moody brow. That one was Vernon Daubeny. His trick in No. 8 having been a ghastly failure, the penalty remained to be paid—and the hour was at hand. Careless and good-natured as Jack Drake was, he did not mean to pass over the incident of the night. Tuckey Toodles' bumps and bruises called for redress, and the chums of No. 8 felt that Daub required a lesson, lest he should be tempted to repeat his proceedings. Daubeny of the Shell was not looking forward to that lesson with any pleasure. He even preferred the lessons he was receiving from Mr. Vavasour, the master of the Shell, and was sorry when classes ended that morning.

Most of the Benbow fellows knew by this time what had happened in No. 8, and they were looking forward to a "scrap."

After lessons Daubeny walked away to his quarters, but a crowd of juniors gathered round him on the deck.

"Don't hurry, Daub," called out Sawyer major of the Fourth. "Drake wants to speak to you."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Daubeny gave the Fourth-formers a fierce look.

"Drake can go and eat coke!" he said.

"Here you are, Drake—Daub's waitin' for you!" sang out Sawyer major. "But he's rather pressed for time."

And there was another laugh.

Jack Drake came up to the group. Daubeny met his glance with a bitter look.

"You cut down my hammock last night, Daub," said Drake quietly. "It

happened to be Toodles who was in it, but you meant it for me. You meant to sneak away without being seen—"

"But I jolly well collared him!" interjected Tuckey Toodles. "Presence of mind, you know."

"When will it suit you to have the gloves on, Daub?" asked Drake.

Daubeny did not answer immediately, and Sawyer major struck in:

"Daub would prefer to fight on land. He is willing to put it off till we arrive in South America."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Vernon Daubeny's eyes blazed.

"I'll fight you when you like, you Fourth-form cad!" he said between his teeth. "Now, if you like."

He advanced towards Drake with his hands up. Drake backed away, his lip curling.

"We should jolly soon be stopped if we began here," he said. "You know that as well as I do. There's half a dozen of the seamen staring at us now."

"Bit too palpable, Daub, old chap!" grinned Sawyer major.

Daubeny gritted his teeth.

"Make your own arrangements, then, hang you!" he said. "I'll meet you where you like, any time you like, and give you a jolly good hidin'!"

"Hear, hear!" came from several Shell fellows.

"After lessons, down below, then," said Drake.

"Yes, confound you!"

"Done, then!"

Drake turned on his heel, and walked away with Rodney. Daubeny lounged off to his study with a scowling face, followed by Egan and Torrence. The latter two were looking rather queerly at their great chief.

"Dash it all, Daub," muttered Egan, as they came into No. 3 in the Shell cabins, "keep a stiff upper lip. Don't let the Fourth say that you're afraid of their man."

Daubeny turned on him savagely.

"Who's afraid of him?"

"Well, you didn't seem very keen on a scrap, at any rate," answered Egan sarcastically.

"I've scrapped with Drake before, and had the worst of it," growled Daubeny. "I'd rather keep clear. Those fags don't mind goin' about with a cut lip or a black eye; I do. If you're so jolly war-like, Egan, you can take it on. You were with me last night, though those cads don't know it."

"My dear man, I wouldn't think of puttin' myself ahead of you," said Egan blandly. "You're our giddy champion. Besides, I suppose you knew there'd be trouble if you were caught cuttin' down a chap's hammock."

"It would have been all right if that fool Toodles hadn't been in the wrong hammock. I'd rather keep clear of Drake—"

Egan winked at Torrence.

"I'd rather keep clear of Drake," repeated Daubeny, with a dangerous look, "but I don't care about keepin' clear of you, Egan, and if I have any of your dashed impudence, I'll mop up the deck with you! So you can put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

"Order in the study!" murmured

Torrence. "Don't let us begin raggin' in the merry family circle. Have a smoke, Daub, old chap; the smokes haven't run out yet."

Daubeny refused, with an angry gesture, and left the cabin, leaving the two Shell fellows to smoke, and comment upon Daub's "cold feet."

It was not exactly "cold feet" that troubled Daubeny. He had faced Jack Drake before, and had on that occasion received a terrific licking. He did not want to repeat that experience—neither did he wish to carry the marks of combat about him for a week or two. A swollen nose or a shady eye marred the beautiful elegance upon which the Buck of the Shell prided himself. Certainly, he should have thought of that before he paid his visit to No. 8 Study; it was rather too late now.

The more Daubeny thought of the coming combat, down under the lower deck of the Benbow, the less he liked the prospect.

It worried him during afternoon lessons on the poop, and drew his attention several times away from Mr. Vavasour.

After school there was an extra class for the fellows who cared to join it—the Spanish class held by Dr. Pankey. As attendance at the Spanish class was not compulsory, a good many of the fellows gave it a miss, and hitherto Vernon Daubeny had not bothered with it. Now he gave in his name to the medical gentleman, and joined the class—and Egan and Torrence grinned when they saw it. The Spanish class filled in a little more time, and put off the combat with Drake.

Then came tea, which Daubeny and Co. had in their cabin-study, Daub's ample supply of cash allowing him a free run of the canteen kept by Mr. Capps. The three Bucks were at tea when Peg Slaney, the one-eyed steward's-mate, squinted into the cabin.

Daubeny gave him an angry glare. "What do you want, hang you?" he snapped.

"Message from Master Drake, sir." "Hang Drake!"

Slaney grinned. "Master Drake says he's going to wait for you down below, sir," he said.

"Oh, get out!" Slaney withdrew, and Daubeny went on with his tea with a gloomy brow. Outside, the sunset was red on the Atlantic. Daubeny did not seem to observe the half concealed grins of his study-mates, as he went on with his tea very slowly indeed.

The sun was going, and Egan lighted the ship's lantern that swung in the cabin from an iron hook driven up into the deck overhead.

"Time we got a move on, I think," Torrence yawned at last. "The Fourth will be comin' here to drag us out."

"You fellows can go!" snapped Daub.

"And you?"

"Tell them I'm comin' when I've had a smoke."

"I say, I wouldn't smoke just before a scrap," said Torrence. "Think of your wind, old bean."

"That's my bizney," answered Daub sourly.

"Oh, all right."

Egan and Torrence quitted the study. They found most of the Fourth and the Shell gathered in the space under the lower deck that was selected for the combat. Two or three lanterns shed a light there. A general chorus greeted Egan and Torrence.

"Where is he?"

"Comin'!" answered Torrence.

"Time he came, I think," remarked Sawyer major.

Drake and Rodney filled in the time by putting on the gloves, and boxing. But Vernon Daubeny did not arrive. Sawyer major cut off at last to "wake him up," as he expressed it; but he returned with the news that Daubeny

ploughing on under easy sail, her red and green lights gleaming out over the darkened sea.

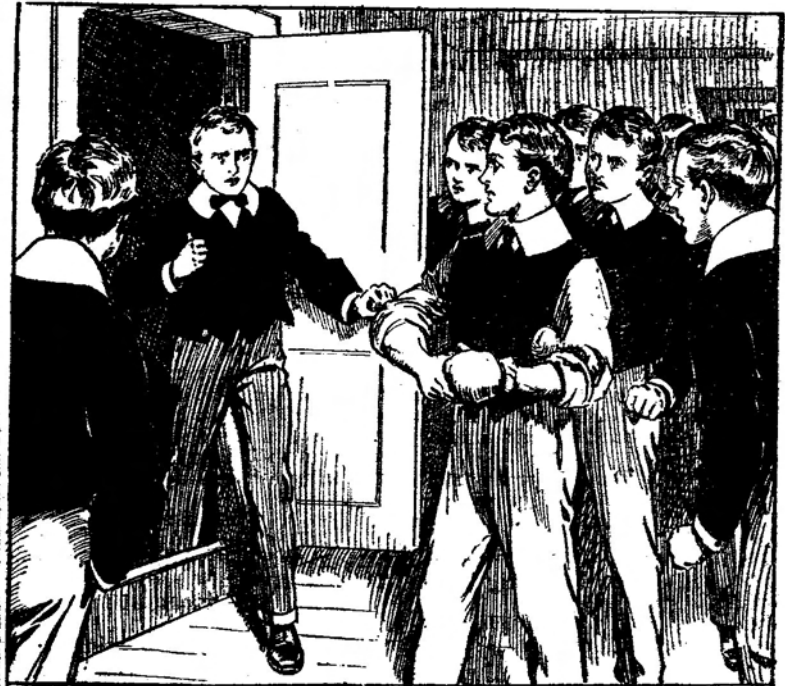
"That ass Daub is hiding himself somewhere, I suppose," Drake remarked.

"I shouldn't wonder. He doesn't want to have the gloves on. I shouldn't wonder if he's gone out on the bowsprit, and will come down at bed-time with a yarn about having forgotten the appointment below."

"You fellows seen him?" howled Tuckey Toodles.

"No," answered Drake.

"Come and help, then! What are you loafing for?" demanded Tuckey Toodles warmly. "Ain't you going to lick Daub for giving me these fearful bumps?"



As Vernon Daubeny did not arrive on the scene, Drake peeled off the gloves, with a frown. "I say, let's go and hunt him up!"

was not in his cabin, or to be seen anywhere.

"Funking it, by gad!" Egan whispered to Torrence, who shrugged his shoulders.

Drake peeled off the gloves, with a frown.

"I say, let's go and hunt him up," exclaimed Tuckey Toodles. "Daub's got to be licked! Look at these fearful bruises! Daub did that! He's got to be walloped! Let's hunt Daub!"

"Hear, hear!" And the juniors, chuckling, started off in a crowd to "hunt Daub."

Struck Down!

JACK DRAKE went on deck with Rodney, without giving much thought to Daubeny of the Shell. The juniors, regarding the matter as a tremendous lark, were hunting about the ship for the missing Shell fellow, entering into the spirit of the thing, and making quite a game of it. Drake glanced up at the main and topsail drawing overhead. The Benbow was

"Well, if Daub's so keen in keepin' off—"

said Drake, hesitating. There was a scornful hoot from Tuckey.

"Yah! You've got cold feet now, have you, as well as Daub?"

"Why, you fat rotter—"

"Then I'll jolly well lick Daub myself, if I find him," exclaimed Toodles.

"For your own sake, you'd better not find him, then," said Rodney, laughing.

"You come and help."

"Oh, all right. Coming, Drake?"

"Oh, bother!" said Drake.

Rodney joined in the search with the other fellows, and as it went on several of the juniors called to Drake to help. They were very anxious to rout Daub out of his hiding-place. A "scrap" was a very welcome entertainment in the evening.

Jack Drake did not feel inclined to join in the game. His anger never lasted long, and he was already thinking of letting the matter drop, as his enemy seemed so unwilling to come up

to the scratch. He went into the chains to climb into the maintop, as he often did in the evening, to look over the star-lit sea. Drake was quite at home in the rigging of the Benbow. The juniors were encouraged to learn to be seaman-like, when it did not interfere with the seamen's duties. Drake caught the ratlines, and clambered up to the maintop, and the boatswain called to him from the maindeck as he went.

"Mind your eye there, youngster, in the dark."

"Right-ho, Mr. Piper!" called back Drake cheerfully.

Although the breeze was an easy one, it felt stiff enough to the junior hanging on the shrouds. The Benbow was rolling a little, and sometimes, in the trough of a large wave, there was a plumb line from her cross-trees to the dark waters below. But there was no danger for Drake, and he climbed on carelessly to the top. Most of the Benbow fellows, at that point, were accustomed to passing through the lubber's hole; but Drake's head was steady, and he did not think of that. He bent back out under the top, and climbed on, overhanging the deck below, in the sailor-like way.

As his head came over the level of the top he gave a start, and stopped. A pair of gleaming eyes loomed at him from the black shadows.

Drake had not heard anyone in the top, and after the first moment of surprise, as he caught that unexpected glitter of eyes, he supposed that one of the seamen was there, on some duty.

He was undeceived the next moment, however.

"You cad! What do you want?"

It was Vernon Daubeny's voice.

"Oh!" ejaculated Drake. "You here, Daub!"

He burst into a laugh as he peered at the Shell fellow crouching by the step of the maintopmast.

Daubeny stared at him savagely.

It was natural, in the circumstances, that he should suppose that Drake had guessed his hiding-place, and had come there specially to rout him out.

"So you're here!" said Drake, laughing.

"Hang you!"

Drake put an arm forward to climb into the top, and Daubeny made a forward move.

"Keep off, you rotter!"

"Don't play the goat, Daub. I'm coming in."

"You sha'n't, hang you!"

"Like to come below, to settle our little difference?" grinned Drake. "You've disappointed all the fellows. They were looking forward to a scrap. They're hunting for you between decks now."

"I—I forgot—"

"Ha, ha, ha! Are you going to tell the fellows you forgot?" chuckled Drake. "Won't that be rather too thin, Daub?"

Daubeny panted with rage.

Without stopping to think, he struck out savagely at Drake's laughing face, just over the level of the top.

Drake uttered a startled cry.

Daubeny's fist dashed into his face

with savage force, and the blow fairly tore him from his precarious hold.

The Shell fellow gave a convulsive start as Drake's face suddenly vanished in the darkness.

He had not meant to break Drake's hold. He had not thought at all as he struck savagely and recklessly; but as Drake's cry rang out, and his face disappeared, Daubeny realised what he had done.

With a sick horror in his breast, he crouched in the maintop, listening with shuddering nerves for a crash on deck—a crash that would tell of sudden, and terrible death.

But it did not come.

Jack Drake was overboard, and the Benbow, surging rapidly on, had left him behind even before Daubeny realised what had happened.

He listened in deadly fear.

But the splash had not been noticed, and in the darkness nothing had been seen. The wind was freshening, the sails hummed, the ropes dragged and creaked. Nothing was known—yet! But it was half an hour before Daubeny, with trembling limbs and white face, ventured to drag himself from the maintop, and scuttle down the shrouds. He crept below to his cabin, and locked himself in.

The Benbow plunged on her way; and the juniors, who had given up the search for Daubeny, gathered in the common-room, little dreaming that one of their comrades had lost the number of his mess, and that a white-faced, stricken youth was shuddering in his cabin, thinking of the hapless boy who had plunged into the sea, now many a long mile behind the old ship.

THE END.

Another ripping, long complete story of the school at sea will appear next week. Look out for it!

RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 31.

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

JOSEPH H. WATERER,
9, King Alfred Place,
Winchester, Hants.

Tuck Hampers have been awarded to the following eight competitors, whose solutions contained one error each:

Ed. T. Smith, 4, Wm. Edward Street, Balsall Heath, Birmingham;
Geo. Howard, 34, Albert Road, Wood Green, N.22; Horace A. Parsons, 10, Corby Road, Mapperley, Nottingham;
Mrs. F. Warren, 21, Victoria Dwellings, East Ascent, St. Leonards;
A. C. Head, 19, Albion Street, Halton, Hastings; Violet Mercer, 139, Kingston Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19; Harry Allsopp, 29, Dearne Terrace, Worsbro' Bridge, near Barnsley; C. M. Thomson, 46c, Grand Parade, Haringay, N.4.

CORRECT SOLUTION:

Dear Readers,—Mrs. Mimble writes: "Dear Master Wharton, I am willing to take the contract for providing the Tuck Hampers at 2½ per cent. cheaper than anyone else in the district, minus 5 per cent. for cash, plus 10 per cent. for delivery." Mrs. Mimble may be willing, but I'm not! The best grub only finds its way into the hampers. HARRY.

MY KRICKET KOLLUM

By
BILLY BUNTER

"HAVE you seen the notiss-bord?"

Evverybody was arsking that queeschun of evverybody else.

"It's the latest!" said Squiff. "Bunter's down to play against Highcliffe this afternoon. Bunter, of all people!"

"Wharton must have a kink in his brane," said Peter Todd.

"I guess he's got batts in his bellfry!" observed Fisher T. Fish.

With my hart thumping hevily against my ribbs, I hurried away to the notiss-bord. And there, sure enuff, I saw my own name.

"Wharton's a brikk!" I mermered. "He has considered my klaims at last! In return for this kindness on his part, I think I'll win the match off my own batt!"

But alas! The best-lade skemes of mice (and porpusses) gang aft aogley, whatever that may mean.

The match with Highcliffe started shortly after dinner, and the Remove batted 1st.

But my luck was owt. I was boled owt middel-pegg befour I had skored, and it greatly yewmiliated me to here evverybody saying:

"Kwack, kwack, kwack!"

"I new Bunter would get a duck!" said Nugent. "You were an ass to inklude him in the team, Harry."

Wharon larfed.

"It duzzent matter abowt Bunter getting a duck," he said. "We've rattled up sevventy, and Highcliffe will never reech that totle."

"Where do you want me to feeld, Wharton?" I inkwired.

"Anywhere," was the reply, "so long as you keep owt of the way!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

I took up my possishun on the owt-skirts of the feeld, in close procksimity to the tea-tables.

Highcliffe started to batt, but I was never wunce trubbled.

Of course, I soon got board stiff.

"If this is kricket," I mermered, "give me a nice, ecksiting game of marbles!"

I soon lost all interest in the match, and I seeted myself at wun of the tee-tables.

Noboddy notissed-me, and I had a glorjus tuck-in. I consumed wun dish of pastrys after anuther, until at larst, unable to eat anuther mouthful, I droopt off to sleep.

My awakening was rood.

A hevvy hand fell upon my sholder, and a sturn voice—the voice of Harry Wharton—eksklamed.

"You—you fat marrawder! You've skuffed our tea!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Bump him," rored Bob Cherry.

And the hands of the avengers dissended upon me, and I was bumped with grate vigger and hartiness.

THE END.

THE MYSTERY OF THE STUDIO!

Our Great New Series dealing with the amazing adventures of

HERLOCK SHOLMES
DETECTIVE

Written by

PETER TODD

I.

THE name of Mr. Smearly Smudgett was, of course, well-known to us; and both Sholmes and I were considerably interested when the famous impressionist painter was shown into our rooms at Shaker Street.

Sholmes had been busy that day. His services had been called upon by a demobbed Tommy who had lost his pension, and Sholmes had been engaged in the search with a powerful microscope. But with his usual polished courtesy, my amazing friend removed his feet from the mantelpiece, and pushed back the cocaine cask, as Mr. Smudgett entered.

The celebrated painter was in a state of agitation. Without even waiting for Sholmes to observe that he could speak quite freely before his friend, Dr. Jotson, Mr. Smudgett plunged into his story.

"Mr. Sholmes, I am surrounded by a ghastly mystery, or else I am the victim of a fearful hallucination. You have, doubtless, seen my pictures—"

Sholmes nodded.

"I have seen your works, Mr. Smudgett. If you refer to them as pictures, I should say you are undoubtedly the victim of hallucination."

"You have seen them? Have you ever seen, Mr. Sholmes, in any of my paintings anything that resembles anything in the earth, or the sky, or the waters under the earth?"

"Never!"

"Exactly!" Mr. Smudgett wiped his heated brow. "It is to that, Mr. Sholmes, that I owe my reputation. You are aware, of course, that I stand at the very top of the tree—that I am universally acknowledged to be the chief of the Later-Super-Post-Impressionist School. Other artists have sought to rival me, in vain. Even those who have gone to the length of sitting on their canvases while still wet, have never succeeded in equalling my amazing effects. But—"

"But?" said Sholmes.

"Hear my secret, Mr. Sholmes. The extraordinary colour effects in my pictures, the deep and impenetrable mystery surrounding what they may possibly mean, have brought me fame and fortune. But—you will scarcely credit it—I was taught to paint—"

"Impossible!"

"It is only too true. In my early and thoughtless youth, I studied painting. Then I painted; but, daub and smear as I would, my pictures still resembled something—they were bad, they were out of drawing, but still they bore a remote resemblance to actual objects. I almost despaired of making a name. And then—the

incredible happened. I will tell you what occurred."

Mr. Smudgett paused, and gasped for breath.

"My studio, Mr. Sholmes, is at the top of my house—it is approached by a narrow stair. No one can enter without my knowledge. There is only one door; the only other opening is the skylight. But the roof is inaccessible from without. Yet some mysterious being makes himself at home in my studio, and it is to him, or it, that I owe my success in my art. My first famous picture, it is called 'Girl Gathering Roses'—"

"I have seen it," said Sholmes.

"Well, Mr. Sholmes, I had spent weeks on that picture, seeking to produce a genuine impressionist effect. In spite of my efforts, the girl in the painting bore a remote resemblance to a human being; I threw my brushes at the canvas, I thumped it, still wet, with a hassock, but still the genuine impressionist effect was not



Two huge, gaunt cats were chasing one another round the studio.

produced. In despair I left it, and locked the studio door after me. But when I came back in the morning, Mr. Sholmes, can you believe me—"

"Go on!" said Herlock Sholmes, quietly. I could see that Sholmes was deeply interested by this time.

"I brought a famous art critic with me," said Mr. Smudgett. "Immediately he saw the picture, he fell into raptures. It was changed—utterly. Nothing in it bore the slightest resemblance to anything I had ever seen or heard of. Some mysterious hand had been at work. My fortune was made. Commissions rained in upon me—but—"

"Well?"

"But I could not reproduce the marvellous effects. I tried every means, from lying at full length on the wet colour, to dabbing it with a kitchen mop; but it was in vain. I was baffled; and, in despair, I left the picture alone in the studio, the skylight open, in a vague hope that the miraculous would happen again."

"And did it?"

"It did, Mr. Sholmes," said the painter hoarsely. "But the mystery is too great for me to bear. I must have it explained. That is why I have come to you."

Sholmes rose to his feet.

"To-night I will watch," he said, "with my faithful Jotson. Come!"

II.

I CONFESS that my heart was beating rapidly, as I crouched in the darkness of the studio with my friend, Herlock Sholmes.

Mr. Smudgett had taken us there, and left us to watch; his own nerve was not equal to the strain.

It was the hour of midnight, and the great city was sleeping round us. Only from the dusk of night came, occasionally, the mournful wail of a cat on the tiles.

Herlock Sholmes grasped my arm, suddenly.

"Listen!" he breathed.

There was a faint sound at the open skylight.

I trembled.

Was the strange phantom about to appear—the mysterious being that, in the dark hours, touched with its magic hand the unfinished paintings, and turned them into Impressionist masterpieces?

Miauw-au-iaou!

Zzzzzzzzz!

There was a sound of hissing, and spitting, and howling in the studio. Herlock Sholmes sprang to his feet, flashing on the light of his electric torch.

I stared dazedly at the scene before me.

Two huge, gaunt cats were chasing one another round the studio, and clambering over Mr. Smudgett's wet canvas, daubing their fur with the colours.

Sholmes sprang forward.

In a moment, a fiercely-spitting tom-cat was struggling in his grasp.

"Sholmes!" I gasped. "What—"

"The mystery is explained, my dear Jotson," drawled Herlock Sholmes. "From what I have seen of Mr. Smudgett's work, I guessed it from the first."

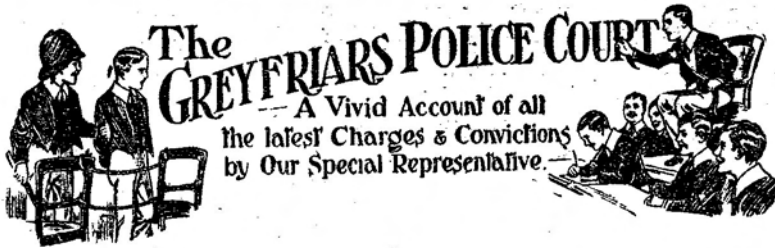
III.

SHOLMES had solved the mystery.

Needless to say, Mr. Smearly Smudgett was delighted at being relieved of his supernatural fears, and he thanked my amazing friend with heartfelt gratitude. Now that he knew the truth, he was able to avail himself more fully of feline aid in pursuing his art. He made it a rule to shut up several cats in the studio of a night, and, on Sholmes's advice, added a dog. From that time Mr. Smudgett's fame as a master of the Later-Super-Post-Impressionist School has known no bounds.

THE END.

Next week's amazing adventure will be "The Case of the Musician."



There was a very meagre attendance at the Box-room Sessions on Wednesday afternoon, the majority of the jurymen (and a good number of the prisoners) having gone to see the circus at Courtfield.

LIVELY SCENES IN COURT!

Amusing Jape on Jotland Yard Officials!

Three respectably-dressed youths, Robert Donald Ogilvy, Richard Rake and George Bulstrode, were the first to appear in the dock. The solemnity of the situation was quite lost on them, and they chuckled outright, as they stood face to face with his worship.

Magistrate: This is no laughing matter, as you will find to your cost! I am shocked—nay, disgusted—to find in the dock, three individuals who have hitherto borne an unblemished character.

Prisoner Ogilvy: Bow-wow!

Magistrate: (rolling up his sleeves): You—you cheeky young cub! I'll jolly well—

Mr. Robert Cherry, K. C.: Hadn't you better hear the evidence, your worship, before proceeding to assault and battery?

Magistrate: All right. But don't be too long-winded, my learned chump!

Mr. Cherry: The prisoners at the bar have been guilty of a very grave offence.

Magistrate: Have they murdered a Form-master or a prefect?

Mr. Cherry: Oh, no, your worship. Had they done that, I should have nothing but the heartiest approval of their action! (Laughter.) The three grinning rascals in the dock were caught with cigars in their possession.

Magistrate: What! Smoking at their time of life?

Mr. Cherry: Yes, your worship.

Magistrate: Cigars, too! By jove, this is a bit too thick!

Detective-inspector Penfold (the prominent Jotland Yard official, then gave evidence): Last evening, your worship, acting upon information received, I paid a visit to the study occupied by the prisoner Ogilvy. The other two prisoners were with him, and they were in the act of sharing out the contents of a box of cigars. The box bore the inscription, "Flor de Raddishes—Extra Strong." I cautioned the prisoners, your worship, and confiscated the box of cigars.

Magistrate (sarcastically): You smoked 'em yourself, I suppose?

Detective-inspector Penfold: How dare you bring such a base insinuation against me, your worship?

Magistrate: Sorry, old man. I ought to have known better. You would never dream of touching a

cigar. Now I come to think of it, you always prefer a pipe! (Loud laughter.)

Detective-inspector Penfold: Really, I—I—

Magistrate: Is the box of cigars in court?

Detective-inspector Penfold: Yes, your worship. Coming over!

The box of cigars was hurled with such force, that his worship's wig was knocked off. (Laughter, mingled with cries of "Good shot, Pen!")

His worship, after righting his wig, examined the cigars keenly. Then he placed one of them in his mouth.

Mr. Cherry (aghast): You—you're going to smoke that beastly thing?

Magistrate: No, you ass, I'm going to eat it!

Mr. Cherry: But—but—

Magistrate: You see, it's made of chocolate! (Loud and prolonged laughter.)

Detective-inspector Penfold (in dismay): Then—then Jotland Yard has been spoofed?

Magistrate: Yes, and not for the first time, either! It's high time you Jotland Yard officials bucked your ideas up!

Prisoner Bulstrode (excitedly): Give us back our cigars, Wharton, you rotter!

Magistrate: These cigars are top-hole! If the prisoners will call at my private residence after the proceedings, I will see that they are presented with the empty box!

My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of "The Greyfriars Herald."

This week

[CLAUDE HOSKINS]

"LITTLE man," the editor said brightly, "I shall be greatly obliged if you'll go along and interview Comrade Hoskins, the warbler of the Shell—the man of music—the Mozart of Greyfriars!"

"There's nothing doing!" I said. "You'll have to go and interview Hoskins yourself."

The editor then implored me, on bended knees, to be loyal to the paper. The weekly interview feature, he said, was immensely popular. Only that morning he had received a letter from a Blobshire reader, saying that the Interview was the best feature in the "Herald," with the exception of the serials, the Herlock Sholmes

stories, the Police-court News, the St. Winifred's story, Billy Bunter's "Krieket Kollum," and the Editorial. Moved by the editor's touching appeal, I made tracks for Hoskins' study in the Shell passage.

The first thing I beheld, on entering the apartment, was a formidable-looking cornet. In the background were the puffed cheeks of Claude Hoskins. He was frantically endeavouring to strike the right note, and I made an equally frantic endeavour to strike Hoskins, for the row he made was simply awful!

But the musician skipped promptly to one side, and my clenched fist buried itself in the clock on the mantelpiece.

"That'll be three-and-six," said Hoskins calmly. "You'll have to pay for that clock—"

"Bust your clock!" "You've done that yourself—and jolly effectively, too!" was the reply. "What do you want here?"

"Yow!" I moaned, caressing my damaged fist. "I am the special representative of 'The Greyfriars Herald.' I've come to interview you—"

"Will you do me a favour?" asked Hoskins eagerly. "And then I'll let you off paying for my clock."

"All serene," I said. "What do you want me to do?"

"Accompany me—in two senses. I want you to accompany me into the Close—just beneath the window of Hacker's study—and then I want you to accompany me with the cymbals, while I play the cornet."

"But what will Hacker say?" I said doubtfully. (Hacker's the master of the Shell, and he's a large size in beasts.)

"Oh, Hacker won't mind. In fact, he'll be awfully bucked. Shouldn't be surprised if he invited the pair of us in to tea."

Well, to cut a long story short, I toddled off in Hoskins' wake, and we took up our stand outside Hacker's study window.

Then we got busy.

Hoskins played the cornet, and I clashed the cymbals. And you never heard such a duet in your life!

The kitchen cat fled from the scene in wild terror. And the next moment Hacker's face, livid with fury, appeared at the window.

"Stop!" he hooted. "How dare you? How dare you, I say?"

But Hoskins was in full blast, and he did not heed. And I was still going great guns with the cymbals.

Hacker disappeared. But he turned up again shortly afterwards—not at the window, but in the Close. And he was armed with a cane, which was soon lashing about our legs. And then there was more music—of a different variety!

Lash, lash, lash!

"Yow-ow-ow!"

We fled in anguish from the whirling cane, and by the time we reached the sanctuary of Hoskins' study we were feeling sick and sore and sorry.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast," it is said.

But it had quite the opposite effect upon that savage beast Hacker!

THE END.



For the best storyette printed on this page a hamper crammed full of delicious tuck will be awarded. Money prizes will be given for all other contributions used. When more than one reader sends in the same acceptable storyette, the prize is awarded to the first read. Remember your joke should be written plainly on a postcard.—Editor.

Very Cheeky!

The barber's shop was well patronised, when in walked a shabby stranger.

"Good-morning, my good man!" he said. "I wonder whether you will shave one side of my face for twopence?"

The barber winked at his waiting customers.

"Certainly," he replied, "take a seat, please." Then turning to the shabby individual and waving his shaving-brush in his hand, he said: "Which side shall I shave, sir?"

"The outside," murmured the stranger meekly.—Sent in by R. Pain, 10, Florence Road, Southsea, Portsmouth.

Some Pocketful!

Several small thefts had been committed at the factory, so the manager employed Pat to search the men whenever a case occurred.

Passing through the place one day, and seeing Pat searching the hands, he stopped and asked the Irishman what was missing.

"Be jabbers, tis two wheelbarrows this time, sorr," replied Pat.—Sent in by F. Robson, 2, Granberry Street, Glodwick, Oldham, Lancs.

IT WOULDN'T ANSWER!



CHARLIE: "What's your dog's name, old chap?"
HARRY: "Don't know exactly. I've tried every name I could think of, but he don't seem to answer to any of them!"

Quite Bad Enough!

"What!" cried the prospective tenant. "Five guineas a week for this little room—and with such dirty wallpaper, too!"

"Well, I can have a new wallpaper put over it," murmured the landlord obligingly.

"Great Scott—don't!" exclaimed the other; "the room's small enough as it is!"—Sent in by A. Graves, 64, South Ealing Road, Ealing, W.5.

OUR TUCK-HAMPER PRIZE STORYETTE

WEIGHTY FINANCE!

Seven-year-old Molly had a new baby brother, whom everybody agreed was such an infant as had never been seen before.

"Do you know, Molly," said daddy proudly, "that Uncle George has taken such a fancy to baby that he has offered to buy him for £1 an ounce?"

Molly looked startled. "You're surely not going to sell him, daddy, are you?" she said in a very concerned tone.

"Of course not, precious," said daddy, glad to see that his daughter had so much proper sentiment.

"That's right," murmured Molly, "keep him till he's bigger, and then he'll fetch more!"

Sent in by Miss Freda M. Penny, 137, Montague Road, Smethwick, to whom a hamper crammed full of delicious tuck has been despatched.

Obviously!

A well-known solicitor in a northern town, advertised for an office-boy, and the first applicant was a lad who had been employed in the local fish market.

Finding that the boy was a good writer, the solicitor next endeavoured to discover whether he could do mental arithmetic, and to prove the question he set the lad a small sum.

"What would thirty-six pounds of salmon be at threepence a pound, my lad?" he asked.

"Bad, sir!" was the prompt reply.—Sent in by Jack Dibb, 7, Lumley Mount, Burley, Leeds.

No Leg-acy!

Weary Walter (to the benevolent-looking old gent): Please 'elp a poor cripple, sir.

Old Gent: Certainly, my man, here's a sixpence for you. Now tell me how you are crippled.

Weary Walter (as he pocketed the coin): Financially, sir!—Sent in by A. Reader, 16, Brace Street, Bedford.

Overworked!

In a country village, the quack doctor was busily selling his wares, and while explaining the causes of indigestion, he informed his hearers that "in a person's throat was an appendage, known as the 'epiglat-tis.' When a person ate, it moved to one side to allow the food to pass, and when he drank, it moved to the other side."

"By gum, mister," murmured a voice from the crowd, when he had finished, "that thing must go pitter-patter when you eat bread-and-milk!"—Sent in by K. Woodhead, 61, Edge-cumbe Street, Hull.

Done His Bit!

The French master at a certain school, was in the habit of saying "we" instead of "you," when dealing with his class.

"Smith minor," he said one day, "we are very dull this morning. We shall have to write a hundred lines before next classes."

When the time arrived, the "mossoo" sent for the delinquent junior.

"Have we written our lines?" he asked.

"Well, I've written my fifty," replied Smith minor, "but I don't know whether you've written your half, sir!"—Sent in by E. Smith, 103, Kingsdown Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

A Hive of Trouble!

The Government official was telling the old Scottish farmer 'what to do in case there was ever an invasion of the laud.

"The law is," he said, "that all live stock must be branded and driven inland. Do you understand?"

"Weel, weel, I understand all richt," murmured the farmer, "but I'm thinking I'll hae an awfu' job wi' my bees!"—Sent in by A. Smith, 96, Elizabeth Street, Blackpool Lancs.

NOT SO DUSTY!



The above brainy idea was conceived by Waddles minor for the purpose of enjoying his roller skating with the least possible exertion.



The Luck of the Estors

Our magnificent new racing serial specially written by

MAJOR CHERRY

Hot on the Scent!

THE sudden appearance in the public enclosure at the Newmarket races of the man with the livid scar fired Tony Draycott and Dick Selby with a fierce determination to follow up his trail at all costs. Worming their way through the crowd that thronged the racecourse, they caught a glimpse of their quarry as he hurried towards one of the exits.

For nearly two weeks the two stable-lads had been attempting to get on the track of either the ruffian with the scar on his left cheek or else the ginger-haired tout who had induced Lord Estor to visit the cross-roads near Framham on the strength of his assertion that he could supply information concerning the mysterious doping of the mare Sunfire.

Both these men had been concerned in the midnight fracas at the cross-roads, and Tony and Dick shrewdly suspected that both were members of a gang of scoundrels, and had been concerned, directly or indirectly, in the outrage which had spoiled the chances of the favourite in the classic Epsom event.

"I say, Tony," said Dick, as they dodged through the crowd, keeping the rogue well in sight, "what shall we do—tackle the fellow as soon as we get clear of the mob?"

"No jolly fear!" replied Tony. "That would spoil everything. Let's shadow him, and try and discover where he hangs out. We may be able to get on the track of the rest of the gang by that means."

Once or twice the boys lost sight of their quarry in the throng, but the fact that their man was wearing a bright red handkerchief tied round his neck aided them considerably in spotting him again. Once clear of the racecourse, and on the open road, it was easy enough to keep him in sight, the danger being that the fellow, who knew Tony, might turn round and become aware that he was being followed.

But the man slouched along, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, and the boys were able to keep on his trail easily by strolling two or three hundred yards behind him. Arriving at the first hostelry along the road, the ruffian disappeared inside, and Tony and Dick took up their positions in the shadow of a wall to wait for him to come out again.

After about fifteen minutes the man reappeared in the company of the driver of a waggon of hay, which was drawn up in the road outside the inn. Both climbed up on to the board which acted as a seat for the driver, and a few moments after the waggon slowly rumbled on its way.

"Egad, this is a snip, Dick!" cried Tony. "All we have to do now is to climb on to that waggon, make ourselves comfy in the hay, and wait until our friend with the scar on his chivvy alights. Then we can follow him up on foot again."

The two boys glided swiftly along the road, and made a dive on to the hay-waggon. They climbed aboard without being seen, and, crawling among the odoriferous hay, settled themselves down to wait until their man alighted. From the front of the waggon a low murmur of conversation floated to their ears, but they could not catch the drift of the remarks, and they dared not risk crawling too high on the load, for the purpose of

getting within earshot, in case they gave themselves away.

"I wonder whether this fellow we're after really is in the pay of the bookie, Jerry Groat, Dick?" murmured Tony, selecting a whisp of hay to chew upon. "It's quite likely, as you suggested."

"Well, that incident we saw while we were standing near Jerry's pitch on the racecourse was jolly suspicious," whispered Dick in reply. "Occasionally a scoundrel snatches a bookie's receipt from a successful backer, with the idea of presenting the ticket for payment later himself, but more often than not when that rotten game is paid the rascal who does the trick is in the employ of the bookie, who stands to lose otherwise."

"My hat!" muttered Tony. "If we could prove that this fellow is actually in the pay of Jerry Groat, I should be inclined to think that the bookie himself was mixed up in the Derby doping business."

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised," returned Dick. "Judging from the reputation he's got on the Turf, I should think he's capable of any rotten trick. However, if we manage to hang on to the heels of this chap with the scar, we might be able to find out quite a lot of useful information."

For a few minutes the two lounged back in the hay, each occupied with his own thoughts, and then Tony began to get a bit restless. Inactivity never suited the high-spirited youngster for long.

"I wish we could hear what that rogue has to say to the driver of this old hay-bus!" he murmured. "We might find out where he lives, and so forth. I've a jolly good mind to try and crawl under the hay along the rack at the side of the waggon, and get a bit closer to the front."

"Don't be a silly chump," said Dick. "The whole game will be spoilt if you're spotted."

"Oh, I'll keep well out of sight, never fear."

With that, Tony set about his task of working his way up forward on the waggon to a point of vantage behind the two men on the driver's seat, and he found it no easy matter. To worm his way along the sloping rack that bordered the side of the cart he had to haul a lot of the hay out of the way, and this he did slowly and carefully, so as not to make any noise

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!" Next evening Lord Estor disappears from his home near Newmarket, and Dorothy, Barney Bulfin, the trainer, and Tony Draycott and Dick Selby, two stable-lads, set out to seek him. They find him near some cross-roads, where he had gone to meet a mysterious person who claimed to be able to give information concerning the Derby incident. An encounter with a gang of toughs takes place, and Tony and Barney capture a rogue who has a livid scar on his left cheek. The ruffian subsequently escapes. On the first day of the Newmarket races Tony and Dick are standing among the crowd when they suddenly glimpse the man with the scar!

that might give a warning to the men in front.

So awkward was the task that he hesitated for a few seconds, debating whether to attempt to go ahead further, or to turn round and work his way back to Dick. Then suddenly the decision was taken from his hands. The waggon lurched over a large stone, and before he could recover his balance Tony shot headlong off the vehicle into the road. He landed on the dusty highway in a sitting position that seemed to dislocate every bone in his anatomy, and a low cry of pain involuntarily left his lips.

As he sat there, bruised and dazed, while the waggon lumbered on its way, he thought he heard his cry echoed from the waggon in a gruff exclamation of surprise. Hastily getting on to his feet, he darted after the cart, and swung himself over the tail-board. Dick's surprised face peered at him from among the hay.

"What the thump happened, Tony?" demanded the elder lad. "They didn't see you, did they?"

"No—ooer!—that is, I don't think so," muttered Tony, as he made himself a nice, soft cushion of hay to sit upon. "The beastly waggon bucked suddenly, and I went overboard. Ooch! I think I'm broken in fifty places!"

"But didn't you see the driver looking back when you were in the road?"

"No, I couldn't see either him or the other chap," said Tony. "The hay's piled up too high in front, luckily, so I'm certain they didn't spot me. Besides, had they done so they'd have stopped, as likely as not."

After this painful experience, Tony preferred to sit quietly among the yielding hay than to risk any more bruises by further stunts. Although the boys could not see the men in front, they were confident they would soon know if their quarry dismounted from the waggon. Meanwhile, although they could not catch the words spoken, they could hear the murmur of conversation from the driver's seat, which indicated to them that the race-course rogue was still on board the cart.

Slowly the old waggon rumbled along, until the boys thought they must have travelled miles. It lumbered through the village of Framham, turned sharply to the right at the cross-roads which held such exciting memories for the young detectives, and then on past the famous Coach and Horses Inn.

"My aunt!" groaned Tony. "We sha'n't get home till midnight, at this rate! We shall have about ten miles to hoof it back again."

"Yes," agreed Dick. "I wish to goodness that rascal would climb down from his perch and walk the rest of the way to the place he's going! I'm fed-up with being bumped about in this muck!"

But still the low murmur of conversation was wafted from the front of the waggon, indicating clearly to the amateur detectives concealed at the back that their quarry was yet riding with the yokel who was driving the waggon.

Another fifteen minutes passed, and then the waggon drew up outside of a delapidated-looking inn called The

Whip and Saddle, situated on the outskirts of the next village to Framham.

"H'm, I expect they're going in to have a wet," whispered Tony.

He craned his head round on the left side of the waggon, and watched the entrance to The Whip and Saddle, and although the precaution seemed hardly necessary, Dick kept a sharp look-out on the other side.

For some minutes they kept guard in this manner, then, as nothing happened, Tony began to grow impatient.

"I wish to goodness we could see what they're up to," he said. "What the dickens do they want to stay on the waggon for? If they'd only go inside that pub we might get off and stretch our legs for a while."

"You stay here," said Dick, "I'll soon see what they're up to."

He waited for a brick-cart, which was coming from the direction of Framham, to arrive nearly level with the hay-waggon, and then, stepping down, he took cover behind it, and so crossed the road sheltered from the view of anyone on the driver's seat of the vehicle he had just left.

A few moments elapsed, and Tony saw him step boldly from behind a hedge, and come running back at full speed.

"What's up, old top?" demanded Tony, feeling vaguely uneasy at the sudden action of his chum. "Everything's all right, isn't it?"

Dick stopped by the tail-board of the waggon, with an expression of pained annoyance on his face.

"That racecourse ruffian," he panted, "that chap with a scar on his chivvy—"

"Well?"

"He's gone!"

Tony shot off the hay-waggon as though he had been stung by a bee. "Gone?" he gasped. "What the—why the—"

"It's true enough," said Dick sadly, "there's only the driver on the seat in front—the other chap's vanished into thin air."

"But—but, my dear old ass, how could he have done so?" cried Tony, in bewilderment. "We've been watching both sides of the waggon ever since it stopped here, and nobody's left the thing. Besides, we've even heard them talking together until a few moments ago. The whole thing's ridic!"

Suddenly a brilliant idea struck Dick.

"I know what's happened," he said, "that chap we're after has crawled in among the hay."

"What on earth for?"

"Why, for the same reason as we did, chump—to prevent himself from being seen."

"But—but why the dickens—"

"Well, maybe you can suggest something better?" said Dick peevishly. "Personally, I think it is a jolly good solution."

"Yes, worthy of Herlock Sholmes at his brightest, old sport," agreed Tony. "Still, I must admit, I can't think what could have happened to the chap. I take it for granted he wasn't aware we were riding behind here, so there is no reason why he

should have been scared of being seen and crawled into hiding!"

As he finished speaking, a pot-boy in a grubby apron emerged from the inn bearing a foaming tankard of ale, which he handed up to the yokel on the driver's seat. A few moments later he returned to the hostelry swinging an empty pewter pot, and the waggon began to rumble on its way again.

The two stable-boys, sitting among the fragrant hay, remained in deep thought until Tony broke the silence.

"Let's go and tackle the driver," he suggested; "if the fellow we're after did get off anywhere, there's no reason why this yokel shouldn't tell us where he left the waggon."

"You can bet your boots the chap's still on board," said Dick decisively. "Maybe he doesn't want to be seen for some reason while passing through the village we're just coming to."

The two amateur detectives were up against it with a vengeance, and all the time the hay-cart was rolling through the village, they remained on it discussing the knotty problem which had arisen. But about a quarter of a mile beyond the place, they stopped suddenly in their debate, for the waggon turned sharply to the left up a wide gravel drive and came to a halt.

The boys tried to crawl farther back into the hay, as they heard footsteps approaching the back of the cart.

"You're blessed late, Garge," they heard a voice growl, "let's buck up and get this load off."

"Oh, my aunt!" groaned Dick in the ear of Tony, "we'd better be beating it!"

"Hang on a minute, old chap," whispered Tony in reply. "Maybe the fellow will push off round to the front of the cart, and then we can quietly slip out of it. Meanwhile, keep as mum as a mouse and—Ouch!"

The wild cry of pain was wrung from his lips as a hayfork descended suddenly into the hay and punctured the seat of his riding-breeches.

"Hallo, you've got something more'n a load o' hay on this here waggon, Garge," said the voice which had spoken before. "Hi, come out o' it, you young rips!"

The owner of the voice, who was a stable-hand in the employ of the master of the large mansion, near by, hauled away the hay, revealing the two unfortunate amateur detectives.

"Ooch! Oo-er!" groaned Tony tenderly, caressing his damaged anatomy. "I'm punctured in two places!" He gazed up into the jovial red face of the stable-hand. "Why the dickens aren't you more careful with that beastly prodder?" he demanded; "you'll be hurting somebody one of these fine days!"

Both the stable-hand and the driver of the waggon burst into loud guffaws at the sight of the injured expression on the youngster's face.

"Sarve 'ee right, young varmint," said Garge, "and if 'ee doan't clear out o' it mighty quick, 'ee'll be getting hurt wusser than 'ee are noaw."

Tony and Dick were only too glad to get off so lightly, and they quickly

moved out of range of further danger. From a respectable distance they watched Garge, and the stable-hand toss the hay out of the waggon, and it soon became apparent that Dick was mistaken in his brainy deduction, that the man with the livid scar was hidden among the load.

When the job had been finished, they walked down to the lane which ran past the house, and waited until the yokel drove his empty waggon out.

"Bain't 'ee two young varmint be gone yet?" called out Garge, fingering his whip meaningly as he passed them. "It's high time 'ee both were hoame in bed!"

"No, we waited to see you, sir," said Tony politely. He took from his pocket a couple of half-crowns, and jingled them together enticingly in his hand. "Perhaps you'll have no objection to earning these?"

Under the unusual manner of address, and the magic of the jingling, silver coins which could purchase several tankards of foaming brown ale, Garge suddenly became quite amiably disposed.

"None whatsomever, young gen'l'men," he replied jovially. "Jump oop here, an' I'll give 'ee boath a ride."

Nothing loth, the two lads scrambled up on to the driver's seat, and without beating about the bush, Tony came to the point.

"I'll give you five bob for answering just one question," he said. "What became of that chap with a scar on his cheek who accompanied you from Newmarket?"

Garge gave a low chuckle.

"That's funny," he remarked, "the other gen'l'man gave me five bob to say nothing about him. Still, hand 'ee over the money."

"Not until you tell us what became of him."

The yokel shrugged his shoulders resignedly.

"Ah, well," he murmured, "I doan't suppose there's any harm in tellin' 'ee. The gen'l'man got off just before we got to The Coach an' Horses."

Tony looked at the driver suspiciously.

"Humph," he said, "that seems very strange, for we heard you talking together long after that."

"Ah, 'ee thought 'ee did," said the man, with a wink at the boys, "but that was me 'ee heard talking all the way down the road after we passed the inn. 'Ee see, that gen'l'man said to me, 'Garge,' 'e said, 'keep on a-talkin' to yourself, and if any young varmint ask 'ee questions about me, doan't 'ee answer them, lad.' Then 'ee gave me five bob, and off 'ee jumped and ran ahead o' the waggon into The Coach an' Horses to get a drink."

Tony and Dick looked at each other expressively.

"So the fellow did know we were on his track!" said the former. "Though how the dickens he became aware of the fact, I'm blessed if I can see, unless he saw me after I'd fallen off." He gave a short laugh. "Well, Dick, that was a smart wheeze of his in inducing the driver to talk aloud to himself. We were fairly spoofed by it."

"Yes, but if that chap did go into The Coach and Horses we may still be able to get on his trail. I vote we get back to the inn as soon as possible, and make a few inquiries."

Tony handed over the two half-crowns to the yokel who was driving, and when the waggon turned off from the direct road back to The Coach and Horses Inn the two boys jumped down and made their way to the hostelry as fast as their legs would carry them.

The Meeting of the Gang!

WAY to the west the sun was smudging with red the dusky sky, and although the lads had no watch, they judged the time to be between nine and ten o'clock. It was a fairly long walk, but they were gratified to see, upon their arriving in the vicinity of the hostelry, that the place was lighted up, indicating that it was not yet closing-time.

Tony crossed the road and peered into the old-fashioned leaded window of the inn.

"Egad, that yokel spoke the truth, Dick!" he said, as he withdrew again. "The man with the livid scar is inside there!"

Getting into the hedge that bordered the opposite side of the road, the two boys waited for the rascally rogue to come out, with the intention of shadowing him to his lair. They both had been rather worried at the thought that Barney Bulfin and Dick's father would be anxious concerning their non-arrival home, but, having made up their minds to see the business through, they resolutely put this other matter from them.

As the minutes rolled slowly by they grew more and more impatient, and they began to realise that detective work is not always the exciting game it appears to be in the story-books, but that it entails periods of galling and monotonous waiting.

But at last the ordeal was over, for their quarry stepped out from the inn, accompanied by another individual almost as burly and unprepossessing as himself.

The two men were talking and laughing loudly together, and neither seemed any too steady upon his pins. But although they were making row enough, the watchers were only able to catch a couple of their remarks.

"What time did 'e say 'e wanted to see us, Bill?" asked the man with the scar on his cheek.

"Ten o'clock, 'e said, Jim," replied the other fellow. "We'd better be gettin' a move on. We're late now, an' the boss don't like to be kept waitin'."

While the two ruffians lumbered quickly down the road, Tony and Dick darted along behind the hedge, keeping well out of sight. At the cross-roads the men turned off sharply to the left, and twenty minutes later they entered the wide drive leading up to a large house almost hidden among rows of poplar-trees.

The place had a sinister, eerie appearance which gave the boys an involuntary shiver of apprehension, but they dived into the shrubbery bordering the drive, and saw the door of the house half open to admit the men they had been following.

"Phew!" muttered Tony. "This is a queer go! Those rascals have come here evidently to see the occupier of this place, who must be a pretty big pot in these parts. When we find out who that is, I reckon we shall be a long way on the road to solving the mystery of the doping of Sunfire. Let's go and have a closer look at the place."

Crawling through the shrubbery, they saw the name of the house, The Poplars, in black letters in the yellow light shining through the glass above the massive entrance; then they went round to the side of the building, and examined the place from that viewpoint.

The house was a three-storeyed structure, and was in total darkness at the sides and back, save for a light that shone from one room on the first floor. Outside this room was a small railed balcony, and the glass doors leading to it were flung wide open, obviously for the purpose of giving more ventilation to the apartment on that close, muggy night.

The boys noticed all the details about the mansion, and then Dick's sharp eyes took in the aspect of the sky overhead. The stars which had been hanging like sparkling clusters of gems on the mantle of purple sky were now being obliterated by sweeping masses of black cloud, and an ominous rumbling came rolling through the oppressive air from the south.

"My aunt!" muttered Dick. "I think we're in for a bad time. A heavy thunderstorm is brewing, or I'm a Dutchman!"

"I believe you're right," said Tony, casting an appraising glance through the foliage of the trees. "Listen to that!"

Another low growl of thunder rolled out. Then, hardly had it died away when another sound echoed through the silence of the night, petrifying the boys with astonishment and horror. It was a wild, long-drawn shriek, as though from some human being in torment.

In the eerie silence that followed, the eyes of the two amateur detectives met in a look of query and apprehension.

"M-my hat" gasped Tony. "What was that?"

"It—it seemed to come from that room where the light is!" stammered Dick. "There—there must be foul play going on!"

In the sinister atmosphere of this fresh mystery neither of the lads felt particularly courageous, but they put their fears aside in a firm determination to investigate this new disquieting occurrence.

"Let's get into the branches of that elm-tree opposite that window, Dick," suggested Tony, "and have a quiz into the room. We must be jolly careful, though, not to make a shindy."

It was fortunate that the tree in question was situated so conveniently, for there was no other possible way of accomplishing their purpose. Side by side they made their way to the elm, and Tony gave Dick a shoulder to help his chum into the lower branches. A moment later Dick reached down and hoisted the younger lad up beside him. After that they had no difficulty in

climbing higher into the tree. This they did as quietly as possible, keeping on the far side from the house, to secure cover from the foliage.

Their first sight of the occupants of the room almost caused them to fall from their precarious perch in astonishment. In the apartment were five men, and three of them the lads recognised instantly.

On a couch, firmly held by the two ruffians they had followed, was the ginger-haired racecourse tout who had been the bearer of the letter which had induced Lord Estor to visit the cross-roads on one memorable occasion. Sitting in a chair opposite, facing the spy, was a burly man dressed in a dinner-jacket. The face of this man was turned away from the glass door, and the only other person present—an evil-looking individual of the type of Jim and Bill—the boys had never seen before to their knowledge.

"I say, Dick," whispered Tony, "let's worm our way round the tree, and try to hear what the confab. is all about. It looks as though they have been biffing that ginger-headed chap, judging from the state the poor beggar's in."

And certainly Ginger looked as though he had been in the wars since the boys had last seen him in the Owner's estate. He was paler and more haggard, while his right eye was almost closed with a long blue bruise.

"The whole business is as clear as daylight now," said Dick. "Ginger was evidently a member of this gang, and by some means the rest of the bunch got to know that he had offered the Owner to give away the information as to who doped the mare at Epsom, in return for five hundred quids. So that night, when Ginger met Lord Estor at the cross-roads, they arrived in force on the scene, knocked him out, and made him a prisoner."

"By jingo, I reckon you've hit the right nail on the head this time, Dick!" said Tony, as they began cautiously to edge their way along the branch they were on.

Without mishap they climbed round the huge trunk of the elm, and worked their way gradually nearer to the open doors of the room. When they had reached a point half-way along the branch, which was as close as they could get in safety, they remained motionless, striving to catch the drift of the conversation that was going on.

"If I had my way, boss," said the ruffian standing by the side of the man in the dinner-jacket, "I'd tie him up in a sack an' drop him in the river, as befittin' the dog 'e is. He double-crossed us, the worm, an' as long as 'e's alive none o' us will be safe!"

The man addressed as "boss" apparently was very undecided on the question at issue, for he got up restlessly, and clasped his hands nervously behind him. Ginger followed his movements with eyes wild with terror.

"Oh, lemme go, boss!" he groaned pitifully. "I—I didn't do nothink—that is, I'll never do nothink again, believe me!"

"Close your trap, you worm!"

growled the ruffian known as Bill, waving his huge fist before the unfortunate Ginger's damaged eye.

The boss half turned away, and as he did so, the light shone on the profile of his face, plainly illuminating his coarse features.

"Great Scott!" gasped Tony, clutching Dick's arm. "It's Jerry Groat!"

Here was a revelation, indeed, and a thrill of excitement and gratification shot through the two amateur detectives at this momentous discovery, which brought them a step nearer to the solving of the extraordinary mystery they had set themselves the task of unravelling.

As the bookie started speaking again, they strained their ears to catch his remarks.

"Well, I called you together to—

"Shurrup, you ginger-headed worm!" interrupted Jim.

"Ever since that night," went on the bookmaker, "when we caught him at the cross-roads, just as he was about to blow the gaff to his lordship, I've been wrackin' my brains to think o' some way to deal with him."

"Well, what does 'eadquarters say about it, Jerry?" queried Andy Finch.

"Nothin' helpful," growled the bookie shortly.

"Look 'ere, then," said Finch, "seeing as you won't take my sensible advice an' put 'im where we know he can't do us any 'arm in future, lemme suggest another way out. I know a chap down Harwich way who I deesay could arrange to 'ave Ginger shipped aboard some old



"Go easy with that beastly prodder!" cried Tony as they crawled out of the hay. "You'll be hurting someone one of these fine days!"

night for this li'l pow-wow to decide somethin' definite with regard to Ginger," he said; "but none o' you seem to hit on any bright ideas since our last merry meeting. You, Bill Simes and Jim Furby, mooch along here half an hour late with your thick heads fuddled worse than usual with bad beer, and as for you, Andy Finch, you'd have us all swingin' on the end o' ropes with your blood-thirsty schemes. Still, we've kept Ginger locked up in the basement for a good while now, and it's high time we decided what we are going to do with him."

Ginger, sitting on a couch, looked vastly relieved that Groat did not support Andy's cheery little suggestion that he should be tied in a sack and deposited in the river.

"Lemme go, I say, Jerry," he pleaded; "wild horses wouldn't drag nothink out o' me in future about that li'l—"

wind-jammer bound for Australia by way o' the Horn—"

"Oh, lor, don't send me to sea, boss!" groaned Ginger. "I'm too delickit. Gimme my job back again, and I'll ferret out all the facts about every secret trial that takes place on the Heath. Let bygones be bygones and—Ooch!"

He finished off abruptly with a sharp exclamation of pain, as Bill's knuckles rapped him sharply on his acquiline nose.

"That ain't such a bad idea o' yours, Andy," said Groat thoughtfully. "If we— What was that sound?"

The bookmaker strode to the balcony, and peered into the branches of the elm-tree.

Another long, thrilling instalment of Major Cherry's magnificent tale of the Turf will appear 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.)

The Great Animal Dance!

KIT saw the dark column of Apaches in the shadow of the valley below him.

It was a complete surprise for both sides. The Apache war-party had no idea that they would encounter a small body of riders on this distant part of the prairie. And Buffalo Bill, having traversed the prairie only a few hours before without picking up an outlying trail, had no notion that there were Apaches between them and Fort Madison.

The Redskin column checked its march, and bunched, as they saw the little group of riders top the ridge in the moonlight.

Then, as the white horse came pounding down towards them in the dim light, they gave a sudden yell, and, wheeling their ponies, scattered in all directions.

It was a wonderful sight to see a hundred Redskins yelling warnings to one another, breaking column, and racing helter-skelter to get out of the way of that white horse, which headed the little string.

They set their horses to full-speed, and pounded up the slopes and out of the shallow valley in all directions. And in a few seconds they were gone.

Not a shot was fired. Buffalo Bill and his companions had raced clean through their columns. Now there was not a feather of a Redskin left in sight.

Buffalo Bill urged his party on for another half-mile before he drew rein. He hardly understood the sudden panic which had seized the Apache band, and he was afraid that they might re-form after their sudden fright and return upon their trail.

But no such thing happened. The scattered band of Redskin braves was racing over the plain, whooping to one another and riding hard, as though for their lives. And the whoops were dying away in the distance.

The scout threw the bridle on Buckskin's neck, and, slipping from his saddle, laid his ear to the ground. He could hear the pulsation of the hoofbeats dying away till, in a few minutes, all sounds of the war-party were lost.

They had kept on, and, like Charley's Aunt, were still running.

"Well, that's a bit of a marvel!"

exclaimed Buffalo Bill. "Those chaps could have gobbled us up, and they've stampeded like a lot of deer."

Prairie Wolf shook his head.

"Apache him heap scared!" said he. "Him scared along Spirit Horse. Apache medicine-man him heap afraid of brave who ride white horse!"

Then Buffalo Bill knew it was Indian superstition, and not cowardice or sudden panic, which had scattered their enemies. They were afraid of the brave who rode the white horse, and he could tell that Prairie Wolf and Deer-Who-Leaps were themselves more than a little impressed by the big medicine they had beheld that night. The medicine of the white horse was already beginning to have its effect.

They rode on through the night, heading back towards the lodges of the Soshones, where the buffalo-herd had been broken in its stampede. And it was after midnight when they rode into this camp, which was situated about ten miles from Fort Madison.

It was no sleeping camp that they

came upon. There was a feast in full progress on the yield of the slaughtered buffalo. The Soshone braves had been fasting for a long time. Now they were making up for lost time and doing themselves well on the choice titbits of buffalo humps, tongues, and marrow-bones.

And the Indian dogs had been having an evening out also. The Indian dog is either starving or living in the midst of plenty, and the dogs of the village were so full of buffalo meat that they did not even bark when Buffalo Bill and his companions came riding up to the lodges.

And loud was the yell of welcome and of wonderment, when the braves saw their chief riding with the boy who had ridden out of camp on a wild buffalo, and had returned riding the mysterious Spirit Horse.

The three medicine-men of the tribe at once retired into their lodge to consult their oracles, and these decreed that great events were pending, and that these were strange omens, which foretold that the power of the hated Apaches would be broken, and that the Soshones, or Snake Indians, would once more regain possession of their hunting-grounds, which had been robbed from them by these arrogant Apaches.

Buffalo Bill groaned when he heard this.

"That means there is not going to be any sleep for us all night!" said he. "They'll have the drums out, and there will be dances!"

Joe had joined his brother, mightily relieved to see him safe once more, and together they led the white horse to their waggon, and tied him up to the wheel, offering him a basket of dried corn cobs.

Moonlight was quite quiet and tame, though he shied a little at the unaccustomed smell of the cooking-fires, and the hubbub that the excited Indians were making.

The Redskin is supposed to be quiet and undemonstrative. But, though this is the general rule of his conduct, he can be as noisy and as excited as a man of any other race when there is feasting and merriment in the air.

And the Soshone braves were greatly moved by the capture of the famous white horse, and by Kit's mysterious ride on the 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. One night on the prairies Buffalo Bill captures a famous wild horse known as the White Horse of Death, and this he presents to Kit. While returning to camp with two friendly Indian chiefs, they came upon an Apache war-party, and Buffalo Bill spurs on his steed. "Charge through them!" he yells.

Already the drums were beating out their growling note, calling the young braves and squaws to the dance. The boys noticed that another large party of Deer-Who-Leaps people had come in during the evening, and had pitched their camp in long, regular rows of painted lodges.

And from these issued braves in their best dresses and blankets, and young squaws whose faces were brilliant with vermilion or blackened, for, strangely enough, amongst many of the Redskin tribes, blackening the face is a sign of rejoicing.

The robes, leggings and skin dresses of these squaws were glittering with beadwork and with quills of the porcupine. They wore bracelets of shining brass and shell earrings glittered at their ears.

The young bucks also looked very smart. Their faces were also painted with vermilion, and from their scalplocks hung down strings of silver discs made of flattened coins beaten out into thin plates and fastened to a braid of buffalo hair.

The drums beat, and the night was made hideous by the thumping of tambourines covered with parfeche, or buffalo hide of the same quality as that used in the construction of the Redskin shields. These tambourines were beaten with a stick, and their banging appeared to excite the Redskins as much as the racket of a jazz band.

The bucks formed up in single-file, with the squaws behind them, following one another in a continuous circle, keeping the left knee stiff, and bending the right with a half forward, half backward step, as if they wanted to go on and could not. Every time the right foot was raised, the dance was accompanied by energetic, broken song, which, dying away, was again and again sounded.

"Hay-a! Hay-a! Hay-a!" chanted the dancers, laying the emphasis on the first syllable. And the boys, looking on at the dancing circle, thought that they had never seen so truly savage a scene.

Great joints of buffalo were roasting at the fires for the further refreshment of the braves, who were ready to go on eating between the dances till the cows came home. The drums banged and the dancers wailed their queer, monotonous chant.

But, as a matter of fact, this savage scene, which, to a civilised eye would have portended a riot and murder, was merely a quiet little Redskin supper and dance in celebration of a good supply of buffalo meat, and of Kit's remarkable ride.

But there was no early closing in the Soshone camp. Buffalo Bill and Buck Dixie, despairing of sleep, had retired to the lodge of Deer-Who-Leaps to enjoy themselves after the Redskin fashion, in a solemn and dignified conversation and pipes with numerous cups of coffee.

Uncle Baldy laughed when he saw Buck Dixie and Buffalo Bill steer off to the solemn club at the chief's tent.

"Thar they go, boys!" said he. "They'll sit up all the night smokin' and pow-wowin', talking once to the

half-hour, and thinking the rest. I do believe that Bill Cody an' Buck Dixie like that sort o' chiefs' talk. They're gettin' to be more'n haaf Redskins themselves! But let us come an' look at the dancin'!"

Uncle Baldy enjoyed dancing of all sorts. He was a very admirable exponent of the double-shuffle, the cellar-flap and the sand-dance himself, and he could make music with his great Mexican spurs, as he danced on a hard, dried buffalo hide.

There was a wild dance going on now for the squaws had retired from the dance and the young braves, stripped to the waist, and painted in brilliant stripes of vermilion and black, were leaping round, growling and snarling in imitation of the various animals of the prairie. There was some in great headdresses, who impersonated buffalo, others snarled

with dill water, had already cured several Redskin babies of indigestion, caused by chewing buffalo fat.

The squaws had decreed that "He-Who-Has-No-Scalp" was a great medicine-man, and they were all delighted when Uncle Baldy addressed them as "Ma!"

"Ma" in the Soshone language means "Beautiful One." It is therefore very natural that the squaws who were nearly all very ugly and worn by their hard lives of drudgery and privation, should think very highly of Uncle Baldy.

So they shrieked and clapped their hands with delight when Uncle Baldy bopped round in the string of snarling, howling bucks and braves, playing what he called the grizzly bear, and what the boys called the giddy goat.



The Redskin horse-thief described a graceful curve through the air, and came down with a tremendous smash into one of the large, earthenware cooking-pots.

like cougars, others howled like wolves.

It seemed as though the whole camp was going mad. But the braves were only working themselves up an appetite for another supper of broiled buffalo steaks, since this was a sort of Redskin Bank Holiday, and they meant to keep it up and have a jolly good time.

Everyone gathered round the fires to see this great animal dance, which was very popular, both among Redskins and Palefaces, for it gave each dancer the chance of distinguishing himself as an actor.

Uncle Baldy joined in the dance. He gave a very good imitation of a grizzly bear, which made the on-looking squaws shriek with pretended fear and laughter.

All the squaws liked Uncle Baldy. He had been doctoring their babies for them, for Uncle Baldy was very cunning with children's ailments, and,

The Apache Horse-Thief!

THE dance was in full swing. The braves were howling and snarling at the top of their voices, when suddenly there was violent interruption.

Moonlight, the white horse, burst in amongst the dancers, dancing more madly than any of them, for on his back sat an Apache brave. The brave was hanging wildly to a halter which had been cut through by one slash of a sharp knife, and it was plain that he had slipped into the camp when the attention of everyone was centred on the dancing, and had intended to steal Moonlight from the spot where Kit had tethered him to the waggon-wheel.

But it seemed that Moonlight had no intention of being stolen away from his young master. Instead of racing out on the open prairie, where his captor was trying to steer him, he had swung round and danced in amongst the dancers, bucking and

rearing in a manner that made the horse-thief, who was a magnificent horseman, stick to his seat for dear life.

But no rider in the world could withstand the tremendous buck with which the white horse, drawing his feet together and dropping his head to the ground, shot his rider clean off his back, firing him up into the air as though he had been hurled from a catapult.

The Redskin horse-thief rose as though he had been tossed from a blanket, he described a graceful curve in the air, and came down with a tremendous smash into one of the large cooking-fires, sending the embers and logs flying right and left, upsetting the broiling joints, and landing with his head in a coarse, earthenware cooking-pot.

He was an agile thief, for such a fall must have broken his neck. But amidst a shower of sparks, and the shrieks of the squaws, he staggered to his feet.

But the earthenware pot was stuck tightly on his head. Uncle Baldy, still growling like a grizzly bear, rushed upon him and wrestled with him.

Then the braves and bucks of the Soshones closed round him like a pack of wolves.

"Steady, ye coyotes!" yelled Uncle Baldy. "Don't kill the man till we get the pot off his head, and see who he is!"

The earthenware pot, however, was not easily removed, and Uncle Baldy had to break it with a crack from a tomahawk before he could get the head of the horse-thief free from this inconvenient helmet.

The Soshone braves were holding the prisoner, yelling like a lot of fiends, for was he not one of the hated Apache tribe? And they hated an Apache only one degree less than they hated a Sioux.

"Steady, boys!" said Uncle Baldy. "Let us wipe his face of this buffalo stew and see who he is!"

He wiped the warrior's face with a sack, for his head was smothered in buffalo stew.

"Sure, you're in the soup this time!" said Uncle Baldy, as he plied the sack on his prisoner, as a rough sort of face flannel. "Ye'll know better next time than to try and steal a stick o' forked lightning like that thar hoss!"

War-paint and soup came away together under the vigorous wiping of the towel of sacking. Fresh brush was cast on the fire to give light, and Uncle Baldy started back, for in the cleaned face of the horse-thief he recognised their escaped prisoner—Chief Big Tree.

"Gee whizz!" he exclaimed; "so it's Big Tree come back to steal a hoss! Guess we'll keep you this time, chief!"

Big Tree had a dozen Soshone braves hanging to each arm. There was no chance of escape. But he looked round furtively, his evil eyes glittering like those of a trapped wolf.

"Now, keep quiet, chief!" said Uncle Baldy soothingly. "Maybe we'll hang ye when we get ye to the Fort, maybe we won't. But I promise

ye, we won't let your Redskin friends have their way with ye!"

The Soshones were now yelling threats of vengeance and of torture. They were working themselves up, Redskin fashion, for one of those scenes of torture in which the Redskin delights.

They would tie their prisoner to a stake, and flay him alive. Or he should run the gauntlet of the tribe, through lanes of braves and squaws, who would strike and cut at him as he passed them, till he was torn to pieces.

Some of the braves ran away to their lodges to get their knives and tomahawks, and the angry squaws, screaming and ugly, were already producing the short knives that they used for scraping buffalo robes and currying leather.

But the boys had closed about the prisoner, horrified at the sudden mad rage for murder that had seized these Redskins, and Laramie Jack, the cowboy, came running up, whilst Buffalo Bill and Buck Dixie, came hurrying out of the chief's lodge.

"What's the trouble?" demanded Buffalo Bill.

"Why, Billy Cody," replied Uncle Baldy, "this hyar Chief Big Tree that ye made prisoner this mornin' hasn't got the sense to clear out o' this country when he makes his escape. He must hang about like all these hyar Apache hoss-thieves an' try to steal Kit's new white hoss. An' th' hoss has kicked him into th' soup, an' now these Soshone bucks want to pull him to pieces."

The braves were now crowding round threateningly. They were looking ugly, because the Palefaces had taken the prisoner into their own hands.

"The prisoner is ours!" they cried. "He is of the Apache nation, and the blood of our dead braves calls for his blood. Their spirits are unquiet because of him. Give him to the torture! Give him to the torture!"

The hubbub was so great that they could not hear themselves speak; but Buffalo Bill lifted his hand for silence.

"This warrior is our prisoner!" he cried. "His wrong was against the Paleface. Therefore, by Paleface law, he must be judged."

But the Soshone braves were not to be quieted.

"He also has wronged the Soshones!" they cried. "It was Big Tree that came to one of our villages, and who climbed on to the roof of the house wherein braves and squaws and children lay sleeping. And he entered through the smoke-hole of the roof and stabbed the sleeping braves, and the women and the children. Their scalps he took for his wigwam, and he departed from the village boasting and shouting his name as that of the murderer! He is therefore our prisoner, and he must die!"

There was an ugly rush forward of the angry braves, who, warmed up and excited by the bear-and-wolf dances, were in a dangerous frame of mind.

But swiftly Uncle Baldy's fist flew

out as a brave stabbed at Chief Big Tree.

Uncle Baldy had a fist about the size of a small leg of mutton, and as hard as a sledge-hammer.

Clop!

He hit the brave on the point of the jaw. The vengeful knife clattered to the ground, and the fellow doubled up like a cheap pen-knife, his spirit departing from him for a while for a cruise round the Happy Hunting Grounds.

The Soshones did not understand boxing, and they had never seen such a smack on the jaw.

"Off wid ye, ye wasps!" cried Uncle Baldy angrily. "I'll punch your red heads till your own squaws won't know ye!"

Things were looking ugly. A stone thrown by an Indian lout in the background flew close by Kit's head.

And the white horse who had caused all this trouble looked on with mild eyes, as though wondering what all the trouble was about.

But, just at this moment, Chief Deer-Who-Leaps strode out of his lodge. Hearing the noise and quarrelling he had slipped on the full-chief's headdress of barred eagle feathers. In his hand he held the big medicine-pipe, the calumet that represented both crown and sceptre in the Soshone nation.

He strode forward with great dignity, looking the very picture of a great Redskin chief, and lifted his hand for silence.

"What evil talk is this?" he demanded. "The prisoner is the prisoner of the Palefaces. He was defeated by him who is called Buffalo Bill, in open fight. He escaped, and he has come back again after the manner of the Apaches, who are dogs and horse-thieves. And so he has been made prisoner again, for he has meddled with the Spirit Horse, and has attempted mischief against Boy-Who-Rides-The-Buffalo."

"Let the Palefaces take him and judge him after their laws. He has murdered our people. But he has also murdered Paleface women and children, and there are golden scalps hanging in his wigwam. And, behold, is it not the law of the Palefaces that he who has scalps of the golden hair of their women and children, shall die? Look!"

Old Deer-Who-Leaps, faced the prisoner and drew his knife.

The Soshone braves gave a whoop, for they thought that their chief, despite his words, was going to take the law into his own hands.

But the razor-like knife of Deer-Who-Leaps, slit the deerskin shirt of the evil-looking Apache, and there, hanging about his neck for a charm, were three tiny, golden scalps of flaxen hair, the result of some cruel foray on a helpless waggon-train or undefended settlement.

Uncle Baldy's teeth clenched as those trophies of cowardice, cruelty and superstition were held up by old Deer-Who-Leaps that all might see.

But Deer-Who-Leaps, holding up the little string of scalps, was speaking.

"Lo, my children," said he, "this stealer of horses, this slayer of chil-

dren, is already condemned. Here are Paleface scalps, the scalps of little children. Let him be handed to the soldiers. He shall receive the justice of the Palefaces, which is an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. He shall die! I have spoken!"

The Soshone braves slunk back. Their anger had died down; and there was a look in the face of the white man that boded ill for Big Tree.

He would have no chance of escaping this time. His moccasins were pulled off, and revealed the sharp knife by which he had escaped on the previous morning. The chief teamster brought forward handcuffs and leg-irons, and the evil ruffian was made fast and chained to a waggon-wheel under the eye of the sentry.

On the following morning the Redskins made ready to strike their lodges, and the teamsters prepared to get the great waggons under way, to proceed to Fort Madison.

All was bustle and movement. The smouldering embers of the fires were stirred up, and coffee was made for breakfast as the sun rose, casting its golden light over the dewy prairies.

A belated bee, which had been out all night on the prairies drunken on the strong nectar of the prairie clover, had dried his wings and went blundering by with his honey bags heavy laden.

And Prairie Wolf looked after the bee.

"You eat heap big breakfast, Kit," said he, "then you come along hunt!"

"Buffalo?" asked Kit.

But Prairie Wolf shook his head mysteriously.

"More better than buffalo!" said he.

And he left Kit wondering what they were going to hunt. He could only conclude that Prairie Wolf had picked up some Redskin trail, and that they were going to hunt men.

Another powerful instalment of "The Crimson Arrow" will appear in next week's issue of "The Greyfriars Herald."

AFTER LIGHTS OUT!

A capital complete story written by

DICK RUSSELL

"ONE volunteer is worth ten pressed men!"

It was Harry Wharton who made that remark, but nobody in the Remove dormitory took the hint.

Lights were out—officially speaking. Wingate of the Sixth had extinguished them an hour since. But now candle-ends were being lighted up and down the dormitory.

A great feast had been decided upon—not exactly a midnight feast, for it was barely eleven o'clock—and Harry Wharton was out of bed, gloomily surveying a little stack of provisions which had been piled up on the floor.

"There certainly isn't enough grub to go round," he said. "Billy Bunter could scoff this little lot on his own. Somebody will have to nip down to the bun-shop in Friardale, and get some tarts and things. Now, who is going to volunteer for the job?"

"The bun-shop will be closed," growled Bolsover major.

"True," said Wharton. "But the proprietor doesn't mind being knocked up after closing hours. He told me so himself. The question of the moment is, who is going to do the knocking-up stunt?"

"You, of course," said Skinner, in his unpleasant way. "As skipper of the Form, it's up to you to tackle a job of this sort."

"Hear, hear!" said Snoop and Stott.

"Sorry I can't oblige," said Wharton. "As founder of the feast, I consider I've done my whack."

"That's so," said Bob Cherry. "Somebody else ought to go. I suggest Toddy."

"Can't," said Peter Todd promptly.

"Why can't you?"

"Ahem! I've sprained my ankle."

"First I've heard of it," said Bob.

"You were frisking around in the common-room this evening like a two-year-old. I suppose you must have sprained your ankle getting into bed?"

And there was a general laugh. "Look here," said Wharton, "something's got to be done. Owing to an oversight, we haven't sufficient grub here, and somebody will have to go and get some more.—For goodness' sake, don't let's hang about here all night!"

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter, "I'll pop down to Friardale like a shot, only—"

"Only what?" asked Nugent. "Ahem! The doctor says I've got a weak heart."

"Plus an attack of cold feet, I should say!" said Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I think it would be a good idea to draw lots," said Mark Linley. "Pass round slips of paper in a hat, and the fellow who draws the slip marked with a cross is to go to Friardale."

"Good!" said Bob Cherry. "That's the best way out."

Everybody seemed in favour of the Lancashire lad's idea, and accordingly Harry Wharton tore up several dozen scraps of paper, marking one of the pieces with a cross.

The papers were then shuffled in a hat, the fellows looking on in great excitement.

"Come along, kids!" said Wharton presently.

And the draw began.

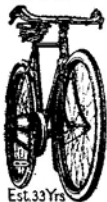
Billy Bunter fished out one of the scraps of paper, and unfolded it with some apprehension. But he was relieved to find that he had drawn blank.

From all over the dormitory came exclamations of satisfaction.

"Blank!"

"Same here!"

"The blankfulness is terrific!"



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And then a groan escaped Peter Hazeldene, causing all eyes to be turned towards him.

"What's up, Hazel?"

"Anything wrong?"

Hazeldene nodded.

"My luck's right out," he said. "I've drawn the paper marked with a cross."

"My hat!"

Hazeldene was looking quite pale, which was not really surprising. He did not relish the task which confronted him. To tramp down to the village at dead of night, and to smuggle provisions into the school, was a jolly risky proceeding.

For a moment there was silence. Then Bolsover major broke into a sneering laugh.

"Hazel won't go! He's too big a funk for that!"

"Yes, rather," said Skinner.

Hazeldene pulled himself together. As a matter of fact, he had already half decided to back out. He felt nervous of the darkness, and of the risks he would be running.

The sneers of Bolsover and Skinner, however, made Hazel resolved to see the thing through.

Too big a funk, indeed! He would make Bolsover major apologise for that cutting remark.

"Well, Hazel," said Harry Wharton, "what about it?"

Hazel moved to the door.

"I'm going," he said quietly.

"Bravo!"

"What have I got to get?"

Wharton enumerated the articles.

"Mind your eye," he concluded.

"Don't go running into P.-c. Tozer, or into Quelchy's arms on your way back."

Hazel smiled.

"Trust me to look after myself," he said.

And then he stole out of the dormitory and down the stairs.

It was dark—dreadfully dark. And the wind whistled through the great building.

Having obtained his raincoat and cap from his study, Hazeldene made his way to the box-room window without mishap. He clambered through into the Close, and battled his way across to the school wall.

It was a wild night, and Hazel's heart was beating faster than usual. He would have given anything to have a companion.

Having scaled the school wall, he buttoned the collar of his raincoat tightly about his neck, and set off at a good pace for Friardale. And all the time he was conscious of feeling horribly nervous. He could not forget that there had recently been many cases of robbery with violence in the district. And at any moment he expected some desperate ruffian to leap out at him from the shadows.

Fortune favoured him, however. He reached the bun-shop at length, and succeeded in rousing the proprietor, who let him have what he wanted.

The provisions were lumped together in a hefty brown-paper parcel, and Hazel, thinking the proprie-

tor and bidding him good-night, set out on the homeward journey.

The walk back to Greyfriars was like a nightmare.

Several times Hazel fancied he heard the sound of footfalls behind him, and he quickened his pace. The perspiration had broken out on his forehead; the brown-paper parcel was clutched tightly beneath his arm.

Every now and then he stopped, and cast an anxious glance over his shoulder. But behind him all was dark and still. After what seemed an age the school wall loomed up on his right.

It was a difficult feat to clamber over with the parcel, but Hazel managed it after a couple of unsuccessful attempts.

"Good!" he muttered. "I'm out of the wood now!"

But he spoke too soon.

Just as he was in the act of crossing the Close a tall form loomed up in the darkness, and a hand fell upon his shoulder.

Hazel recoiled with a start, and the parcel of provisions fell to the ground with a thud.

Dark though it was, he recognised his captor. It was Quelchy!

"Boy!" exclaimed the Remove-master sternly. "What does this mean? You have been out of bounds!"

Hazeldene gave a wild glance round. And as he did so he caught sight of a figure clambering furtively through the box-room window.

Hazel's first impression was that one of his schoolfellows was in the act of breaking bounds. But he soon realised that the figure was that of a man—a sinister-looking man, whose cap was pulled down over his eyes.

Quelchy followed the junior's gaze, and he uttered a sharp exclamation.

"Bless my soul! There is somebody breaking into the building!"

"Breaking out, sir!" corrected Hazeldene grimly.

And at that moment a courageous impulse came to Hazel—which was strange, for grit and pluck were foreign to Hazeldene, as a rule.

Breaking away from Quelchy, he dashed towards the window, through which the midnight marauder was clambering, head foremost.

Satisfying himself that the fellow was up to no good, Hazel gripped him suddenly by the collar, and tugged violently.

The ruffian rapped out a savage imprecation, and attempted to shake off his youthful assailant. But Hazel hung on, and the burglar came sprawling through the window, and crashed on to the flagstones.

Hazeldene sprang clear, and clenched his fists, anticipating a grim struggle.

But the burglar failed to rise. His fall had been a nasty one, and he was both dazed and injured. After a moment's pause, Hazel bent over him, and went through his pockets.

"Thought so," he muttered, bringing to light a bundle of Treasury notes. "You'd have got away with quite a good haul if I hadn't spotted you."

Quelchy hurried to the spot, and switched on his electric torch.

Hazel quietly handed over the bundle of notes, which Quelchy identified as his own property.

Quelchy looked grim.

"But for your plucky action, Hazeldene," he said, "I should have sustained a heavy financial loss. The scoundrel appropriated these notes from the safe in my study!"

The burglar moaned piteously. Evidently he hoped to arouse sympathy, but he was disappointed.

"The police must be sent for immediately," said Quelchy. "Do you think you can give an eye to this ruffian, Hazeldene, whilst I go to the telephone?"

"Certainly, sir."

And Hazel mounted guard over the burglar, while Quelchy hurried away to his study.

Half an hour later a couple of policemen arrived from the local station. P.-c. Tozer was one of them, and he expressed great surprise at what had happened. Mr. Tozer was disappointed, too. He would dearly have loved to take all the credit for the capture of the burglar.

The latter protested that he was unable to walk, but the constables hauled him to his feet and marched him away to the village.

As for Hazeldene, he blessed that burglar, for the fellow had saved his skin.

"You have been guilty of a very grave offence, Hazeldene," said Quelchy, "and in the ordinary way I should have no recourse but to report you to Dr. Locke. However, in view of the service you have rendered me, I will be lenient with you. You will return at once to your dormitory."

So saying Quelchy turned away into the building, quite forgetting the parcel of provisions which lay on the ground.

But Hazel didn't forget it! He carted it up to the dorm., and we had a top-hole feed, in the course of which Hazel recounted his exciting experiences.

When the narrative was finished, Bolsover major stepped up to Hazel with outstretched hand.

"Well played, Hazel!" he said heartily. "I accused you of being a funk, but I was right off the wicket. You've bags of pluck, and I'm sorry I ever hinted otherwise."

"It was nothing," said Hazel modestly. "If the burglar Johnny had shown fight, I expect I should have taken to my heels."

"Not you!" said Bob Cherry. "I say, won't Marjorie be awfully bucked when she hears of this?"

Marjorie Hazeldene heard, next day, of her brother's midnight adventure, and her face glowed with pride.

Hazel was weak and wayward, but he had proved that he was not entirely without pluck, and we one and all voted him a jolly good fellow for the part he had played in bringing the burglar to book.

THE END.