

Packed With Wonderful Stories!

The Greyfriars

Herald



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A DUSKY HAND HAD BEEN RAISED TO HURL A SPEAR, WHEN TIN TACKS SIGHTED THE ENEMY, AND FIRED!
(A thrilling incident from our story, "The Treasure Trall.")

EDITORIAL.

My dear Chums,—I am certain you will like your GREYFRIARS HERALD more than ever this week. I told you in a previous chat that I had several surprises in store for you, and I have introduced one of them into the pages of your favourite paper this week. The photographs on our last page illustrate some extraordinary scenes performed by Joe Ryan for his new serial entitled "Hidden Dangers," and I have not the slightest doubt that this new feature will please you all. Next week I have secured another series of wonderful photographs of cannibals, and every boy who desires this number of the GREYFRIARS HERALD should secure his copy early, for there is certain to be a big demand, and I do not wish any of you to be disappointed. So go to your newsagent at once and ask him to save you next week's GREYFRIARS HERALD. Judging by the hosts of letters I have received, our two new serials, "Out for the Cup" and "The Fighting Breed," have hit the mark. Every boy who has written to me seems thoroughly delighted with them, and they have promised to do everything in their power to get new readers for our ripping little paper. That is the spirit I like. There is no fun in keeping all the good things to ourselves. It is far better to tell your chums about the GREYFRIARS HERALD—so that they can share in the treat. One reader from Birmingham is quite enthusiastic over "Stringer" who figures in the serial, "Out for the Cup." He considers him the finest character he has met with in any story for a long time.

YOUR EDITOR.

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By OWEN CONQUEST

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

CHAPTER I.

From Foe to Friend!

JACK DRAKE lay quite still. Round him was the blackness of the tropical forest, the thick interlaced branches overhead shutting out the light of the stars.

He could not see his companions sleeping in the grass round him under the ceiba tree, where the camp of the treasure-seekers was pitched. Only the deep snore of Tuckey Toodles told of their presence.

Somewhere in the darkness near at hand; Tin Tacks, the black sailorman, was keeping watch and ward.

But his attention was directed away from the camp, not towards the sleepers under the ceiba tree.

It seemed to Jack Drake that he was in the grip of some fearful nightmare, as he lay in the deep grass and leaves, with a rough hand gripping over his mouth, and the point of a knife pressed to his breast. But it was no dream.

From the shadows above, the single eye of Peg Slaney glittered down at him.

Drake looked up at it in silence.

This was the man whose life he had spared, from whom he had held back the negro's knife, the rival in the quest for the buried gold of the Orinoco. He had spared Peg Slaney's life—for this!

A grin wrinkled the deeply bronzed face of the one-eyed seaman. His low husky whisper sounded in Drake's ear.

"The nigger reckoned I was roped up safe, I guess there ain't any ropes would hold Peg Slaney through a whole night. And this is Master Daubeny's knife, took from his belt while he slept."

He chuckled softly.

Drake did not speak; he could not.

But the horror of his position was passing; somehow, for what reason he could not divine, the one-eyed ruffian was holding his hand. Did he not intend to drive his knife home, then?

Peg Slaney's husky whisper went on: "What's to prevent me from knifing you this minute, mate? What? I ask you. You saved me from the nigger, and you offered me a fair share in the treasure when found, being as I had the clue that them young swabs got away from me. Fair play, I call that. I offered to jine your crowd, I meant it fair and square. You says as how I'm not to be trusted."

He removed his rough hand from Drake's mouth.

"Now, yell if you like," he said. "I've showed you that your life was at my mercy, to take if I liked—ain't I? Now say whether I'm to be trusted, Jack Drake."

The junior sat up dazedly.

He blinked at the dim, shadowy figure beside him; the drawn knife no longer threatened him.

He began to understand.

Ruffian and villain Peg Slaney undoubtedly was, but he was not insensible to the fact that Jack Drake had held back Tin Tack's knife, and had offered him a share in the treasure of the Orinoco, generous dealing which Peg Slaney certainly was not accustomed to,



"Now yell if you like," said Slaney. "I've showed you that your life was at my mercy, to take if I liked—ain't I? Now say whether I'm to be trusted, Jack Drake." Jack blinked at the dim, shadowy figure beside him; the drawn knife no longer threatened him.

and which had had an unexpected effect upon him.

There was a glimmer of steel as the knife moved, Peg Slaney placed the handle of it in Drake's hand.

"There's young Daub's sticker," he said, "now you say whether I'm to be trusted, Mister Jack Drake."

Drake gasped for breath.

"I say, what's the row?" It was Dick Rodney's voice; he had awakened. "Is that you shifting, Drake?"

"It's all right, Rodney," gasped Drake.

"But what—"

Dick Rodney peered through the shadows, and sprang up from the bed of leaves.

He had discerned the ragged, uncouth figure of the one-eyed seaman crouching beside Drake.

"Tin Tacks!" he shouted.

Rodney had no weapon but he sprang towards Slaney, shouting to the negro as he did so.

"Hold on," exclaimed Drake, scrambling to his feet. "It's all right, I tell you, Slaney's all right—"

"Me here, Mass' Jack!" came the deep voice of Tin Tacks, as the burly negro came through the shadows, rifle in hand. "Golly! Dat Paquito loose again! I soon settle him."

"Stop!" shouted Drake.

He threw himself between Tin Tacks and the one-eyed seaman. Tin Tacks had already raised the rifle.

The whole camp was awakened now.

Tuckey Toodles' voice could be heard, in quavering accents, asking whether it was the Indians. Daubeny and Torrence and Egan were all speaking at once.

Peg Slaney stood with his hands in the pockets of his ragged, tarry trousers, a sneering grin on his mahogany face.

"Put down your rifle, Tin Tacks," said Drake. "Slaney is all right, he's true blue, I tell you, old man. He could have got away if he'd liked, and worse than that—"

"Me no catch on, Mass' Jack."

Drake breathlessly explained.

Tin Tacks listened with great astonishment in his black face. Drake showed him the knife which Slaney had taken from Daubeny's belt while he slept.

"Golly!" said Tin Tacks. "Me no tink much good of dat one-eyed trash, Paquito, but—"

"Haven't I proved I mean straight?" growled Peg Slaney. "Couldn't I have knifed the whole crowd if I liked, while you were watching the Indian trail, nig?"

"You call me nigger, and I knock you teef down your neck, Mister Paquito," said Tin Tacks, touched upon his tenderest spot by the epithet. "Me no nigger; me free Barbadian coloured gentleman."

Slaney chuckled.

"I guess I'll call you a beautiful white tulip, if you like, mate," he answered. "I've shown you that I mean fair; and I've put it in your power to rope me up agin if you like. I leave it to Jack Drake."

"It's all serene," said Drake, at once. "You're one of the crowd now, Slaney, for the treasure-hunt. We can trust you."

"Look here—" began Egan.

"Mass' Jack gib orders here," said Tin Tacks; "what Mass' Jack say, goes. Me no like Paquito, but Mass' Jack gib orders."

"He's proved his good faith, Tin Tacks," said Drake.

"Yes, dat all right."

There was no question on that point; even Egan had to admit that. The lives of all but the negro had been at the ruffian's mercy, when he was free in the darkness with the weapon in his hand. Jack Drake had not, after all, acted so unwisely when he had insisted upon sparing the life of the one-eyed seaman.

"It's a go?" had asked Slaney.

"Yes."

"Good enough!"

Peg Slaney threw himself down in the leaves to sleep. And the night passed, under the ceiba in the Venezuelan forest, without any further alarm.

M A Fright For Toodles! MORNING dawned upon the tropical forest.

Sun-rays filtered through the thick branches overhead, and a dim light reigned among the massy trunks and clamouring lianas.

The adventurers gathered to a breakfast of dried fish and wild fruits, washed down with water they had brought from the stream. It was a frugal breakfast, and drew loud grousing from Tuckey Toodles, who compared it sadly and sorrowfully with the fare on board the school-ship—the old Benbow, now anchored at Barrancas on the Orinoco, with the rest of the school on board.

"I'm fading away on this grub," said Tuckey Toodles, pathetically, "you fellows can see I'm growing thinner."

"There was room for it," remarked Rodney.

"All the better for you, Tuckey, if you lose a ton or two," said Drake, encouragingly. "You can spare that much."

"Yah!" was Tuckey's reply to that.

Peg Slaney ate with the rest, eyed rather askance by some of the party. Slaney as a member of the expedition required getting used to; but no one doubted any longer that the one-eyed ruffian meant well. Somewhere in his fierce, lawless heart there was a glimmer of good, and Jack Drake had succeeded in awakening it.

When camp broke up, and the gold-seekers marched on by the Indian path through the forest, Slaney marched with the rest.

Drake would have handed his rifle back to the late prisoner; he had faith in the man now, and did not think of half-measures.

But Slaney shook his head. "Keep it, sir," he said, with a faint flush in his mahogany face. "Keep it, and the knife, too. If we have trouble with the injuns, you can hand it over to me—keep it till then, anyhow."

"But—" began Drake, eyeing him curiously.

"I guess I mean to play a straight game," said Peg Slaney; "but when we get our hands on the treasure—" He hesitated. "I guess I'm a rough man, Jack Drake, and I've lived rough and hard. I ain't been treated well in this 'ere world, and it ain't made me a better man. When I see the treasure, I'd rather not have a rifle in my hands, I might cut up bad."

"My hat!" said Drake, laughing. "If you feel like that, I'll keep the pop-gun."

"I guess it's safest," said Slaney. And Drake marched with Slaney's rifle over his shoulder.

The route lay along the Indian path. The beaten track led through the heart of the forest, far from the waters of the Orinoco.

It was close on noon when Slaney held up his hand and stopped the party.

"I guess we'll go round 'ere," he said.

"Leave the path?" asked Drake.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Why dat?" asked Tin Tacks, suspiciously.

Peg Slaney grinned.

"Cause we're comin' on to the Arrowac village," he answered. "You can see the tracks around if you look for them. I guess we ain't 'arf a knot from the jacals of the redskins, now."

"Phew!" murmured Daubeny. "It would be no joke to walk right into an Indian village."

"I suppose they would be hostile," said Drake.

"I guess there ain't any doubt about that," said Slaney, with a chuckle. "They don't love white men in these

'ere parts. You see the government—what they call a government in this 'ere blessed country—puts a tax on the injuns that they can't pay; and if they don't pay, they make 'em work it out in labour. That means soldiers raiding the villages and mopping up the injuns for slavery—that's what it comes to. And it don't make them love the sight of a white skin."

"My hat! I should say not." "I dare say we could beat them off—we're armed," said Daubeny.

"They 'ave blow-pipes with poisoned arrows in 'em," said Slaney. "You get 'em from ahind every bush, if they was roused. Better steer clear and now cross their haws, I say."

"Dat right nuff," said Tin Tacks. "We keep clear of dat copperskinned trash, Mass' Jack."

"Yes, rather," said Drake. Leaving the Indian path, the party plunged into the forest, making a wide detour to keep clear of the Arrowac village.

It was not easy work penetrating the untrodden forest, and in places it was necessary to hew a path through the tangled brake. But both Slaney and Tin Tacks were well accustomed to the tropical forest, and wherever there was a path or opening, they found it. It was hot and moist under the trees, though the thick foliage overhead kept off the direct rays of the burning sun. The whole party were thoroughly fatigued by the time they stopped to rest, at a considerable distance beyond the unseen village of the Arrowacs.

Late in the afternoon they resumed the march. Vernon Daubeny read over the treasure clue again as they started.

"The next clue is the Arrowacs' tree-graves," he said. "We've landed at the stone bluffs, and followed the Indian path—and the next thing is the tree-graves, whatever they are."

"That's plain enough," said Slaney, "and we ain't much further to go for the injun cemetery, I guess."

"What the thump is a tree-grave?" asked Rodney.

"The injuns hereabouts don't dig graves for their dead. They put them in hammocks slung up high in the forest."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I guess the burial-ground mentioned in the paper belong to that village we've dodged," said Slaney. "We can't be far off it now."

The adventurers were following the Indian path again, and all of them were keeping their eyes well open for the next "sign."

Progress was slow, in the moist heat; and they dripped with perspiration as they marched. Tuckey Toodles left the path, tempted by the sign of a cluster of coconuts, and the next moment he came bolting back with a splutter of terror.

"Run for it!" he spluttered.

"What?"

"Run!" panted Toodles.

He started back along the path at top speed.

Drake darted after him, and caught him by the shoulder.

"You thumpin' ass!" he exclaimed.

"What's the matter?"

"Yaroo! Leggo! Run for your lives!" panted Tuckey. "Indians, you fathead! Run for it!"

The gold-seekers stared round them uneasily.

There was no sign of redskins, and no sound from the forest, save the murmur of the wind in the trees.

"The silly ass has seen some shadow move," snapped Daubeny, impatiently. "Come on!"

"Leggo, Drake! I saw him!" gasped Toodles.

"Saw whom?" "The Indian in his hammock, taking a nap, I suppose," spluttered Toodles. "I bumped right on the hammock, lucky I didn't wake him up."

Slaney uttered an exclamation. "You'd have woke up a live Indian fast enough if you'd bumped on his hammock, I guess," he exclaimed.

"We'll look into this." "I tell you—" gasped Toodles.

"Shut up!" growled Drake. Slaney led the way from the Indian path into the wood, followed by Tin Tacks with his rifle ready.

But there was no danger. In a couple of minutes they came upon the Indian hammock that had so scared Rupert de Vere Toodles.

It was slung between two high posts planted in the ground among the trees. In it was a still form wrapped in strips of fibre. The wrappings were too thick for anything but a general outline to be discerned; but they knew that it was a body the hammock contained.

Slaney's single eye glistened. "A tree-grave!" he said. "I guess we came near missing it, if that fat fool hadn't bumped into it."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Tuckey Toodles. "Is that it? I—I mean—I—I was looking for the tree-graves, you know—I—I found it. I wonder what you fellows would do without me."

"Fathead!" said Drake.

"I say, you know—"

"Dry up Toodles."

Tuckey Toodles gave a snort.

He was prepared to claim the full credit for discovering the "sign" mentioned in the mysterious document; but evidently his claims weren't going to be allowed. The party spread among the trees, and in a few minutes they found that they were amid a burial-ground—so to call it—of very considerable extent. In the dim twilight under the great trees, hammock after hammock was discerned, each with its lifeless tenant wrapped in fibre. Some of them were slung to the branches, some to high stakes planted in the ground, and there were scores of them.

"This is the place right enough," said Daubeny of the Shell. "We've found the tree-graves."

"And now—" muttered Egan.

"After this, we've got to find the big ceiba on the mesa—and we're right on the spot."

And with renewed hopes, the treasure-seekers turned their backs on the burial-ground of the Arrowacs, and tramped on by the Indian path beaten through the heart of the forest.

The Treasure!

THE mesa! Peg Slaney uttered the words suddenly and exultantly.

The Indian path ended on the bank of a rippling stream, that ran swift and shallow over a sandy bed.

The tropical forest ended with the stream.

Across the water was a stretch of rocky soil, extending for some miles in advance.

A few trees were scattered here and there, but for the most part the rocky track was open, baking in the blaze of the sun. And close by the stream, a large flat rock stood in full view.

The rock was about a dozen feet high, with sides almost as precipitous as the wall of a house, and the top of it was almost level, fifty or sixty feet in extent either way.

On the summit grew patches of scrub and bush, and a single tree.

It was a gigantic ceiba. It stood seventy feet high over the rock, with wide-spreading branches that shaded nearly all the mesa.

The mesa was evidently not all rock, but partly of earth, since that gigantic tree found sustenance there for its roots. "That's the mesa!" exclaimed Daubeny.

"Ay ay, sir."

"What the dickens is a mesa?" asked Tuckey Toodles.

"It's the Spanish name for a rock like this—like a table," said Slaney. "There's thousands of them scattered about. This is the only one in sight from here, though, and the big ceiba shows that it's the one we want. You don't often find a big tree growing on a mesa—I reckon there's earth there, and water, too. That's our game."

"Come on!" exclaimed Daubeny, excitedly.

Tin Tacks led the way through the stream.

The adventurers stopped to drink as they passed, and to refill their flasks; during the march through the forest, they had exhausted the small supply of water brought from the Rio Catalina.

Then they pressed on.

The shallow stream rose only to their knees, and it was easy to tramp through it, across the sandy bed.

With joyous faces, they clamoured up the opposite bank, and tired as they were, they forgot fatigue, and ran for the mesa.

They had to stop when they had reached the big table of rock, however. The sides were too perpendicular for climbing, and the rock offered scarcely any hold for their hands.

Egan muttered a curse.

His eyes were glittering with greedy excitement, now that the gold-seekers were so close upon the end of their perilous quest.

"How are we to get up?" he snarled.

"I guess there's a path up somewhere!" said Peg Slaney. "Cause why, the gold's buried there, and somebody's been up 'ere afore us."

"Me look!" said Tin Tacks.

The juniors rested in the shadow of the mesa, while Tin Tacks and Peg Slaney searched round it for a practicable ascent. In a quarter of an hour Tin Tacks' voice was heard calling.

"Dis way, Mass' Jack."

"Come on!" exclaimed Drake.

The juniors hurried after Tin Tacks. They found Peg Slaney already half-way up the rock. Tin Tacks watching him from the foot.

In one spot the rock was broken away, and the jagged edges afforded a good hold for a climber. With a sailor's activity, Peg Slaney was slinging himself up.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Rodney. "Anybody could climb that! Here goes."

"I say, I can't climb that!" exclaimed Tuckey Toodles. "I suppose some of you fellows could pull me up."

"Certainly," said Drake. "Take hold of his other ear, Rodney."

"Yaroooh!"

"Don't you want to be pulled up?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow-ow-ow! Leggo my ears, you beasts!" howled Tuckey Toodles.

Apparently Master Toodles did not want to be pulled up—by that method, at least.

Tin Tacks followed the one-eyed seaman, and was at the top almost as soon as Slaney.

The juniors followed him.

Tuckey Toodles was the last to arrive, with many a gasp and grunt and groan. But he arrived.

On top of the mesa, the juniors stared

round them with keen eyes, throbbing with excitement now.

If the mysterious document was to be relied upon, they had now reached the end of the treasure-quest, the gold of the Venezuelan revolutionists, long since shot by their cheery fellow-countrymen, was buried at the foot of the towering ceiba tree.

The surface of the mesa was almost as flat as that of a table, but in one place was a deep hollow, where rain had collected and remained in a pool. Close by the pool stood the gigantic trunk of the ceiba. The sun was low in the west now, but the heat was still great, and the shade of the wide-spreading branches was welcome to the juniors.

Peg Slaney's single eye was glittering feverishly. Once or twice he cast a dark look at his companions.

Jack Drake noted it, and he was glad that he held the one-eyed seaman's rifle in his hands. The greed of gold was strong upon the ruffian, and it was only too probable that his good resolutions would weaken, when he found the glitter of the precious metal under his eye.

"Now for the treasure!" panted Egan.

"Under the big ceiba, the paper says," said Daubeny, with a voice dry and husky with eagerness.

"Plenty of room to choose from," remarked Rodney.

"I guess there'll be a clue!" muttered Peg Slaney.

His glittering eye searched the massy trunk of the ceiba. He uttered an ejaculation as he pointed to a cut in the thick bark.

It was the "blaze" of an axe, evidently very old. Equally evident, it had been made there to indicate on which side of the great tree the "cache" of gold had been made.

The ground was hard, baked by the sun, and mingled with stones. There was still a hard task ahead of the treasure-seekers. Slaney had brought a pick with him, and that was the only digging implement in the party. Tin Tacks had possession of the pick. Drake and Co. had been unable to provide themselves with anything of the kind, in the hurry in which they had slipped away from the Benbow party.

"Leabe him to me, Mass' Jack," said Tin Tacks.

The blows of the pick rang on the hard soil.

The juniors looked on for a few minutes while the negro worked, but they were too eager to remain long in idleness. Even Tuckey Toodles was keen to lend a hand in digging for the treasure.

Daubeny and Egan had knives, and they began to hack at the soil with them, and the others looked round the mesa for something with which to dig—a pointed stick was better than nothing. There was a sudden shout from Torrence, as he dragged an iron pick-axe, red with rust, from a clump of flowering plants.

"What the thump—" exclaimed Drake.

"A pick!" yelled Daubeny. "Somebody's been here before us."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Perhaps it was left by the chaps who buried the treasure," said Rodney hopefully.

"It—it's possible."

Egan seized the pick, and began hacking at the soil. A further search in the thicket revealed a rusty spade, and Drake seized it and lent his aid in the digging.

The implements were very useful; but the discovery of them made the hearts of the treasure-seekers sink.

It was possible that they had been left by the unknown party who had buried the treasure. But the juniors knew that it was unlikely. Men who had buried the treasure in that lonely spot, would not be likely to leave such clues close to the treasure. Evidently the implements had been thrown carelessly aside; and the flowering plants had grown over them and covered them, but for long they must have remained in full view of anyone who might have taken the trouble to climb to the top of the mesa.

But if they had not been left there by the men who had buried the gold, by whom had they been left?

"Had there been other treasure-seekers earlier on the ground?"

It was only too probable.

The juniors had not reflected on it before, but it was likely enough that Peg Slaney's document was not the only existing clue to the treasure of the Orinoco.

Probably more than one copy had been made, to guide any member of the revolutionary gang who might survive.

The thought was in their minds now, and it was a bitter one. They pined the instruments with almost savage energy, as the sun sank lower and lower in the western sky.

"Los Indios!"

"L COK!" Peg Slaney was wielding a pick now, and as he dragged it from the earth, a fragment of skin was seen adhering to it.

It was the fragment of the skin of some wild animal, undoubtedly part of a roughly made sack, which had contained—what?

It could only have contained the buried gold.

"We're close on it," panted Daubeny. Every hand was helping now, tearing at the earth, dragging it out in handfuls as it was loosened.

A rotted skin sack was disclosed to view at last.

It had evidently been a large sack, though it was rotted in fragments now, and fell to pieces at a touch.

Slaney dragged it out, and uttered a bitter curse.

Among the remnants of the skin sack, three or four gold pieces glistened in the setting sun.

Slaney threw himself into the excavation, and groped among the earth with savage hands.

A small silver ingot rewarded him, and two or three more gold pieces were turned up by the juniors.

That was all!

In the deepening shadows, they gathered about the excavation they had made, with grim looks.

Peg Slaney was still on his hands and knees in the pit, tearing at the earth like a savage animal, and muttering curses.

But the rest had given up hope now.

"Done!" muttered Vernon Daubeny, with twitching lips.

Egan stood with a white face, his fists clenched in impotent rage and disappointment. Torrence threw himself exhausted on the ground to rest. Tuckey Toodles almost wailed.

"We've come all this way for nothing!" howled Tuckey. "You fellows are a set of thundering asses, I must say! Dragging me off like this—nearly starving me to death—and all for nothing."

"Shut up!" roared Rodney.

"Yah!"

"Done!" repeated Daubeny. "After

all our trouble—after all our danger. Somebody's been here before us."

"We might have thought of that," said Jack Drake, quietly. "There may have been two or three of those documents in existence. The very persons who buried the treasure may have taken it away again. I—I suppose they had the best right to it."

Daubeny ground his teeth.

"That fool Slaney—"

"Oh, dear!" groaned Tuckey Toodles. "Now we've got to get back to the Benbow somehow, and there'll be an awful row with Mr. Packe. I hope you fellows will admit it was all your fault! That's the very least you can do, I think."

"Kick him, somebody."

"Yaroooh!"

Peg Slaney scrambled out of the pit at last. In the dying light, the mahogany face of the one-eyed seaman was haggard.

"Beat!" he said. "We're beat! I never knowed—but I might have knowed—a thousand curses on him."

"On whom?" snarled Daubeny.

"Your father!" shouted Slaney, furiously. "That's how he made his pile, and went home rich from South America. It's years since the treasure was lifted—you can see that by the rust on the pick and spade. Old George Daubeny came here and lifted it, years ago—when I got the paper from him, he must have gone after the gold at once, while I was running for my life—he'd lost the paper, but I guess he remembered every word there was on it. A thousand curses."

Daubeny burst into a laugh.

"My father!" he repeated.

A light dawned upon his mind at last. He had little doubt that Peg Slaney's explanation was the true one.

Daubeny had been seeking the revolutionists' treasure, which had been lifted from its hiding-place ten long years ago—by his father.

A string of savage curses poured from Slaney's lips.

"You can chuck that, Slaney," said Jack Drake curtly. "It can't be helped now, and anyhow you've no right to the treasure. Sir George Daubeny has as much right as anybody, as Ponce Garcia gave him the document. Anyhow the treasure's gone, and cursing won't bring it back."

"Dat right, Mass' Jack," said Tin Tacks. "You shut up, you one-eyed trash, or me soon stop you. You no swear 'fore Mass' Jack."

Slaney turned away, grinding his teeth.

He was in a mood to have done any savage mischief, and it was well that he had no weapon ready in his hand.

He threw himself down under the ceiba, exhausted with his efforts, and worn out by savage rage and despair.

The treasure-quest was ended; and it left the one-eyed ruffian as poor as when he had started. The career of wealth and brutal pleasure and unlimited rum, which he had promised himself, was destined never to come to pass.

"Well, we're done," said Drake, at last. "Now we've got to get back to the Benbow, and take our medicine for clearing off without leave. We shall have to camp on the mesa for the night."

"Golly!" ejaculated Tin Tacks, suddenly.

He whipped up his rifle and fired suddenly.

Crack!

"What—"

"Indians!"

A copper-skinned face, with black glittering eyes, was looking at the treasure-seekers over the edge of the

mesa, from the path by which they had climbed.

A dusky hand had been raised to hurl a spear, when Tin Tacks sighted the enemy, and fired.

The Indian's head vanished instantly, and there was a yell below. The savage was wounded.

"Indians!" panted Daubeny. "The Arrowacs!"

Loud and fierce rang the yells of the Arrowacs below the mesa. Drake seized his rifle.

"We've got to keep them off the mesa," he panted. "If they get to close quarters—"

A head, covered with black plaited hair, rose into view, and Drake pulled the trigger at once. The head vanished before the bullet could touch it.

"Oh, crumbs!" groaned Tuckey Toodles. "We—we shall all be killed—we shall all be scaped—we—we—oh! Ow! Oh, dear!"

Tin Tacks and Drake ran towards the spot where the path came up the side of the mesa, rifle in hand. The sun was gone now, and only the brief tropical twilight lingered.

"We keep dem off, Mass' Jack," said Tin Tacks, confidently. "Only one at a time can come up dere, and we keep dem off, easy."

Drake nodded.

It was easy enough to keep off an Indian attack, so long as the gold-seekers held so strong a position, with only a narrow path up from the plain. But—

Yells came in all directions from the darkness. Two or three arrows, fired in the air from below, clinked down on top of the mesa.

"We're lost!" muttered Egan, clenching his hands convulsively. "And all for nothing—nothing!"

The mesa was surrounded.

The yelling Arrowacs were on all sides, and their fierce yells showed that there was no mercy for the whites, if the yelling savages succeeded in getting them into their clutches. And escape was cut off—the gold-seekers were surrounded. Jack Drake, cool and courageous as he was, felt something like the chill of despair creep into his heart, as he stood on the watch with his rifle ready for a rush from below.

THE END.

Do not miss next week's splendid, long complete story entitled: "From the Jaws of Death!" It is one of the most gripping stories ever written. Don't forget The Greyfriars "Boys' Herald" is on sale every Tuesday.

To All 'overs of Sport!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Some Amusing Extracts from our Post-Bag.

A Mystery of the Ni ht!

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Dear Wharton,—I wish to give publicity to a strange series of incidents—practical jokes, to be precise—of which I have lately been the victim.

Three nights ago, on retiring to rest, I discovered that some malicious person had made me what is known as an "apple-pie" bed. It took me nearly half an hour to restore the sheets, blankets, etc., to their proper position.

This was bad enough; but the following night, on pushing open the door of my bedroom, I was astounded to receive on my head a pillow-case, which had been stuffed with sawdust. (I trust I have made it clear that the sawdust was in the pillow-case—not in my head!)

The young miscreant who played these pranks was evidently not satisfied; for last night, just as I had got into bed and extinguish the light, my door was pushed open, and a number of explosive fire-works were hurled into the room. This alarming action caused great confusion, and might easily have caused a serious conflagration, resulting in the total destruction of Greyfriars by fire.

Gussy's Curious Whims!

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

St. Jim's.

Sir,—A short time ago I wrote suggesting a complete revolution in boys' attire. I proposed that we should dress like the gay young sparks of a hundred years ago, with knee breeches, ruffles, and so forth.

I now wish to withdraw this suggestion, and replace it with another—viz., that every patriotic fellow should go about in sackcloth.

These tailor fellows are such beastly profiteers that they must be taught a sharp lesson, and if everybody went about in sackcloth, the tailors would soon have to reduce the prices of their material.

Present prices are simply awful. For my last fancy waistcoat I was charged three guineas, and I don't fancy waistcoats at that price!

The tailors are simply coining money, and it is up to every fellow to see that this wholesale profiteering is knocked on the head.

I earnestly appeal to all male readers of "The Greyfriars Herald" to go about in coarse sacking, and to disband their toppers in favour of cheap cloth caps.

If we all stand together in this, we shall be aiming a decided death-blow at the existing high prices.

Rally round, dear boys!—Ever yours,
ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY.

(If Gussy will agree to set the fashion by discarding all his gaudy suits, and going about in sackcloth, we shall be pleased to follow suit. But, personally, I can't see Gussy strutting about in a sack! He'd be mistaken for the dustman, and his dignity would never recover from the shock!—ED.)

Our splendid new serial of a footer team's great fight. Start this week!



This great new serial introduces an amazing character named "Stringer."

By WALTER EDWARDS

Every boy will soon be talking of "Stringer." Tell your chums about him.

READ THIS FIRST.

Jack Denyer, the young player-manager of Norchester United, is aroused from his dreams by a loud knock at the door. The next minute he is astonished to see a young man of extraordinary appearance enter his room. The new-comer is dressed in a suit of black, which must have been made for him when he was quite a small boy, and altogether he looks a queer sight. The man announces himself as the greatest goalkeeper in England, and explains that his name is Stringer. Jack cannot refrain from laughing, and imagines his visitor to be a harmless lunatic. But Stringer proves, by an extraordinary feat of strength that he is not quite so silly as Jack imagines, and he eventually succeeds in getting the club manager to give him a trial in goal. The other members of the team fairly bombard him with shots, and they are convinced that Stringer is indeed a marvellous goalkeeper. He is taken on, and plays in the match, Norchester versus Bickingham Town.

(You can now read on.)

The Foul!

LEANING his narrow shoulders against a goalpost, with a nice air of complete unconcern, Stringer, Norchester's new custodian, watched the Bickingham Town centre-forward tap the ball to his inside-right, who promptly transferred it to his winger.

The winger, a diminutive, elusive youngster with a remarkable turn of speed, snapped up the pass and shot off down the wing, beating first Brown, who was left standing, and then Monty Selhurst, who, having been tricked cleverly, hung on to his man with the tenacity of a limpet.

The Bickingham player, who was known to his intimates as Tiddler, out-paced the schoolboy, and he managed to slam a centre across before he was sent flying with a charge which proved to be the initial movement of a perfect somersault.

The twirling-leather was in the goal-mouth before Tiddler had completed his involuntary acrobatics, however.

Stringer remained motionless until the eleventh hour, as it were, and then he made a prodigious leap which carried him head and shoulders above the crowd of players.

He shot upwards like a human rocket, and his great fists met the flying ball and sent it high into the air. Moving feverishly, exchanging little tentative

charges, the players waited for the ball's descent with upturned, strained faces.

In contradiction of all the laws of gravity, the leather soared towards the sky, and then, when it had reached an uncanny height, it appeared to hesitate for a fraction of a second and then commence the downward journey.

Shuffling and pushing, the players kept their eyes glued to the ball. And then, a yell of "Heads!" from the crowd, they made a concerted leap.

Stringer also followed suit, leaping with the grace of a kangaroo with gastric trouble.

And the elongated goalkeeper won! He grasped the ball in a grip of steel, and held it high above his red head, in much the same manner that the thoughtful lady at New York harbour holds a beacon above her classic brow.

Stringer remained statuesque, firmly planted upon his adequate extremities, with the Bickingham attack seething round him. The players had not the slightest chance of heading the ball, so they hustled and charged, and looked positively dumbstruck when they found that Stringer, the emaciated lath of a man, stood immovable like a rock.

The red-headed goalkeeper towered above the players, and the spectators roared with unrestrained delight and laughter, for the spectacle was unique.

"Worry him, lads!" yelled someone from the embankment behind the home goal.

"Stick it, Stringer!" cried a Norchester partisan.

"Give them back their ball!" roared a wag, from the further end of the ground.

Cheers and laughter came from all sides, urging the Bickingham players to redouble their efforts. Much good-natured, but derisive advice was hurled at them, but it fell upon deaf ears.

For the Bickingham warriors were busy.

Flushed and breathless—profoundly chagrined—they made concerted onslaughts upon Stringer, but they might just as well have spent their energies upon a brick wall.

A full minute passed, and it was soon apparent that the temper of the visitors was beginning to get frayed. Tight-lipped and determined, they employed methods which were decidedly vigorous, and one player—the inside-left—eventually lost complete control of himself.

Caring nothing for the consequences of his unsportsmanlike action, he deliberately raised his boot and aimed a paralysing kick at Stringer's shins.

A deafening roar of warning and anger went up from the spectators—for they divined what was about to happen—but the kick landed with all its force, a vicious, cowardly hack which made Stringer wince with pain and surprise.

His lean, pale features twisted with a spasm of acute agony; and then, with a powerful heave, he sent the ball hurtling towards the centre of the pitch.

He stood motionless for a moment, biting his under lip and looking fixedly at the player who had fouled him. The player looked up at the tall figure of the goalkeeper and appeared to be incapable of movement, transfixed by the basilisk stare.

A second later, a stifled scream escaped him as Stringer's strong right arm shot out, and a powerful hand gripped him and swung him clean off the ground. Up, up he mounted, high above the goalkeeper's head, until he was eventually taking the place of the ball.

Kicking frenziedly and yelling with fright, he was held aloft for a long moment, whilst the vast crowd looked on with bated breath and staring eyes.

For it seemed that Stringer, in his terrible, cold wrath, would hurl the unfortunate man from him—dash him to the turf.

But the goalkeeper did nothing of the kind.

Instead, he walked slowly to the mouth of the goal, raised himself upon his toes, and placed the struggling player gently upon the top of the net. And there he remained, pale and wild-eyed, with the roar of thousands of hoarse voices dinning in his ears.

He looked a foolish, ludicrous figure squatting there, and the spectators saw the delicious humour of the situation.

Stringer, his enormous red hands resting upon his hips, looked up at the Bickingham player and gave him a wintry smile.

He regarded the fellow interestedly for a second, and then wagged a thin, admonishing finger at him.

"Never do that again, my lad," he boomed, in sepulchral tones. "Next time I may hurt you—break you into little pieces and scatter you to the four winds of heaven! I have spoken!"

That was all he said, but the player looked down into the pale, cadaverous features with awe in his wide-open eyes. For to him there was something uncanny about the red-headed goalkeeper who possessed the strength of six ordinary men.

No sooner had the foul been perpetrated, than the referee blew his whistle, and the game stopped.

The official was now very much in evidence, his cheeks flushed, and his eyes stern.

"Come down, Wheeler!" he commanded brusquely.

"Yes, come down, Tarzan!" drawled Monty Selhurst, fixing the player with his monocle.

The Bickingham fellows scowled at Monty, as he scrambled down from his perch.

"Not so much o' the Tarzan, Algy!" he growled threateningly. "You ain't exactly a Douglas Fairbanks, y'know!"

"No, but I've often been taken for Mary Pickford!" boomed Stringer, with a coy side-glance at the referee.

The assembled players broke into a roar of laughter, and the referee scowled.

"Stop fooling!" he commanded. He turned to Wheeler. "For two pins I'd turn you off, Wheeler!" he said. "At the first sign of any more dirty play off you go!"

The ball was placed in position for the free-kick, and Bob Pender turned to Stringer.

"Will you take it, old man?" Stringer nodded his red head and gave a quick, all-seeing glance at his team's disposition.

The whistle shrilled, and Stringer, with an effortless punt, put the ball clean at Jepson's feet. The Rundle's fellow trapped like an artist he was, twirled upon his heel, and darted away towards the Bickingham territory.

His feet positively twinkled as he beat one man after another and careered towards the corner-flag; and he soon had the crowd yelling with encouragement and delight.

"Don't over do it lad!" came a piece of wise counsel from the stand.

"Bang it into the centre, Jepson!" advised another voice.

But Jepson had his own plan of campaign mapped out.

Bickingham's burly right-back came ambling towards him, and the youngster made as though to centre. The back leapt forward, hoping to intercept the shot, and he would doubtless have been successful, had Jepson really centred. But the Rundle's man did nothing of the kind. Instead, he circled round the back, and made a few yards in the direction of the goal, where he encountered further opposition in the shape of a back and a couple of halves.

And these he beat in a manner known only to himself. There was a scrimmage and tussle for possession, and the youngster was seen to emerge with the ball at his toe—and a matter of six yards from the goalmouth.

The Bickingham custodian saw his danger at once, and he hurled himself bodily forward, hoping to smother the shot. But he did nothing more satisfactory, than knock every ounce of breath out of his body.

Jepson manoeuvred for position, and then ripped in a shot which literally flew into the net and threatened to break the strands.

The whole goal appeared to feel the impact, for the uprights quivered in their foundations.

It had been a glorious run, which had culminated in a perfect goal, and the home supporters rose as one man. Cheer after cheer made the crisp air vibrate, and Jepson's name was upon every lip.

The Rundle's fellow, flushed and self-conscious, wriggled out of Jack Denyer's bear-like hug.

"Don't be an idiot, Jack!" he protested, trying to assume a fierce expres-

sion. "I shall sock you in the ear in a moment, my lad!"

Jack Denyer laughed happily, and released his chum.

"That's not the way to talk to your skipper, my man!" he said, with a sudden change to mock severity. "I've a good mind to put you on a diet of tin-tacks and toffee-apples as a punishment!"

The teams had reached their positions by this time, and the referee had his whistle to his lips.

The Bickingham skipper, who was playing at centre-half, looked determined, like a man who has made up his mind to do or die. His men looked equally grim, and there was an air about the whole side, which told Jack that they were about to make a supreme effort to get level.

Phoop!

The ball went from the centre-forward to his inside-left, and the latter promptly tapped it back to his skipper.

Jack Denyer was on his man in a flash—and beaten.

The Bickingham skipper pushed the leather out to his left-winger, who trapped the pass, and passed to his inside man. And the inside man, in turn, did not keep the ball for more than a second, but put it to the toe of his centre-forward.

Thus began a perfect passing movement which took the ball steadily towards the home goal.

The visitors appeared to be inspired temporarily; they could do nothing wrong. It was obvious that they meant to notch a goal at all costs, and it seemed their herculean effort would not be in vain.

In the minutes of play which followed, the Norchester fellows were made to look foolish, for they were beaten—badly beaten—at every turn.

And the spectators were not slow to notice the fact.

"They're all over you!" cried a raucous voice of a disgruntled partisan.

"Pull yourselves together, Norchester!"

Jack Denyer rallied his men and worked like a Trojan, but the God of Luck was all on the side of Bickingham.

The ball was worked into the home goal-area, and then commenced a bombardment which gave Stringer an opportunity of displaying his prowess.

Shots rained upon the new goalkeeper from all angles—high shots, low shots, fast shots, slow shots—but Stringer saved them in a sure and certain manner, which made the crowd gasp in wonderment.

He was the quintessence of ubiquity—a will-o'-the-wisp—something phenomenal in the way of custodians. No matter where the ball went, Stringer was there; his enormous red hands gathering the leather and disposing of it without hesitation. But back it came, straight and sure for the goalmouth. And again would Stringer save in masterly fashion.

Then, at the end of ten minutes, he tipped a fast shot over the bar and conceded a corner-kick.

A silence—the hush of expectation hung over the packed ground, as the linesman placed the ball in position. The players were swarming round the goalmouth, their faces tense with excitement, their chests heaving from their exertion.

Stringer appeared to be rather bored. The whistle shrilled, the outside-right took three quick steps, then—

Boomp!

The leather soared through the air, executed a graceful arc, and dropped in the midst of the seething mass of

players. Following its flight, the spectators saw it come to the feet of the Bickingham skipper, who essayed a first-time shot.

The leather snorted towards the corner of the net. Nearer, nearer, until it flashed under the bar.

No; not quite!

A big, red fist shot out, and Stringer sent the leather flying towards the centre with a powerful straight left that would have broken a man's jaw.

It was a truly terrible punch, and it sounded the knell of Bickingham's hopes of scoring.

The visitors had shot their bolt in their mighty, plucky effort to equalise, and right until the whistle shrilled for half-time Norchester was the master of the situation.

Needless to say, the imperturbable Stringer received an ovation as he ambled towards the dressing-rooms. He was cheered to the echo, and he raised his absurd little green cap in acknowledgment of the plaudits.

And once in the dressing-room, he was overwhelmed by his fellow-players.

"Simply great, old man!" declared Jack Denyer, with a beaming smile.

"You make Sam Hardy look like a novice!" declared Jepson, emphatically.

"Yes," contributed Monty Selhurst, polishing his monocle with meticulous care. "I should imagine you're the Johnny who put goal in goalkeeper, old bean!"

Not a muscle of Stringer's funereal face twitched.

"Enough," he declared, in his rumbling voice. "Enough! I am the greatest goalkeeper in the world! There is no more to be said, my masters!"

Lemon-time flew on winged seconds, and the players were very soon summoned to the fray.

The second half of the game was almost a repetition of the first, inasmuch as Jack Denyer scored after a solo effort which sent the spectators into rhapsodies of delight.

Ten minutes from the long whistle found Bickingham pressing once more, and it seemed that Stringer's citadel must fall.

But it did not do so.

The more he was pressed—the faster the shots—the cooler he became, and the final shrill of the whistle found him lying flat on his stomach, with the leather tucked away beneath him and the players swarming round his prone form.

The crowd was yelling itself hoarse, of course, and the din made the stand rock.

"Stringer! Stringer!"

The name of the goalkeeper boomed round the ground, and the roar of voices rose to an hysterical shriek when it was seen that Bickingham's chance of beating the redoubtable goalie were at an end.

Jack and the other Norchester players were equally elated, and a rush was made for the new man. They sprawled all over him, thumped him and bumped him, and when he rose to his feet, he looked dusty and dishevelled.

"Stay! Stay!" he boomed.

But the youngsters would not "stay!"

Instead, they gathered round him, meaning to "chair" him to the dressing-room. But this did not suit Stringer at all. He edged his way to the goal and grasped an upright; and a moment later, a dozen strong hands gripped him. He was grasped by arms and legs, and an effort was made to lift him from his feet.

"Up, lads!" yelled Jack Denyer, and the players gave a concerted heave.

And Stringer's big feet left the turf;

and with him went the upright, pulled clean from its socket!

The players paid not the slightest heed to so small a matter, however, and as a consequence, the goal, the players, and Stringer collapsed in a confused heap, whilst the crowd shrieked with laughter and delight.

Legs and arms waved in the air, and out of the struggling mass of humanity rose a red head—that of Stringer. Extricating himself with difficulty, evading the hands which sought to detain him, he leapt forward and made a bee-line for the dressing-room, his long, thin legs carrying him over the ground at an incredible speed.

"Stringer! Stringer!" roared the crowd; and even when he gained the sanctuary of the dressing-room, his name filtered to his ears.

His had been a memorable debut!

After the Game!

A UNIFORMED commissioner, looking important and pompous, placed a "House Full" board outside the ornate portico of the Norchester Empire. Maybe, being a good and faithful servant, he was obeying the manager's behest without question; but the fact remains that the music-hall was not full.

Indeed, the stage boxes were empty, and they remained in their state of chilly desolation until after the orchestra had crept out from under the stage, and, answering the wave of the director's baton, had perpetrated a hideous discord which constituted the opening bars of "The Molasses Rag."

It was then that a number of shrill voices from the gallery added to the prevailing din:

"Here are the lads!"

"Good old United!"

"Cheer-oh, Jack!"

"String—string—string—string—**STRINGER!**"

Every eye was turned towards the two stage boxes, to find the United scrambling into their chairs. Happy and smiling, their cheeks flushed and their eyes bright with health and high spirits, the eleven looked what they were at heart—a crowd of irresponsible schoolboys.

Roars of greeting came from all parts of the house, and Jack Denyer waved a hand in reply.

Stringer, the statuesque, was the only player who remained impassive. Gaunt and pale, he retained his dignified air.

It was not until the orchestra had done its worst and the indicator at the side of the stage registered "2," that the uproar died away and the house settled down to enjoy the programme.

The first turn was a grotesque-looking gentleman who had much in common with a piece of string. He was a contortionist, and tied himself into knots.

Then followed two funny men—who were not funny. Many and ancient were their jests, and they just escaped without the "bird," a species of the feathered world not altogether unknown to the theatrical fraternity.

Dainty Dot was the next turn.

She was an ample lady, of uncertain years, who possessed an amorous eye. She pranced playfully about the stage, declaring that she wanted somebody to be her "Little Ray of Sunshine."

There were no takers.

Then the lady clapped her dainty hands, and the obliging electrician "blacked out," and the stage was bathed in Stygian darkness.

A second later it was seen that Dainty Dot carried a powerful electric torch. A pencil of white light cut the gloom, and, having travelled round the

auditorium, it eventually swept towards the stage boxes and came to rest upon Stringer's cadaverous features!

And the lady warbled to the funeral-faced goalkeeper:

"Won't you be my little ray of sunshine?"

A deafening roar of laughter went up, and Stringer blushed.

"But—but I don't know the female, Jack!" he protested helplessly. "I've never been introduced!"

Jack Denyer grinned delightedly, for he had long since realised that Stringer's dignified air was a veneer which covered a wit all his own.

Then the lights came up again, and Dainty Dot floated from the stage.

"What's next?" asked Stringer anxiously.

Jack Denyer consulted his programme. "The Great Bilbisco," he read.

"And who's he when he's at home?" asked Mallison, with a smile.

Jack read on.

"The Great Bilbisco is the world's

in getting the Great Bilbisco's shoulders to the mat in the space of ten minutes, the Great Bilbisco will forfeit the sum of twenty-five pounds."

The speaker looked round the packed house.

"Now, is there any noble sportsman who will accept this challenge?"

Seconds passed, but it seemed that no "noble sportsman" was willing to try conclusions with the Great Bilbisco.

"Come, come, gentlemen!" coaxed the wrestler's manager. "Surely there is a gentleman here to-night—"

His voice broke off as he caught the eye of someone in Jack Denyer's box.

"Do you wish to say anything, sir?" he asked hopefully.

"I do!" answered Stringer, in a voice which filled the hall. "I should like to see this Great Bill Bailey—"

"Bilbisco, sir," corrected the manager.

"Well, I should like to see him," returned Stringer.



Stringer walked slowly to the mouth of the goal, and placed the struggling player gently upon the top of the net. And there he remained, pale and wide-eyed, with the roar of thousands of hoarse voices dinning in his ears.

foremost wrestler. He has defeated champions in all parts of the globe, including America, China, South Africa, and—

"Iceland," put in Jepson.

The conductor tapped his music-stand, and then, to a more or less musical chord, the big velvet "tabs" swept apart, and a portly gentleman, of a distinct Semitic type, strode from the wings, and came to a halt by the foot-lights.

He smiled round ingratiatingly, and then commenced to speak.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said throatily, "to-night I have much pleasure in presenting to you the Great Bilbisco—"

"Good old Bill!" came a voice from the gallery.

"The Great Bilbisco," the speaker went on, "throws out a challenge to anyone in Norchester, irrespective of weight and age. Should anyone succeed

The manager nodded, and then swept a podgy hand towards the wings.

"The Great Bilbisco!" he announced grandiloquently.

The orchestra blared, and the wrestler strode on to the stage. He was a stocky, fat little man, with a round, fleshy face. That he was strong could be seen at a glance, but it was also apparent that he was in anything but good condition.

Stringer studied the man for a few seconds, and then looked down at the manager's expectant face.

"Well?" asked the latter.

"I accept the challenge!" boomed Stringer, rising to his full height, and the packed house, hearing the words, gasped in wonderment.

Another long, exciting instalment of our grand football serial will be given in next Tuesday's Greyfriars "Boys' Herald." Get your copy early.

MAKING A HECTOGRAPH

A Simple Device For Duplicating Letters and Sketches

A HECTOGRAPH, or copygraph, is such an extremely useful article, and so simple to make, that no boy should be without one. By its aid letters, drawings, leaflets, catalogues, etc., can be rapidly duplicated as many as a hundred times.

The first thing to be procured is a receptacle for the hectograph, and for this purpose the lid of a tin biscuit-box is admirably suited.

What to Get!

The ingredients are: Glycerine, 9 ounces; water, 6 ounces; sulphate of barium, 3 ounces; powdered loaf sugar, 1½ ounces; and Nelson's gelatine, 1½ ounces. The glycerine and sulphate of barium may be purchased at the chemist's, whilst the grocer will supply the sugar and gelatine.

Next obtain an old saucepan or tin canister, and pour the ingredients into it, mixing them well together. Then set it aside for twenty-four hours, in order that the gelatine may dissolve and assimilate with the other ingredients. After this, stir the composition well with a stick of firewood or an old spoon, and place the saucepan on the kitchen stove, where the heat is not too fierce. In half an hour or so, its contents will have melted. Continue to stir the sticky mixture, however, until it is reduced to a thick, treacly liquid.

Then place the lid of your biscuit-box on a perfectly level surface, and pour into it the contents of the saucepan. In all probability a number of bubbles will form on the top of the graph. These must be removed by drawing a piece of paper lightly over.

How to Use It!

Leave the hectograph in a cool place, and in a short time, it will become set and ready for use.

Write the matter to be duplicated upon a smooth-surfaced sheet of paper employing a new nib and the special hectograph ink, which can be purchased at any large stationer's for a small sum. Let the writing dry without using the blotter, then lay the paper face downwards upon the graph, rubbing it gently with the tips of the fingers, to ensure its entire surface coming in contact with the graph. Leave it thus for one minute; then carefully remove it by peeling off from one corner. It will now be seen that a reverse copy of the writing remains on the graph.

Hundreds of Copies!

Without loss of time, take a clean sheet of paper, and lay it upon the hectograph. Rub it lightly with the finger-tips, then peel it off immediately. An exact copy of the writing will have been transferred to it, and by placing other blank sheets of paper upon the gelatine surface, as many as a hundred copies may be obtained.

When the desired number of copies has been taken from the graph, its surface should be washed clean by means of a sponge dipped in warm—not hot—water, and as soon as it is dry it will be quite ready for future use.

Another "Hobby Article" next week. Tell all your chums about these, they are sure to interest them.



SINCE such famous footer experts as Fred Morris, Joe McCall, and Syd Puddefoot have contributed to The Greyfriars "Boys' Herald," and an article by Tom Clay, is appearing in the very issue, it would be superfluous for me to adopt the role of football adviser in this "corner."

Yet no Sports Corner would be complete without some mention of the greatest of all winter pastimes. Therefore, I am grateful to "Greenhorn" for raising an interesting point about the organising of a boys' football team.

THE AMATEUR FOOTER SECRETARY.

"Although the footer season is well on the way now," writes my correspondent, "a number of fellows and myself have formed a Soccer club, as we are able to get the use of a ground on alternative Saturday afternoons. At a meeting we held, the chaps elected me secretary, and left me to fix up the matches. The father of one of our members, who is a wood-merchant, has kindly offered to present us with a pair of goalposts, so altogether we are jolly lucky. Naturally, all the fellows are greatly bucked, and looking forward to our first match. Meanwhile, I have not the foggiest notion as to the duties of a secretary, though I didn't like to admit as much to the fellows who elected me. However, I have fixed up matches with one or two fellows I know, but their clubs consist of older and bigger fellows than ours, and so I expect we shall be licked to a frazzle. Can you give me a few tips about how to arrange games and other secretarial duties?"

Well, "Greenhorn," if your club is "licked to a frazzle" in the games you have arranged, you will find that only one person will be blamed—the secretary—that is, you, my dear chap. The secretary of an amateur club is blamed for everything that isn't quite in accord with the results the team would desire. As a secretary you must fix up suitable matches, draw up a list of fixtures, deal with all correspondence concerning the club, notify the team as to the best way to reach the playing-grounds, giving the times of trains when necessary to travel by rail, and arrange fine weather! If you don't do all these things you'll hear about it!

To arrange matches, draw up a short advertisement, stating the dates on which you require "home" and "away" games, the average age of the members of your team, and whether you classify yourselves as "strong," "weak," or "medium" players. This, for a few shillings, can be inserted in one of the morning newspapers; our companion papers, the "Gem" and "Magnet," accept and print advertisements of this nature free of charge. You will have plenty of replies, especially if you have a few dates open on your home ground. You can then select the teams you consider most suitable, and it is best to do this in conjunction with the captain of your team.

The best of luck in your arduous duties, "Greenhorn," and the same wish to all the secretaries of The Greyfriars "Boys' Herald" football clubs scattered in various parts of the country.

PAPER-CHASING.

Owing to the fascination of footer there is one topping sport, at least, which has never achieved the universal popularity it deserves. I refer to paper-chasing, or "hare and hounds," as it is sometimes called.

But to those chums who cannot play football on Saturday, either through lack of a suitable ground or for some other cause, I suggest this grand old cross-country sport as a means of healthy recreation. It has one tremendous advantage over footer, inasmuch that any number of fellows can take part, and the excitement of the chase can become quite as great as that of a well-contested bit of play before the goalposts.

To conduct a paper-chase, choose from among the participators two of the best runners to represent the "hares." If you select "duds" the chase will come to an untimely conclusion. Each of the "hares" should arm himself with a haversack full of paper, the paper being torn either into pieces about an inch square, or into narrow strips a foot in length.

"The hares" should receive a two-minute start on the "hounds," and they should begin scattering their paper on either side of them immediately they get out of sight. They must indicate their direction every time they cross a road, hedge, or stream, but they may also lay false trails.

In laying a false trail certain rules must be followed, however. For instance, supposing the "hares" should come to a stile leading from the road they have been following, there is no reason why one of them should not run farther up the road, scattering paper as he goes, while his companion drops a few strips on the other side of the stile. But the boy who has laid the false trail along the road must not then cut across and join his companion in the field beyond the stile; he must return to the stile, and carry on from there.

The best runner among the "hounds" may be armed with a whistle, so that if he manages to get well ahead of the others, and picks up the right trail at a difficult spot, he can attract the attention of the pack to it by a sharp blast, thus saving them time in scouring the countryside.

The cross-country course should not be more than four miles unless the runners are all very well trained. At the conclusion of the paper-chase have a hot bath, a brisk rub down, and a change of clothing, and then you will feel the full benefit of a topping afternoon's sport.

Another Sports Chat Next Tuesday.



ANTONIO MORENO'S BIG FILM THRILLS

The popular star of Vitograph film serials is always risking his life to provide sensations

MANY exciting adventures occur in the making of a big film serial, and there are not a few dangers of which the audiences are unaware. Sometimes things go altogether wrong, and a big thrill which the producer did not intend to put in his film is the result. In attempting to do exciting and unusual stunts, that great popular favourite, Antonio Moreno has very often let himself in for something which he did not bargain for.

One of the most important qualities which any leading player in a modern film serial thriller must possess is courage, and coupled with this must be a spirit of daring and love of adventure.

Antonio Moreno possesses all these qualities, he is not only an athlete possessed of unusual strength, but he knows how to use it in times of stress. Moreno insists upon going through all the breath-taking stunts which the film producer can invent for him, and if he does not consider these risky enough he will find some of his own.

In one episode of a recent film, Antonio suffered from someone else's carelessness. The scene called for him to be

in which Moreno and some friends were riding.

The explosive charge was set off, and the huge boulder started falling rapidly through space according to arrangement, but the upheaval, created by the explosion, loosened a great quantity of earth and stone at the base of the boulder, and following in its path were tons of earth and rock which crashed into a ravine. The avalanche sent the motor-car into the stream below, and for a time it looked as though Moreno and his friends in the car were doomed.

The producer and his friends, however, knew that by taking a short cut they would be able to reach a bend and meet the car as it flowed down stream, and if it kept afloat there was just a chance that they would succeed in rescuing the unfortunate people inside. With the party, there happened to be a cowboy, who was an expert lasso thrower, and with wonderful dexterity he succeeded in throwing his rope over part of the car, and by this means it was dragged to the bank and the party were saved.

Another tragedy was barely averted during the making of some scenes in a cave, the secret entrance of which had been blocked by the "film villain" with a wall of flame. The other entrance looked out over a cliff with only a few inches between it and a sheer drop of hundreds of feet.

The scheme was for Moreno and his friends to be shot at as they tried to leave by the back entrance. The scene was progressing very nicely when a shout and yell of terror indicated that someone was in mortal danger.

One of the company had lagged behind, and he was caught between the rear of the cave and the front by the wall of fire, and he was unable to move.

Falling Through Space.

Antonio Moreno was instantly alive to the young man's peril. He rushed to the front of the cave and shouted to the other members of the company who were on top of the cliff, to get the fire extinguisher from the motor-car in which they had made their trip. Then without any regard for his own safety, he climbed up a rope lowered by one of the men, in order to get the extinguisher. One false move and he would have fallen headlong to the rocks below. Then he returned, and at once made an attack on the flames, and he soon accomplished the rescue of the imperiled man. He was badly burnt in the affair, and had to be taken to the hospital immediately afterwards. It was some time before he was able to start work again.

Tied Hand and Foot.

Curiously enough another similar experience befell him less than a month afterwards, and on this occasion he was again painfully burned and scalded. His injuries might have been even more serious had it not been for the coolness and presence of mind of his leading lady.

Antonio was tied hand and foot on top of a huge boulder under which his enemy had built a roaring fire, and he faced death in a horrible form. At least this was what the producer wanted it to look like. But again the result was far too realistic, and the leading lady, who was watching the scene with interest from behind, suddenly noticed that Moreno, bound and gagged, was actually suffering from the heat and the steam,

and that his face was almost raw from its effects.

Without delaying a moment, she seized a near-by hose, kept in readiness for an emergency, turned on the water, and directed a stream of water into the flames, meanwhile, calling to the others for assistance.

Her cries soon roused them to the truth of the situation, and it was evident had the helpless man had a narrow escape.

He was immediately released, and his injuries attended to.

A dive over a hundred feet from the crest of a cliff into the sea, was another of Antonio Moreno's hair-raising tricks. This incident makes one of the big scenes in his gripping new serial, entitled "The Veiled Mystery." The producer wanted Moreno to allow a professional trick-diver to do this for him. But Moreno refused to listen to the suggestion, he has never allowed anybody to "double" for him in a dangerous situation; and much prefers to take the risk himself.

"I learned to swim and dive to do these things when they were needed," declared the popular and plucky artist recently. "I make my living by playing in serial thrillers, and as long as I am physically able, I will do the things the work requires."

The dive was said by a professional who witnessed it, to be one of the finest he had ever seen. Moreno admitted afterwards that it was the first time that he had dived from anything like such a height, and he is not anxious to do it again.

In order to provide a thrill for picture-goers, Antonio once allowed himself to be strapped to the cow-catcher of an



The Motor-car of death.

trapped in a burning building which was occupied in the lower section by a large motor garage, and in the upper by a huge oil tank. It was intended that part of the structure should catch fire, but owing to the fact that three barrels of oil were standing too near the rear of the building they also caught fire, and poor Moreno was almost burnt to death. It is easy to imagine the perilous situation in which he found himself.

There was no way out of the blazing inferno but to jump. So summoning up all his courage, the plucky artiste took a flying leap to the ground from a height of twenty-four feet. Fortunately luck was with him and he escaped with nothing more serious than a severe shock.

On another occasion, a miniature avalanche was created for a scene in a film. The idea was that the villain in the story conspired with members of his gang to dynamite a huge boulder which stood on the brow of a high cliff. So that it would be sent hurtling down upon a trestle bridge to fall upon a motor-car



The dive of disaster.

express train, travelling at sixty miles an hour. This experience he described as one of the most unpleasant he has ever passed through. It was a very cold day and the temperature was some degrees below zero. The result was that Antonio was almost frozen to death during his extraordinary journey.

Do not miss next Tuesday's Special Number of the Greyfriars "Boy's Herald."

START NOW! Our Great New Serial of School & Sport



By ANDREW GRAY

Boys! You must not miss a line of this magnificent story. It is one of the finest school and boxing stories ever written, and contains a startling mystery that will grip your attention

READ THIS FIRST.

Jack Blundell and Guy Caldecott, both of St. Bartlemys, are rivals for school honours. Jack Blundell is the favourite of the majority of the boys. In the fight for the Public Schools' Championship Jack knocks out Caldecott. The blow is a terrific one, and it is soon discovered that Caldecott has been very badly punished. There is a sensation when the school doctor, who dislikes boxing, announces that Caldecott is unconscious. But there is a bigger surprise to come. That moment the Head comes hurrying back. "One minute, boys," he says to those who have started to move away. "There has been black work to-night, not only here, but in connection with the scholarship examinations!" The boys stare and gasp as he explains that all the papers have been tampered with while he was away from the study. Suspicion falls on Jack because of a dirty trick played on him by his stepbrother, Ken, who has got into the hands of bad companions. Jack forces Ken to tell him the whole story, which he writes down, but unfortunately the Head comes in before Ken has signed the statement, and he naturally believes that it is Jack's own confession. The artful Ken has also slipped the bundle of stolen papers into Jack's sweater.

(You can now read on.)

Mr. Jeeves Pays a Visit!

TRUE to his threat, the Doctor set a guard over Jack this time. And that guard was Sergeant Cooley.

A right grim guard he looked, too, with his upstanding, bristly hair, and blue-shaven, bulldog features. But, grim and serious as he looked, his heart warmed to this youngster in trouble. Young Jack was a prime favourite of his.

"Well, young fellow," was his terse greeting. He stood surveying Jack, who sat huddled in a decrepit deck-chair. The youngster pulled himself up, wearily.

"Hallo, Kip! How's old Caldecott? Better I hope?" he asked.

"Better, of course. A mere tap. Nothing wrong with him."

"Thank goodness for that," said Jack.

"What's this about your being caught writing out a confession?" asked Cooley.

"That's not true, surely?"

"It's true enough," Jack answered listlessly, "though it wasn't my own confession."

"Not yours!" echoed Kip in wonderment.

"Now, Master Blundell, out with it," rapped the sergeant impatiently. "No need to fence with me. I've known you from a kiddie, remem-

ber, and your father before you. Best sportsman ever stepped—Mr. Blundell. And do you think I'd believe, any more than he would, that you'd do a dirty trick like that—pinching question papers?"

Jack remained silent. "Out with it," Kip almost bellowed. "You're trying to shield somebody. It's your fool-headed schoolboy idea of honour. Who is it you're shielding?"

But though Kip in his wrath was wearing that famous fighting face of his, which had struck fear into many a doughty opponent in the ring, Jack still remained adamant.

"Is it Nash? Is it—?" But Kip could think of no one else who was also in for the scholarship who would stoop to a trick like that.

"No, it isn't Nash. Anyway, I'm not going to say another word," announced Jack firmly.

"Not for your family's sake? Not for your dad? Think of what effect it's going to have on him?" Kip reminded him vainly. "D'you think he won't go mad when he hears about it? Think of young master Ken, too. Supposing they expel you, as the Doctor is talking of doing; what he's going to do—left here; and you just ruin yourself and him because—because—"

Sergeant Cooley had come to a dead stop, his eyes staring rounder and rounder.

"By heck! You don't say—!" Again speech failed him as a new possibility burst upon him like a flash.

"Say what? I wish you'd shut up and get out," jerked Jack at him, for he could see what was coming.

"Young Ken—your stepbrother?" insisted Kip, in a husky whisper. "You don't mean to say it was him? He didn't prig the papers, and let you in for it, did he? You don't mean that?"

But the quick, defensive look in Jack's eyes, told him that this was just what he did mean. Kip whistled long and low.

"Well, knock me sideways!" he gasped. "So that's the caper? It was in his study the Head found you! Now I see."

"All right. Then, since now you see, for goodness' sake give me a rest," said Jack.

He did not mind Kip knowing the truth. He knew that it would be safe with him. As the boxer had said he had known the lad since he was a baby. Jack's pater had always moved among sporting men, and often in the old days he had had Kip down to his house sparring with him.

In fact, it was as much because Kip Cooley was gym-instructor at the school that he sent his son to St. Bartlemys. Bluff Mr. Blundell thought far more of

the ex-pupil as a guardian and tutor for his son than he did of the Doctor.

And now it had come to this. Young Ken had fallen to stealing, and Jack, like a trump, was taking the blame.

"Why?" demanded Kip, still unable to believe his wits.

"Well," vouchsafed Jack, at last, "you know how the dad would go off the deep end about anything like this. But as I'm concerned in it, he'll know right enough that it's a lie."

"But if it's Ken, and anything comes out that makes me prove it's him, dad'll never forgive him. He simply can't stand sneaking-dishonesty. And Ken's double treachery against me would put the tin-hat on it, of course. He'd kick him out of the house, and never let him back; not if he starved, I believe. Ken's not his own son, really, you see, and I am," finished Jack, with a simple generosity, all unconscious, which almost brought tears to Kip's frowning eyes.

Kip Cooley was fairly flummoxed. He could see the youngster's standpoint, of course. All he knew was that, if the crime were reversed, young Ken would have seen his stepbrother dead first, before he would have done the same for him.

The pity of it! The stark, staring, foolishness of it!

And then Mr. Jeeves walked in.

Now, if there was one man who roused Kip's wrath and contempt, at the best of times, it was this high-browed, supercilious master of the Shell. To see him now was like waving a red rag suddenly in front of an already mad bull. And Mr. Jeeves knew this. He delighted to goad Kip to madness.

Goading was his delight, in fact, through all his days. He could make the life of a boy he disliked a quivering torture. It was this instinct that had drawn him to Jack Blundell's study now.

It was he who had caught sight of Jack originally, when he had been sent on a wild-goose chase to find the Doctor in his study. It was he who had denounced him as the only possible thief. It was he who had just left the Doctor, having argued and proved that the only punishment to fit the crime was public expulsion from the school.

Having won his chief to this, he had come to give his victim advance warning of the fate in store for him, so that the poor wretch, should suffer an extra night's torture, picturing the dread scene of disgrace on the morrow.

He had forgotten about Sergeant Cooley being placed on guard. He eyed Kip with surprised and baffled annoyance.

"You here, sergeant?" he exclaimed

shortly. "You can withdraw out of this. I have a few words to say to Blundell, alone."

But the boxing-instructor read what was in his mind. He knew what the boys said about Jeeves. How they had come to him in tears, actually wishing they were all as big as Kip so that they could turn on the bullying brute and rend him. So the sergeant stood fast.

"Do you hear?" demanded the master sharply, pushing his way into the narrow study. "I say you can go."

"I can't. My orders was to stay here in charge of Master Blundell, and here I stays," announced Kip bluntly. "Anything you've got to say to him, you can say in front of me, I reckon. And if you can't, he don't want to hear it. He's got trouble enough."

"Sir!" exploded Mr. Jeeves, with a flourish of the tails of his gown. He wheeled on Kip as if he could have eaten him. "Take care!" and his voice shook.

"Care of what?" inquired Kip.

"That you don't share the same fate as this wretched boy here, and be kicked out—out of your job to-morrow, you common prize-fighting bully!"

Kip's black, bushy eyebrows drew down at this.

"What did you call me?" he asked slowly.

"I've come to speak in private with this wretched lad here," ran on Mr. Jeeves, changing tone quickly and begging the question.

"But you called me something," insisted the sergeant, his chin slowly going rigid and his square face thrusting out more and more. "Something about a prize-fighting bully, wasn't it, Mr. Jeeves?" He almost cooed the words now.

Shiny perspiration burst out on the master's brow. He was repenting his rashness.

However, Kip was too big-hearted a fellow to waste time over his own grievances when here was a wrong being done to an innocent boy, the effects of which might haunt him through all his life.

Mr. Jeeves was powerful, he knew. He had the headmaster's ear and could sway him. He must not anger Mr. Jeeves. So for Jack's sake he began to humble himself.

But as soon as Mr. Jeeves realised this, his craven courage rose and he laughed aloud.

"So that's it," he sneered. "Blundell has been getting round you with his lies, has he?" And he laughed, that maddening, high-pitched laugh of his, so that the boys in the studies around set their doors ajar to hear him.

"Sir!" thundered Kip, his humility gone in a breath. "Lies did you say? Lies in your teeth. He's a better lad than you ever were; so put that in your pipe and smoke it."

"And now you're accusing him of a crime which he never done," he appealed, again trying to remember to propitiate the bully rather than anger him.

"I know he never done it. It's all a plot agin him, but he won't speak for himself."

Kip fairly had to shout this. For Jack was punching him in the ribs and commanding him not to betray him, and half the boys outside were timidly cheering. They had been told Jack Blundell was a sneak and a thief, but they did not want to believe it. And, anyway, they hated Jeeves.

Mr. Jeeves knew this. Sound of their cheers sent passion surging through him with a rush. He advanced on this insolent underling to rout him. But so

far from feeling routed, Kip only "saw red."

All the tales of petty cruelties poor little nippers had related to him with tears about this man, rose in Kip's brain at once. He had always wanted to give him one good black eye for their sakes, and, by hooky! if he didn't watch it, Jeeves was going to get it now.

"Out of that study! Begone when I order you!" thundered the master.

"Begone, be jiggered! It's you who can get out of it!" retorted Kip, swept on by the gathering cheers from all down the passage.

"Insolent blackguard!" challenged the master. "Resist me if you dare," and squeezing into the doorway, he began actually to try and shoulder the enemy out.

Kip could hardly believe his senses at first.

"I'll hit yer," he warned him.

His dander was rising. But Jeeves', unluckily for himself, had already "riz." Wherever he mustered the

sullen drip from leafless boughs on to the dead leaves below.

Jack Blundell, from the window of his third-floor prison, had been marking this fog-bound silence. It had held him like a spell, ever since the Head had left him for the last time, telling him that to-morrow, in front of the whole of St. Bartlemys, he was to be expelled from the school.

Till that moment, as the click of the lock reminded him, Jack was to be a close prisoner.

But in this they had not reckoned with Jack. He had no intention of waiting to be kicked out like a pick-pocket with all the boys to see.

This charge against him that he had priggled exam-papers, so that he might copy the questions, and gain a scholarship by such foul means, was an absolute lie.

He knew who was the real culprit, of course. It was his young stepbrother, Ken Allison, who had been decoyed into the crime by an even more contemptible



"What did you call me?" demanded the popular sergeant. "Something about a prize-fighting bully wasn't it, Mr. Jeeves?" The boys' cheers were heard all down the passage. "Out of that study when I order you!" thundered the master.

pluck from goodness knows; but, beside himself at last, the master grabbed the sergeant by the collar and tried to yank him out by main force.

That settled it. Kip plucked him from his hold of him as if he had been no more than a clawing kitten. Then, steadying himself for an instant in the doorway, he hit him—once.

But such a smack! Luckily Mr. Jeeves ducked in time so that it smote him merely on the top of his bald head. But the force of impact thus directed in a straight line through his neck and down his backbone, simply hurled him bodily across the passage to bounce from the wall and fall in a heap.

And there he howled: "Help! Help! Police!" until all the school came running and with it the Doctor himself.

In London!

"KIP! Great gosh, how you startled me!"

It was pitch dark and one o'clock in the morning. Dense fog filed the night. For an hour past all had been still as the grave, save for

villain, Nash of the Sixth, Nash also was in for the scholarship.

Yet how could he declare this? Ken, after all, was something of his own flesh and blood. For all his double, dirty treachery against Jack, the latter's instinct was to shield the kid; if only to save their family name.

Jack wanted to do nothing now until he could tell his pater all. He had the firmest belief that his dad would be able to put the wretched matter right. So now he was away, making tracks for home.

It meant a forty-mile tramp, for he had no money for railway fares. But he was not going to stop and submit himself to being publicly disgraced.

So, though Jack's study was a third-floor one, and the only means of escape, a perilous scramble along a stout trail of ivy, until he could clutch a friendly stack-pipe, he at last reached the ground, only to fall plump into the arms of someone awaiting him.

But this was no enemy, watching to hale him back to his prison-cell again. It was Kip—otherwise Sergeant Cookey, gym-instructor to the school, and Jack's

champion in that most unseemly scuffle with Mr. Jeeves.

"Whatever are you doing here?" demanded Jack, in a cautious whisper, for there were masters' bedrooms in the wing overlooking them.

"Waiting for you," was the prompt answer. "I reckoned when they told you you were for expulsion, you wouldn't wait to give 'em the chance. And as I had got the sack, too—"

"You—you mean it?"

"Of course. What else could I expect? Old Jeeves has got a hump the size of a cricket-ball on his napper where I koshed him. You didn't reckon they were going to keep me on after that?"

"I suppose not. Hardly," allowed Jack. "But they didn't kick you out to-night, surely."

"Oh, no! I was to go to-morrow, like you. But I thought I'd see 'em blowed first. Wages or no wages, I decided to cut my stick. 'Sides, I knew you'd be feeling the same way about it. So I waited here."

Jack was touched to the heart. In all the world he felt that he had only two pals left now; his dad, and honest, ugly, old Kip, whom Jeeves had dared to sneer at as a low-down, bullying prize-fighter. What pal could have shown greater understanding and sympathy than this?

"Come on," commanded the youngster, choking back his emotion. "Let's get away. I've only got sevenpence, but I'd rather walk my legs to the bone than stay for to-morrow."

"And I've only got five bob," granted Kip. "But that don't matter. We'll make for Lunnun first. I've got pals there. Then we'll take you home to your guv, and give him our version of this blaggardly business."

"But you'll have to be careful. We're not going to give young Ken away, remember. We must avoid that," struck in Jack.

Kip only snorted. Jack's loyalty to this worthless stepbrother of his he could understand, but simply because he was Jack, that was the only reason. No one else would have hesitated for a minute, to let the cowardly little sweep shoulder his own blame, particularly after that final act of treachery.

But Jack was like his dad—a real sportsman to the core. Kip knew them both. He had taught boxing to father and son, though John Blundell was already a seasoned veteran at the game when Kip first put on the gloves against him.

So the two plodded on, striking the London road, swarthened in fog and splashed with moisture from the dripping trees. It was thirty-three miles good to London town.

They reached it at last, however, having been given a welcome lift on a milk-lorry part of the way.

A bruised heel, nevertheless, played Jack up considerably, and what with eating and a sleep, it was not until dusk of the following day that they at last came trailing in by the Brentford road.

Up past the Green Park and Piccadilly they plodded. The Imperial Sports Club of which Jack's pater was one of the shining celebrities, was not far from here.

"I suppose the pater won't be there by any chance," Jack suddenly thought him. "It is Wednesday night, when they've always got a show on. I wonder if we hadn't better go and see?"

Kip thought it a good notion. Mr. Blundell was one of the best and most popular boxing-referees in the land, and often officiated at the club on its "big nights."

The doorkeepers would tell them. So

they bent their way there, down St. James's Street.

It was only then that they remembered that it would be a better compliment to Mr. Blundell if they brushed some of the mud off first, before proclaiming themselves his friends.

They were just debating on this, hanging back in an adjacent doorway, when a taxi loomed out of the fog and halted at the club's famous portals.

A burly figure descended, and in a moment Jack recognised it as his dad. He was just starting forward with the greeting on his lips, when a woman's voice from the cab window made him shrink again, so that once more they were only two shadowy figures in the fog.

His stepmother had accompanied his pater. She was addressing some final remark to him now. She had never liked Jack, and was openly jealous of him, even since the marriage. Ken was her own boy, and she could never forget it.

So Jack hung back and waited. In his present plight, he did not want her to see him now. Most probably, too, they had heard already of his disgrace. The Head had told him that he would write fully to his father telling him why he had been expelled.

Jack had not long to wait to be satisfied on this point. It was about this very thing his stepmother was speaking. And her voice was harsh and hard.

"Very well, then," she had said. "If he comes home to Rivendon I will tell him that you have no desire to set eyes on him again; that he has brought such disgrace on your head that you will never forgive him. You are resolved on that?"

"Perfectly," replied Mr. Blundell. "You can tell him that."

Rivendon was their home. Jack could almost hear the satisfied, vengeful sigh of his stepmother at hearing him thus cast off; without a word, either in his own defence. The realisation was like a flush blow of a fist in the youngster's face. Kip had to steady him as he recoiled.

And then, by the time he had recovered, Mr. Blundell had entered the club and the cab was gone.

But not before his wife had compelled him to emphasise his unforgiveness of his own boy once again.

"Supposing he comes here first by any chance? He may think to look for you here. You won't relent then? Ken's letter states the case so clearly, yet so generously. It is plain that Jack is not merely guilty, but callous, lost to all decency and honour."

And old John Blundell had answered in a tone Jack knew too well was final.

"No. I shall not repent. He can have no explanation to offer. If he has, I will tell him to write."

That was all. Kip's kind grip upon his arm, brought Jack back to his senses again. He was hungry after all, and a little faint.

"Come, laddie," said Kip. "We'll get some grub into us first, I reckon. It'll be all right, you see. Don't take too much to heart what Mrs. Blundell says. She never did like you, and there's no disguising it. But your guv'nor'll be different when we get him alone. Cheer up!"

But it was difficult for Jack to "cheer up," when he had heard his own flesh and blood callously disown him, and he had only a penny left in the world.

Nor was Kip any richer. However, he knew a cabmen's shelter near-by, he said, where an old fighting pal of his in former days was steward. He would give them a wash-and-brush and a bite on tick.

So, done-up and down, they trudged to this humble haven—a trim hut by the kerbstone, with snugly curtained windows and a doll's-house chimney spouting sparks defiantly upwards at the fog-fiend.

A Great Feed!
WHAT—Kpsey, you old mud-turtle," was the shelter-steward's delighted greeting as soon as he saw Cooley's bristly pate and bulldog jaw shoved in from out the darkness. And from that moment the whole place was their own. In a bucket, in the tiny cooking-galley, they had a welcome wash, and meantime double helpings of real prime bacon sizzled in the pan.

Bill Leathers, was the name of their generous host. He was eyeing Jack all the time keenly, but forebore to ask questions.

"Let's see—I was talking to old Whacker Wilkins, t'other night," he told Kip. "He was mentionin' 'bout you bein' boxin' pro' at some school at Battersea."

"No—Bartlemys—not Battersea! The old fool," laughed Kip at the mistake. "St. Bartlemys, down at Redfield, in Oxfordshire. Finest school that ever was."

Bill Leathers here began squinting his eyes at Jack's cap, which sure enough had the Bartlemys crest over the peak.

"So you've brought one of the young gentlemen to town with you? Showin' 'im a bit of life; is that it?" he suggested roguishly. He had bright, bird-like eyes, and looked rather like a sparrow, to Jack.

"Why, yes—and no," Kip corrected himself. "This is young Mr. Blundell—old Blundell's son. You know who I mean. Best toff that ever stepped."

"Bar none," was Bill's prompt capping to this, and he thrust out a claw for the youngster to shake. For his hand was really a claw. Hard hammering on countless heads had so splayed knuckles and finger-joints, that, when rheumatism had at last settled in Bill's bones, he could neither open his fist nor close it.

"I knew 'im well, sir. Proud ter meet you, sir," he said warmly to Jack. "And by the cut of your dial, I reckon old Kip 'ere has been making a boxer out of you, too. I bet 'e 'as."

"Something of a boxer only," quoth Kip scornfully. "I can tell you, Billy, old buck; at the Public Schools' Championship week arter next, if young Mr. Blundell 'ere don't sail off with the 'eavies—"

But here a hard nudge from Jack reminded Kip that those days were done and over.

"Er—quite so. 'Zackly," he said, breaking off in the middle. "I was forgetting that Mr. Blundell and me were 'Old Boys' now, in a manner of speaking. We've left, Billy; we've left."

"Left!" echoed the steward, and wondered what could be behind that thump Jack had given Kip, and what had brought such a fine, upstanding, young gentleman down to dining off coffee and rashers at a cab-shelter.

Like one of Natures nobleman though, he said no more and the rashers being frizzled to a turn and the coffee ready, likewise the "doorsteps" thickly coated with margarine, the two wayfarers sat themselves down to as tasty a meal as had ever passed their lips, they agreed.

This splendid story of Jack Blundell, who has been treated so unjustly, will be continued in next week's Greyfriars "Boys' Herald." But Jack is a regular Briton and will not give in easily.

HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR FOOTER!

More Hints for Full-Backs, by TOM CLAY, Right Full-Back of Tottenham and an International

I HAVE said something about the necessity for full-backs understanding each other, and playing together in regard to their positions. Understanding is also necessary between the full-backs and the goalkeeper. The man between the posts is a part of the defensive organisation of a team, and can often be used as such by a hard-pressed full-back.

Do not consider it a sign of weakness for the full-back to pass the ball back to his goalkeeper, because, strictly speaking, it is nothing of the sort. When a defender is facing his own goal, and a forward is in such close attendance that it would be risky for the full-back to attempt to turn with the ball, then he can very well make use of his goalkeeper, by passing the ball backwards. And having passed, the full-back must then "hold off" the forward in order that the goalkeeper shall be able to clear comfortably. Of course, he must do this holding off legitimately, and the goalkeeper must also be ready to do his share by running out of goal and kicking clear.

Very often the only safe alternative to passing back, is for the full-back to kick the ball out of play, and this he should never do except in an extremity. When there is no other way of stopping the forwards, then the full-back simply has to kick into touch, but, even then, he can do it gently, without sending the ball into the next field. For instance, personally, I am a great believer in keeping the ball in play, whenever I can do so, without running the risk of giving away a goal. I even indulge in a bit of dribbling at times, but I confess that I am very loath to advise my young readers to follow my example, because, the full-back who makes a habit of dribbling with the ball, is apt to let his side down sooner or later.

At Tottenham we adopt as a de-

fensive principle the scheme of the half-back especially tackling the inside forward, while the full-back watches the outside man. Other clubs have different views, but personally, I think as the result of a long experience, that



When a defender is facing his own goal it is sometimes necessary for him to pass the ball back to his goalkeeper.

our idea is better than the one in which the full-back takes special care of the inside wing forward, and the half-back tackles the outside man.

In regard to tackling, of course, pretty well every player has his own ideas, but there are some general principles which can be well laid down. In the first place, don't get into the habit of doing what we might call flying tackles—that is throwing yourself at the wing man in possession of the ball.

If you throw yourself at the outside wing man, he will probably be clever enough to avoid your rush, and, having avoided it, you will find that he is well away before you can recover from

your headlong fling. Wait for your man rather than dash at him, for my experience tells me that there is nothing which so worries a wing man, as to be up against a full-back who stands off and waits to see what he will do. Dashing at your opponents is a pretty sure way of playing into their hands. Of course, if he is going at top speed, then you must go at top speed with him, and watch for an opportunity of throwing out your leg and pushing the ball over the touch-line.

This method of stopping the other fellow, often means that the full-back has to throw himself full length on the ground, with his leg outstretched to push the ball away from his opponent's toe. It is a bit risky, too, and often brings a kick on the shins, but a desperate situation demands a desperate remedy.

There seems to be a distinct necessity to warn young full-backs against mere big kicking. I know that the full-back who boots the ball half the length of the field, will get plenty of applause, but, really, big kicking seldom pays, because, the probability is that you will overkick your own forwards, and the ball will be promptly returned by one of the opposing full-backs.

There are people who hold that I myself don't kick hard enough, but I follow a very definite plan, and that is to start my own side attacking if I can. With this end in view, I try to place the ball with comparative gentleness to the half-back immediately in front of me, and then he carries on the good work. Don't get into the habit of shooting the ball high in the air, either. Keep it low.

Football is a game which should be played with the ball on the ground as much as possible, and with this end in view, the full-back should use his instep rather than his toe. Especially when there is a fair wind blowing against him, should the full-back strive might and main to drive the ball low. Otherwise it will simply be borne back on the wind, and thus the mighty up-in-the-air kick won't have helped his side a bit.

OUR TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION!

PRIZES FOR ALL CONTRIBUTIONS PRINTED ON THIS PAGE

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, and addressed to Greyfriars "Boys' Herald," The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., E.C.4—Editor.

DESCRIBED!

An alpine guide, who had had many years experience in mountaineering, thus describes the behaviour of different nationalities when they reach the summit of a peak.

A German (he says) as soon as he arrives at the top, wants to know the exact height of the peak he is on, and the height of peaks around him.

A Frenchman goes into raptures over the wildness of the scenery and the beautiful nature, and sometimes accompanies his remarks by an attempt to embrace his guide.

An Englishman when he has "done" his peak, plunges his ice-axe into the snow, looks around him, and then says: "I say, old top, open the baskets and let's have something to eat."—Money prize sent to H. McHay, P.O. Box 984, Cape Town, South Africa.

READY FOR RAIN!

An old lady had an amount of money left her, and inquired what would be the best thing to do with it.

A Friendly Adviser: "Well, if it were mine, I should put it up for a rainy day."

The Friendly Adviser calls a few days afterwards, and sees a pile of umbrellas in the corner stand.

AS HE WISHED!

A public schoolboy wrote to his rich uncle for financial aid, and then, wondering what impression his letter would make when received, added the following post-script:

"Dear Uncle,—I am so ashamed to have to ask you for money that I have run after the postman to try and get the letter back. I am unable to catch him, and wish now that you will never get the letter.—Your loving Nephew."

The reply he received greatly surprised him, and it was necessary for him to read it several times before he understood it.

The reply was:

"My dear Nephew,—I am hastening to make you happy by telling you that your wish was granted. I never received your letter.—Your loving Uncle."—Tuck Hamper sent to B. Sivell, 2, Aurelia Cottages, Ley Street, Ilford.

"My goodness! An' w'ats all 'em fer?" she asked.

Old Lady: "Well, yer say put yer mone away fer a rainy day, so I bought these 'ere gamps. They're 'bout the best thing fer a rainy weather."

Friendly Adviser Collapsed.—Money prize sent to J. C. Marsh, 42, Bellefield Road, Dudley Road, Birmingham.

THE IRISHMAN WON!

Sandy and Pat were having an argument as to which of their respective countries was most advanced in science.

Said Sandy: "Some time ago a man was digging among the ruins of an old Scottish castle, when he discovered some buried telegraph cables, thus proving that hundreds of years ago the Scots knew all about telegraphy."

"That's nothing," said Pat. "Why a week ago my brother was digging under the ruins of an old Irish castle, and not a scrap of telegraphy cable did he find, at all."

"Well," said Sandy, "what about it?"

"Shure!" said Pat triumphantly. "Doesn't it prove that hundreds of years ago the Irish voke knew all about this 'ere wireless telegraphy?"—Money prize sent to James Garry, 6, Bala Street, off Oakfield Road, Anfield, Liverpool.



THE MYSTERY OF THE MIDNIGHT MAIL

An amazing new detective tale from the annals of Raymond Steele and his young assistant, by that popular author,

W. MURRAY GRAYDON

Down from the Window—An Encounter with Tom Cobleigh—The Alarm—The Flight up the Hill—Saved By a Rolling Stone—On to the Farm.

PETER'S limbs were cramped and stiff, but he gained the use of them as he moved slowly and cautiously across the floor, Oliver guiding his tottering steps. The one window that was in the room, it will be remembered, had been shattered by a blow from a chair by Peter when he had made his futile attempt to escape some days ago, and it had not been properly fastened since. Neither casement nor shutter was secured, but both were rather tightly warped in their place. They creaked and cracked as the lads bore against them, and when at length they yielded to the pressure and swung open, what little noise they made was muffled by the roar of the Dart in its rocky channel.

It was a fairly dark night, though the risen moon was glowing faintly behind the clouds that overcast the sky. It suddenly occurred to Oliver, as he recalled the fact that Tom Cobleigh had not been with the other men, that he had probably gone to the village of Holne, and that by now he might be on his way back and near to the dwelling. He did not speak of that, however.

"We'll have to climb down," he said, as he peered into the murky gloom. "We had better not drop."

"No, if we did we might be heard," Peter assented. "We are pretty high above the level of the river."

Having lowered themselves from the window-ledge, they carefully descended the wall of masonry beneath them, clinging with fingers and toes to the crevices between the rough-hewn stones. They got to the bottom without mishap, and when they had listened for a few seconds they started up the village, in the direction of the Vanaford Brook. They held to a narrow and winding path, and they had not gone far when a tall form loomed from the shadow in front of them, within a couple of yards. By the pale glimmer of the moon they recognised Tom Cobleigh, and at the same instant he recognised them.

"You young whelps!" he exclaimed. "How did you get free?"

With that he raised a stick he had in his hand. Peter pluckily sprang at him, but he was thrust aside by Oliver, who eluded a stroke the man aimed at him, and let fly with his clenched fist. The blow landed on Tom Cobleigh's jaw, and with such force that he staggered backward and fell. He went down heavily, uttering a lusty shout; and he must have hit his head on a stone, for he did not attempt to rise. He lay there motionless, groaning with pain.

"That's settled him," said Peter. "He won't give us any trouble."

"But the other men may have heard him," Oliver replied. "I'm afraid they will soon be after us."

"Then we must run for it. Which way, Oliver? Straight on?"

"No, we had better get to the other side, and climb the hill. It is very steep, but I believe we can do it."

"Right you are. I can swim if I have to."

Cobleigh's shouts must have penetrated to the house above the roar of the stream, for as the lads plunged into it, heedless of the risk, they heard loud, shrill voices. The water was deep and swift, but it did not reach above their shoulders, and with difficulty they kept their footing as they struggled across, fighting with the swirling current. When they had got to the opposite bank, dripping wet, they looked back at the dwelling. At the window by which they had gained their freedom, somebody was holding a lighted lantern, and it clearly revealed the faces of Herbert Sleath and Jason Flindt. They were gazing out, straining their eyes into the darkness.

"Where are they?" cried one. "Do you see anything of them?"

"Yes, over there they are!" the

READ THIS FIRST.

Peter Chumleigh, a sturdy lad of sixteen, who is the grandson of the squire of Chumleigh Hall, Devonshire, arrives in England from the United States with his grandfather's servant, William Gregg. Suspicious of two rogues named Sleath and Flindt, who tried to kidnap Peter in New York, Gregg calls on Raymond Steele, private detective; and Steele, with his young assistant, Oliver, go down to Devon on the midnight mail on which Peter is travelling. The train is wrecked, and a body which appears to be that of Peter Chumleigh is discovered. Steele and Oliver, however, believe Peter to be still alive. Peter is imprisoned in a building on Dartmoor, and Oliver, who is seeking him, is also captured. Ralph Vanderling, Peter's uncle, whom Steele has been shadowing as a suspect, meets Sleath accidentally at Bouncer's Hotel. Peter and Oliver make their escape, and Oliver overhears an important conversation between Sleath and Vanderling. Sleath demands one hundred thousand pounds in payment for his part in the plot.

(Now read on.)

other answered loudly. "By heavens, we mustn't let them escape! Come, Sleath! Be quick!"

The dusky figures vanished, and the light faded. The men were hastening from the house, but the lads had a good start, and they were hopeful of eluding pursuit. They did not stop to wring the water from their clothes. Perceiving that it would be impossible for them to scale the hillside at the spot where they had emerged from the river, they ran along the shore for fifty or sixty yards, until they came to where the side of the valley appeared to be less precipitous. They heard a clamour swelling nearer and nearer as they mounted, and they had not made much progress when they both slipped, and slid to the bottom.

Up the slope they went again, thinking that the chasers might go by them; but they had no more than regained what ground they had lost when, looking down through the foliage, they saw two men running beneath them, and a third man a short distance behind.

"Sleath and Flindt!" declared Oliver. "And that's Tom Cobleigh in the rear! He must have recovered and waded across the Dart. Vanderling isn't with them!"

"Vanderling!" Peter exclaimed in amazement. "Are you speaking of my uncle, Ralph Vanderling from New York?"

"Yes, that's quite right, old chap." "You mean to tell me he is here on Dartmoor? How can it be possible that—"

"Never mind about that now, Peter. Your uncle is as bad as the others, and worse. I'll tell you more later. All I'm thinking of now is to escape from the scoundrels."

"I'm afraid we can't do it, Oliver. They can move faster than we can."

"We'll try our hardest, anyway. Once we get to the top we'll have a better chance. There is a farm yonder where we will be safe."

The hill towered to a considerable height above them, and they had scaled less than a quarter of it. Moreover, it was very rough going. Higher and higher they mounted, as fast as they could, at risk of neck and limbs; scrambling from ledge to ledge, threading clumps of trees, and floundering amongst loose stones and trailing vines. And still their pursuers mounted behind them, rapidly and steadily, wasting no breath in shouting.

At intervals they had glimpses of Oliver and Peter by the pallid glow of the moon. Herbert Sleath had outstripped Flindt and Cobleigh, who were a dozen yards beneath him. He slowly gained on the fugitives, and he was within a short stretch of them when at length they paused for breath on a

shelf of rock that was well below the crest of the hill.

"I'm done for!" Peter gasped. "I can't go another step! You had better leave me, and save yourself!"

"Indeed, I won't," vowed Oliver. "Come, I'll help you along."

"I'll have to rest first! I'm dead tired!"

"Then we'll fight for it, that's all!"

Oliver was in despair. He felt that there was no hope. But of a sudden, as he noticed to one side of him a large boulder that appeared to be loose, an inspiration flashed to his mind. He spoke a few words to Peter.

"Lend a hand!" he added. "Quick!"

Exerting all their strength, they heaved against the big stone, which moved inch by inch. And at last, gathering momentum, it toppled over the brink of the ledge, and lunged straight at Herbert Sleath, who saw it coming barely in time. He dodged nimbly aside, tripped on a root and lost his balance. Falling backward, he dropped for several yards, and landed on Flindt and Cobleigh, knocking both of them over. To the delight of the lads the three men went gliding down the steep hill, rolling over and over, crashing through the undergrowth. They were unable to stop themselves until they reached the bottom, and as they struck the margin of the stream, the boulder leapt into the water with a heavy splash.

"Serves them right!" Peter laughed. "I don't suppose they are hurt much."

"No, they are on their feet," Oliver replied. "But I don't think we have anything more to fear from them. They won't try the climb again."

"But they may go round by the valley to head us off."

"Not likely, Peter. It isn't very far to the farm, and they won't dare follow us there."

Angry shouts and threats rose on the air, but they faded to silence as the lads resumed their flight, Oliver giving his companion a helping hand. They found the upper part of the slope less difficult to ascend and in a few minutes, after a stiff climb that nearly exhausted them, they gained the highbrow of the hill, and saw the undulating moor stretching before them in the murky gloom. There was no sound from the valley except the muffled noise of the Dart. It was to be presumed that the pursuers had abandoned the chase.

"We are all right now," Oliver said breathlessly. "Tor Farm, where I have been staying, lies two or three miles yonder, and I can easily find the way to it."

He briefly told his story as the two plodded across the tough heather, explaining to Peter how a clue had sent him to Dartmoor, and information given him by the farmer's daughter had guided him to Tom Cobleigh's lonely dwelling, where he had been captured. But in regard to one thing he did open his lips. He had not mentioned his discovery of the fiendish bargain Ralph Vanderling has made with Herbert Sleath and Jason Flindt. He would keep the tale for his master.

"I have an idea that my gov'nor will be at the farm," he resumed, "and if he should be he will send for the police, and they will go to Cobleigh's house and arrest all of the men. If they should still be there, that is."

Peter shook his head.

"They won't be," he replied. "I'll bet they will have disappeared by then."

"Well, it won't matter if they have," said Oliver. "The gov'nor will track them down one by one, until he gets them all. You can depend on that."

Raymond Steele Arrives at Tor Farm—Molly Garrish's Story—The Detective Sends For the Police—A Call For Help—The Fight in the Garden—Peter Recaptured.

RAYMOND STEELE did not change his mind. He left Paddington by a fast train at eleven o'clock on the morning after his adventure at the Cafe Snyrna, and between three and four o'clock in the afternoon he arrived at Newton Abbot, and went straight to the Red Lion Hotel. Much to his disappointment he found there no letter or telegram from Oliver, nor was there a letter from Squire Chumleigh.

Having had his luncheon at the hotel, the detective hired a car and chauffeur, and was driven north to Ashburton, and from there along the Princetown Road to a point beyond Dartmeet, where his course ran to the left. He traversed the wild moor for some distance, and late in the day he got a glimpse of the lonely farm that nestled in a fold of the hills. As he stepped from the car the door of the house opened, and a pretty, gipsy-like girl, shabbily dressed, hurried down the path to the gate. She appeared to be agitated.

"Are you Oliver's father?" she asked.

"Is your name Steele?"

"Yes, that's right," Raymond Steele

much concerned about him. He said he had supposed he had gone home to London. But I couldn't believe it, as Oliver left his bicycle here. I have been terribly worried, sir. I am sure that—that—"

The girl paused, her voice faltered with emotion. Steele questioned her, and when she had repeated to him all that she had told the lad about Tom Cobleigh he was at no loss to account for the disappearance of his young assistant. He hadn't a doubt that Peter Chumleigh had been taken by the men Sleath and Flindt to the lonely dwelling



At last the great stone toppled over and lunged straight at Herbert Sleath. He dodged aside, but tripped and lost his balance. Cobleigh, dropping for several yards, and landed on Flindt and Cobleigh, knocking both of them over.

replied. "I have come to see the lad you mentioned. He is staying here, I believe."

"He has been, sir," the girl answered. "I am Molly Garrish, and Oliver has been lodging with me and my father. But he isn't here now, and I am afraid something has happened to him."

"Something happened to him?" Steele sharply repeated. "What do you mean? Has the boy disappeared?"

"Yes, sir. He has been gone since yesterday morning, and nothing has been heard of him. He told me that he was trying to find another boy who has been kidnapped, and was hidden somewhere on Dartmoor. He asked me if I could help him, and I said that a man named Tom Cobleigh, who lives alone over in the valley of the Dart, had been spending money freely for a week or so, and that everybody was wondering where he got it. Oliver thought that the boy he was looking for might be a prisoner at Cobleigh's house, and after breakfast yesterday he went in that direction, and he didn't come back."

"Hasn't he been sought for?"

"No, sir, not yet. My father wasn't

in the valley, and that Oliver had been caught while attempting to rescue him.

"This is serious news," he reflected. "The boy's life is in danger. Those scoundrels may kill him, if they have not done so already. But it is fortunate I know where to look for him."

He briefly considered the matter and decided what to do. He took a notebook and a pencil from his pocket, and hastily scribbled a few lines to Inspector Larking of Newton Abbot with whom he was acquainted.

"Come out to Tor Farm at once," he wrote; "and bring half a dozen constables with you. This is urgent and important. I will explain when I see you."

Having signed his name to the note, Steele enclosed it in a blank envelope that he had with him, and handed it to the chauffeur.

"Go to the police-station as soon as you get back," he bade, "and deliver this to Inspector Larking. See that it is given to him immediately. Drive as fast as you can."

"Very good, sir," the man replied.

"I will see to it."

Steele paid him, including a liberal tip, and when the car had swung round he turned to Molly Garrish, who had been listening.

"I have sent for the police," he said. "I am expecting them in the course of a couple of hours, and I will stay here until they arrive, if I sha'n't be putting you to any trouble."

"It won't be any trouble at all," the girl answered. "Come in, sir, and I will give you a cup of tea."

"Your father is at home, I suppose." "No, sir, he isn't. He is at the village of Holne, yonder, at the local inn, and I don't know when he will be back. He is very late sometimes. He gets in with bad company, and—"

Molly Garrish did not finish the sentence. Her face clouded, and Steele suspected the truth, and felt sorry for her, as he followed her to the farmhouse, and into a sitting-room that was comfortably furnished. The thought of Oliver played on his mind. He feared that the worst might have happened to the lad, and could scarcely resist an impulse to go alone to the dwelling in the valley of the Dart, though he knew that it would be sheer madness for him to do so.

"I'll have to wait," he thought. "There is no help for it. I can do nothing without the police."

The sun dipped below the clouded horizon, and darkness fell. Steele's apprehensions increased, and his suspense grew almost unbearable, as the evening wore on. The girl had given him a cup of tea, and at seven o'clock she brought a cold supper into the room on a tray, and sat down to the table with him. Steele had little appetite. He listened absently to Molly Garrish, who told him of her father's habits, and of the lonely life she led at the farm; and at frequent intervals he glanced at his watch, and rose from his chair to look out of the window.

"It is nearly eight o'clock," he said at length. "The police should have been here by now. I can't understand why—"

"Listen!" the girl interrupted, starting to her feet. "What was that?"

"I didn't hear anything." "Somebody shouting, sir! I am sure of it!"

Hastening to the door, Steele threw it open, and gazed into the night. And at once there rang to his ears a voice calling in distress.

"Help! Help!"

It was pitch dark, and Steele could not see anybody. The cry had come from no great distance, and he heard it again, nearer and louder. Above the sound of the stiff breeze that was blowing he imagined that he could distinguish rapid steps.

"Help! Help!"

Yet again the shrill appeal floated to the detective's ears, still nearer. Molly Garrish was by his side in the doorway, white and frightened.

"Who can it be?" she asked. "It is that boy of mine, I believe," Steele declared.

"Oh, yes, it must be, it is Oliver!" "I don't doubt it, he has succeeded in making his escape!"

"And those men! They are—"

"They are in chase of him, and very near, else he would not be calling!"

"You had better go and help him, sir. I will fetch a light."

The girl darted back, and for an instant Steele strained his eyes into the gloom. He regretted that he had not a revolver with him.

"Oliver!" he shouted as loudly as he could. "That you, Oliver?"

"Right-ho, gov'nor!" a voice distinctly answered. "They're after us! Hurry up!"

After us! Steele guessed what that meant, knew that his young assistant must have rescued Peter Chumleigh. He plunged blindly into the darkness, and he had not taken half a dozen strides when he stumbled and fell heavily. He rose to his feet bruised and shaken, and for a moment he was confused. Then he ran down the garden, which was a long one, groping from side to side of the path. He heard pattering steps behind him, and he had got half-way to the bottom of the path when Molly Garrish overtook him.

She had a lighted lantern in her hand, and as the beam of yellow light streamed ahead of her, and illuminated the gateway, Peter Chumleigh and Oliver bounded through it, closely followed by three men. Steele recognised Sleath and Flindt and knew that the third must be Tom Cobleigh.

"Oh, there they are!" panted the girl.

What happened next was very swift. The men flung themselves upon the two lads, and there was a brief and desperate struggle. It was soon over. Two of the men ran out of the garden, carrying Peter Chumleigh between them, and vanished in the darkness. They were Sleath and Flindt.

Tom Cobleigh was left behind, fighting with Oliver, who clung to him for a few seconds. Then the lad's hold was broken, and a blow sent him reeling to the ground. He scrambled to his feet, and swayed dizzily against a tree.

"They've got him, gov'nor!" he cried hoarsely, as the detective sprang past him. "They've got Peter!"

Steele did not stop, he hurried on, and as he dashed through the gate he saw Tom Cobleigh in front of him. The latter turned and lashed out at the detective with a stick.

Steele evaded the stroke, and leaped at the man, who hit at him again. The stick rapped the detective on the head, and with such force that he staggered and fell. He was not hurt, his cap having saved him from injury. He quickly jumped up, and by then Cobleigh and his companions had disappeared. Oliver hurried to his master, and behind him came Molly Garrish with the lantern.

"They're gone!" Steele exclaimed. "Gone with young Peter, and I don't know in what direction!"

"This way!" cried the lad. "Over towards the valley of the Dart. Come, gov'nor, I'll show you! We must rescue Peter. Those scoundrels can't be far ahead of us."

Without delay they struck across the rolling moor, Molly Garrish accompanying them. They went on and on, trampling amidst the heather and over stones ranging to right and left, now and again pausing to listen. But only the rustle of the wind came to their ears. They heard nothing of the men, nor did they even get a glimpse of them in the murky gloom beyond the radius of light flashed by the lantern. At length they stopped, breathless and tired, realising that it would be useless to go any farther. They listened again. All was quiet. Steele's feelings were too deep for words, and Oliver was so distressed that he was almost in tears. The girl tried to comfort him.

"Don't worry," she said. "Your friend will be rescued."

"I am afraid not," Oliver hoarsely replied. "His life is in danger. Those villains intend to kill him. That is their object now."

"What do you mean?" asked Steele,

a sudden suspicion flashing to his mind. "Is that fellow Ralph Vanderling down here?" Has he been—

"Yes, gov'nor, he has been at the house in the valley with the men. I overheard a conversation between them just before I escaped. Ralph Vanderling offered Sleath and Flindt one hundred thousand pounds if they would do away with Peter."

"And they agreed to do so, my boy?" "I haven't the doubt of it, though I didn't hear any more."

"It is just what I feared, Oliver! What are we to do? If only the police would come. I sent a message to Inspector Larking of Newton Abbot, this afternoon, telling him to lose no time in—"

"I think they are coming, gov'nor," the lad interrupted.

As he spoke, a faint throbbing noise was heard in the distance, and it swelled rapidly. It was the sound of a car.

"It must be the inspector and his men!" Steele said eagerly. "They are here at last, thank Heaven!"

Two flaming lamps showed out of the darkness, growing brighter and brighter, as Raymond Steele and the lad hurriedly retraced their steps, not looking to see if Molly Garrish was behind them or not. Just as they reached the farmhouse gate a big car stopped in front of it, and Inspector Larking sprang out, followed by no less than six constables.

"Ah, here you are!" Steele exclaimed, as he gripped his hand. "I was beginning to fear you weren't coming!"

"I was delayed," the inspector replied. "I couldn't get away at once. What is the trouble—What has brought you to this wild place?"

"A case of kidnapping. A wealthy youth, belonging to a Devonshire family was carried off by some scoundrels who held him for ransom. They have had him a prisoner at a lonely dwelling yonder in the valley of the Dart. A couple of days ago my boy Oliver was caught while trying to find him, and to-night the two contrived to make their escape. They were hotly pursued to the farm by the men, who recaptured young Chumleigh in the garden, and—"

"Chumleigh?" Inspector Larking repeated in bewilderment. "It can't be the grandson of old Squire Chumleigh, surely, for he was killed in the disaster of the mail train a week or so ago."

"Hash, not so loud!" bade Steele. "The squire's grandson isn't dead! He is the youth I am speaking of. It is a sensational story, and a long one. I will tell you all about it later."

Another instalment of this fine detective tale will be given in next week's issue.



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THE CASE OF THE CUBIST!

Are you reading these amusing stories of Herlock Sholmes, the World's Worst Detective,

By PETER TODD

MR. SMOODGE, the celebrated Cubist painter, was in a state of great agitation when he was shown into our rooms at Shaker Street.

He forgot even to remove his "Daily Mail" hat as he sank into the armchair my amazing friend pulled out for him.

"Mr. Sholmes," he exclaimed, "I have come to you, as a last resource. My picture—my portrait, painted by myself—must be traced—"

"Ah! It is missing?" asked Herlock Sholmes.

"Not at all."

"Stolen?"

"No, no!"

Sholmes raised his eyebrows.

"I must explain," said the celebrated Cubist. "The picture is at the present moment in my studio, but I cannot trace it—"

"Eh?"

"Because there are a dozen other pictures in the studio—"

"Ah!"

"And there are no means of distinguishing the portrait from the others—"

"Oh!"

"I will be more explicit," gasped the agitated painter. "Doubtless you have heard of my fame, Mr. Sholmes, and your friend, Dr. Jotson, cannot be ignorant of the fact that I have carried Cubism in painting to a length previously undreamt of outside the walls of Hanwell and Colney Hatch. The Picture-Puzzle Society gave me an order for my own portrait, painted by myself in my celebrated style—and I painted it. I painted it," said Mr. Smoodge, almost tearfully, "and left it in my studio while I went down down to Winkleton-on-Sea to inhale for a few days the balmy ocean breezes. When I returned—"

He clutched his hair.

"When you returned?" asked Sholmes.

"Some friend who had called into the studio—a scoundrel of a practical joking turn—had removed the tickets from all the pictures—the labels bearing their titles, Mr. Sholmes. You can guess the result? Without the attached label, there is no means of distinguishing my "Vesuvius in a State of Eruption" from my "Nelson on the Quarter-Deck of the Victory," or either of them from my "Nero Fiddling while Rome Burnt!" Among the rest is my portrait—painted by myself—and to-morrow it should be delivered to the Picture-Puzzle Society. I have roamed up and down that studio, Mr. Sholmes, like a caged tiger, seeking which cannot be found. The picture is there. I know it is there, because I know the total number of pictures that should be there. But—"

The artist paused and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

I gazed at him sympathetically.

Sholmes drummed thoughtfully on his knee. I could see by the glitter in his eyes that this was a problem that appealed strongly to his wonderful powers of elucidation.

To distinguish one Cubist picture from another might be a task beyond

the powers of any ordinary man. But Herlock Sholmes was no ordinary man. Bristling with difficulties as the matter undoubtedly was, I had every faith in my amazing friend.

"You are my last resource, Mr. Sholmes," said the painter. "The portrait must be traced, and undoubtedly it is there. But to pick it out from the rest—" He made a gesture of despair.

"My dear fellow, calm yourself," said Sholmes. "Let us proceed to your studio, and rely upon me. Come, my dear Jotson."

"But my patients, Sholmes—" I murmured.

"Let them live, my dear Jotson."



The dog began to lick the picture with great affection.

I followed Herlock Sholmes and the celebrated Cubist from the room, and a quarter of an hour later we were in Mr. Smoodge's famous studio.

II.

HERLOCK SHOLMES was quite at home in the studios of the artistic fraternity. He visited them often. On such occasions he would leave his ready cash in my charge, and so was able to mingle with any artistic circle with impunity.

He glanced round Mr. Smoodge's studio with his keen, penetrating eye. Penetrating as his eye was, however, I doubt if even Herlock Sholmes could have guessed what Mr. Smoodge's pictures represented, in the absence of the necessary labels.

There were a dozen pictures, on easels or against the walls, all of them painted in Mr. Smoodge's celebrated style, which was certainly well ahead of that of any other Cubist. How to pick out the one that was Mr. Smoodge's own portrait, was the task that now confronted my amazing friend. He did not seem dismayed by the magnitude of the problem.

"You have a dog, Mr. Smoodge?" he asked. "I think I remember seeing him when I visited you once."

"Yes, my little Fido. But what

"Bring him here."

"But why—"

"The sagacity of the dog," said Sholmes, in his rather didactic way, "is well known. Fido is accustomed to feed from your hand, Mr. Smoodge—"

"Yes, but—"

"He will pick out your portrait," said Sholmes.

"I fear not. Even a dog's sagacity—"

"Mr. Smoodge, you have called me in for advice and assistance. Kindly fetch Fido here."

"Oh, very well!" said Mr. Smoodge. He quitted the study, with an impatient expression on his face. It was clear that he placed no faith whatever in the method of my amazing friend for tracing the Cubist portrait.

As soon as the door had closed upon him, Sholmes stooped over one of the pictures that stood leaning against the wall. He took something from his pocket and rubbed the picture, and then returned the article—whatever it was—to his pocket again.

"Sholmes!" I exclaimed.

He placed his finger on his lips.

A minute later and Mr. Smoodge entered, leading Fido.

"There is the dog, Mr. Sholmes," he said gruffly. "I may say that I have no faith whatever in the method you have selected—"

"Patience!" said Sholmes. "Let the dog loose."

Fido was released.

"Good dog, Fido!" said Sholmes encouragingly. "Find your master, Fido!"

Fido sniffed round.

Without a pause he ran towards the picture over which I had seen Herlock Sholmes stoop.

He began to lick the picture with great affection.

"Upon my word!" ejaculated Mr. Smoodge, in great astonishment.

Herlock Sholmes smiled.

"The affection and instinct of a dog may always be trusted, my dear Smoodge," he said. "Good-afternoon! Come, Jotson!"

"Thanks, thanks!" exclaimed Mr. Smoodge. "You have extricated me from my fearful difficulty. It is undoubtedly the portrait. What amazing sagacity—what really wonderful sagacity!"

Herlock Sholmes drew me from the studio, leaving Mr. Smoodge in ecstasies over the discovered portrait. We departed so quickly that the artist had no time to borrow any money of us.

III.

A SIMPLE case, Jotson!" Herlock Sholmes drawled, as he walked back to Shaker Street.

"Wonderful!" I ejaculated.

"Wonderful!" agreed Sholmes.

"And it would have been still more wonderful, my dear Jotson, if I had not rubbed a piece of sausage upon the picture!"

"Sholmes!"

"I wonder," added my amazing friend reflectively, "which of those works of art was really the portrait? There are some problems, Jotson, beyond human power to solve; but it is always a pleasure to give satisfaction to a client!"

THE END.

Don't miss next week's laughable adventure entitled: "The Case of the Dentist!"

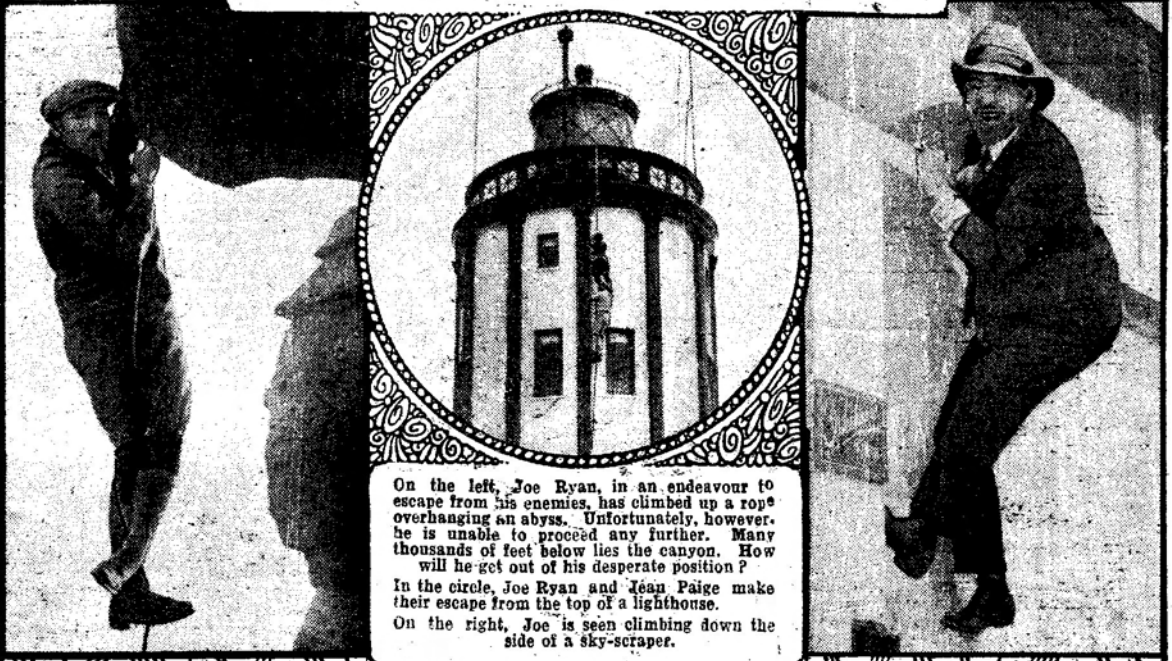
The Greyfriars Herald

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1920.

RISKING HIS LIFE FOR THE FILMS

Joe Ryan, known as the "screen's best villain," will undertake any risk, no matter how great it is, in order to provide a film thrill. In these interesting photographs you can see some of the big stunts which the daring Joe has performed in his latest serial, "Hidden Dangers," produced by the famous Vitagraph Company. Next week the Editor will reproduce a wonderful series of cannibal photographs. Do not miss next week's splendid number of the Greyfriars "Boys' Herald."

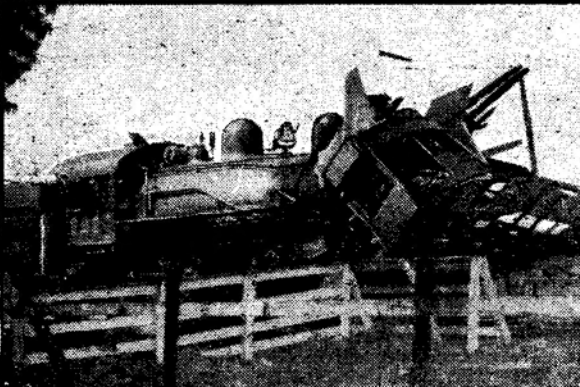
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On the left, Joe Ryan, in an endeavour to escape from his enemies, has climbed up a rope overhanging an abyss. Unfortunately, however, he is unable to proceed any further. Many thousands of feet below lies the canyon. How will he get out of his desperate position?

In the circle, Joe Ryan and Jean Paige make their escape from the top of a lighthouse.

On the right, Joe is seen climbing down the side of a sky-scraper.



A train was driven at full speed into a moving van in which Joe Ryan was riding during one of the scenes in "Hidden Dangers."



Another perilous climb. Joe Ryan and Jean Paige utilising an old derrick to make their descent.



Joe Ryan and his gang dash through water which has been covered with gasoline and set on fire. Needless to say, the occupants of the boat were badly burned before they completed their task.