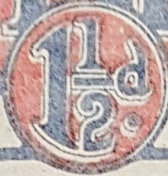


"THE TERROR OF THE RANGE!" GREAT NEW STORY
STARTS INSIDE.

The Greyfriars
BOYS' HERALD



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THE
TERROR OF THE RANGE

Great New Wild Western Mystery Story Begins To-Day. Don't Miss It!

OUR SPLENDID LONG COMPLETE SCHOOL STORY.



Foes of the Remove!

EXCUSEZ moi, mon ami!"

"Eh?"

Jack Drake looked round in surprise, as he was addressed in French in the Greyfriars quadrangle. It was Napoleon Dupont, of the Remove, who addressed him.

The French junior made a low and elaborate bow. Not all the chipping he laborated in the Greyfriars Remove could wean Napoleon Dupont from his polished Parisian manners.

Drake grinned. He was still new at Greyfriars, but he had seen Napoleon several times, and had been rather entertained by him. This was the first time he had come into direct contact with the French youth, however.

"Go it," he said.

"Mais oui!"

"You speak English, surely," said Drake. "Tip it in French, if you like, but I don't guarantee that you'll understand my answers. I'll try! Pourquoy venez vous parler à moi, what?"

Dupont grinned in his turn.

"Excusez!" he said. "I speak a small English—in fact, I have ze accent verree good, but ze words sometimes manque. When I shall have ze words at command, you shall not know zat it is not English person zat speak."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I am second!" explained Dupont.

"Which?"

"I have ze honair to be second."

"Do you mean—that the thump do you mean?" asked Jack Drake. "You're not in the Second Form."

"Non, non! Je suis—I am second to Bolsover, who is my study-mate. It is zat you are going to fight ze Bolsover, and I am second."

"Oh! I see, you're Bolsover's second," said Drake, comprehending. "All serene. Go ahead."

"It is necessaire zat I see your second, to make ze arrangements for ze combat," said Dupont. "You meet Bolsover major to-day?"

"Any time you like," yawned Drake. "Rodney will be my second. Come along and see him."

"Avec plaisir, mon ami."

Napoleon Dupont trotted along with Drake, as he crossed the quadrangle in search of his chum. Dick Rodney was helping a crowd of Remove fellows to punt an old footer about, to keep themselves warm and to get an appetite for dinner. He came out of the crowd as Drake called to him.

"Anything on?" he asked.

"Only a fight with Bolsover major."

"Only!" said Rodney.

"You remember we had a row in the dormitory last night," said Drake, carelessly. "Bolsover is thirsting for gore, it seems, and we are going to scrap. Dupont is his second—you're mine. Catch

on? Fix it up how you like, when you like, and where you like."

And Jack Drake plunged into the punt-about with the Removites, leaving the two seconds together.

Dick Rodney wore a worried look.

He was far from regarding the matter as lightly as his chum. Bolsover major, the burly and muscular bully of the Remove, was a very hefty antagonist for anyone to tackle; and though Rodney had faith in his chum, he did not feel at all sure about the result of the encounter. But he knew that it had to be. A fight with Bolsover major had been looming, as it were, over Jack Drake ever since that cheery youth had arrived at Greyfriars; and now matters had come to a head.

Napoleon Dupont bestowed a graceful bow upon Dick Rodney.

"Vot sallah we make ze time, mon ami?" he asked.

"After lessons, of course," said Rodney. "Say at half-past four—"

"And ze place?"

"In the gym."

Napoleon shook his head.

"In ze gym zere will be interruption," he said. "Peut-etre—perhaps some prefect he come down viz bang on us—Wingate, perhaps—stop ze fight. Vat do you say to ze Rag?"

"In the Rag, if you like," assented Rodney. "Gloves on, of course. I'll have my man there at half-past four."

The French junior nodded.

"Ja vous remercie, mon ami—I zank you," said Napoleon. "My principal he sall be zere."

And Napoleon Dupont bestowed another graceful bow upon Rodney, and ambled away to acquaint his principal with the result of his embassy. He found Bolsover major toasting his toes at the fire in the common-room.

"Well," grunted Bolsover major, as Dupont came up. "Is the cad trying to get out of it now?"

"Non! He meet you at four hours and demi in ze Rag."

"Good," said Bolsover major, rubbing his hands. "I'll make him sorry for his cheek."

"Mon ami—"

"I'll jolly well hammer him."

"Mon cher ami—"

"Well, what are you burbling about, Nap?" asked Bolsover.

There was something like friendship between the burly Bolsover and the slim French junior—perhaps it was the attraction of opposites, for no two fellows could have been more unlike. Bolsover's strong arm had saved Napoleon from many a rough joke among the juniors; and Napoleon, on his side, had a great admiration for the stature and strength of his burly "ami." He was probably the only fellow in the Form with whom the bully never quarrelled.

"You're not going to ask me to let

him off?" growled Bolsover. "No good, if you do. I won't."

"I zink you are too big for him, mon ami," said Dupont. "Zere is proverb zat it is good to have ze strength of ze giant, but verree bad to use it like one giant. N'est ce pas?"

Bolsover major grunted.

"He shouldn't have cheeked me!" he answered.

"Mais—but—"

"No good, Nap—I'm going to smash him. He's too cheeky by half," said Bolsover major. "What he wants is a jolly good hammering. That's what he's going to get. Nuff said!"

And Bolsover lounged out of the common-room before Napoleon could say any more. The tender-hearted Dupont shook his head, and sighed.

"Zat pauvre Drake, he vill be smash!" he murmured. "Helas! Zere is nozing for him unless he make ze apologise—and he vill not make ze apologise—he is too entête—piggy-headed. I do not wish to see him smash—zat is too mooch—perhaps—"

Napoleon reflected.

A smile came over his face as he reflected, and he nodded his head vigorously several times. Napoleon desired very much to act the kindly part of a peacemaker, and he thought he had found a way.

The Peacemaker!

HARRY WHARTON joined Drake as the Removites came out after dinner that day. The brow of the Captain of the Remove was very thoughtful.

"I hear you are going to fight Bolsover," he remarked.

"That's so."

"You're no match for him," said Harry.

"We shall see," smiled Drake.

"Nothing against you, you know—but you're not," said Wharton. "There are very few fellows in the Remove who can stand up to Bolsover—Bob Cherry, and Johnny Bull, and Squiff, and perhaps myself. He has licked Fifth Form fellows. Now, Bolsover's planted this on you, and if you like, we'll see to it that it goes no further. Bolsover isn't allowed to bully fellows just as the spirit moves him—and if you like, we'll warn him off. You're not called on to scrap with a fellow half a head taller than yourself, and as strong as a horse."

"Thanks," answered Drake, cordially enough. "But I'd rather go through with it. I know Bolsover's a big handful. But a fellow can only get licked, anyhow."

"A licking from Bolsover is not a small matter," remarked Frank Nugent. "Better think twice."

"That's all right—I'd rather go on with it. Besides, it's fixed up now."

"Just as you like," said Wharton, with a nod. "Anyhow, we'll be on the scene, and you can chuck it any time you wish. But I think you're taking on rather too big an order—you're not exactly a giant, you know."

Wharton and Nugent walked on, and Drake was looking round for Rodney, when he was caught by the sleeve. He turned to see the French junior at his elbow.

"One word viz you, mon ami," said Dupont.

"Two, if you like," answered Drake, with a smile.

"Mon ami Bolsover—my friend—he is verree angry—"

"Let him rip!"

"But if you shall send ze apologise—"

"The what?"

"Ze apologise."

"Oh, an apology," said Drake, laughing. "If Bolsover waits for an apology from me, the waitfulness will be terrific, as Inky would say."

"You send him one leetle message," said Dupont, persuasively.

"Oh, certainly. Tell him——" Drake paused.

"Oui?" said Dupont, eagerly.

"Tell him he's a beastly bully——"

"Vat?"

"And that what he wants is a hiding——"

"Mais——"

"And that I'll do my best to give him one. Is that enough?"

"Mon ami, if you will say zat you are sorry, zen, perhaps, I can arrange ze affair——"

"Bow-wow!"

"But zink a leetle," urged Dupont. "Zis punching on ze nose he is verree painful. Ecoutez——"

"I'm sorry Bolsover is such a rotten bully," said Drake, laughing. "Is that good enough?"

And he walked away, leaving Dupont shaking his head. The peacemaker did not seem likely to have an easy task of it.

"But he say he is sorry!" murmured Dupont. "I mention zat to Bolsover, and not add ze rest. I zink he vill do."

And Napoleon trotted away to find Bolsover, who was in his usual place loafing by the fire.

"Mon ami, he is all right!" announced Dupont.

"What's all right?"

"Drake say he is sorry."

Bolsover started.

"My only hat! Do you mean to say he wants to get out of it after all?" he exclaimed.

"I tell him you zat ze apologise is enoff, and he say he is sorry," said Napoleon, diplomatically. "He say some more, but zat is enough. Now you vill not smash zat pauvre gargon."

Bolsover snorted with scorn.

"If he wants to crawl out, let him," he answered. "I'd be knocked into little bits before I'd send a fellow an apology."

"But now he say he is sorry, you say zat you are sorry, and zen it vill be all right, vat you call top-hole," said the peacemaker.

"I'm sorry he's a sneaking coward, as it's a disgrace to the Remove," grunted Bolsover major. "You can tell him that if you like."

"Verree good. And zere be no fight?"

"Not if the cad's afraid."

"Zat all right zen."

Napoleon trotted off once more, and found Drake and Rodney in the quadrangle. He came up with a beaming face.

"Zere vill be no fight!" he said.

"Hallo! How's that?" asked Drake.

"Bolsover say he is sorry."

"Great Scott!"

"Is that a message from Bolsover?" asked Dick Rodney, in great astonishment.

"Mais oui, and he say zere be no fight."

Drake whistled.

"Blessed if I should have suspected Bolsover of cold feet," he said. "He's a beastly bully, but I shouldn't have taken him for a funk."

"It is all right—yes?" said Dupont.

"Oh, certainly; it's all off."

"Verree good."

Napoleon retired in great glee. The fight was off, and he had succeeded in establishing peace.

He congratulated himself upon the success of his diplomacy.

When the Remove came into the schoolhouse for afternoon lessons, Drake and Bolsover major exchanged a glance.

Bolsover's glance expressed the most heart-felt scorn, which perplexed Drake a little. There was no mistaking the import of Bolsover's look; but scorn from a fellow who had "cried off" was rather puzzling. As Drake felt considerably scornful himself—from the same reason—he curled his lip contemptuously in reply to Bolsover's look.

Then they went into the Form-room.

"What time are you scrapping with Bolsover, Drake?" Bob Cherry inquired, as Drake dropped into his place on the form.

"It's off!" explained Drake.

"Oh! Good," said Bob.

"He, he, he!" came from Billy Bunter. "Who's a funk?"

Drake looked at him.

"What does that mean, Bunter?" he asked, picking up a ruler.

"Oh, nothing," said Bunter hurriedly.

"Nothing at all! I—I don't think you're a funk, Drake. I don't really! In fact——"

Mr. Quelch entered the Form-room just then, much to Billy Bunter's relief. That afternoon Napoleon Dupont wore an unusually beaming smile. He was more than usually pleased with himself. It was said of old that the peacemakers were blessed; and although Napoleon's methods had been rather extraordinary, he felt that the end justified the means. But the end, as it happened, was not yet.

Peace or War!

"WHAT the thump——" ejaculated Drake.

The Remove had been dismissed, and in the corridor, Bolsover major passed Jack Drake and Rodney, who were talking to the Famous Five, in a little group. As he passed, Bolsover major elevated his rather thick nose, in a sneer that was most expressive. He passed by with curling lip, and his noise in the air.

Drake stared after him.

"Did you fellows see that?" he asked.

"Ahem!" murmured Harry Wharton.

"But what's the matter with him?" asked Drake, in wonder. "I suppose it isn't St. Vitus?"

"Ha, ha!"

Jack Drake stared after Bolsover, greatly inclined to follow him and demand an explanation. But Rodney drew him away. The chums went to No. 3 Study to tea, where Ogilvy and Russell soon joined them. Both the latter looked at Jack Drake rather curiously.

"So your fight's not coming off?" said Ogilvy.

"No."

"Rather up against this study," remarked Russell.

"I don't see that," answered Drake.

"Of course, Bolsover's too much for you," agreed Russell. "But you ought really to have thought of that before

you fixed up the scrap. Backing out of it afterwards is rather rotten, you know."

"I've not backed out of it, fathead," exclaimed Drake, angrily. "Bolsover said he was sorry, and that's an end to it."

"Bolsover did?" exclaimed Russell, with wide-open eyes.

"Yes."

"Draw it mild."

Drake's eyes gleamed.

"If you mean that you don't take my word, Russell——" he began.

"Oh, don't get on the high-horse," said Russell. "I've heard another account of it, that's all. I've heard that you told Bolsover that you were sorry."

"Well, that's not true," snapped Drake.

"Hem! I heard it from Kipps——"

"Kipps is a silly ass, then."

"I understood that Bolsover told him."

"That's rot."

"Oh, all right," said Russell. "I take your word, of course."

"I heard from Bunter——" murmured Ogilvy.

"But what you heard from Bunter," exclaimed Drake, irritably. "I'm fed-up with the subject."

"Keep your wool on, old top," said Ogilvy, soothingly. "If you've got an apology out of Bolsover major, you're the first fellow that's ever done it, and I don't catch on. That's all."

Drake grunted, and said no more. But there was rather an uncomfortable atmosphere in No. 3. Study during tea. After tea, the juniors went down to the common-room—and near the door of that apartment, Billy Bunter rolled up to Drake, with an air of mysterious warning.

"You're not going in there, are you, Drake?" he asked.

"Yes, ass; why not?"

"Bolsover's there!"

"What difference does that make?" asked Drake impatiently.

"Ain't you afraid?" inquired Bunter.

Jack Drake breathed hard.

"You born idiot!" he said in measured tones. "What is there to be afraid of?"

"Eh? Bolsover, of course. He says——"

"Hang what he says!"

"He's says he's let you off once, but you'd better not come near him, or he'll pull your ear," said Bunter.

"What!" roared Drake, furiously.

"That's what he says——"

"My hat! I'll——"

Drake was striding savagely towards the common-room doorway, when Rodney caught his arm.

"Hold on, old fellow—don't take any notice of Bunter's tattle. You know what Bunter is."

"Oh, really, Rodney——" exclaimed the Owl of the Remove warmly.

Drake calmed a little.

"That's so," he said. "Still—well, come on. I'm not going to look for trouble on that fat idiot's word, of course."

The chums entered the common-room, followed by Ogilvy and Russell and Bunter. Drake had resolved not to let Bunter's remarks precipitate trouble; but his look was not amiable, and he was far from being in a peaceable mood. The beaming smile he received across the room from Napoleon Dupont did not help much to placating him.

Dupont was playing draughts with Bolsover major—and the latter looked up at once when Drake entered, and his nose turned up.

Drake caught his look, and drew a deep breath. He was not in the humour for any more of Bolsover major's scornful glances. He strode across to the draughts-table.

"Cut off!" said Bolsover. "I've

promised to pull your ear if you come near me, you rotter."

"Mon ami—" murmured Dupont.

Drake's eyes blazed.

"So you did say so?" he exclaimed.

"Certainly I did, and I'll do it, too, if you come in reach," retorted the bully of the Remove. "I won't fight you, if you're afraid."

"Afraid!" yelled Drake.

"Well, sending a chap a message that you're sorry, instead of standing up to him, looks a trifle afraid, doesn't it?" sneered Bolsover.

"Why, I—I—I—" stuttered Drake.

Napoleon Dupont looked the picture of distress. His unhappy diplomacy was already tumbling down about his ears.

"Mes amis—" he ejaculated, imploringly. "Say no more! Zat is enoff—he is more zan enoff! Je voue prie—"

"It's a lie, Bolsover," said Jack Drake between his teeth. "I never sent you any message of the sort. You sent me a message that you were sorry—"

"What?" bawled Bolsover major.

"And I think you're a funk," shouted Drake.

Bolsover leaped to his feet.

The faced each other across the draughts-table with gleaming eyes and flushed cheeks. There was a rush of the Remove to gather round. Napoleon Dupont was on his feet too, vainly interposing.

"It's a lie!" bawled Bolsover major. "You cried off because you were in a blue funk—"

"You cried off because you were in a funk," shouted Drake. "Dupont gave me your message—"

"Dupont gave me your message!" yelled Bolsover.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, it's Dupont that got it mixed," exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Calm yourselves, my infants—lots of time to hammer one another's bokoes yet, if you want to."

"Let Dupont speak," exclaimed Drake. "Dupont, didn't you tell me that Bolsover said he was sorry, and the fight was off?"

"Mais oui—"

"What?" howled Bolsover major. "You told me Drake said he was sorry, and the fight was off!"

"Mais oui."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "Nap has been doing the giddy peacemaker stunt."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mes amis—my cher friends," exclaimed Napoleon. "I say some of ze message on bofe sides, but not all of him, so zat zere is peace."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Vy for you vill scrap?" continued Napoleon. "Shake you ze hand instead of ze punch nose."

"You silly chump!" roared Bolsover major. "You made out that I was funky."

"Non, non! I—"

"You shrieking idiot!" said Drake. "You let that silly bullying hooligan think I was funky."

"Mon ami—"

"You—you—you ass!" roared Bolsover major, and he seized the hapless peacemaker by his slim shoulders, and shook him forcibly. "If you weren't my chum, I'd jolly well hammer you. You ass."

"Yaroo! Mon Dieu! Leave off to shake!" shrieked Dupont, as his teeth rattled together. "Oh, I am keel! Leave me off to shake! Yah! Help! A moi! A moi! Au secours!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors. Bolsover major impatiently hurled his hapless chum away, and he crashed into Drake.

It was rather unfortunate for him, for that other victim of the diplomatic peacemaker was equally exasperated.

He grasped Napoleon by the shoulders in his turn, and proceeded to shake him with vigour and wrath.

"You howling ass!"

"Ah! Mon Dieu! I am fearfully shake! Au secours!" wailed Napoleon. "Will you leave off to shake? Yaroo! Helps!"

"Sit down, you ass!"

Napoleon sat down—on the floor, with a heavy bump. He sat there and gasped for breath.

"Oh, dear! Oh, ze crumbs! Non Dieu! I am shake to all pieces viz myself! I suffair! Oh! Ah! Ow!"

"Now, you rotter!" exclaimed Drake, turning on Bolsover major.

"Now, you cheeky cad!" retorted Bolsover major.

"Come on!"

"I'm ready!"

Harry Wharton rushed between, just in time.

"Not here, you duffers—you'll have Quelchry on your necks, in a brace of shakes. Come along to the Rag. Some of you fellows get the gloves ready."

Nearly all the Remove, and a crowd of the Fourth, adjourned to the Rag—and on the heels of the crowd limped poor Napoleon Dupont—still gasping for breath, and looking woeful and distressed. Such was the outcome of his effort at peacemaking—the outcome that he really might have expected. And as he gasped and spluttered, Napoleon made up his much-shaken mind that he would never play the rôle of peacemaker any more.

A Fight to a Finish!

"LOCK the door!" said Bob Cherry.

That was a necessary preliminary. Interruptions were not wanted in the Rag on an occasion like the present.

There was a crowd in the Rag—where there was plenty of room for them. The ring was formed at one end of the big room. Basins of water, sponges, and towels had been smuggled in, as well as the boxing gloves. All was ready for the "scrap."

There was keen interest in that scrap, on the part of all the juniors. Jack Drake had given some signs of quality as a fighting-man already, and Bolsover major's powers were well known. That the new junior would succeed in licking the bully of the Remove, was not to be

expected; but certainly he had the best wishes of nearly all the Remove.

Napoleon Dupont performed the duties of a second for Bolsover major, though with a reproachful look on his face. He had not quite recovered from the shaking yet.

Bolsover, in his shirt-sleeves, and with the gloves on, strode into the ring with his usual swaggering air. Harry Wharton had his watch in his hand.

"Seconds out of the ring," he said. "Now, two-minute rounds, and one-minute rests. Ready?"

"Yes," growled Bolsover. "I reckon one round will be enough for that cheeky cad, though."

"Ready!" said Jack Drake.

"Time!"

Dick Rodney watched his chum anxiously as the fight started. Bolsover major had every advantage of height, weight, and reach—he was a great deal bigger than Drake, as well as older. But Bolsover was accustomed to depending chiefly on brute strength, and his skill was not of the first order by any means; while Jack Drake had been the best junior boxer on board the school-ship Benbow. It was skill against strength; though Drake was sturdy and strong enough, if it came to that.

Bolsover major's object was to get close to his adversary and hammer him; and had he been allowed to have his way, possibly one round would have been sufficient to finish the combat, as Bolsover averred.

But Drake was too careful for that; and he stalled off his bulky adversary quite successfully, giving ground, and escaping by a light side-spring when Bolsover got too near.

Bolsover's powerful drives found nothing to stop them—sometimes they wore knocked up, and sometimes they were wasted in the empty air. He paused, close on the end of the round, and gasped and glared.

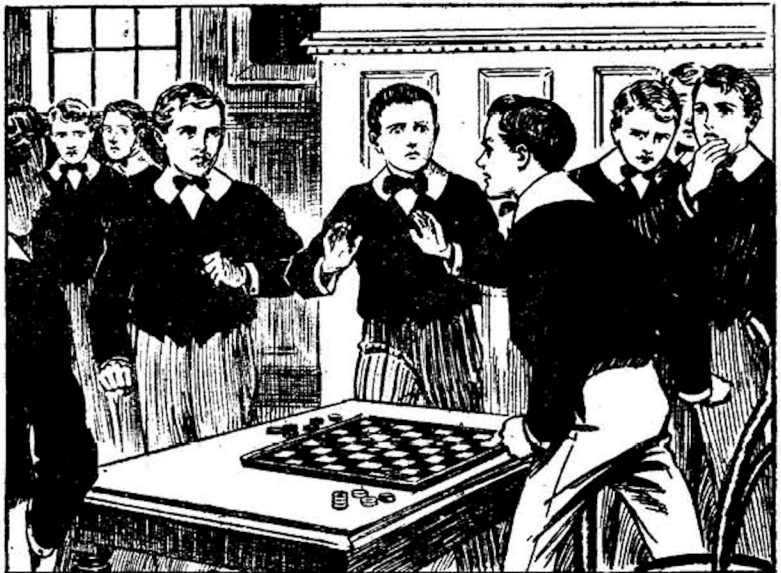
"Call this fighting!" he snorted.

"Yah! You-yaroooooooh!"

Drake rushed in, and his right landed on Bolsover's nose, and interrupted his remarks. The bully of the Remove staggered back, and Drake's left came crashing on his chin, and stretched him on the floor, on his back. The crash of his fall resounded through the Rag.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Bolsover!"

(Continued on page 17.)



Bolsover and Drake faced each other across the draughts-table with gleaming eyes and flushed cheeks. There was a rush of the Remove to gather round.

DUPONT THE PEACEMAKER

(Continued from page 11.)

down!" roared Bob Cherry, in great surprise.

"Time!" rapped out Harry Wharton. "Ow!" murmured Bolsover, feeling his nose and chin. "Oh! My hat!"

"Mon pauvre ami," "Oh, chuck that!"

"You was careless, mon ami," said Dupont. "You talk instead of to fight—zat is silly. You talk too much, mon ami."

"Ass! Dry up!" "Next time you keep ze mouth shut, isn't it."

"I'll shut your mouth for you, if you don't cheese it," growled Bolsover major. His second wisely "cheesed" it.

"Time!" Bolsover major came up to time with a savage gleam in his eyes.

But Drake had the best of the second round, and Bolsover experienced some severe punishment, without getting home on his adversary.

But in the third round Bolsover major's chance came, and he was able to get home with heavy hammering. Bolsover's blows, when they came home, were terrific, and the juniors looked on in breathless silence, as they heard them ring. Only the call of time saved Jack Drake from the knock-out.

But the call came, and Rodney led him to the corner of the ring.

Drake gasped for breath. He smiled faintly as he read his chum's look.

"All serene!" panted Drake. "That was a bad turn—but— Oh, my nose!"

Rodney sponged his blazing face. The call of time came all too soon; but Drake stepped up willingly enough.

Hammer and tongs went the fourth round. There was heavy punishment on both sides now.

"This finishes it," said Skinner.

"I guess it does let that galoot out, some!" remarked Fisher T. Fish.

But Skinner and Fishy were quite mistaken. The fifth round followed, and then the sixth. And in the sixth, Bolsover major very evidently had "bellows to mend," while Drake still seemed fresh, and quite sound in wind at least.

"Seventh round!" said Johnny Bull, as Wharton called "time" again. "That new kid is game, anyhow."

"Blessed if I don't begin to think so," said Bob Cherry.

"Time!" Seven rounds were over, and undoubtedly both the combatants looked groggy as they rested in their corners.

But neither of them was feeling like surrender, and Wharton called "time" for the eighth round. Both of them came up rather slowly to the scratch, but they came up.

Bolsover major's heavy plunges were wilder and clumsier than ever now, and his lighter adversary almost danced round him. Blow after blow came home on Bolsover's flushed, crimson face, and his clumsy drives in return beat nothing but the air.

The bully of the Remove gritted his teeth and rushed in. He was almost rushing Drake down, when the latter sprang nimbly aside, and as Bolsover turned clumsily upon him, he met the bully of the Remove with a terrific right-hander on the point of the jaw. Bolsover spun over as if he had been shot, and crashed on the floor.

Bolsover lay gasping. "The blow he had received would have felled a Sixth-former easily enough, and it had told terribly on Bolsover, powerful as he was. He felt his jaw feebly with his gloved hands as he lay.

Harry Wharton counted. At nine, Bolsover made a feeble effort to rise. But his head was spinning, and he lurched over and fell on his side.

"Out!"

"Drake wins!" "Bravo, Drake!"

Jack Drake stood a little unsteadily on his "pins." He could have gone on, but he was glad, from the bottom of his heart, that the terrific combat was over. Harry Wharton put back his watch. "Counted out!" he said. "Look after him, Nap!"

Napoleon rushed to the side of his fallen chum, with tears of ready Gallic emotion glistening in his eyes.

"Mon pauvre ami!" he moaned. Bolsover major sat up unsteadily.

"Think I can't take a licking?" snorted Bolsover. "Yah! Help me to get up, and don't play the goat."

Napoleon endeavoured to repress his emotion as he helped Bolsover major to his feet.

Jack Drake had peeled off the gloves, and was sponging his face. Bolsover major lurched towards him, and eyed him grimly. "You've licked me," he grunted. "Not much of a licking," said Drake, cheerily. "I'm on my last lap, anyhow."

Bolsover seemed a little mollified by that remark. There was no trace of crowing about the victor. The bully of the Remove blinked at him painfully.

"You're a good man with your hands," he said. "I thought you were a funky cad. You ain't! I don't bear any malice for a stand-up fight! There's my fist on it."

"Good man!" said Drake. And he shook hands with Bolsover major cheerily enough.

"Bon! Bon! Bon!" exclaimed Napoleon Dupont in delight. "Now zat zere is peace, you are ze good friend, you embrace and kees, yes."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Fathead!" grunted Bolsover major. THE END.

Another of these grand long school stories in next week's issue of the "Boys' Herald."

THE TERROR OF THE RANGE

(Continued from page 5.)

animal round a wide circle which took him back to the paddock.

When he regained the ranch the broncho had recognised the hand of a master, and trotted submissively into the paddock.

Big Jake, who had been curiously watching the scene, did not join in the general round of applause with which the cowboys greeted Hardwick.

He was secretly infuriated that the newcomer had not, as he had planned, been made a laughing stock by the dangerous tricks of the ranch's most uncontrollable broncho.

"That feller's no Tenderfoot. He can ride. Now, what's his game?" he said to a cowboy standing near-by.

And he slouched back to his bunkhouse with the smouldering hate in his heart for Hardwick increased by the morning's events.

Meanwhile, reports continued to pour in telling of new raids by the wolf-faced leader and his murderous pack.

Hardwick made cautious inquiries amongst his friends in the bunkhouse, but was unable to extract the tiniest clue as to the identity of the Terror of the Range.

If they had any theories, they carefully kept them to themselves, for the mysterious hand of the Terror had a way of wreaking its vengeance on any who took an undue personal interest in tracking him down.

Tom Nurdyke, Martin's paralysed and speechless partner puzzled the Secret Service man. The eloquent expression in his eyes when his paralysed tongue endeavoured to speak, seemed

to suggest that the old man had some great secret which he was struggling to reveal.

If only his lips could have spoken he could have told the world of the haunting secret which was locked in his heart. Had those around him only known of the tragedy which had wrecked his life, they would have understood why he continually sat and gazed at the aged oil painting of his wife. It was all that the sorely stricken man had left in life. This reminder of his unclouded, happy days, when he had lived the life of a prosperous rancher surrounded with the love of his devoted wife and daughter.

Then came the curse of the Terror of the Range.

The haunting, horrible events of that tragic night which changed his care-free, happy existence into a life of hell were ever in Tom Nurdyke's mind, unable to give expression through his withered tongue and his shrivelled hands which were robbed of their power to write.

It was midnight, and the Terror's pack was on the prowl. Suddenly they swept down on the ranch of Tom Nurdyke and pillaged and murdered. Nurdyke single-handed fought for his wife and home, but he was shot and left for dead. When he came to in terrible agony from the wound which had rendered him paralysed and dumb, his house was in flames and his wife lying dead across a table where she had been writing to Thelma, who in reality was her daughter, telling of great riches belonging to her. In the silence of the long nights of bodily agony Tom Nurdyke raised his shrivelled hands to heaven and cursed the memory of the Terror of the Range and prayed that vengeance might be his.

And as Tom Nurdyke writhed on his bed in pain tortured by physical suffering and the tragic memories of the past, unknown to him, the Terror of the Range prowled near-by.

A gleam of moonlight which shed its lustre across the silent bunkhouse revealed the skulking form of a black-cloaked man with his features hidden by the head of a wolf.

The Terror was on the prowl. Stealthily he crept along the bunkhouse wall, lurking in the shadows with his menacing head moving quickly from side to side, as two glittering eyes sought for any signs of life on the silent ranch.

He cautiously peered through the bunkhouse window, and his eyes found what he sought. Sitting near the stove, with his back to the window, was Hardwick, unaware of the menacing danger lurking near.

A revolver flashed in the moonlight, and the glittering eye of the Terror glanced along the sights. He had found what he had planned more simple than he had thought. In another second he would remove from his path the man whom his spies had told him was trailing him in the name of the law. A resounding crash echoed over the stillness of the sleeping ranch, as the revolver of the Terror smashed the glass in the window.

Startled into action by the sound, Hardwick jumped to his feet and swung round towards the window just as the finger of the masked Terror pulled the trigger.

NEXT WEEK: This baffling mystery story of the Wild West will be continued in next Tuesday's "Boys' Herald." Order your copy early!