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# The BOYS' HERALD

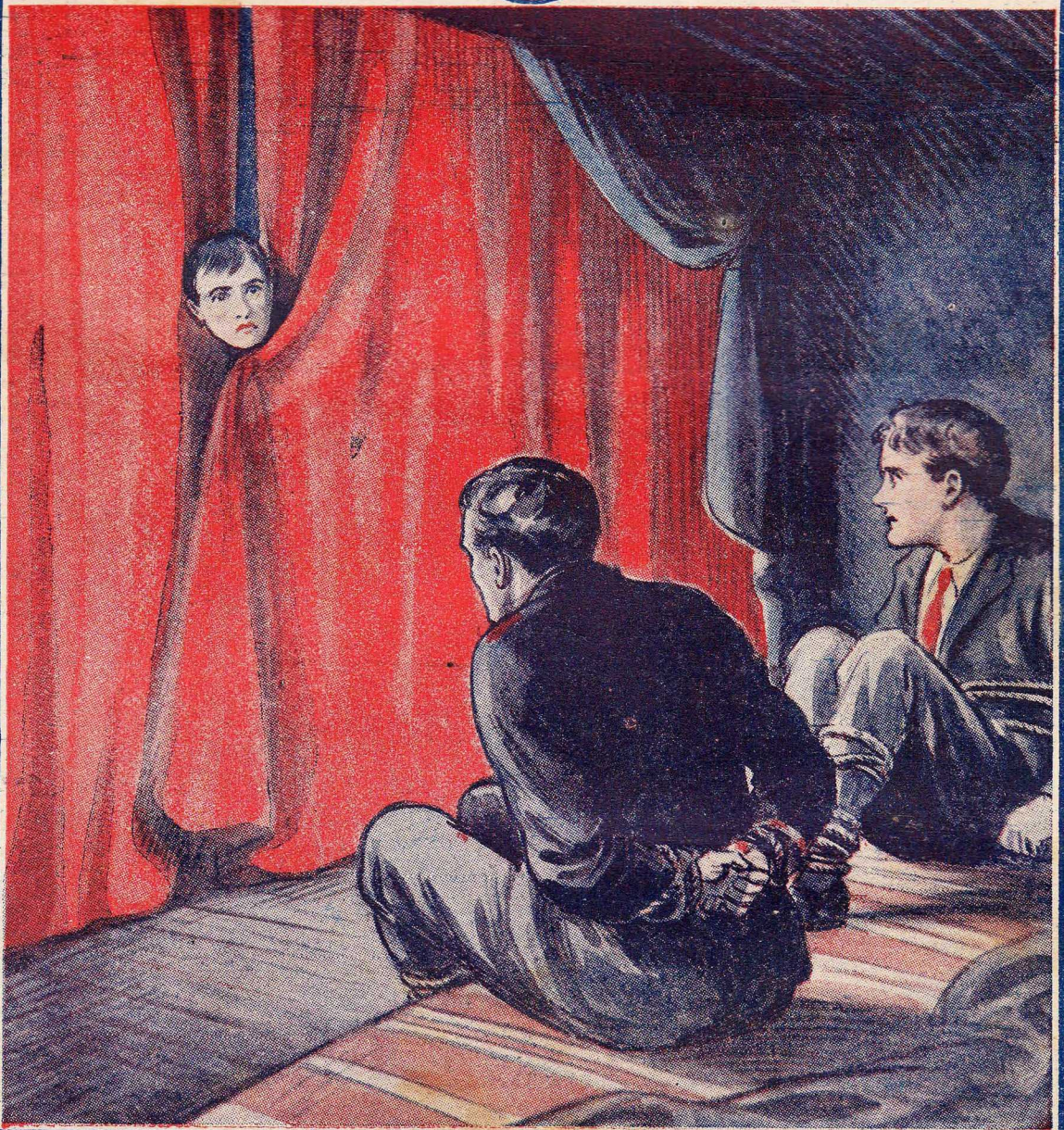
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A STIRRING SCENE FROM OUR LONG COMPLETE STORY.

Another Splendid Portrait Study Given Free.

**EDITORIAL.**

My dear Chums,—I expect you will soon nickname the BOYS' HERALD the paper of continual surprises. This week I have another announcement of great interest to make to you all. The fine summer days will soon be with us, and your thoughts will all be upon the glorious open air. Therefore I have decided to include in the BOYS' HERALD a special supplement dealing with every sport and pastime which you are interested in. This new feature will be conducted by Lariat Pete, the popular cowboy author, and the articles in this department will deal with camping, caravanning, ranching, tracking, swimming, cycling, cricket, and, in fact, everything dealing with open-air life. This splendid new feature, which will appear under the heading of "Hurrah! for the Great Outdoors," will appear in an early issue of the BOYS' HERALD. So you must all look out for it. It is just the sort of thing you will delight in during the summer season. I am glad that our new story, "The Lure of Gold," has proved so popular with all my readers. There will be another splendid issue of the BOYS' HERALD next week, and you must order your copy quite early to make quite sure of getting it. Have you won one of the big Tuck Hampers yet?

YOUR EDITOR.

**ANSWERS TO READERS.****THE GREYFRIARS PORTRAITS.**

T. M. writes from Paris, "I am an Italian girl reader, and I think it is a splendid idea to give a series of portraits of the boys of Greyfriars. British schoolboys remind me of the Spartans, who used to stand for truth and loyalty. You remember how the King of Sparta likened his veterans to bricks in a fortress. I know that is why good fellows are called 'bricks.' I admire the discipline of British schools. Your stories contain the best of morals. I shall be very glad to see all the fine fellows, whom one knows so well through reading the tales."

This is one of many tributes to the yarns which reach me from France and Italy.

**A LETTER FROM BALMAIN.**

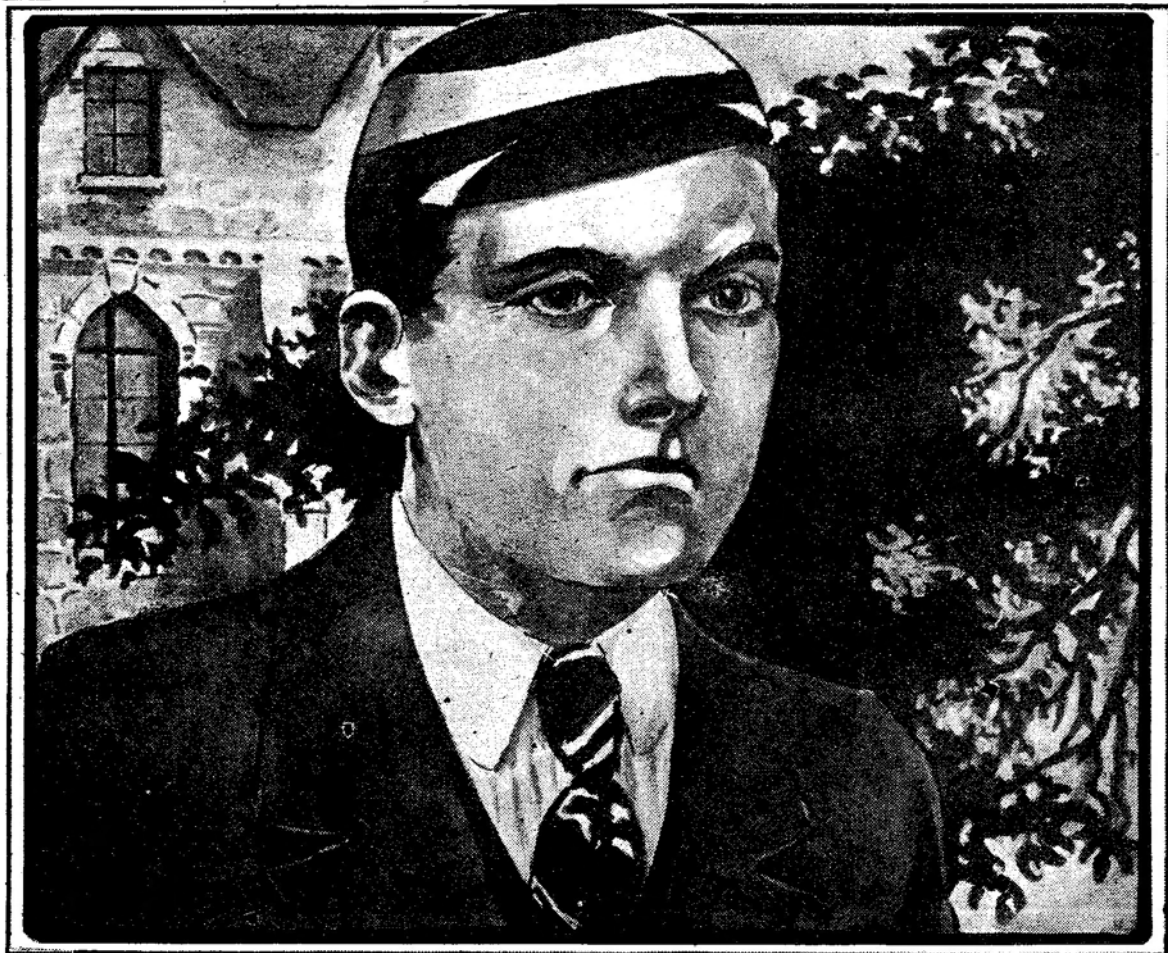
G. H. writes from Balmain, Sydney, Australia: "I would like to let you know, Mr. Editor, how I am getting on, but I can't write much. King Billy is writing this letter for me. Billy was the first black man to shake hands with the governor. You ought to see the medals he has got. I went to meet him when he went to Sydney. I spilt the black ink yesterday, so Billy is writing this in red. I would like to show you my horse."

My correspondent is a firm believer in the "Gem" as well as in King Billy, though, of course, he has a kindly sort of feeling for the other King Billy—Bunter, whose portrait will shortly appear in the BOYS' HERALD.

**A BRIGHT IDEA.**

"Enterprise," Stourport, writes: "I may as well start right away and tell you that I think the 'Boys' Herald' is topping. I am very keen on yarns like the 'Terror of the Range.' Now I want to ask your opinion of a stunt a chum and I mean to work this coming summer. We intend to make it a holiday as well as a business proposition. Our plan is to give travelling cinema shows. We have saved up fifty pounds between us, and can borrow a motor-bike with a side-car, while we have a chance of getting the cinematographic plant, with some good reels complete. Would there be any harm in giving shows at far-away villages? I suppose there would be barns, or sheds we could hire? I feel sure there is money in the scheme."

My correspondent would have, I believe, to get local permission wherever he went, and there would be many more difficulties to overcome, which are not apparent at once. I wish him and his chum good luck.



**THE "BOYS' HERALD" BOYS.—No. 2. PERCY BOLSOVER, the Bully of the Remove.**  
(Another splendid portrait next week.)

Our Magnificent, Long Complete Story of the Chums of Greyfriars School.



# False Accusation!

(ANOTHER SPLENDID PORTRAIT STUDY NEXT WEEK.)

### Trouble in the Remove!

HERE was a buzz of voices in the junior common-room at Greyfriars, when Wingate of the Sixth looked in.

"Cave!" murmured Harry Wharton, as the Sixth Form prefect loomed up in the doorway.

And the excited buzz died away at once.

Wingate glanced curiously at the group of Removites. The Famous Five were there, and six or seven other fellows, in a group by themselves, and evidently engaged in excited discussion—though the discussion ceased at the sight of Wingate.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Is it dorm., Wingate?" called out Bob Cherry.

"Yes."  
"Right!" said Bob. "Gentlemen, chaps, and fellows, it's time to get a move on. Mustn't keep Wingate waiting."

Wingate looked rather suspicious. "Anything on here?" he demanded. "On?" repeated Wharton vaguely. "You seemed mighty busy when I looked in."

"Only giving our chins a little exercise, Wingate," said Vernon-Smith. "We're not plotting a plot against the high and mighty Sixth. You can sleep calmly in your little bunk to-night."

Wingate frowned, and some of the juniors grinned.

"Well, cut off to the dorm.!" he said.

The Removites trooped out of the common-room, followed by the Greyfriars captain. Whatever was the interesting question they had been discussing, not a word of it was uttered in the presence of the captain of the school. Apparently it was a matter that concerned the Remove solely.

Harry Wharton and Co. came into the Remove dormitory in a crowd. Wingate glanced over them as they went in, and noted that two were absent.

"Where are Drake and Rodney?" he asked.

"Still in their study, I believe," answered Harry Wharton, after a momentary hesitation.

"Why the thump don't they come up then?" snapped the prefect. "They know it's dorm. at half-past nine, I suppose. Go and tell them to come up at once, Wharton."

Wharton hesitated.

"Well, why don't you go?" demanded Wingate, staring at him.

"Oh, all right, I'm going!"

Harry Wharton hurried away down the corridor, and descended the stair to the Remove passage.

He tapped at the door of No. 3 Study. "Come in!" It was Dick Rodney's voice.

Wharton opened the door, but he did not enter.

Jack Drake was seated at the study table, leaning his elbow on it, his face white and set, his eyes staring at the dying fire. He did not look up.

Rodney looked at the new-comer with a grim and angry glance.

"What do you want?" he rapped out.

"Message from Wingate," answered Harry, quietly. "You're late for dorm. Better come up at once."

"Oh, I forgot the time."

Wharton turned away. Still Jack Drake did not move, and Rodney dropped his hand lightly on his chum's shoulder.

"Come on, Drake," he said gently.

"It's dorm. you know. You don't want Wingate here after you."

Drake stirred at last. He rose slowly to his feet, and seemed to be making an effort to pull himself together.

"I'm coming!" he muttered.

The two juniors left the study together.

Wingate frowned at them as they came up to the Remove dormitory.

"What the dickens are you hanging about for?" he demanded. "Hallo, Drake what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing!" said Drake in a low voice.

"You look as white as chalk."

"Do I?"

"Are you ill?" asked Wingate in perplexity.

"No."

"Then what's the matter?"

"Nothing!"

"Well, turn in," said the Greyfriars captain abruptly. "Back in ten minutes—don't keep me waiting."

And Wingate closed the door and went his way.

Jack Drake went towards his bed, looking neither to the right nor to the left.

Every eye in the dormitory was fixed on him, and most of the glances were scornful and contemptuous.

It was a new experience for Drake to run the gauntlet of a crowd of scornful eyes; and though he did not look up, he felt the scrutiny, and a flush crept into his pale cheeks.

"I say, you fellows!" came a squeak from Billy Bunter. "Don't leave your cash in your pockets to-night. You don't know what might happen to it before morning."

"Shut up, Bunter!" snapped Tom Redwing.

"Well, a chap who bags banknotes might have a fancy for loose change," said the Owl of the Remove. "Don't you think so, Wharton?"

"Oh, dry up," said Wharton.

"I don't know about putting my watch under my pillow to-night," said Bunter, in a very thoughtful way. "You see, it's a jolly valuable watch—the one my uncle gave twenty-five guineas for—"

"Your uncle was done, then!" said Vernon-Smith. "I could tell him where

to get watches like that for seven and six."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"I'm not going to leave any money about, I know," remarked Skinner.

"The trouble is, I'm rather a heavy sleeper," said Billy Bunter. "Chap might get my watch without waking me. I think I'd better ask Wingate to take care of it for me."

"You silly owl!" said Bob Cherry.

"If you say a word to Wingate about what's happened, I'll burst you."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Dry up, you owl!" snapped Rodney.

The fat junior blinked at Dick Rodney through his big glasses indignantly.

"It's all very well for you, Rodney—Drake's your pal, and may let your watch alone. But mine— Here, keep off, you beast!" roared Bunter in alarm, as Rodney strode towards him.

Smack!

Billy Bunter rolled on his bed, yelling.

Jack Drake had not looked round once, he seemed deaf to the remarks made in his hearing, bitter as they were. He seemed almost stunned by the black suspicion that had fallen upon him—by the fact that he was adjudged guilty of theft by all—or nearly all—his Form.

"Yow-ow-ow!" roared Bunter. "Keep off, you beast! I say, you fellows, make him keep off."

"Keep your paws to yourself, Rodney," growled Bolsover major. "You shouldn't pal with a thief—why, you fool, what are you up to?"

Bolsover major put up his hands as Rodney struck at him. The next moment they were fighting. Rodney had little chance against the burly Bolsover, but in his anger and indignation he seemed to have double strength, for the bully of the Remove went reeling back before his attack. Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry rushed to interpose, and they were dragged apart.

"Let me get at him!" roared Bolsover furiously.

"Order!"

"I tell you—"

"Let him come on!" said Rodney, between his teeth. "I'm ready to fight any fellow that calls Drake a thief."

"Keep that duffer back, Harry," said Bob Cherry. "Rodney, old man, you'll have plenty of fights on your hands if you take that line. You know as well as we do, what Drake has done."

"That's a lie."

"My hat! I'll—"

Bob controlled his wrath with difficulty. "Anyhow, Drake's going to be tried by the Form, and until then, the less said the better."

"Turn in all of you," said Harry Wharton. "Wingate will be back in a few minutes, and we don't want him to guess that there's anything on to-night."

"That cheeky cad has punched my jaw!" roared Bolsover major.

"Well, keep your jaw shut!" suggested Frank Nugent.

"Look here—"

"Order!" rapped out Harry Wharton. "Don't play the goat, Bolsover."

Bolsover major grunted angrily, but he gave in. Jack Drake, who was taking off his boots, had risen to his feet when his chum tackled the burly Remove bully, but he sat down again when the fight was stopped. He proceeded to turn in, quietly and sedately.

By the time Wingate of the Sixth came back to the dormitory, the Remove were all in bed.

They were very quiet, too—unusually quiet. Wingate glanced over the rows of beds and put his hand to the light switch.

"Good-night, kids!"

"Good-night, Wingate!"

The light went out, and the prefect closed the door and retired. One minute later, nearly all the Remove were sitting up in their beds.

### The Remove Court!

**H**ARRY WHARTON stepped out of bed and lighted a candle, a few minutes later. He went quietly to the door and listened. Wingate was quite gone—under the blissful impression that the Lower Fourth were settling down to sleep. But the Greyfriars Remove was thinking of anything but sleep. There was important business to be got through in the Remove dormitory that night before the Removes thought of slumber.

One by one the juniors stepped out of bed, and a bike lantern was lighted, and another candle or two. Only Jack Drake and Rodney remained in bed. But their eyes were wide open.

"Go it, Wharton!" said Vernon-Smith.

The Bounder of Greyfriars seemed in a cheery humour—a contrast to his chum, Tom Redwing, who looked gloomy and troubled. Redwing tried several times to catch the Bounder's eye—but Smithy avoided looking at him.

Harry Wharton glanced round.

"Most of you know what's on!" he said. "There's going to be a Form trial—"

"Hear, hear!"

Drake is accused of bagging a five-pound note belonging to the junior club. Some of us saw it found in his study. We shall give evidence. Some fellow who was not present at the time will be appointed judge."

"That's fair play!" said Johnny Bull.

"No deception, gentlemen!" remarked Skinner.

"All the other fellows will be on the jury, excepting the witnesses, of course," said the captain of the Remove. "Now sort yourselves out. Toddy had better be judge—he wasn't present—"

"Good!" said Peter Todd. "I can give you tips about the law, too."

"I say, you fellows, I shouldn't mind being judge," said Billy Bunter. "I wasn't present you know, and I shall find him guilty without wasting time—"

"Dry up, Bunter."

"Sort yourselves out," said Harry Wharton. "Jury on this bed—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Leave it to me," said Peter Todd, taking up his judicial functions on the spot. "I can arrange my own court, Wharton."

"Don't be an ass, Toddy, old chap."

"If you use such language here Wharton, I shall commit you for contempt of court," said Peter Todd calmly. "Gentlemen of the jury, you will kindly take your place in the jury-box."

"Where's the jury-box?" demanded Squiff.

"This bed is constituted the jury-box. The jury will sit on it, and stand round it, and hold their tongues till spoken to by the judge—like a real jury."

"Will we?" snorted Bolsover major.

"You're not a juryman, Bolsover—you're a witness," said Harry Wharton.

"Witnesses on this side," said Peter Todd. "They will kindly shut up till required to give evidence."

"The shut-upfulness shall be terrific, my esteemed and ridiculous Toddy!" said Hurree Singh.

Peter Todd sorted out his court.

The witnesses were almost as numerous as the jury, as a crowd of the Remove had been gathered round No. 3. Study when the banknote was discovered there.

The Famous Five were all among the witnesses, as well as Redwing, Bolsover major, and several other fellows. They took up their places, and Peter Todd prepared to preside. Harry Wharton stared at him as he tied a towel round his head.

"What on earth's that for?" demanded Wharton.

"Wig!" explained Toddy.

"You ass—"

"A judge cannot officiate without a wig—and this is an important occasion, and all proper ceremonies must be observed," said Peter Todd, tying the towel. "That's all right! Now we shall want two lawyers—one for the prosecution, and one for the defence."

"Oh, that's all rot!" said Bob Cherry.

"Silence in court!" said the judge severely. "Prisoner in the bed—I mean at the bar—have you appointed your counsel?"

Jack Drake did not reply. He was staring at the proceedings with a grim brow.

"Rodney, do you care to act as counsel for the defence?"

"Yes," answered Dick Rodney quietly.

Although there was an element of humour in the proceedings, Rodney realised that they had a very serious import. Jack Drake was going to be tried by his Form; and if he was found guilty, his life would not be worth living at Greyfriars afterwards. No one thought of reporting the affair to the Head. The Remove of Greyfriars was a law unto itself. They felt quite able to deal with the matter and to deal with the guilty party. The punishment, if irregular, was likely to be severe enough.

Rodney turned out of bed prepared to do the best he could for his chum. He, at least, had faith in him, however strong appearances might be against him.

"Counsel for the prosecution!" said Peter Todd, looking round. "Any offers?"

"I'm your man!" said Bunter.

"Shut up, Bunter."

"Oh, really, Toddy—"

"Smithy!" suggested Johnny Bull.

The Bounder shook his head.

"Leave me out!" he answered quickly.

"You'll be in the jury, anyhow," said Peter Todd. "Redwing, will you prosecute?"

"I'm a witness," said Tom Redwing.

"There's a thumping lot of witnesses in this case. Half the dashed Remove must have been on the scene," grunted Peter Todd. "Squiff—"

"I was there, too," said the Australian junior. "I saw the banknote—"

"Cheese it—you're not giving evidence yet. Tom Brown—"

"I'm foreman of the jury!" said the New Zealander.

"I guess I'm your mutton, if you like!" remarked Fisher T. Fish. "I reckon I'll pin down that guy, some."

"Fishty, then! Stand over there. Now, we're all ready," said the judge. "Bunter put that toffee away. Jurymen don't suck toffee when on duty. Drake, will you kindly get into the dock?"

"Oh, don't play the goat!" growled Jack Drake, speaking for the first time.

"Drake's bed is constituted the prisoner's box!" said Peter Todd calmly.

"Prisoner, you are now in the dock."

"Oh, rats!"

"Have him out!" roared Bolsover major.

"Dry up, Bolsover—the prisoner is in the dock. You're only a witness, and must not speak till called upon."

"I'll jolly well speak as much as I like!" answered Bolsover major truculently.

"If that witness does not behave, the jury are empowered to bump him on the floor of the court."

"Hear, hear!"

Bolsover major grunted and relapsed into silence. Dick Rodney whispered anxiously to his chum.

"You must speak up, Drake. The fellows have a right to go into the matter—and a Form trial is a custom here. Face the music, old chap."

Drake nodded. He had pulled himself together now, and he knew that his honour was at stake, and all his future at Greyfriars. He was prepared to stand up for himself.

"The court is now open!" said Peter Todd, shoving back the towel which fell over his rather long nose. "Gentlemen of the jury, you are about to try the prisoner, Drake, charged with boning a five-pound note. Prisoner at the bar, guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty!" answered Drake in a firm voice.

"The prisoner at the bar pleads not guilty. Counsel for the prosecution will now open his case!" said the judge with dignity.

### The Trial!

**J**ACK DRAKE sat up in bed, carefully watchful of the proceedings now. His first inclination had been to treat the whole affair with angry scorn; but it was clear to him now that that would not do. The Remove were in deadly earnest. They believed that there was a thief in their midst; and the thief was to be branded with his shame, if found guilty—and Drake realised that it behoved him to make his innocence clear if he could. By the verdict of the Remove he was to stand or fall.

Fisher T. Fish, much pleased to be in the limelight, opened his case for the prosecution.

"Prisoner, you are going to be cross-examined," he began. "You will answer my questions without any pesky prevarication. I guess that if you try to mosey around the point you will be brought up to the scratch in short order, just a few. Did you, or did you not, rag No. 1. Study this evening, the study belonging to Wharton and Nugent?"

"Yes. They had ragged my study, and I gave them tit for tat!" answered Drake.

"Never mind your motives. You ragged the study. Did you knock over a pesky old desk belonging to Frank Nugent?"

"Yes."

"Did it burst?"

"Yes."

"Did a drawer fall out, scattering the club funds around the horizon?"

"I didn't notice it, but those fellows say so."

"Never mind what they say. Did you see a banknote fall out?"

"No."

"You didn't pocket it?"

"I did not!" said Drake, flushing.

"You didn't take it to your study and hide it in a book in your desk?"

"No."

"How do you account for the banknote being found in your desk?"

"I don't account for it."

Fisher T. Fish shrugged his thin

shoulders, and gave an expressive glance at the jury. Fishy felt that he had a strong case, and that he was on the winning side—a side that Fisher T. Fish liked to be on.

"I guess I'll now call my witnesses who will prove that the banknotes was found in Drake's desk!" he continued.

"You needn't trouble!" said Drake. "I admit that the banknote was found in my desk. I saw it found."

"Oh, you don't deny that?"  
"I'm not denying anything that is true!" answered Drake quietly. "A dozen fellows saw the banknote found."

"Nugent!"  
"Hallo!" said Frank Nugent.  
"Did you identify the note found in Drake's desk as the note belonging to you, in your capacity as secretary and treasurer of the Remove club?"  
"I did!" answered Nugent.  
"In what way?"  
"By the number, which I noted down in my memo. book."

The prosecuting counsel proceeded to address the crowded bed on and around which the jurymen clustered.

"Gentlemen of the jury, I guess I present you with a clear case. This guy ragged No. 1. Study, and happened on the greenback. He reckoned he would annex the same, and he calculated he would hide it where it couldn't be found. I guess he sure did it. If you look at the sneaking, crouching, conscience-stricken ruffian in the dock, gentlemen—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Draw it mild," said Harry Wharton.  
"I guess I've got my own way of conducting a case, Wharton, and I'll thank you not to give me any tips," said the prosecuting counsel. "Gentlemen of the jury, cast your optics on the slouching, ungainly, truculent ruffian in the dock—a character, gentleman, evidently capable of any crime, from forgery to food-controlling. Look at his beetling brows, his hang-dog jaw, his scowling expression—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cheezy fool!" roared Drake.  
"Silence in court!" rapped out the judge. "I beg to point out, however, that the learned gentleman should moderate his expressions. This court is not the House of Commons, and some propriety of language must be observed."

"Hear, hear!"  
Fisher T. Fish snorted.

"Gentlemen, I guess that's my case!" he said. "I demand a verdict of guilty, and I leave it confidently to the intelligence of the good men and true of this jury. Gentlemen, I have finished."

"About time, too!" remarked Skinner.

"Order!"

"Guilty!" hooted Billy Bunter.

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, Toddy, I'm on the jury."

"Counsel for the defence will now speak!" said Peter Todd, frowning the Owl of the Remove into silence.

"Rodney, your innings. I mean you will now speak for the defence."

Dick Rodney stepped forward, his face very grave. He was to speak against the overwhelming evidence was not an easy problem. It was clear that the belief in Drake's guilt was general. Indeed, it could scarcely be otherwise.

"Gentlemen of the jury—" he began.

"Go it, old scout," said Tom Brown.

"We're going to give you fair play. Speak up!"

"What rot!" said Bunter. "He knows Drake's guilty."

"Silence in court!"

"Gentlemen, Drake's defence can be stated in a few words," said Dick Rodney.

"That the banknote was found in his desk is not denied. We all saw it found there. Drake cannot account for it. He

only knows that he did not take it from No. 1. Study and that he never even saw it until it was found in his desk."

"Gammon!" said Bolsover major.

"Silence!" roared Peter Todd. "If that witness speaks again, he will be ejected from the court."

Snort, from Bolsover major.

"I shall put my client in the witness box," continued Rodney. "He will speak for himself. Stand up, Drake."

Drake stepped from his bed, and advanced to the chair which answered the purpose of a witness box. He met the general stare of the Removites with calmness, though his heart was throbbing.

"Drake, you state you know nothing of the banknote?"

"Nothing at all," said Drake.

"Can you suggest how it came to be in your desk?"

"That's obvious!" answered Drake.

"Oh, that's obvious, is it?" remarked Bob Cherry. "I'd be glad to know—"

"Silence!"

"It was placed there," said Drake quietly. "It can't have come there by accident, and so it was placed there deliberately."

"Why do you suggest that it was placed there—for what reasons?"

"Either some howling cad with a grudge against me wanted to get me into trouble with the Form—"

"Oh, rot!" muttered Bolsover major.

"Or else someone stole it, and hid it in my desk till it was safe for him to get rid of it," said Drake.

Up jumped Fisher T. Fish.

"I beg to put a question to the witness. Was the banknote turned out of your Latin-grammar, prisoner?"

"It was!"

"Don't you use your Latin-grammar every day?"

"I do."

"Then how could a gallot who intended to bag the note again, hide it in a book you were certain to open before very long—next morning, in fact?"

"Well put!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Fishy's getting quite bright."

Drake paused.

"I hadn't thought of that!" he said.

"That's pretty clear the way you put it. So the only explanation I can think of, is that it was intentionally put into my desk to be found there and cause me trouble."

"Whom do you accuse?" asked the prosecuting counsel, disdainfully.

Drake shook his head.

"I don't accuse anybody. I simply can't imagine who'd be rotter enough to play such a trick."

"Can you prove that any fellow in the Remove knew that the money-drawer in the desk had broken open and the banknote was out?"

"No."

"Were you alone in the study when the ragging took place?"

"Yes."

"Did you see any fellow go in after you left?"

"I came straight back to my own study, and never thought of anything of the kind, of course."

"You charge some fellow unknown with dropping into the study after you left; picking up the banknote, and taking it to your room and hiding it there?"

"That's what must have happened," said Drake unflinchingly.

"You say you went straight back to your study. Did you leave it again before Wharton and the rest came along to claim the missing banknote?"

"No," said Drake, in a low voice.

Counsel for the prosecution grinned.

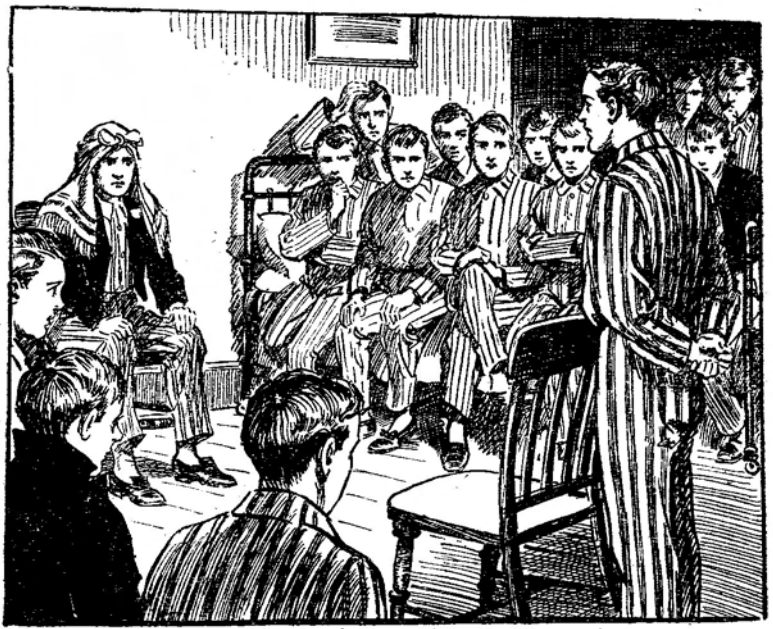
"Then if a fellow found a note around, and brought it to your study and hid it there, he must have done it in your presence."

"Ye-e-es."

"I guess the jury will know what to think of a yarn like that!" said Fisher T. Fish, contemptuously.

The jury evidently did, from their looks.

Dick Rodney looked deeply distressed. Drake's defence seemed to have had only the result of blackening the case against him. Even Jack Drake's firmness seemed to falter a little now. In almost every face that was turned towards him, he read grim condemnation, and his heart sank.



Drake stepped from his bed, and advanced to the chair which answered the purpose of a witness box. He met the general stare of the Removites with calmness, though his heart was throbbing. "Drake, you state you know nothing banknote?" asked Peter Todd. "Nothing at all," answered Drake.

The Verdict!

PETER TODD coughed—a preliminary to summing up. But the counsel for the defence was not finished yet.

"Hold on, Toddy!" he said. "I've got some witnesses to call."

"Witnesses!" repeated Toddy. "Witnesses to character."

"Oh, all right."

"Ogilvy and Russell!" called out Rodney.

Ogilvy and Russell, looking extremely uncomfortable, came forward. They were Drake's and Rodney's study-mates, and they felt keenly the disgrace that had been brought upon their study.

"We've got nothing to say!" said Ogilvy, bluntly.

"I wish to ask you a question. Since Drake has been your study-mate at Greyfriars, have you ever seen any reason to doubt his personal honour?"

"Well, no."

"Have you ever left money in the study that he might have taken if he had been dishonest?"

"You know I have, lots of times."

"Has he ever taken any?"

"No."

"What do you say, Russell?"

"The same as Ogilvy," answered Russell at once. "Drake could have pilfered if he liked, but he's never done so."

"Thank you, you may step down. I shall now speak as a witness," said Dick Rodney. "As a witness, I say that I've known Drake a long time—I was on the schoolship Benbow with him, and a better pal, and a more decent chap I've never known or met." Rodney's loyal voice faltered a bit. "I've seen more of him than you chaps have. I've seen him jump into the sea where there were sharks, to rescue a drowning nigger. I've seen him stand by a fellow in a tight corner, like the good chap he is. Anybody who knows him as I do, would simply laugh at this accusation."

Drake gave his chum a grateful look. And the jury seemed a little impressed, too; but they were impressed by Rodney's loyal affection for his chum. Their belief in Drake's guilt did not waver. That was a question of evidence, and the evidence was overwhelming.

"Have you finished now, Rodney?" asked Peter Todd, kindly enough.

"Only a word or two more," said Rodney.

"I tell you all that Jack Drake would cut off his hand sooner than take anything that wasn't his—that he would have died rather than have stolen Nugent's banknote. Who put the note into his desk, I don't know—but somebody did—some rotter who is here present at this moment, and knows his own guilt." Rodney's eyes flashed. "And I'm going to find that rotter out, and show him up, sooner or later, too. My chum did not do this, because he's incapable of it—and apart from that, he'd no need of it—his father's a rich man, and would have sent him money if he asked for it. That's all."

Peter Todd coughed again. But before he could get on with his judicial summing-up, Tom Redwing stepped forward. Vernon-Smith made a sudden movement, and his face paled. What was Redwing going to say?

"I want to speak!" said the sailor-man's son, huskily. "I want to tell the fellows that I'm certain that Drake is innocent—that I know he is innocent."

There was a buzz of astonishment. Fisher T. Fish jumped up like a Jack-in-the-box.

"What evidence have you of that?" he demanded.

"No evidence," said Redwing, with a deeply troubled look. "But I am sure of what I say. I'm absolutely certain that Drake's explanation is correct, and that the banknote was put in his desk—not, I hope, to brand him as a thief, but for a rotten joke on him. I—I hope that's the case—but, anyhow, I'm sure the banknote was planted on him by another fellow."

The Bounder breathed more freely. He knew what his chum suspected—what loyalty to him prevented Tom Redwing from uttering.

"That's your belief, is it?" sneered Fisher T. Fish.

"My firm belief!" said Redwing.

"Name the chap you suspect."

"I cannot name anyone."

"Then I guess what you've been getting off your chest is just hot air," said Fishy. "You can stand down."

"Get back, Redwing," said the judge. "You're not offering evidence—only your personal opinion. Now, gentlemen of the jury, I shall proceed to sum up this case."

"Cut it short, Toddy."

"Silence in court! You have heard

the evidence against the prisoner," said Peter Todd, in his most judicial manner. "You have also heard the evidence for the defence. If you believe the prisoner guilty on the evidence against him you will find him guilty."

"Go hon!"

"If, on the other hand, you consider that counsel for the defence has made out a clear case in his favour, you will find him not guilty."

Evidently Peter Todd had been studying the methods of real judges.

"You will now consider your verdict, gentlemen!" said Toddy.

Tom Brown, the foreman of the jury, glanced round him.

"Think it out," he said.

Jack Drake waited quietly.

He knew what the verdict would be—what it must be! He had a sinking feeling that if he were a member of the jury, instead of prisoner in the dock, he would find the accused guilty on such evidence.

There was a breathless silence in the court, while the numerous jury were muttering to one another in a group at a little distance. Harry Wharton and Co. waited quietly. They were not in the jury; had they been, their verdict would have been given without hesitation against the accused. Tom Redwing was looking at Vernon-Smith—who looked anywhere but at his chum. The Bounder's face was hard and expressionless. But he had not joined the jury—he did not intend to share in the verdict.

Tom Brown and his companions came back into the court at last. The consultation had been rather a farce; the jurymen's minds had all been made up. They had compared notes, and found that they were all in agreement, without a single dissentient voice.

"Gentlemen of the jury!" Peter Todd's voice and manner were very serious now. "You have agreed on your verdict?"

"We have!" answered Tom Brown.

"Do you find Jack Drake guilty or not guilty?"

There was a moment's pause, and then the foreman of the Grevfriars jury answered quietly and distinctly.

"Guilty!"

THE END.

Another grand, long school story of the chums of Greyfriars next week. Order your copy NOW!

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 "Boys' Herald," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.4.—Editor.

Oh, It's a Ford!

Jinks: "Say, Binks, I bought a new car yesterday."

Binks: "What make is it?"

Jinks: "I forget; but it starts with T."

Binks: "Oh, then it's a Ford."

Jinks: "But it jolly well isn't!"

Binks: "Well, I think it must be. A Ford is the only thing I know that can start with tea!"—Money Prize awarded to Wm. Almond, 6, Hardy Street, Garston, Liverpool.

Always Skinner!

Mr. Quelch (sharply): "Bunter, you lump of laziness, where is the Baltic?" Billy Bunter (raising his eyes from Fatty Wynn's contribution to his "Weekly" that he had been reading): "T-t-the B-B-Baltic, sir. P-p-p-please, sir, I haven't got the thing, but I saw Skinner stuffing something up under his waistcoat as I came in."—Money Prize awarded to Geo. Chambers, 112, Evesham Road, Headless Cross, Redditch.

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This Wins Our Tuck Hamper. Not Equal To It!

A regiment of soldiers were partaking of their last meal in England before crossing to join some of their comrades in the Army on the Rhine.

"Any complaints?" asked the Commanding Officer, passing on his usual round.

"Yes, begorra!" said Private Murphy. "This meat's absolutely raw!"

"Well," said the C.O., "Captain Webb, the Channel swimmer, trained on raw meat—"

"Oh, hivens!" murmured Private Murphy, "I had the idea that we were going to cross in boats!"—Tuck Hamper filled with delicious Tuck has been sent to A. Atherton, 1, Union Street, Idfe, Bradford.

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"Boxed" Properly!

Augustus was walking along the road with a girl and boy friend of his.

"Don't you know," he began, turning to the girl, "we went to the theatre the other evening and we had a box."

Boy friend (sarcastically): "Yes, chocolates, weren't they? I remember seeing you in the gallery with a waitress, an' you were both munchin' somethin'."—Money Prize awarded to H. Walsh, 3, Queen Street, Cheetham, Manchester.

Practised "Thumping" Hard!

Mr. Ambone (to next door neighbour): "I'll tell you this, old man. My wife has been practising so hard on the piano that she has paralysed two fingers." Mr. Boneam: "That's nothin' much. My darter, Maud, has been practising so hard that she's paralysed two pianos."—Money Prize awarded to F. Swain, 13, Harvey Road, Leytonstone.