

**"HURRAH! FOR THE GREAT OUTDOORS!"**

SEE  
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# The **BOYS' HERALD**

1<sup>d</sup>  
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No. 81.

ON SALE

EVERY TUESDAY.

May 14, 1921.



**DON'T MISS OUR GREAT CRICKET STORY!**

These Magnificent, Long Complete School Tales Can't Be Beaten!



# A Greyfriars Mystery!

Another Splendid School Story Here Next Week.

**The Mystery!**

**D**RAKE, old chap.  
Harry Wharton opened the door of No. 3 Study in the Remove. Jack Drake looked up with a haggard face.

The usually sunny expression was quite gone from Drake's face. There were deep lines in his boyish brow. But he brightened, for a moment, as he caught Wharton's glance.

"Any news?" he asked, eagerly. Wharton shook his head.

"I'm sorry, old fellow—no! But Inspector Grimes is downstairs, and he wants to speak to you."

"He hasn't found out anything—about my father?"

"He didn't say—but I think not," said Harry. "But keep your pecker up—the police have been hunting for your father for days now, and they're bound to find him in the long run. It's lucky that Smithy was able to give them a clue to follow."

Drake rose from the arm-chair, with a moody brow. He nodded to the captain of the Remove, and went down the passage to the stairs. For several days now, deep anxiety had weighed on his mind. His father had disappeared, on his way to visit Greyfriars; and though he had been searched for, far and wide, there had been no discovery yet. It had come like a stunning blow to Jack Drake.

His chum, Dick Rodney, met him on the landing.

"Grimes is in the visitors' room, Drake," he said. "He may have news. He's just seen Smithy in the sanatorium, too. Hope for the best, old fellow."

"Come along with me," said Drake, and the chums of the Remove proceeded to the visitors' room together.

They found Inspector Grimes of Courtfield there.

The stout inspector's face was very grave, as he greeted Drake. There was little encouragement to be read in his look.

"No news?" asked Drake, hopelessly. "Mr. Drake is certainly not found yet," said the inspector. "But we have every hope. The information given by your schoolfellow, Vernon-Smith, is of great value. It is a peculiar case—a very peculiar case," continued Mr. Grimes, shaking his head.

"I can't understand it," said Drake. "So far as I know, my father never had an enemy in the world—he never deserved to have one. I know that. A kinder man never breathed—" The junior's voice faltered. "Why anyone should want to harm him, I can't imagine."

"He has not been harmed, so far as we know," said Mr. Grimes. "He has been kidnapped. Doubtless, he is de-

tained somewhere against his will—but there is no reason to suppose that any injury has been done him. Now, according to the statement of Herbert Vernon-Smith, he was in the wood at the time, and heard some talk between two men, who used the names Carson and Dodgey. They kidnapped Mr. Drake, and struck down Vernon-Smith when he tried to help—a very plucky youngster," added Mr. Grimes.

"It was ripping of him," said Drake. "We—we hadn't been on good terms, either, and that makes it all the more ripping of Smithy. He did what he could to help my father, and he's still laid up."

"I have seen him," said Mr. Grimes. "We have, of course, been in communication with the London police; but nothing is known of Carson or Dodgey. It might have been supposed that Mr. Drake had been kidnapped for ransom; but no demand has been received from the kidnappers. They appear to have had no motive that can be ascertained."

Drake nodded hopelessly. The mysterious affair was a complete puzzle to him.

"You had never before heard of these two men?" asked the inspector. "Never."

"You can think of no reason why they should have taken your father a prisoner?"

"None," said Drake. "There's one thing—" began Rodney, hesitatingly.

Inspector Grimes glanced at him. "We've talked to Smithy in the sunny, sir," said Rodney. "He's told us of some of the talk he heard between Carson and Dodgey, before they attacked Mr. Drake. Among other things they were speaking of a discovery of gold and diamonds in Nigeria. Mr. Drake is a large owner of tinfields in Nigeria. Might that have something to do with it?"

Mr. Grimes nodded. "Vernon-Smith has acquainted me with that detail," he said. "I have had inquiries made at Mr. Drake's business offices. It appears that a discovery of gold and diamonds has been made on his property near Limoro, in Nigeria, a very rich strike, which may make him a millionaire. But there appears to be no connection between this, and what happened in Friardale Wood. Of course, I shall not lose sight of it, but there seems no connection at present."

"And you have discovered nothing?" asked Drake. "Something," answered Mr. Grimes. "Vernon-Smith informed us that Mr. Drake's chauffeur, Kedge, was bribed by these rascals to cause a breakdown on the car, and place the gentleman at their mercy. Kedge has been arrested,

and he has confessed that much. But he knows nothing of the man, Carson, excepting that he paid him a sum of money to betray his employer—he did not know the man's object, or at least says so. He is still in custody, and will be charged."

"The rotter!" muttered Drake, between his teeth.

"Further than that, we have traced a motor-car that was seen waiting near the wood that afternoon," continued the inspector. "It was a large closed car, painted blue, and was seen for some time waiting in Redclyffe Lane, where it passes through the wood. It drove away, as near as we can discover, very shortly after the time given by Vernon-Smith as when the kidnapping took place, and the track of the kidnappers led towards Redclyffe Lane."

Drake brightened. "That is a clue, then!" he exclaimed.

"Quite so. The blue car has been traced as far as Reigate, in Surrey, where all trace of it is lost. The number was noted by P.C. Tozer, who passed the car near the wood that afternoon. On inquiry it turns out that the number belongs to a well-known resident in Canterbury; that is, there was a false number-plate on the blue car. A car, of course, does not carry a false number-plate without a reason. The blue car was engaged on some nefarious business."

"My father was taken away in it!" exclaimed Drake.

"It looks like it. The car stopped for petrol at Ashford, Kent, and the driver showed anger when a man at the garage carelessly glanced at the window—he could not see into the car as the blind was drawn close. Evidently there was something in the blue car that the driver did not want to be seen. Later on its journey, it almost ran down a man, and when a policeman called on the driver to stop, he put on speed and vanished. The constable took the number, which, as I have said, was a false one."

"It looks plain enough," said Drake.

"All over the country now, the search is going on for the blue car with the false number-plate," said Mr. Grimes. "Probably the car has been re-painted, and the number changed by this time, but these things cannot be done, as a rule without leaving clues. Once we get our hands on the car, we may hope to find your father, Master Drake."

"The car must be found—must be traced!" exclaimed Drake.

The inspector rose. "We are doing our best," he said: "I hope to have good news for you shortly, Master Drake."

And after a few words more, Inspector Grimes took his leave; leaving Jack

Drake feeling a little more hopeful than he had found him.

### Bunter Takes the Cake.

"I—I say, you fellows!"  
It was Saturday afternoon, and Harry Wharton and Co. were on the cricket ground. The match with St. Jim's was coming off shortly, and the Remove cricketers were getting into form for that dubious tussle. Jack Drake was not thinking of cricket, however, his anxiety for his father weighed upon his mind, to the exclusion of all other matters. He was strolling out of the school gates with Rodney, when Billy Bunter addressed the two chums.

Bunter had a large bundle under his fat arm, and he seemed to be in an uneasy mood. He looked this way and that way, like Moses of old, as he stopped to speak to Drake and Rodney.

"Seen Bolsover major?" he asked. Drake shook his head.

"I believe the beast is looking for me," said Bunter, blinking at Drake through his big spectacles. "You know what a suspicious beast Bolsover major is, don't you? He had a cake in his study, and it's just like him to suspect a chap of bagging that cake—just as if a chap mightn't have a similar cake on the same day."

Rodney glanced at Bunter's bundle. "Is that Bolsover's cake?" he asked.

"Of course not! It's my cake! Came by post after dinner," said Bunter. "But I know what Bolsover would think. Somebody may have taken his cake. I shouldn't wonder."

"Neither should I," said Rodney, dubly.

"I'll tell you what, you fellows," said Bunter. "You wait here, and collar Bolsover major if he comes out, will you? Drake licked him once, and could lick him again. A hiding would do him good. Don't you think so, Drake?"

"Fathead!"  
"Well, tell him I'm gone to Redclyffe, then," said Bunter. "I'm going the other way, you know. You tell him I'm gone to Redclyffe to—to—to visit a dying friend, will you?"

"Well, my hat!" said Rodney. He glanced back through the gateway. "Here comes Bolsover. Bunter—you'd better give him back his cake."

"Oh, dear!"  
Billy Bunter did not seem to consider the simple expedient of handing back Bolsover's cake. Instead of that, he took to his heels, and sped away down the lane as fast as his fat little legs would carry him.

Drake and Rodney walked more slowly in the same direction. In a few minutes, they were overtaken by Bolsover major of the Remove.

"Hold on, you chaps!" exclaimed Bolsover. "Have you seen Bunter?"

Rodney smiled. "Yes, we've seen him."

"Then he's gone out of gates," said Bolsover major, whose rugged face was red with wrath. "Had he got a cake with him?"

"Ahem!"

"A bundle of any sort?" asked Bolsover.

"Well, he had a bundle."

"That's my cake," said Bolsover major, ferociously. "It came from my aunt to-day, you know, and that fat villain must have seen me unpack it. He's bagged it from my study—Dupont saw him nosing round the study, and then I found the cake was gone. Worth ten bob at least, you know—a ripping cake. Which way did he go?"

"Right on!"

"Oh, good!"

Bolsover major rushed on down the lane. Billy Bunter had turned the bend, and was out of sight. Rodney smiled.

as Bolsover major disappeared in hot pursuit, but Drake's face remained thoughtful and moody. Bunter's peculiar manners and customs could not entertain him now.

"Bunter is booked for a licking!" remarked Rodney.

"Serve him right," grunted Drake.

"Oh, yes, rather. I—I wish we could do something to help your father, old chap," said Rodney, wistfully.

Drake clenched his hands helplessly.

"There's nothing—nothing," he muttered. "If he was anywhere at hand—but the villains seem to have taken him hundreds of miles away. There can't be any doubt he was in the blue car."

"It looks like it—it was waiting by the wood, and the police found the tracks left by the kidnappers, leading towards it," said Rodney, thoughtfully. "A motor-car leaves no trace—but as it happens, the police have got on the track of the blue car. They seem to have been utterly careless in making the car conspicuous in their flight. It's bound to be found out sooner or later."

"But—my father—what is happening to him while we wait!" muttered Drake, miserably. "Thank goodness the matter is abroad now, and needn't be told about this till something definite is known. But she will have to know, if something isn't found out soon."

"The later the better, as she's not in good health," said Rodney. "She could do nothing."

Drake nodded, and the chums walked on in gloomy thought. A little later they came on Bolsover again. He came out of the wood by the lane, with thunder in his face.

"Seen Bunter since I spoke to you?" he asked.

"No."

Bolsover major made a gesture of fury. "He's in some corner, somewhere, guzzling my cake!" he howled. "I—I—I'll slaughter him! I'll burst him! I spotted him in the wood, but he dodged me again! I'll deflate him, when I get my paws on him."

And Bolsover major tramped away breathing wrath. He had given up hope of seeing his cake again, and his only consolation was to look forward to his next meeting with William George Bunter—and when that happened, Bolsover intended to have his money's worth out of Bunter.

### Bunter's Bad Luck!

"Oh, dear!"  
Billy Bunter was not feeling happy.

He had dodged into Friardale Wood, with the purloined cake under his arm. But he had not been able to halt and devour his plunder. A glimpse of Bolsover major in the distance spurred him on.

It was a warm May afternoon, and William George Bunter perspired as he rolled through the woodland paths. He was earning that cake, as a matter of fact!

In every rustle of the underwoods, he thought he heard the footsteps of Bolsover major, who was hunting him among the trees. And without daring to rest, the fat junior plodded on, perspiring. He was trying to think of some safe refuge where he could devour his loot at leisure.

"The old Priory!" he ejaculated suddenly.

And his fat face brightened, as he changed his direction a little, and hurried on again.

The ruined Priory, in the heart of Friardale Wood, was far from the school, and there was no footpath near it. It was a secluded spot, and Bunter doubted whether Bolsover major would follow him so far. And the old Priory had the

additional advantage, that if Bunter was cornered there, he could dodge his pursuer by descending into the vaults. Not that Bunter wanted to explore musty old vaults; but anything was better than falling into Bolsover's hands, and losing his prize at the same time that he captured a licking.

Bunter came out of the wood into the shattered old Priory, and sank down on a mossy stone to rest, gasping for breath. He was tired and breathless, but not too tired to begin on the cake. He jerked off a chunk and started, and a happier expression spread over his fat face. It was a delicious cake—a real good thing—and Bunter felt that it made it worth while to face the enraged Bolsover afterwards. Besides, when the cake had once disappeared, Bolsover couldn't prove that he had had it. Possibly Bolsover wouldn't wait for proof before pitching into the Owl of the Remove; but Bunter trusted to luck; sufficient for the moment was the evil thereof; and, anyhow, he had the cake.

He was half-way through the cake, when he suddenly started to his feet, with his mouth full, and terror in his fat face. The trees grew close up to the ruins, and among them, and in the wood close at hand, Bunter had caught the sound of footsteps—coming towards him. "Bolsover!" he breathed.

He blinked wildly round the ruins.

There was no help for it—his only refuge was the dark and dismal entrance into the old vaults under the Priory. And Bunter scudded off fast, only anxious to get out of sight before his pursuer should enter the ruins.

He ran down the shaky old steps, into a dark and gloomy chamber, piled half-full with fallen masonry. There he stopped to listen, breathlessly.

The footsteps were following!

"The beast! He knows I'm here!"

gasped Bunter.

And he resumed his flight. He knew where was the flat stone with the iron ring that gave admittance to the subterranean recesses; he had explored the place before with a party of Greyfriars juniors. He grasped the iron ring and tugged at it desperately.

The stone did not move.

It was a heavy one and difficult enough for Bunter to lift; but his hardest efforts did not succeed in shifting it by the fraction of an inch.

Bunter groaned.

"Oh, dear! It's stuck somehow! Oh, dear!"

A shadow fell across the steps from the open air. Billy Bunter abandoned the iron ring, and backed away behind a pile of fallen brickwork, desperately hoping that Bolsover major would not find him there. A moment later, steps were descending into the stone chamber. Bunter lay almost as still as a mouse.

He expected to hear Bolsover major's voice, shouting to him to come out. But there was no sound of a voice. Instead of that, there came three taps in quick succession.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

Bunter started. It was a tapping of metal on stone. What on earth was Bolsover major doing that for?

To Bunter's utter amazement, there came another sound of three taps—this time faint and muffled.

The taps came from below!

Bunter's eyes grew wide and round behind his big spectacles. Someone was below the stone that closed in the stairway to the vaults, and he had answered the signal from above.

Startled as he was, Bunter's curiosity overcame all other considerations. He knew now that it could not be Bolsover major who was in the room. By sheer accident he had dropped upon some-

body's secret—and a secret had an irresistible attraction for Bunter's inquisitive mind. It did not occur to the Owl of the Remove as yet, that there might be danger in the affair.

He peered out cautiously from his cover.

A man was bending over the flat stone—a young man, with a hard, dark, reckless face. The stone lifted now, as the dark man pulled at the iron ring; Bunter realised that it had not been "stuck" before, but that it must have been fastened below. Someone was hidden in the vaults.

As the stone rolled back, a voice called from the depths.

"Carson?"

"Yes. All serene, Dodgey?"

"All serene, boss!"

"Good!"

Bunter gasped.

He knew those names, he had heard them in the talk at Greyfriars, on the subject of the kidnapping of Drake's father. His fat mind did not wholly grasp the seriousness of the discovery. He had no time to think it out. For Carson, who was about to descend into the vaults, suddenly stopped, and his dark glinting eyes fixed on the heap of masonry behind which the Owl of the Remove was crouching.

"Who is there?"

The voice, cold, hard, metallic, struck a chill of terror to Bunter's heart. His presence was known, the quick ears of the kidnapper had heard some slight sound.

Before Bunter could even think, the man had leaped towards him, and he came round the masonry at a run, and almost fell over Bunter. A yell of terror broke from the fat junior, as a hand grasped his collar, and he was dragged to his feet.

"Yaroooh!"

"Silence!"

"Oh! Ow! Help!" shrieked Bunter.

The dark face, the grip on his collar, the glinting eyes that looked at him savagely, terrified the fat junior almost out of his wits. He struggled in Carson's grasp, and shrieked.

"What's up?" came a startled voice from below.

"Here Dodgey—quick!"

The ruffian ascended the steps from the vault. In the gloom of the ruined building, he stared in amazement at Bunter.

"A schoolboy!" he ejaculated.

Carson gritted his teeth. His grip on Bunter's collar was like iron.

"Spying!" he said. "He saw me—heard us speak—what accursed luck brought him here! Silence, you fat fool."

"Help!" yelled Bunter, frantically.

"Leggo! You villain, you let me go—I'll go to the police—I know your name—I'll bring the police here—help—yah! Help! Leggo, you kidnapping beast!"

A look of fury flashed into Carson's dark face.

"Yow-ow! Help—oh!" gasped Bunter, and he relaxed into sudden, frozen silence, as a hard metal rim was pressed to his head. It was the muzzle of a revolver.

"Will you be silent now, or do you want me to scatter your silly brains over these stones?" said Carson, in a hissing voice.

Bunter spluttered faintly. He dared not yell again.

"The fool—the spying fool!" muttered Dodgey, with a savage look at the terrified junior. "He knows—now—"

Carson's eyes glittered at Bunter.

"Quiet, if you value your life!" he said between his teeth. "Who are you—what is your name?"

"Ow! Bunter!" quavered the fat junior.

"Where do you come from?"

"Greyfriars!"

Carson started.

"Drake's school?"

"Ow! Yes."

"Then you have heard—" he broke off.

"Nunno!" gasped Bunter. "I—I haven't heard anything. I—I didn't know Drake's father had been kidnapped."

"What?"

"I—I've never heard your name before, Mr. Carson," quavered Bunter. "I—I didn't know the police were looking for you. I—I don't think for a moment that you've got Mr. Drake hidden here. I don't, really! I—I say, let me go, or I shall be late for calling-over."

Carson eyed him grimly.

"You came here alone?" he asked.

"Ow! Yes."

"I will keep you here until your friends come for you," said Carson, eyeing him.

Billy Bunter fell into the trap blindly. "Nobody's coming for me," he gasped.

"I came here on my own."

"Nonsense! Your friends at the school know where to look for you," snapped Carson.

"They don't!" stammered Bunter. "I got here to get out of the way of a beastly bully who thought I had his cake—nobody knows I'm here, really. You let me go, and I won't say a word."

"Very good," said Carson. "It's as well for you that nobody knows you are here—I might have to silence you very effectively. Now get down into the vault."

"I—I—"

Carson made a motion with the revolver, and Bunter limped into the opening, and descended the steps to the vaults. Carson and Dodgey followed him down, and the latter closed the stone, and wedged it fast. The closing of the stone was like a knell to the ears of the hapless Owl of the Remove. He was a prisoner in the stony recesses under the ruined Priory—where no one would ever dream of looking for him. He had discovered the kidnappers' secret—and the price of it was his own liberty. Obtuse as Bun-

ter was, he could guess that the kidnapped merchant was being kept a prisoner close to the spot where he had been kidnapped, while the police had been led off by a false trail across two counties. And Bunter knew, and what he knew he was not to be allowed to tell. What was to be his fate in those dark and noisome depths?

The thought of it was too much for Bunter. As he reached the bottom of the steps, he reeled, and Carson caught him. The swarthy rascal laid him carelessly on the stone flags of the floor. And what happened after that, Billy Bunter never knew, for he had fainted.

Where is Bunter?

**B**UNTER! Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, was calling the roll at Greyfriars. There was no answer as the name of the Owl of the Remove was called.

Mr. Quelch glanced round, and repeated the name.

"Bunter! Is Bunter not present, Wharton?"

"No, sir," answered the captain of the Remove, after a glance. "Very good."

W. G. Bunter was marked absent, and the call-over went on. When the juniors came out of Big Hall, Bolsover major indulged in an expressive snort.

"Missed call-over, by gad!" he ejaculated. "He knows what to expect when he turns up."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo; do you know where Bunter is?" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

Bolsover major grinned sourly.

"I know he bagged my cake this afternoon, and got away with it," he answered. "I know I'm going to spifficate him when I lay hands on him again. I'm going to teach him to leave my tuck alone, the fat burglar."

"Dash it all, it's a serious matter missing call-over," said Harry Wharton. "The fat duffer ought to have come in."

"I'm going to scalp him when he does!" said Bolsover major, emphatically.

About an hour later, Percy Bolsover looked into No. 7 Study in the Remove



Bunter peered cautiously over the fallen masonry. A man was bending over the flat stone—a young man, with a hard dark, reckless face. Bunter realised now that someone was hidden in the vaults.

passage in search of Bunter. Peter Todd and Tom Dutton were there, but there was no sign of the Owl of the Remove.

"Hasn't Bunter come in yet?" demanded the bully of the Remove.

"Haven't seen him," yawned Peter Todd.

"I'll skin him."

Bolsover major marched along the Remove passage, inquiring for Bunter. In No. 3 he found Drake and Rodney, with Ogilvy and Russell.

"You fellows seen Bunter?"

"No."

"Blow him!" growled Bolsover major. "He seems to be going to stick it out till bedtime. I'll give him jip in the dorm., if he does."

"It's jolly queer his staying out like this," said Rodney. "He knows he must turn up sooner or later."

"Just putting it off!" said Bolsover.

"I hope nothing's happened to him." Bolsover major stared.

"Eh? What could happen to Bunter?"

"People have got run over, you know, before now," answered Rodney.

"Rot! Bunter's just staying out because he knows he's going to have a record hiding," snapped Bolsover major. "But he'll have to come in for dorm., blow him!"

But Bolsover major was not among the prophets. At bedtime for the Remove, nothing had been seen of Billy Bunter. Most of the Removites were in the common-room, when Mr. Quelch came in.

The Remove master glanced round the common-room, and then addressed the captain of the Remove.

"Bunter has not reported himself, Wharton," he said. "Do you know whether he has returned?"

"I think not, sir," said Harry.

"It is very extraordinary," said Mr. Quelch, frowning. "Bunter cannot have remained out till bedtime intentionally. I fear that some accident must have befallen him. Can anyone here account for his absence?"

Some of the juniors looked at Bolsover major. That burly youth flushed uncomfortably.

Mr. Quelch's eyes fixed on him at once. "Do you know anything about Bunter's absence, Bolsover?" he asked, coldly.

"I—I—" Bolsover major stammered. "I—I think he's—he's dodging me, sir—"

"What?"

"He bagged a cake out of my study this afternoon, sir," said Bolsover major with a crimson face. "I—I was going to give him a—a licking when he came in, sir—he oughtn't to have bagged a fellow's cake—"

"Quite so, Bolsover," said the Remove master, icily. "But unless Bunter was in fear of very brutal treatment, he would hardly venture to remain out till this hour."

"I—I was only going to—to give him a cuff or two, sir!" stammered Bolsover major.

"Bunter evidently does not think so, if he has remained out late for that reason," said Mr. Quelch, grimly. "However, I shall not discuss that now. You boys will go to your dormitory."

The Removites marched off, shepherded to their dormitory by Wingate of the Sixth. Mr. Quelch went in search of the Head, to consult him on the subject of the missing junior.

In the Remove dormitory, Bolsover major was the recipient of a good many grim looks from his Form-fellows.

"No good binking at me," exclaimed the Remove bully, angrily. "Any of you fellows would have walloped Bunter for bagging your tuck, same as I was going to do."

"Not the same as you were going to do," said Harry Wharton, contemptuously. "Bunter's a pilfering little beast, I dare say; but you were going to be a beastly bully, as usual."

"Look here, Wharton—"

"Oh, go and eat coke," snapped the captain of the Remove. "Bunter will get into trouble for staying out like this, and something may happen to him. And it's your fault."

"Your faultfulness is terrific, my esteemed bullying Bolsover," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, with a shake of his dusky head.

Bolsover snorted, and said no more.

He was feeling very uneasy, at the thought that some mischief might have happened to Bunter, out in the lonely lanes in the dark.

Wingate put the lights out in the Remove dormitory, but the juniors did not settle down to sleep. As a rule, they did not waste much thought or consideration upon William George Bunter. But the thought that something might have happened to him, was sufficient to make them feel kindly towards the fat junior who had exasperated them so often. When ten o'clock rang out from the clock-tower, most of the Removites were still awake.

"Bunter hasn't come in!" said Bob Cherry, as the last stroke of ten died away. "What on earth's happened to him?"

"Lost himself in the woods, perhaps," said Rodney. "He dodged into the wood to get away from Bolsover."

"Bunter knows the woods pretty well, though," remarked Wharton. "Even that Owl ought not to lose himself. It's dashed mysterious. He can't be staying out of his own accord until this hour, anyhow."

"Impossible!" said Peter Todd. One by one the Removites dropped off to sleep. Harry Wharton was still awake when the half-hour sounded; but Bunter had not arrived by then. Then the captain of the Remove closed his eyes, and slept soundly until the rising-bell clanged out in the May morning.

Bob Cherry sat up in bed, as the metallic clang came through the sunny morning air.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Turn out, you slackers!" Bob jumped out of bed. "Why, my only hat! Bunter's bed's empty! He hasn't been in all night!"

"Great Scott!"

The juniors stared at the empty bed. It had not been slept in. Their faces were very grave now.

"Out all night!" said Harry Wharton, in a low voice. "My only hat! Then it's pretty certain that something has happened to poor old Bunter."

"Poor old Porpoise!" muttered Peter Todd.

Continued on page 19.

## 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.

### An Oily Mistake!

A motorist had just emerged from under his troublesome motor-car. He was dusty and oily and gasping for breath. His young lady gingerly holding an oil-can, smiled sweetly upon him as he regained his feet.

"I've just given the sparking-plug a thorough oiling, Richard, deary," she said.

"Sparking-plug be banged, you silly goose!" roared Richard. "That was my ear!"—Money Prize awarded to A. Lawson, 10, Pearson Street, Coalham, Redcar.

### Rigid Economy!

Bill: "I say, Bert. Wot d'you think 'appened this mornin'?"

Bert: "Dunno, mate. Anythin' to do with the Germans?"

Bill: "No, you bass! My kid's started askin' me fer pocket-money!"

Bert: "Well, that's nawthin'. Bill. I gives my bright young spark fivepence every week, and gets 'im to put it in the gas-mater, thinkin' it's 'is money-box!"—Money Prize awarded to David Petrie, 12, Adamswell Street, Springburn, Glasgow.

### This Wins Our Tuck Hamper. Easy Money!

A motorist, scorching through the country side, was just in time to catch sight of a dog and a man ahead. As he approached them the dog started across the road and was run over and killed by the motor-car.

"I'm awfully sorry, my man," said the motorist, taking a five-pound note from his case. "Will this make it right?"

"I suppose so," whimpered the man, looking very grievous, as he pocketed the money.

Then when the car was out of sight he went up to the dead bow-wow, and regarded it with great interest.

"Wonder 'ose blinkin' dawg that was?" he mused.—Tuck Hamper crammed with delicious Tuck awarded to P. Hart, 25, Grove Hill, South Woodford, E.18.

### Could Spell That.

A New York policeman discovered a dead horse lying in the roadway, and while he was gazing at it a fellow policeman came up and suggested that he had better report the accident.

"Well, could you tell me how to spell Hoscitchbuckoodum Street?" he asked.

"No; I don't think I could manage that," returned the other.

"Well, then," said the scribe, taking hold of the horse's head, "you grip hold of its tail, and then we'll pull it round the corner. I can spell 5th Avenue all right!"—Money Prize awarded to Duncan McGregor, 49, Nora Street, Sunderland.

### Her Departure Desirable!

Mrs. Nobson: "You aren't goin' to tell me as 'ow you 'aven't discovered a way to get money out of your 'usband, Mrs. Nobsoff!"

Mrs. Nobsoff: "No, dear, you're quite right. All I 'ave to do, is to say I'm going to leave 'im and go back to me mother, and without huttering a single word 'e 'ands over the railway fare."—Money Prize awarded to Master J. Pearce, 61, Cairns Street, Walsall, Staffs.

### A GREYFRIARS MYSTERY!

(Continued from page 6.)

"Begad! It's horrid if anything has happened to poor old Bunter, you fellows," mumbled Lord Mauleverer.

It was surprising how kindly the Remove fellows were feeling towards Billy Bunter now. Had the fat junior been in bed, Bob Cherry would probably have swiped him with a bolster, as a hint to tun out. And any remark he might have made would probably have been interrupted by "Shut up, Bunter!" But he was missing, and it was evident that some mischance had happened; and that made all the difference. Peter Todd wished heartily that he hadn't kicked Bunter for bagging all the sardines on Wednesday; and Squiff was sorry that he had chased him out of his study with a cricket stamp on Thursday. And Bob Cherry repented him that he had rubbed Bunter's nose in the empty jam-dish after Bunter had bagged his jam. But it was too late now for these regrets.

The Removees came downstairs, in a subdued mood. Even Jack Drake, troubled as he was about the mystery of his father's disappearance, was concerned for Bunter. Mr. Quelch was in the Lower Hall when the Removees came

down, and Drake stopped to speak to him.

"Hasn't Bunter come back, sir?" he asked. And all the juniors waited eagerly for Mr. Quelch's reply. The Remove master shook his head.

"No, Drake."

"Then—then something's happened, sir?" exclaimed Wharton.

"I fear so," said Mr. Quelch gravely. "The police have been communicated with—"

"The police!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Yes, and they are searching for Bunter. But there is not the slightest indication, so far, of what may have happened to him. There has been no news of any accident. I have telephoned to his home, but he has not been heard of there. The matter is, at present, a mystery."

Mr. Quelch walked on, and the juniors, with very grave faces, went out into the quad. There was only one topic at Greyfriars that morning—what had become of Billy Bunter? And though it could not be said that Bunter had been beloved by his Form-fellows, the Remove were very quiet and subdued all through that anxious Sunday.

THE END.

Another grand long story of the chums of Greyfriars next week.

### THE LURE OF GOLD!

(Continued from page 14.)

The cold breeze fanned the flames, and carried particles of blazing bamboo and thatch on to the other houses. It was evident that before long the whole village would be a raging furnace.

The sight of their stronghold raided and destroyed excited the savages to one last desperate attack. Encouraged by the knowledge of how small a party we really were, with furious shouts they swept down upon us.

"Quick!" called Bailey. "Quick, this way!"

He darted towards the nearest house, around whose flaming walls heaps of ferny debris lay piled. Thrusting a bomb into the glowing mass, he hurled it spluttering into the approaching horde. Quickly following his example, we dashed our bombs full into the shouting ranks which pressed so fiercely upon us. Again, and once again, we flung these awful missiles, which tore great gaps among the crowded ranks of the enemy, who wavered, stopped, and then fled in terror.

This magnificent adventure will be continued in next week's issue of the "Boys' Herald." I should strongly advise all my readers to order their copy early.



THE "BOYS' HERALD" BOYS—GEORGE WINGATE, the popular Captain of Greyfriars School.

(Another Splendid Portrait Study Next week!)