

SPLENDID NEW COMPETITION

**BIG MONEY!
PRIZES**

The **BOYS' HERALD**

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EVERY TUESDAY.

May 21, 1921.



“HURRAH! FOR THE GREAT OUTDOORS!”—INSIDE.

MONEY FOR YOUR HOLIDAYS! See Inside.

EDITORIAL.

My dear Chums,—I want to draw your attention this week to our splendid new picture-puzzle competition which appears on page 18. Every reader of the "Boys' Herald" should make up his mind to try for one of our excellent prizes. The competition is delightfully simple and entertaining, and here is a splendid opportunity for you to try your skill and win a useful money prize or a ripping Tuck-Wagner. The competition is quite complete, and there is a brand new one each week, so you do not have to wait a long time for the result. Enter at once. Readers may have as many tries as they like, but each attempt must be sent in on a separate coupon with a new set of pictures. Tell all your friends to try this fine competition. There is a splendid treat in store for all readers very shortly when the opening chapters of our magnificent new serial, "The Lad From the Lower Deck," begins. This very human story of a boy who was promoted to be a midshipman on a first-class battleship will appeal to you all, and you will follow the story of his trials and troubles week by week with ever-increasing interest. You really must not miss this powerful story from the pen of a favourite author. Next week there will be another wonderful number of the "Boys' Herald," crammed full of splendid stories and articles. Order your copy early to prevent disappointment.

YOUR EDITOR.



ANSWERS TO READERS.



LORD MAULEVERER FOR EVER!

"Patty," Blackpool, writes: "I think one of the best portraits you have given is that of Lord Mauleverer, though it is not quite as I had pictured his sleepy lordship. Still, he looks fine, even if there is a touch of scorn in his face. His eyes are only half open. I suppose that's natural. I wish these fine pictures could be cut out without damaging the paper. Heigh-ho! One is always wanting something more! But don't you really think, Mr. Editor, that a fine, coloured series of plates, separate from the dear old BOYS' HERALD, would be ripping?"

Quite so! But one cannot do two things of this sort at the same time.

STRINGER.

"A Boys' Heraldite," Ripon, writes: "Stringer just gets me. I don't like all football stories, but the serial you are running is topping. Sometimes football yarns seem flat, because they have so little fun in them—all heroics and record kicks by the pale-faced stranger who drops in at the

nick of time. But Stringer is all right. Sometimes he would make a cat laugh. Good luck to the BOYS' HERALD!"

Thanks! I shall be sure to keep my eye on Stringer. You will like our new story of Navy life, called "The Boy from the Lower Deck." More particulars later.

WONDERFUL LEAPS.

Jim, Kentish Town, writes: "When I picked up my copy of the BOYS' HERALD this week, that front picture of the chap with the torch falling down the cliff side made me think of old Marcus Curtius and the Gulf at Rome. It was just an idea. I like reading about chaps who are after gold. Your new serial is great. I wouldn't care to be where the man in the red shirt is, but I am nuts on gold hunts. As for myself, I grow sweet-peas in our garden in Kentish Town, and I half fancy I should get a prize if you offered one."

If I don't see my way to that kind of competition, at any rate the old "B. H." will have something now and then of special interest to gardening chums.



THE "BOYS' HERALD" BOYS—ALONZO TODD, the Duffer of Greyfriars.
(Another Splendid Portrait Study Next Week.)

Another Splendid Complete Story of the Chums of Greyfriars School!



Solving the Mystery!

Another Splendid School Story Here Next Week.

H Smithy Takes a Hand!
 ALLO, hallo, hallo, it's
 Smithy!"

"Good old Smithy!"
 Jack Drake glanced round.
 The Greyfriars fellows were on their way to morning service, when Herbert Vernon-Smith joined the ranks of the Remove.

The Bounder of Greyfriars was looking a little pale after his spell in the school sanatorium, but otherwise quite his old self.

On Sunday morning, and under the eye of Mr. Quelch, the Remove fellows could not be demonstrative; but there was a murmur of welcome as Vernon-Smith stepped into his place among his Form-fellows.

Jack Drake smiled and nodded to the Bounder, who coloured a little.

"I'm glad to see you out again, Smithy," he said.

"Thanks."
 "Feeling fit now?" asked Rodney.

"Fit as a fiddle!"
 "That's good!" said Harry Wharton.

Harree Jamsset Ram Singh murmured that the goodness was terrific.

"Any news of your father, Drake?" the Bounder asked, in a low voice.

Drake shook his head.

Mr. Quelch glanced at the juniors, and there was silence. The Greyfriars fellows marched into the school chapel, and nothing more was said till morning service was over.

But when the Removites came out, a crowd of them gathered round the Bounder, with cordial congratulations. Smithy had been through a hard time in the sanatorium, and the Removites were glad to see him among them again. Smithy did not seem wholly at his ease, however. He had not forgotten what had happened before he was laid up in "sanny."

"It's all serene now, Smithy, old chap," said Bob Cherry. "Bygones are bygones, you know."

"Yes, rather," said Harry Wharton.

"After what you've done, old chap, you won't hear any fellow in the Remove say a word about—about—"

"About the rotten trick I played on Drake!" said the Bounder, with a rather wry grin.

"Well, yes. You've made up for it now, and it's all over and done with," said the captain of the Remove.

"All clear now, Smithy," said Tom Redwing, with a smile. "And I hope there's going to be no more talk about your leaving Greyfriars."

"I—I don't know," muttered Vernon-Smith. "My father wants me to stay, and—and—I shall think about it. I—I tried to make it up to Drake, by standing by his father when those ruffians set on him in Friardale Wood."

"And you did make it up," said Nugent. "Drake thinks so. He's said so. Just don't think about it any more."

The Bounder smiled faintly.

"It's not so jolly easy to forget about it," he said. "But it's good of you fellows to talk like this. I expect I shall hear no end about it from Bunter, at least."

Wharton looked grave.

"You haven't heard about Bunter?" he asked.

"About Bunter? Has anything happened to the Porpoise?"

"He's disappeared!"

"Bunter—disappeared!" ejaculated Smithy, in astonishment.

"He went out yesterday and never came back," said Johnny Bull. "The Head's had the police here about it. Nobody knows what's become of him."

The Bounder whistled.

"We're rather worried about Bunter," said Wharton. "Something must have happened to him to keep him out all night; and nothing has been heard, so far. It's an odd coincidence, too, it happened so soon after Drake's father was kidnapped on his way here."

"Jolly odd!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Poor old Bunter! What on earth can have happened to him?"

"Nobody can even guess."

"Can't have been kidnapped like Drake's father," said Bob Cherry.

"But if he'd had an accident, something would have been heard of it by now. It's simply a giddy mystery."

"Where was he seen last?" asked Smithy.

"He dodged into Friardale Wood with Bolsover major looking for him. He'd bagged Bolsover's cake—you know his little ways—and he never came out of the wood again, so far as anyone knows," said Wharton.

"There's been a search already, and to-day there's going to be a big one, with all the fellows lending a hand. We're going to ransack the wood from end to end and hunt for poor old Bunter."

"It's jolly odd," repeated the Bounder.

"We're going to start now," added Wharton. "Feel inclined to come along, Smithy?"

"Is Drake coming?"

"I think not. He's too worried about his father to think of anything else."

"I don't think I'll come," said Vernon-Smith. "I want to speak to Drake. I hope you fellows will have good luck."

"Righto!"

Vernon-Smith walked away to the School House, where Drake and Rodney had gone in. Harry Wharton and Co. were not long in starting. The Famous

Five and a dozen more of the Remove, started together to search for the missing junior, until dinner-time. Billy Bunter had not been precisely popular in his Form; but everybody was concerned about him now. Wingate, and a party of the Sixth, were joining in the search; and a crowd of the Fourth and Fifth went the same way. Billy Bunter, wherever he was, might have felt flattered if he had known what a sensation his disappearance had caused at Greyfriars.

The Bounder made his way to No. 3 Study in the Remove, where he found Jack Drake and his chum Rodney. Drake's face was thoughtful and troubled; his thoughts were always with his father now, and he could think of little else. But he gave the Bounder a cheery smile as he came in.

"I don't know whether I'm welcome in this study," said Vernon-Smith, with a flush in his cheeks.

"Welcome as the flowers in May," said Drake. "Why not? I'm not likely to forget what you did for my father when those scoundrels kidnapped him in the wood."

"You think that makes up for what I did before?" asked Smithy.

"Certainly I do."

"I wasn't able to do much, after all," said the Bounder. "I did my best; but they knocked me on the head, and got your father all the same."

"You couldn't do more than your best," said Dick Rodney. "But you did a lot—but for you there would be no clue to what had happened at all. Now the police know that Mr. Drake was kidnapped by Carson and Dodgey, and it's a question of finding them."

"But they haven't found the rotters?"

"Not yet."

"Have they found anything?"

"There are clues," said Drake. "Inspector Grimes has been hard at work. It's been found out that a blue car was waiting near the wood that day, and it's been traced into Surrey. It had a false number-plate. It's pretty clear that my father was taken away in it."

"Queer they let it be traced," said the Bounder. "They can't know their business well."

"That's the queer thing about it," said Drake. "The blue car seems to have shoved itself on everybody's attention as it cleared off. In one place it nearly ran over a man—in another it drew attention at a garage where it stopped for petrol—"

"The kidnapers hadn't laid in enough petrol to see them clear?"

"It seems not."

Vernon-Smith wrinkled his brows.

"And now Bunter's disappeared," he said.

"Eh? Yes! I'm sorry for Bunter; but I'm afraid I haven't thought much about that," said Drake. "You—you see—"

"You don't see any connection between the two?"

Drake stared.

"How could there be any connection?" he asked. "The rotters who kidnapped my father are at least a hundred miles away. Why they kidnapped him, I don't know; but they couldn't have any motive for kidnapping Bunter, too, even if they were still in the neighbourhood."

"And they're not," said Rodney. "The blue car's been traced further than Reigate. It was kept closed, and the chauffeur ragged a man at a garage for trying to look into it. That makes it pretty clear."

"Possibly!" said Vernon-Smith. "But now Bunter's disappeared. Drake, you've said that what I tried to do for your father made up for the wretched trick I played on you—for which I'm sorry enough. I can't see it in the same light. But if I help you to get your father out of the hands of those rascals—"

"If you only could!" said Drake.

"Then we'd call it quits," said Vernon-Smith.

"More than that. But you can't." "I'm going to try," said Vernon-Smith quietly. "I've got an idea at the back of my head—I'm going to work it out. And if what I suspect is right, your father isn't so far away as you think. I'll see you again at dinner."

And with a nod, the Bounder quitted No. 3 Study, leaving Drake and Rodney staring after him blankly.

"What the thump is Smithy driving at?" asked Drake.

Rodney shook his head.

Evidently there was some idea in the Bounder's mind that he wanted to think out. What it was, Drake could not guess; but he knew the Bounder's reputation at Greyfriars for deep sagacity, and there was a new feeling of hope in his breast.

Greed of Gold!

BILLY BUNTER opened his eyes. He blinked round him sleepily, wondering where he was.

For the moment, he expected to find himself in the Remove dormitory at Greyfriars, and to hear the rising-bell clanging out in the fresh air of a spring morning.

Then he groaned as recollection returned.

He was stretched on a sack, on a stone flagged floor. The chill of the stone made him shiver, as he sat up.

He knew where he was, now.

Only too well he remembered how he had dodged into the ruined Priory, to escape from Bolsover major, and how the kidnappers had found him there—and found themselves discovered by him.

He remembered being forced down the stone steps into the vaults below the Priory; but after that he remembered nothing.

Apparently he had been asleep, since his faint; the kidnappers had thrown him on the sacking and left him there. How long he had slept he could not guess; no ray of daylight penetrated into those gloomy depths, and he did not know whether it was now day or night.

There was light in the grim stone vaults, though not of day; it was a white, wavy light, and came from a petrol lamp.

Bunter blinked round him in a dazed state for some minutes, and then groped

for his spectacles. He found them on the sacking, and adjusted them on his fat little nose.

Then the Owl of the Remove was able to make out his surroundings more clearly.

A burly man in rough clothes was seated on a camp-stool near the lamp, smoking; the thick smoke from his pipe rolling away in vapour along the vaults. Close by him were several bags, and near at hand a pile of empty tins and bottles. From somewhere a murmur of voices came to Billy Bunter's ears. Then, sharply, an acid, staccato voice:

"You'd better make up your mind, Mr. Drake! You can't find it pleasant here, I reckon!"

Bunter trembled as he recognised that voice; the snappy voice of the man Carson who had caught him in the ruins.

"Beast!" murmured Bunter inaudibly.

At a short distance from him, a man was seated on a heap of sacks. His face was pale and worn, but still handsome, and in the features, Bunter would trace a likeness to Jack Drake, of the Greyfriars Remove.

He knew now that it was the kidnapped man he was looking at. While the police were seeking him far away, Mr. Drake was a prisoner in the deserted vaults within two or three miles of Greyfriars School!

And Billy Bunter, who had stumbled upon the secret by sheer chance, was a prisoner, too!

Carson had a cigarette in his mouth, as he stood with his hands in his pockets, looking down at Mr. Drake. When the latter stirred, there was a clink of metal; and Bunter observed that he was fastened to the wall by a thin steel chain, which was padlocked round his waist, and padlocked again to a staple driven in the stones. The kidnappers were running no risks with their prisoner—though in the gloomy vaults he was safe enough.

Carson's dark, reckless face wore an expression of savage irritation. The quiet firmness of his prisoner exasperated him.

"I have made up my mind," Mr. Drake answered steadily. "I will sign nothing. You may do your worst, Ulick Carson!"

"You have not come to your senses, yet?" sneered Carson.

No answer.

Carson took the cigarette from his mouth, and bent a little over his prisoner.

"You are at our mercy here," he said. "The police are hunting for you in Surrey, where they believe you have been taken. You will never be found here. What would you say if we left you and closed up the vault—and you never looked on the light of day again? How would you like to be left in the darkness, with the rats for company—till the end came? I am capable of it, if you disappoint me?"

"I believe you are capable of that, or of any other crime!" answered Mr. Drake coldly.

"Well, then—"

"I shall defy you to the end. The utmost I will agree to, is to pardon this outrage, if you set me free!"

Carson laughed.

"I am likely to do that, after the trouble I have taken and the risk I have run," he said. "Listen to me! You have received news in London of the discovery of gold and diamonds on the tin-fields in Nigeria. You only know that the discovery has been made. I know more than that—I was there when the news came into Limoro. I realised what it meant. I came home by the first steamer. Long before the

news was confirmed, and telegraphed to England, I landed here—only a rumour had reached London then; but it was too late for me to carry out my plan. Six months ago, the shares in Limoro Klip could have been bought for sixpence each—it was a derelict tin company, paying no dividends and in daily peril of liquidation. Now—"

"Now you can buy the shares at the market price, if you want them," said Mr. Drake coldly.

"The rumour of the gold discovery was enough to make the price jump," snapped Carson, "and since then, there had been confirmation by telegraph. Limoro Klip are now at a pound, and rising."

"I know it!"

"I have seen the ground there," continued Carson. "I know where the big strike has been made—in the heart of the Limoro Klip tin fields. The tin is nearly played out—the shareholders never expected to see their money back. The gold discovery enriches them; you, as the holder of the bulk of the shares, will become a millionaire. You would have sold your shares at sixpence each last year—"

"I should not have sold them," answered Mr. Drake quietly. "I have worked in Nigeria, and always believed in it as a future gold country. I have sunk a great sum there in exploration work, and I shall not allow a rascally adventurer to rob me of the reward of my faith and patience. Other shareholders have sold out—I should never have done so. Limoro Klip shares, now selling at a pound, will be quoted at five pounds or more when the full truth is known. And you will never touch a penny of it, you scoundrel!"

"I have brought the transfer," said Carson, unheeding. "It requires only your signature and that of Dodgey here as a witness. You hold ten thousand shares in Limoro Klip."

"Exactly!"

"I ask you to sell me five thousand—that is all."

"Sell?" repeated Mr. Drake, with a curl of the lip.

"At last year's price!" grinned Carson. "But sell or give, the shares will be mine when the transfer is signed and put through. That is what you have to do, sir!"

"Never!"

"Never is a long word," said Carson. "I think you will change your mind when you have been here a few weeks, on bread and water. I think it is telling on you already."

"If it costs me my life, I shall never submit to be robbed by an unscrupulous rascal!"

Carson made a gesture of savage impatience.

"Is that your last word?"

"My last word!"

"Then starve—till you starve into sense!" said Carson savagely, and he turned away from the prisoner.

He caught the round, wide-open eyes of Billy Bunter fixed on him, through the fat junior's spectacles. He paused, to fix a scowling glance on the Owl of the Remove.

"So you're awake, you fat fool!" he snapped.

"Oh, dear! Yes!" mumbled Bunter.

"I say, lemme out of this, will you?"

"You should not have wedged in," sneered Carson. "Now you are here, you will remain till we have finished with this show. How long that will be depends on the obstinate fool yonder!"

"But—I say—"

"Hold your tongue!"

Carson swung away, and Bunter quavered into dismal silence. The man from Nigeria exchanged a few words, in a low tone, with Dodgey. Then he

ascended the stone stair from the vaults, and disappeared. Dodgey followed him up the stair—to fasten the moving stone after him, as Bunter guessed. Dodgey came back alone into the vaults.

"I—I say," ventured Bunter. "I—I'm awfully hungry, you know."

The ruffian glanced at him and jerked a loaf from one of the bags. He tossed it carelessly to Bunter.

"I—I say, you know. Is—is this all I'm going to have?" exclaimed the Owl of the Remove. He almost forgot his danger in his dismay at the prospect of a diet of dry bread.

"That's all!" grunted the ruffian.

"But I—I—I say—"

"Shut up!" grunted Dodgey, with so savage a glare that the Owl of the Remove gasped with terror, and shut up promptly. Dodgey resumed his pipe; while Billy Bunter mumbled and munched over his loaf, and thought of the Sunday dinner at Greyfriars, in anguish of spirit.

Smithy Thinks it Out!

"**S**ORT of house-warming, I suppose," said Bob Cherry.

The Famous Five of the Remove came into No. 4 Study, which belonged to Herbert Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing. Those two juniors were there, and with them were Jack Drake and Dick Rodney. With nine juniors in it, the study was pretty well crowded.

"Well, we've come," said Harry Wharton. "Here we are, Smithy! What's on?"

"Is it a council of war?" asked Frank Nugent.

"We're all here now," said Vernon-Smith. "Shut the door, somebody. I've got something to tell you fellows, and it's really a sort of council of war. I want your opinion on a theory I've thought out—and then your help."

"Good egg!" said Bob. "Go ahead!"

"You found out nothing about Bunter?" asked Drake.

"No; we searched till dinner-time. We're going to try again, and keep it up till he's found."

"And there's no news of Drake's father," said the Bounder.

"None!" said Drake.

"Well then, lend me your ears," said Vernon-Smith. "I've been thinking the matter out. Drake's father was kidnapped near here, in Friardale Wood. A blue motor-car was traced from the lane near the wood away to somewhere in Surrey—a car that seems to have asked for trouble all the way from here to Reigate—as if the chauffeur wanted to attract all the attention he could to it."

"It does look like that, from what we've heard," said Drake. "But it couldn't be so, of course, if my father was a prisoner in it."

The Bounder smiled. "Suppose the driver wanted to give the impression that the kidnapped man was in it, when he wasn't?" he said. "Suppose he was leading the police on a false scent, while Mr. Drake was taken in quite a different direction."

Drake started.

"Blessed if it doesn't look something like that," he said. "But no second car has been heard of, and my father must have been got away somehow."

"Possibly not! A car driven across country with a prisoner in it would be risky. Suppose the kidnapers found a place near at hand to stick their prisoner in, and left a false trail to lead the police to a safe distance."

"If that was the game, it's succeeded," said Harry Wharton.

"The scent is being followed up at Reigate now."

"Exactly," said the Bounder, "and that's my idea. If those rascals, Carson and Dodgey, have their prisoner in this district, he's quite safe in their hands, so far as the police are concerned."

The juniors looked at one another. "I—I suppose Smithy may be right," said Redwing, at last.

"It's possible, anyhow," said Wharton. "But—"

"I don't know whether I should have figured that out," went on the Bounder, "but for Bunter's disappearance."

"Bunter?"

"Yes. Bunter's vanished—how and why?"

"Nobody knows!"

"But there must be a reason," said Vernon-Smith quietly. "If he'd had an accident he'd have been found before this. The police don't suspect kidnapping, because there doesn't seem any conceivable motive for kidnapping a schoolboy like Bunter. But suppose—"

he paused. "Well?" said Drake.

"Bunter was dodging Bolsover major—sneaking into some secluded spot to devour his prey, like a fox. Suppose he dodged into the very spot where the kidnapers were keeping Mr. Drake—"

"My hat!"

"I don't say it's so," said Vernon-Smith. "I don't know. But that would account for Bunter's disappearance."

"Phew!"

"If that fat duffer dropped on them by chance, they would bag him, of course," said Vernon-Smith. "They wouldn't let him walk away to tell the police that Mr. Drake was being kept a prisoner, and where to find him. They would have to bag Bunter for their own safety's sake."

"By Jove! That's so!" said Harry. Drake rose to his feet.

"Blessed if I don't think Smithy's hit on it!" he exclaimed. "It's a chance, anyhow. If we can find Bunter—"

"But can we?" said Bob Cherry dubiously.

"That's what I'm coming to," said Vernon-Smith. "Bunter's been looked for everywhere—in the open. But on the theory that he dodged into some secret place, and stayed there, that opens up a new field. Run over in your minds any place within a few miles where a prisoner could be kept hidden. I've thought of one already."

"Go it, Smithy!"

"There was a gang of counterfeiters, once, in the vaults under the old Priory in the wood," said the Bounder. "They were safe as houses there, and were discovered by chance. That's a likely place."

"If the kidnapers knew of it," said Wharton.

"Mr. Drake was kidnapped on his way to visit the school. Isn't it pretty certain that the rascals laid their plans in advance and posted themselves about the lie of the land, all ready for the coup?"

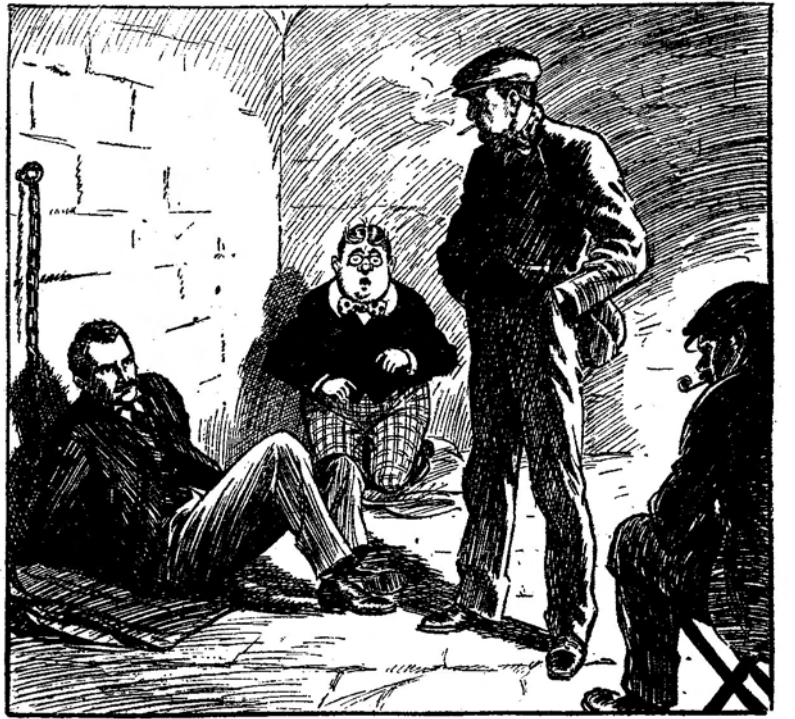
"Likely enough!" said Rodney.

"Anyhow, it will do no harm to look into it," said Drake. "I'm new here. I don't know the Priory; but you fellows—"

"We've explored it," said Wharton. "A dismal old place. There's a stone stair down into the vaults from the ruins, and a secret passage under Greyfriars leads to it—not much of a secret now, of course, as everybody in the school knows of it. But Smithy's idea is a good one. Let's get off to the Priory—"

"Hold on!" said Vernon-Smith. "If it's as I suspect, the door into the vaults will be fastened inside, and there'll be no admittance. My idea is for two or three fellows to go there and keep guard while the rest get along the underground passage to the vaults, and take the rogues by surprise—if they're there. It's not a pleasant job, and there may be nothing in it; but there's a chance."

"We'll go!" said the captain of the Remove decidedly. "We'll take



At a short distance from Billy Bunter, a man was seated on a heap of sacks. When the latter stirred, there was a clink of metal; and Bunter observed that he was fastened to the wall by a thin steel chain. Carson was looking down at his prisoner.

cricket stumps with us, and if the rascals are there we shall handle them all right. I believe you've hit on it, Smitty!

There was a little more discussion in the Bounder's study, and then the chums of the Remove prepared for business, Johnny Bull and Nugent and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh started for the Priory to keep guard over the stone-door in the ruins. The Bounder and Redwing, Drake and Rodney, Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry, made their way cautiously to the secret passage in the school vaults—very cautiously indeed, for it had been placed out of bounds by the Head. But the Removites were thinking of more important matters than school bounds.

With two or three electric flash-lamps lighting the way, the party of Removites pushed along the gloomy tunnel, the ancient stone walls of which were oozing with damp.

Whether they were going to the rescue of two kidnapped prisoners, or whether they were bound upon a wild-goose chase, they did not know; but the Bounder's theory was worth putting to the test. And with cricket stumps gripped in their hands, and the flash-lamps glimmering round them on oozy old stone, Harry Wharton and Co. pushed resolutely on their way through the shadowy depths. Till suddenly from the darkness ahead, a white light glimmered on their eyes.

Good Old Smitty!

OH, dear!" mumbled Billy Bunter. The petrol lamp shed its wavy light in the old vault. From Dodgey, stretched upon a heap of sacking, came a deep and un-musical snore. The ruffian, tired and bored with keeping watch in the vault over the prisoners, had drawn comfort and consolation from a flask, and was now sleeping off the effects of his potatoes. In his corner, Mr. Drake was sleeping, too—the fitful sleep of exhaustion; but William George Bunter could not sleep—he was too hungry.

Billy Bunter was a good sleeper; but sleep came second with him. Eating always came first. And now he really was hungry, in fact, ravenous. He sat and blinked at Dodgey, wondering whether the ruffian would awaken if he made an attempt on the bags which

contained provisions. For a long, long time the Owl of the Remove sat and watched the bags with covetous eyes, without venturing to make the attempt; but as his hunger grew, so did his courage, till at last it was screwed to the sticking-point.

Then Billy Bunter rolled off the sacks, at last, and crept stealthily towards the sleeper, whose head rested among the bags.

Closer and closer he crept. The fat junior was scarcely breathing now, so tense was his anxiety. If only the ruffian did not awaken—

And then Dodgey awoke! Bunter started back, with a shrill squeak of terror, as the ruffian's eyes opened and fixed savagely on him.

"I—I—I wasn't!" stammered Bunter. Dodgey scrambled to his feet, with an oath. With another oath, he kicked Bunter, and kicked him again, rolling him back to his corner with kick after kick. Bunter's yells rang through the vaults.

"Ow! Oh! Ow! Help! Rescue!" "Hallo, hallo, hallo!" came a sudden roar. "Bunter!"

Dodgey spun round, with an amazed oath.

From the further vaults—gloomy recesses that the kidnappers had never thought of exploring—came six Greyfriars juniors, at the run.

Bunter blinked at them dazedly. "Oh, dear! Help! Rescue! I say, you fellows—"

"Down him!" roared Drake, rushing upon Dodgey.

"That's the man!" shouted Vernon-Smith. "That's one of them! Collar him!"

Dodgey, gritting his teeth, sprang for a bludgeon that leaned on the wall of the vault. But he had no time. The Greyfriars juniors were on him with a rush, and he went down with a crash under them.

"Father!" panted Drake.

Mr. Drake gazed at him blankly. The sudden appearance of his son in the vault seemed to him like some unreal vision.

"Jack! My boy!" he stammered.

"Father! I've found you!"

"Got him!" roared Bob Cherry, as Dodgey collapsed helplessly under the victorious juniors. "Here we are again! Anybody got anything to tie

the brute up with. Here, Bunter, you sit on him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bump! The fat junior descended on Dodgey's chest, and there was a gasp from the ruffian. He was pinned down helplessly enough now.

"Oooooop!" came from him faintly.

"I say, you fellows, hand me that bag; there's grub in it!" exclaimed Bunter. "I say, I've been here for weeks and weeks, and I've hardly tasted a morsel. I can tell you, I'm hungry! I say, this ham is good!"

And after that nothing but a sound of guzzling was heard from William George Bunter. He was too busy to speak.

Bob Cherry ran up the steps of the vault, found the wedge and removed it, and the flagstone was opened.

"What luck?" called out Johnny Bull, above.

"The best!" chuckled Bob. "Come down and see! We've got Bunter and Mr. Drake and one of the kidnappers—the other seems to be away. Hurrah!"

The key of the padlock was found on Dodgey and Mr. Drake was released. He was weak and exhausted and had to be helped up the steps into the open air. Dodgey, with his hands tied, was led out after him, and Billy Bunter brought up the rear with his mouth full and a further supply of ham-and-tongue in both hands.

There was only one disappointment; Ulick Carson, the leader of the kidnappers, was not there. Chance had favoured him, and, as yet, he had escaped. But Drake's father was saved, and that counted for everything with Jack Drake. And Billy Bunter was given a great reception when the joyous party reached Greyfriars.

For days afterwards, the police were on the watch for Ulick Carson; but the kidnapper had evidently taken the alarm, and he was not seen again near the old Priory. His scheme had fallen to pieces, and the rascal was probably thinking only of saving his own skin. Dodgey went to trial and to prison, as he richly deserved. And it was not long before Mr. Drake recovered from the effects of his imprisonment in the vaults under

Continued on page 18

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.

Reasonable!

Reporter: "Was anyone injured in the practice match to-day?"

Football Captain: "No, mate, the b'boys took it quite easy to-day, for once. They're saving themselves for the cup-tie match to-morrow!"

"Indeed! But I thought I saw some of your men leaving the field this afternoon in a rather—"

Football Captain: "Oh, fiddlesticks! That was nothing. I know Robinson got his nose squashed, Smith lost an ear, Hodges got a few teeth knocked down his throat, and Biffit dislocated his jaw and broke a few fingers. But on the whole, nobody got what you could call really hurt!"—Money Prize awarded to **W. Hughes, 2, Chantrey Street, Edge Lane, Liverpool.**

Experiences Teaches.

Horsey One: "Ever lost much money backing horses, old man?"

Cabman: "Lost ten quid once. I was backing two horses, and the rotten yan

went clean through a shop window!"—Money Prize awarded to **Ernest Berwick, 13, Waverley Place, Abbeyhill, Edinburgh.**

.....
● This Wins Our Tuck Hamper. ●
● No Difference. ●

Bunter major: "Sammy, you little beast, I think it's awfully bad form of you, as a public school kid, to soak your bread-and-butter in your tea!"

Bunter minor (continuing to soak the aforementioned bread-and-butter and then gobbling it up): "Well, it's awfully good taste!"—A Tuck Hamper filled with delicious Tuck has been sent to **Charles E. Wotton, 32, Upton Road, Torquay.**

Poor Pussy!

Little Dick spelt out very slowly the notice in the baker's shop-window.

"'Half Persian Cat Lost.—Reward to Finder.'"

Then to his mother he remarked: "What a strange notice, mother! They don't say which half it is. I wonder whether it was his head or his tail?"—Money Prize awarded to **Austin Appleton, 98, College Street, St. Helens, Lancs.**

Smart Child!

"Papa, will you buy me a nice big drum?" asked a little child of his father. "But, my boy," answered his father, "I am afraid you would constantly disturb me with it, and you know how very important my work is."

"Oh, no, I won't do anything of the sort," promised the little fellow. "I think I shall only play it when you're asleep."—Money Prize awarded to **Jack Barber, 27, Freehold Street, Northampton.**

SOLVING THE MYSTERY!

(Continued from page 6.)

the Priory—and he recovered to find himself a millionaire. The tin fields of Limoro Klip, for many years derelict and deemed worthless, were the scene of busy operations, pouring out a stream of gold—in which Ulick Carson, after all his plotting and rascality, had no share.

Vernon-Smith was the hero of the hour of Greyfriars. It was to Smithy that the rescue of the kidnapped man was due—as Drake acknowledged with deep gratitude. The honour was disputed by only one person—William George Bunter. He emphatically claimed the chief credit in the matter. According to Bunter, he had done it all—or almost all. He had found the kidnapped man—he had gone specially to the vaults to find him, and had suffered kidnapping himself for his devotion and valour—the other fellows, according to Bunter, had simply come in at the finish, which amounted to a mere nothing. And William George was greatly exasperated at receiving none of the glory to which he laid an emphatic claim.

On the score of gratitude for devoted services rendered, Billy Bunter cheerfully expected Jack Drake to cash in advance a series of postal-orders he was expecting. And when the cashfulness, as Hurree Singh called it, was not forthcoming, Billy Bunter made many scathing remarks.

But if Drake was lacking in gratitude to the Owl of the Remove, he was not so with the Bounder. The bitterness between the two juniors was a thing of the past now; and the Bounder had atoned for his fault, and it was spoken of no more. And Vernon-Smith did not leave Greyfriars—he had won back the respect of his schoolfellows, and so he was glad to stay.

And though it was probable that the Bounder would never have any chum but Tom Redwing, his feelings towards Drake certainly were very friendly and cordial—now that they were quits!

THE END.

Another school story here next week.



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8 PRIZES OF 5s. EACH.

This week we introduce a splendid new competition. On this page you will find a picture-puzzle which represents six well-known British railway stations, names of which have been taken from Bradshaw's Railway Guide. You are invited to solve the puzzle, and when you have done so you should write beneath the picture the name of the railway station which you consider the picture represents.

The splendid PRIZE OF £5 will be awarded to the reader who sends in a solution to the puzzle which exactly corresponds with the one in the Editor's possession.

If no one succeeds in correctly naming all the railway stations the prize will go to the competitor, or competitors, who send in the greatest number of correct solutions.

The right to add together the value of any or all of the prizes is reserved.

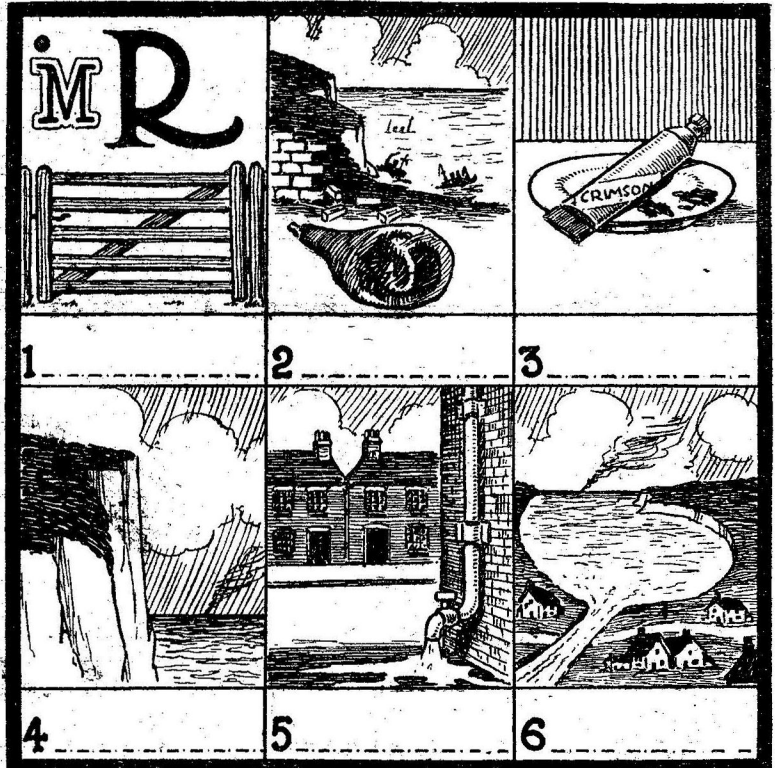
When you have solved the puzzle to your satisfaction, write your name and address on the coupon provided beneath the pictures, place in an envelope, and address to—

PICTURE COMPETITION No. 1, "Boys' Herald" Offices, Gough House, Gough Square, E.C.4, so as to reach that address on or before Wednesday, May 25th.

This competition is run in conjunction with "The Boys' Friend," and readers of that journal are invited to compete. Altered or mutilated efforts will be disqualified.

The decision of the Editor must be accepted as final in all matters concerning this competition, and entries are only admitted on that distinct understanding. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

ANOTHER NEW PICTURE-PUZZLE COMPETITION NEXT WEEK.



I enter this competition and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final. If more than one set of pictures is sent, Each coupon Must Be Signed.

NAME

ADDRESS

B.H.

Closing date of Competition May 25th, 1921.

RESULT OF OUR SIXTEENTH "PICTURE-PUZZLE" COMPETITION.

In this competition one competitor sent in a correct solution of the pictures, and the FIRST PRIZE OF £5 HAS THEREFORE BEEN AWARDED to:

E. A. J. CROOK
West Street,
Banwell, Somerset.

The THREE PRIZES OF A TUCK HAMPER EACH have been awarded to the following competitors next in order of merit:

W. K. STRICKLAND, THE HOSHEAD, APPLE-DORE, KENT.
CERIL A. SMITH, THE GREEN, STOKESBY, GR. YARMOUTH.

GEORGE HEIGHINGTON, 23, DUBLIN STREET, DARTINGTON.

The EIGHT PRIZES OF 5s. EACH have been awarded to the following competitors: Edward Rhodea, Joe Cain, Jessie Reid, Audrey De'amare, Frances H. Morton, Violet Mercer, Walter Howell, R. Howell.

THE CORRECT SOLUTION IS AS FOLLOWS: To most schoolboys the engine-driver's profession seems more delightful than any other. How splendid it must be to travel swiftly through the country each day. But the engine driver's is a most responsible job, and he has no time to enjoy country views.