

THE BEST FOOTBALL STORIES!

The BOYS' HERALD

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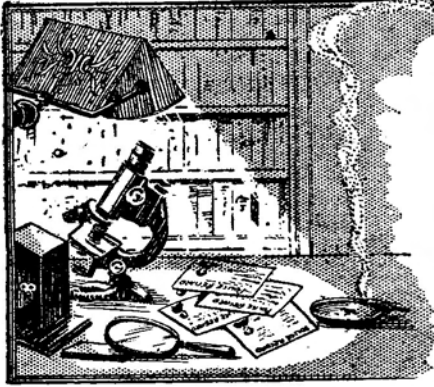
Oct. 29, 1921.



Seymour Chwast

STRINGER'S PLAYFUL LITTLE WAY.

COMPLETE IN THIS NUMBER.



THE DETECTIVE'S TRIUMPH!

A Grand, Long Complete Detective Story introducing Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake.

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

Ferrers Locke, the Up-to-Date Detective with New Methods.

Captain Ferrers Locke.

BREAKFAST, sir!" Ferrers Locke was leaning on the rail of the tramp steamer, staring away across the blue waters to the Pacific, to the giant palm that marked the island of Lai-Lai.

It was morning on the wide Pacific—the eastern sky was a blaze of golden light. The Baker Street detective glanced round, with a smile, as Jack Drake called to him.

"Right, my boy!" The tramp steamer lay idle on the long Pacific rollers. The engines were silent.

The Kanaka cook had brought up breakfast to the deck, close by the charthouse; Jack Drake had made the coffee. Billings, the mate, was already at his meal, eating voraciously. Mac, the engineer, slouched out of the charthouse with a grin on his stubbly face.

"The Old Man's come to," he said, chuckling. "He wants to know what the thunder we're doing with his old hooker. You'd better tell him, Mr. Locke."

"I will speak to him," said the detective quietly. "Get on with your breakfast, Drake."

Ferrers Locke passed into the charthouse. In his bunk there, Captain Tranter lay, bandaged, pale as chalk, but with an evil scowl on his bearded face, and an evil glitter in his little, red, close-set eyes. He glared at the Baker Street detective as he entered.

"You!" he muttered huskily. "Goldarn you, what are you doing with my ship, you blamed pirate?"

Ferrers Locke smiled. "I have taken command of your ship, captain," he answered tranquilly.

"The hole smoke you have!" Captain Tranter made an effort to rise, and sank back in the bunk with a groan. "Darn you, you've got me by the short hairs, Mister Detective. I wish I'd never raised anchor for this trip. Where's my employer, Mr. Pulteney?"

Ferrers Locke made a gesture towards the distant palm that waved from a high summit on Lai-Lai.

"I'll tell you what has happened, captain," he said coolly. "You brought Vernon Pulteney and Black Henri to the island, well knowing that I was coming there, and planning a deathtrap for me when I arrived. You knew that I was in search of the beachcomber, 'Toffy Jack,' and Vernon Pulteney chartered your ship, and bought your help, to defeat me in my search. Probably he did not tell you his reasons. He paid you high enough, I suppose, to make it worth your while to help him, and a murder or two did not weigh much on your conscience. Well, my man, I have turned the tables. Your teeth are drawn now. I am master of your ship—your mate and your engineer are taking their orders from me—and I shall remain master until we reach a white man's port again. Then I shall consider whether to hand you over to the police—if you survive."

The skipper of the tramp steamer spat out a curse. "Vernon Pulteney and Black Henri are left on the island," continued Ferrers Locke. "The savages who helped them against us are more than likely to turn on them. We are standing off and on at present, to see if possible what happens to them. Is there anything more you want to know?"

The skipper scowled blackly. "Do you think you are going to run my ship?" he gasped. Locke nodded.

"I think so," he assented. "Billings and Mac have decided not to argue the point with me—especially now they know there was murder included in your compact with Vernon Pulteney. The Kanaka crew are taking my orders

—you have thumped them into a perfect state of submission, my dear skipper. You will be looked after here, so long as you keep quiet. If you recover sufficiently, and give me any trouble, I shall have you put into irons."

"Me—in irons—on my own ship!" gasped Captain Tranter.

"You—in irons—on your own ship!" assented Locke. The skipper gasped.

"You—you sea-lawyer!" He raised his voice, and shouted feebly. "Mac! Billings! Come here, you lubbers!"

The mate and the engineer looked in at the open doorway of the charthouse, each with his mouth full.

"Morning, cap'n!" said Billings, with a nod. "Are you standing by, and letting this sea-lawyer collar my ship?" panted the skipper.

"Ay, ay!" said the engineer coolly. "He's offered me double wages, skipper, and I'm a poor man, and verra honest. You never told us the game, skipper. We've no quarrel with Mr. Locke—a verra worthy man, I believe."

"Hang you, you drunken shunter!" roared the skipper. "Billings, you're a man, which is more than that boozy waster is. Ain't you standing by your skipper?"

Billings shook his head. "I reckon not," he answered. "You never told me there was murder in the game you were playing with Vernon Pulteney, skipper. You never offered me a whack in the plunder. You kept too much to yourself, old man. Now you can chew on it. I'm taking my orders from Mr. Locke."

The skipper sank back again in his bunk, breathing hard. "If I had my shooter here—" he groaned.

"I have taken care that you haven't," said Ferrers Locke. "Anything more I can do for you, captain?"

A curse was the only answer, and Ferrers Locke quitted the charthouse. He sat down in a deck-chair to breakfast, with a cheerful face. The strain of a night of fearful peril had left scarcely a sign in the calm, impassive face of the Baker Street detective. Mac, the engineer, finished his breakfast and slouched away to the engine-room; Jack Drake stood by the rail, and watched the sea. Billings filled his pipe and smoked, and Ferrers Locke watched him in silence for some minutes.

"A word or two with you, Mr. Billings," said the Baker Street detective, at last.

"Heave ahead!" said the mate.

"I've told you what I'm in the South Seas for," said Ferrers Locke. "I'm hunting for a man who left England twenty years ago, and was known in the islands as 'Toffy Jack,' a beachcomber. You've said that you knew him."

"I knew him."

"You were a friend of his?"

Billings shrugged his shoulders.

"Toffy Jack wasn't the man to make friends," he said. "You'd have thought so, if you'd seen him on the beach at Lai-Lai, Mr. Locke. He was drunk nearly all his time. There were a dozen or so mean whites making a living on Lai-Lai in those days, and they were a desperate crowd—and he was the worst of the lot."

"What became of him after he left Lai-Lai?"

"I've told you. He's dead."

"You've told me so," assented Ferrers Locke.

"You don't believe me?"

"No."

The mate gave another shrug of the shoulders, and rose from his deck-chair.

"Believe it or not, as you like," he said. "I've warned you that you may as well return to London, Mr. Locke. You'll be more useful there, I guess, than in the South

Seas. You'll never find Toffy Jack, the beachcomber. If he lives, he doesn't want to be found."

Locke's eyes dwelt curiously on the mate's bronzed face. Billings seemed to avoid his glance.

"You will not help me in the search for the beachcomber?" asked Locke.

"No."

"But you could if you chose?"

"That's telling."

And the mate cut short the conversation by going forward, to give some order to the Kanaka crew.

Ferrers Locke watched him, still with that curious expression on his face. His brow was wrinkled in thought.

"I wonder—" he muttered. "I wonder—"

There was a sudden shout from Jack Drake.

"Canoe in sight, Mr. Locke!"

Ferrers Locke sprang to his feet.

Drake handed him his glasses, and pointed. Ferrers Locke raised the binoculars to his eyes. On the calm surface of the Pacific, between the idle steamer and the coral reefs of Lai-Lai, a canoe floated—with two men in it. And the Baker Street detective recognised Vernon Pulteney and Black Henri—his rivals in the quest for Toffy Jack, the beachcomber, alias Sir Walter Pulteney, heir to one of the largest fortunes in England.

Death For Treachery.

"CANOE ahoy!"

The tramp steamer bore down upon the canoe, and Ferrers Locke hailed the occupants as soon as they were within hearing.

Vernon Pulteney and his companion looked exhausted. They had escaped from the lagoon at Lai-Lai, through the passage of the circling reefs, as if by a miracle—but it was only to find the shadow of death hovering over them on the open sea.

In the wild hurry of escaping torture and death at the hands of the cannibal islanders, they had been able to give but little thought to what was to follow. But once safe from the island, and drifting on the illimitable Pacific, the full horror of their position rushed upon them. Not for a moment did they dream that the tramp steamer was remaining anywhere near the island—that Ferrers Locke was lingering in the hope of rendering them aid. As they had done, so they expected to be done by; and they believed that the steamer Locke had captured was under full steam for the Sandwich Islands, and many a long mile away by this time. On the moonlit sea, the canoe drifted aimlessly; as they grew too fatigued and hopeless to paddle. The dawn found them half-sleeping, and wholly despairing.

It was in the flush of the rising sun that Black Henri sat up, and swept the golden horizon with desperate eyes.

Any sail—any trail of smoke on the sunny sky—would have brought joy to his heart. But the Pacific rolled without a sail, without a sign of smoke.

Vernon Pulteney opened his eyes, and looked at him dully.

"We are lost!" he said.

"Mon Dieu! I think you are right," said Black Henri, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"How often does a sail touch at Lai-Lai?"

"Three times a year, perhaps."

"And what others are in these seas?"

"Sometimes a sloop or schooner from the Marquesas might pass within a hundred miles—"

"We are lost!" said Pulteney, with a gesture of despair.

"Ferrers Locke has beaten us all along the line, and we may as well give in. It would be wise to plunge into the water, and end it now, before we die of thirst!"

As if in answer to Vernon Pulteney's words, a black fin showed in the water beside the canoe.

Pulteney trembled.

"A shark!" said Henri Pourpoint coolly. "Better keep in the canoe, mon ami. While there is life, there is hope—a fraction of hope, at least. Ma foi! Castaways have been picked up before."

"We have no food—no drink!" groaned Pulteney.

"We have saved our throats from the cannibals, at least; our heads are not stuck on a pole, like Casco's on Lai-Lai," said Black Henri. "Keep up your courage, mon ami. If we win through, we shall yet baffle Ferrers Locke, and enjoy the Pulteney fortune. Thirty thousand a year is worth a struggle, my friend."

He stood up in the canoe, scanning the wide, rolling sea. Well the French crook knew that the chances against rescue were a thousand to one; but he did not give up hope yet.

And, as it happened, he was right, for as he stood scanning the sea in the strengthening sunlight, his hands shading his eyes, he gave a sudden shout of joy.

"A ship!"

Vernon Pulteney started up.

"A ship!" he repeated breathlessly. "Oh, impossible!"

"But true!" grinned Black Henri. "Ma foi! It is a steamer—it is the Okuma—Captain Tranter's tramp—do you understand? It is the steamer we came to Lai-Lai on—"

"Then Ferrers Locke—"

"He is looking for us," said Black Henri. "That is the only reason why the steamer should be still in sight of the island."

"Unless"—Pulteney eyes gleamed—"unless Captain Tranter has succeeded in turning the tables on him—"

"It is not likely. That man from Baker Street is the devil himself for luck! But it is impossible. Take your paddle."

With new hope in their hearts, the two castaways paddled feverishly in the direction of the distant steamer. They soon observed that the tramp was bearing down on them.

But Vernon Pulteney's hope that fortune might have turned against Ferrers Locke, was a brief one. For when the steamer was within hail, it was the Baker Street detective's face that looked over the side—Locke's keen eyes that scanned the canoe.

He held a rifle in his hands, resting on the rail.

The steamer surged nearer.

"Canoe ahoy!"

Black Henri waved his hand.

"A nous!" he shouted. "Help!"

Vernon Pulteney's hand slid into his pocket for a weapon. But the detective's voice rang over the steamer's rail.

"I shall pick you up! But first, throw your weapons into the sea. If there is treachery, I shall fire."

Black Henri's eyes glittered.

He had slipped a tiny revolver into the loose sleeve of his linen jacket, where it was hidden from sight.

One lucky shot, and the whole tide of fortune might turn—would turn. It was Ferrers Locke who held the steamer—Jack Drake was of little account, in Black Henri's eyes, at least. The crew who had submitted to Locke would submit to their old skipper in turn, if only the man from Baker Street could be disposed of. All hung upon the life of Ferrers Locke; and the French desperado was ready for any treacherous deed.

"Throw your revolver overboard, mon ami," he whispered.

"Leave him to me. But seem to submit. Comprenez?"

Pulteney nodded.

He drew his revolver out by the barrel, and tossed it into the sea, in sign of surrender.

"And you, Pourpoint!" called out Ferrers Locke.

"Ma foi! I am at your orders, Monsieur Locke," said Black Henri. He plucked a pistol from his belt, and it circled in the air and dropped into the waves with a splash. A second weapon was hidden in his sleeve, but there was no sign of it. Black Henri was waiting his chance.

"Now paddle alongside," said Ferrers Locke. "Throw them a rope, Drake."

Jack Drake tossed a rope to the canoe.

Vernon Pulteney clambered up the steamer's side, and stood on the deck, breathless. His heart was beating hard. He was in the power of the Baker Street detective now—a prisoner. It was better than death by hunger and thirst on the open sea. But he knew what Black Henri intended, and he still hoped for a sudden change of fortune.

Black Henri came actively up the side, and jumped on the deck. The canoe went floating away in the wake of the steamer, as the vessel was put under way again.

"You have beaten us, Mr. Locke," said Black Henri.

"But you have saved our lives, and I for one am grateful. I suppose that we are to consider ourselves prisoners on this ship—which was ours?"

"Precisely."

"My time will come!" muttered Vernon Pulteney.

"Possibly—but it is my time now," said Ferrers Locke.

"Drake, you will take a cord and bind their hands."

"Yes, sir!"

Drake cut a length of cord, and approached the two prisoners.

Black Henri held out his wrists for the bonds, with a shrug of the shoulders. He played his part well. But even as Drake stepped up to him, and for the moment intervened between him and the Baker Street detective, the revolver slid down into Black Henri's hand. He fired on the instant as he gripped it, and the barrel was aimed at Ferrers Locke.

Crack!
Ferrers Locke was on the watch.

His rifle was ready; and he was very far from being taken by surprise, as the desperado had hoped.

As Black Henri's hand went up, with the revolver in it, Locke's rifle rang out, and the bullet struck the desperado full in the breast. With a gasping cry, Black Henri reeled back, and his own bullet flew harmlessly towards the sky as he reeled.

Crash!

The dark-skinned desperado crashed down on the planks, the revolver spinning from his hand.

"Mon Dieu!" He gasped and choked. "Je suis mort! Mon Dieu!"

Vernon Pulteney became pale as death. His hands trembled, as he held them out for the cord. The sudden and terrible punishment of Black Henri's treachery had utterly unnerved him.

Jack Drake bound his wrists together, and then searched him for weapons, and took away his clasp-knife. Pulteney staggered to the rail and stood leaning against it, breathing in gasps. Black Henri lay on his back, with the pallor of death in his face. Billings, the mate, burst into a laugh.

"I reckon you are some shooter, Mr. Locke," he said. "Just about one second more, and he would have had you."

Locke nodded, and stepped towards the Frenchman.

What Billings Know.

BLACK HENRI looked up at the Baker Street detective, and panted feebly for breath. It was evident that he had only a few minutes to live.

"You have finished me," he muttered. "Your luck has held good after all, Ferrers Locke! You have beaten me!"

"You die for your treachery," said Locke quietly. "I remained here to save your lives, yours and your employer's; and you attempted to kill me with a treacherous shot. You have got what you deserve, Henri Pourpoint."

"Je le sais. I know it!" muttered the ruffian, struggling for breath. "Bah! It was a chance, and I took it! I am only sorry that luck was against me!"

Locke fixed his eyes on the ghastly face. At a distance, the Kanaka seamen were staring on the scene. Billings, the mate, rolled a cigarette, and lighted it. He was too accustomed to scenes of violence and death to be anything but idly interested.

"You have only a few minutes to live," said Locke quietly. "If you have any confession to make, Black Henri, I will hear it. You killed Sir Henry Pulteney."

"Mon Dieu! And how do you know?"

"Is it not true?"

There was a sudden footstep beside the detective. Billings, the mate, came quickly forward. There was a strange look on his hard, bronzed face.

"What is that you say, Mr. Locke?" he exclaimed. "Did you say Sir Henry Pulteney?"

"I did."

"There was only one Henry Pulteney," said Billings, "and he had no title."

"He succeeded to the title," said Locke. "But stand aside, please; the man is dying."

Billings stared at him for a moment, and then obeyed, standing aside, his bronzed features working strangely. His eyes were on the ghastly face of the French desperado.

"You have aided Vernon Pulteney in his wicked schemes for succeeding to the Pulteney fortune," continued Ferrers Locke. "Five Pulteneys died violent deaths—the last was Sir Henry. He, at least, died by your hand, Black Henri. You hurled him from the cliff in his own park."

"It will not harm me now," said Black Henri, with a ghastly grin. "It is true. I do not care who knows it."

"And you were concerned in the earlier crimes."

"Soit!"

"But Vernon Pulteney was your employer—it was he who was to succeed to the fortune. Will you sign a confession, and let justice be done on that scoundrel—if only to save the next heir from his plotting?"

Black Henri shook his head.

"For myself, I care nothing," he said. "I am going where even you cannot touch me, Monsieur Locke. But I have never turned on a comrade. I will say nothing of Vernon Pulteney."

Ferrers Locke drew back. Scoundrel as the man was, Locke could respect loyalty even to a comrade in crime.

"De l'eau!" whispered Black Henri. His native tongue came naturally to his lips, in his last moments. "De l'eau, pour l'amour de Dieu!"

"Water!" called out Ferrers Locke.

He held a pannikin of water to Black Henri's lips, supporting the wretched man's head as he sipped feebly. Billings stood looking on with a fixed face.

It was all over in a few minutes. Ferrers Locke rose to his feet, and Drake quietly covered the dead man's face with a fragment of sailcloth. Vernon Pulteney shivered.

Billings broke his silence at last.

"I reckon the sooner that carrion's overboard the better," he said.

The brutality of the words startled Jack Drake. But Locke did not seem to observe it.

"You are right," he said. "Give orders to the seamen."

Within ten minutes, the body of Black Henri was committed to the sea, with a bar of iron to the feet.

The steamer plunged on, leaving the desperado sinking deep to his long home in the depths of the Pacific.

Billings lounged away to the charthouse, followed by a curious glance from Ferrers Locke. The detective remained on the deck, with a very thoughtful brow. Strange thoughts were in his mind, and it was of Billings, the mate, that he was thinking. The mate came out of the charthouse at last, pale, but very cool and composed.

His pale face flushed a little as he came across to the Baker Street detective.

"So old Henry Pulteney is dead?" he said.

"Yes."

"And that carrion we've just sunk killed him?"

Locke nodded.

"Why?" asked Billings.

"Ask Vernon Pulteney," said Locke drily. "It was he who planned a series of crimes for a fortune. Four Pulteneys died by what were supposed to be accidental deaths, and Henry Pulteney unexpectedly inherited title and estates. Vernon Pulteney was the next heir—as he believed. He attempted Sir Henry's life, and failed, owing to the intervention of my assistant. He went abroad, and his confederate—the man we have left in the sea—carried out the work."

Billings' lips twitched.

"Then Vernon Pulteney is now Sir Vernon Pulteney?" he said.

Locke shook his head.

"Shortly before his death, Sir Henry engaged my services in searching for his son—a scapegrace, who had gone to the bad, and had last been heard of in the South Seas, in the islands, under the name of 'Toffy Jack.' From Sir Henry's will, and other papers, Vernon Pulteney learned the truth. When I came to the South Seas to hunt for the lost beachcomber, he came, too. That is the whole story."

"My God!" said Billings. "I knew him, of course." He seemed to be talking more to himself than to Ferrers Locke. "I knew him, as soon as he stepped on the old hooker at Honolulu. But—but if I'd known—" He broke off. "So Vernon Pulteney was seeking your life, because you were hunting for Toffy Jack—the heir of Sir Henry Pulteney?"

"Exactly."

"He is hunting for him too, then?"

"Of course."

"To remove him from the succession, if he finds him?"

"That is his object certainly."

Billings laughed strangely.

"And Toffy Jack, the drunken beachcomber of Lai-Lai, is heir to the Pulteney fortune?" he exclaimed.

"Heir to the baronetcy, and Friardale Court, and thirty thousand a year!" said the Baker Street detective.

"Good heavens!"

Billings was silent for a few minutes, the detective watching him quietly, waiting for him to speak. The mate grasped the rail, as if he felt that he needed support, and stared out at sea. He turned to Ferrers Locke at last.

"Old Henry Pulteney was a hard man," he said. "His son was a waster, but the father was as hard as iron. But for that, Toffy Jack, the beachcomber, might never have fallen so low as he did."

"His heart was softened before his death," said Ferrers Locke. "He was very anxious that his son should be found."

Billings nodded.

"You know now why I am in search of the beachcomber of Lai-Lai," said Ferrers Locke. "You can help me, Mr. Billings."

The mate shrugged his broad shoulders.

"I could!" he assented coolly.

"And you will?"

"Perhaps! Listen to me, Mr. Locke." Billings rolled a cigarette, mechanically, in his brown fingers. "When Toffy



Vernon Pulteney's hope that fortune might have turned against Ferrers Locke, was a brief one. For when the steamer was within hail, it was the Baker Street detective's face that looked over the side—Locke's keen eyes that scanned the canoe.

Jack left Lai-Lai, ten years ago, after his father's refusal to answer his letter asking for help, he changed his way of life. Drink had brought him near to death, and instead of sinking into a drunkard's grave, like most beachcombers in the long run, he took a hold on himself, and started afresh. He swore to himself that as his father would not help him, and never wanted to hear of him again, he would never bear the name of Pulteney, and never send a word home—that he would live and die in the South Seas—and he gave up all thought of what he had been in the Old Country, and settled down to live as a South Sea trader. Ten years have passed since then, and he had no news, and never wanted any news, from home. He never knew of what had happened to the Pulteneys—never dreamed that his father had become head of the family and master of Friardale Court. Gad! He was not likely to think of such a thing as that. But if he had known, he would have sent no word! And yet—and yet the old man relented towards him, at the end."

"He did!" said Locke.

There was a short silence.

"And where is Toffy Jack now?" asked the detective.

"Sailing the South Seas, under another name," said Billings. "Roughing it, and leading a hard life—a pretty lawless one, too—but nothing like the old-time beachcomber of Lai-Lai, Mr. Locke. This news has rather knocked me over—I've got to think it out. When I've had a big think, I'll tell you whether I'll help you to find Toffy Jack." He broke off suddenly. "What's the sailing orders now?"

"Straight for Honolulu," answered Locke.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

Behind the tramp steamer, the giant palm of Lai-Lai sank into the blue Pacific.

A Startling Discovery.

DAY by day the tramp steamer plunged on over the wide, blue waters, leaving the islands behind, under sunny skies.

Jack Drake enjoyed every day that passed; the voyage was like a holiday to him.

Ferrers Locke had come down from Hawaii to the islands hunting for the trail of Toffy Jack, the vanished beachcomber. Now he was heading direct back to Honolulu, and the scattered isles of the Pacific were dropping far astern. What, then, Drake wondered, were his plans for seeking the one-time beachcomber of Lai-Lai? Had the quest for Toffy Jack alias Sir Walter Pulteney, been given up? Drake could not think so; but he did not venture to question his chief, and he could only wonder.

The days passed quietly enough on board the tramp. Captain Tranter was making a slow recovery, but he was not likely to be able to leave the charthouse bunk before the ship dropped her anchor in port. The skipper, weak and

reduced, though recovering, gave no trouble. He was looked after by a Kanaka, and sometimes tended by Ferrers Locke.

Mac, the engineer, was only interested in his engines, which were old and rotten, and required his constant care. When he was not looking after his old iron, as he called the engines, he was generally interested chiefly in his rum bottle. As for the Kanaka seamen, they obeyed the orders of Billings and Ferrers Locke, and were undoubtedly glad of the change of command. They had no love for their old skipper; whose bullying commands had often been backed up by kicks and thumps.

Billings was rather a puzzle in these sunny days. He accepted Ferrers Locke's command with cheerful readiness, and was evidently faithful to his new captain. But his free and easy flow of talk had gone—he had become silent, moody, thoughtful. He spent a great deal of time by himself, when he was off duty, pacing the deck, without a word. Ferrers Locke took watch and watch with the mate, Drake generally sharing his chief's watch on deck. Billings did his duty well, and he was always quiet and civil—indeed, every day he seemed to be dropping more and more of the "bucko mate," and approximating more and more to his old self—his former self, of earlier and better days.

Locke sometimes gave him an inquiring look, as if expecting a communication; but he asked no questions. The Baker Street detective was content to wait.

One day, when Billings, moved by some new thought, dressed himself more carefully, and shaved off his stubble beard and ragged moustache, he looked so different when he came on deck, that Jack Drake could not help regarding him curiously.

The rough and ready "bucko mate" of the South Sea tramp was a handsome man, even a distinguished-looking one. And another circumstance struck Drake, which he mentioned to Ferrers Locke.

Vernon Pulteney was lounging sullenly on deck, and Drake glanced from the mate to him, and back from him to the mate.

"Mr. Locke!" he exclaimed suddenly.

Ferrers Locke, who had followed his curious glance, smiled.

"Well, my boy?" he asked.

"It's jolly odd," said Drake. "I never knew what Billings really looked like before. Now one can fairly see his face, don't you notice something?"

"He is quite a good-looking man," said Locke.

"But that isn't all. He's awfully like Vernon Pulteney in features," said Drake. "They might be near relations, from their looks."

"You notice that?"

"It's quite striking," said Drake.

(Continued on page 14.)

NEXT WEEK!

"THE SPORTSMAN -- AND THE SLACKER."

ONLY "FOXY" BATES KNEW THAT THEY WERE BROTHERS.



HARRY GARTH
(The mill-worker)



"FOXY" BATES



PERCY CRANSTON
(The dandy gentleman)

"Yes," muttered "FOXY" BATES, "there's going to be bad blood between those two, I can see. And what a surprise it would be to them if I told them all I know—all that I could prove! THAT HARRY GARTH, and PERCY CRANSTON, the dandy gentleman are BROTHERS!"

"The Sportsman—and the Slacker," is the greatest story of SPORT and INDUSTRY for BOYS EVER WRITTEN (by William E. Groves). STARTS IN NEXT TUESDAY'S "BOYS' HERALD."

THE DETECTIVE'S TRIUMPH!

(Continued from page 12.)

"You are right, my boy, it is," said Ferrers Locke tranquilly. "Does it surprise you?"

"Well, it does, rather," said Drake. "Doesn't it surprise you, sir?"

"No. Because I expected it."

"You did, sir!" exclaimed Drake, in utter amazement.

Ferrers Locke nodded and laughed.

"The family resemblance in the Pulteney family is strong," he said.

Ferrers Locke said no more, and Drake was a good deal puzzled.

Among Drake's duties was that of keeping an eye on Vernon Pulteney. The prisoner of the steamer passed his days in savage sullenness. At first, probably, he had entertained some hope of turning the tables on the Baker Street detective. But that hope had died. He had no chance of influencing the Kanaka seamen; and Mac, the engineer, refused to listen to him, and Billings carefully avoided him, deliberately turned his back on him, and once he had ordered him off the bridge in such fierce tones that Pulteney shrank away from him.

Pulteney was allowed some liberty in the ship. Locke felt secure from him now, and he was not hard on his prisoner. Above all, there was security in the new and bitter dislike Billings seemed to have taken to the plotter. That dislike was inexplicable to Drake, and to Pulteney himself; but it did not surprise Ferrers Locke; he had his own reasons for expecting it and understanding it.

Pulteney spent his days in pacing the deck, or sulking in the cabin that had been allotted to him. Every weapon on the ship had been thrown overboard, excepting those of Ferrers Locke, Drake, and Billings; and there was no chance for the prisoner to make any desperate attempt, even if he had been the man to do it. But villain as he was, he lacked the reckless courage of his former ally, Black Henri.

The plotter could only count the hours till Honolulu should be reached, when he hoped to recover his liberty. Ferrers Locke could not, after all, formulate any definite charge against him. He could not prove, in a court of law, his plotting with Casco on the island, and his share in the savages' attack on Locke. The rascal felt that he would be safe when the steamer dropped anchor, and free to recommence his campaign, to seek for Toffy Jack and remove the claimant to the Pulteney estates, if he still lived, and to plot and scheme for revenge upon the Baker Street detective.

But he had not entirely given up hope—and all the hope he had of turning the tables, on board the tramp steamer, centred in Billings. With the mate on his side, he could hope for a chance of success, and he did not cease his efforts. But Billings' evident personal animosity choked him off, again and again. It was not until the Hawaiian Islands were only a couple of days' off, that Vernon Pulteney found an opportunity for speaking out to the mate.

Billings had gone down to his cabin after his watch, Ferrers Locke taking his place on deck. Pulteney caught sight of him from the main cabin, and followed him.

The mate turned a surly look on him.

"Get out!" he said briefly.

"I must have a word with you," said Vernon Pulteney desperately. "What is the matter with you, man? Is a thousand pounds—two thousand pounds—worth nothing to you?"

Billings looked at him strangely.

"Perhaps I could lay my hands on more than that, if I chose," he answered. "Perhaps I shall. You need not talk to me, Mr. Pulteney. I am standing by Ferrers Locke."

Pulteney bit his lip hard.

"He is nothing to you," he said. "I can offer you any reward you like to stand by me. I chartered this ship, with Captain Tranter, and you are really in my pay. Why have you turned on me?"

Billings laughed.

"I did not know it was a murder plot, or I should not have sailed with Captain Tranter," he said. "I've led a rough life, but I've never sunk to that. But there is another reason, Mr. Vernon Pulteney."

"And what is that?"

"You are searching for Toffy Jack, once a beachcomber on Lai-Lai. You are going to plot his death if you find him, to keep him from claiming the Pulteney estates."

"Locke has told you—"

"Everything."

"Well, even so?" exclaimed Pulteney savagely. "What is a drunken beachcomber to you?"

The mate laughed again—strangely.

"I should feel it pretty deeply if you killed Toffy Jack!" he said. "Oh, you are a keen scoundrel, Mr. Pulteney; but have you no eyes in your head?"

Vernon Pulteney stared at him.

"What do you mean?"

"Look!"

Billings opened his sea-chest, and took a looking-glass from it, Vernon Pulteney watching him in astonishment.

The mate held up the glass, so that his face was reflected in it side by side with that of Vernon Pulteney.

(Continued on page 19.)

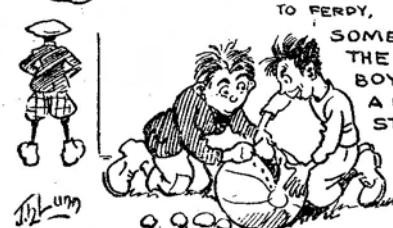


AND GAVE HIS PERSONAL SUPERVISION TO TRAINING A TEAM, WHICH HE PROMOTED AMONG THE YOUNGSTERS IN HIS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

"NOW" SAID FERDY GIVING FINAL INSTRUCTIONS WHEN EVERYTHING WAS PREPARED FOR THE FIRST MATCH, "I WILL KICK OFF BOYS, AND THEN YOU GO IN AND WIN."



BUT ALL UNKNOWN TO FERDY,



SOME OF THE MISCHIEVOUS BOYS HAD FILLED A FOOTBALL WITH STONES AND THEN PLACED IT IN POSITION.

FERDY TOOK A GREAT RUN AT THE BALL BECAUSE HE WANTED TO SHOW HOW HE COULD SEND IT RIGHT INTO THE NET



WHAT HAPPENED TO FERDY IS HERE DEPICTED: NO WONDER HE LOST INTEREST IN JUVENILE FOOTBALL

THE DETECTIVE'S TRIUMPH!

(Continued from page 14.)

"Look!" he repeated.

There were two faces in the glass, strangely alike—so strangely alike, though one was older than the other—that the resemblance was startling. Vernon Pulteney started.

"The devil!" he muttered huskily. "You—you—your name is not Billings. You are a Pulteney."

"Have you guessed it at last?"

Vernon Pulteney turned on him, his eyes almost starting from his head. His hands clenched convulsively.

"You—you—" he almost choked. "You— You were Toffy Jack, the beachcomber! You are Walter Pulteney!"

Billings threw down the mirror. "You know—now!" he said. "Ferrers Locke knows, though he has not said so. Do you think I will help you, now, to kill Toffy Jack, Mr. Pulteney?" He laughed. Then his face hardened, and his eyes glinted. "My father was killed by your accomplice, at your order. He was a hard man to me; but he was my father. Do you know why I do not shoot you dead in your tracks? It is only Ferrers Locke that stands between you and death, you assassin. Get out of my sight."

Vernon Pulteney almost staggered from the cabin.

The Finding of Toffy Jack.

CRACK! Ferrers Locke started up in his bunk.

It was midnight, and Billings' watch on deck.

Ferrers Locke had turned in.

The shot and the cry was followed by a babble of voices on deck. Locke hurried on his clothes, and dashed to the companion-way, revolver in hand. Jack Drake, also armed, was only a few moments behind him.

Billings, the mate, stood with a still smoking revolver in his hand. There was a grim smile on his bronzed face.

Stretched on the planks was Vernon Pulteney.

By his side lay a capstan bar, fallen from his hand.

"What is this?" exclaimed Ferrers Locke, sternly.

Billings gave a shrug of the shoulders.

"I reckon it is the end of Mr. Vernon Pulteney's plotting," he answered. "He came at me behind with the capstan bar. I saw his shadow in time."

"And—"

"And shot him down, like the dog he is," said Billings coolly. "It was to save my life, Mr. Locke. I ask you

to believe that. It was only on your account that I have held my hand till now."

"I believe you," said Locke quietly.

He knelt beside the fallen man.

Vernon Pulteney turned a ghastly look on the Baker Street detective. Every vestige of colour had died out of his face—hands clawed feebly at the planks.

The wretch gasped feebly.

"I—I am going—"

"Make your peace with Heaven, while you have yet time," said Ferrers Locke gravely. "You have much to answer for."

"I—I know it! I am dying, and now—now—" He panted for breath. "This is what it has come to—five of my own blood have died, that I might be rich—and now—now—"

"Now it is the end!"

"It is the end!" said Ferrers Locke quietly.

"You would have killed him?" said Ferrers Locke.

"I—I—"

"Because you have recognised him now—because he is Sir Walter Pulteney, once Toffy Jack the beachcomber?" said Ferrers Locke.

"Yes!" whispered Pulteney faintly. "It—it was the last throw of the dice, and now—it is the end."

"Good heavens!" muttered Drake.

He understood all now.

The lost baronet—the vanished beachcomber of Lai-Lai—was found. Billings, the mate of the tramp steamer—Toffy Jack, the one-time loafer of the beach at Lai-Lai—and the son of Sir Henry Pulteney—were one and the same.

"Home again!"

The adventure in the Pacific was over—the famous detective was in his familiar old quarters again. At Friardale Court there was a new baronet installed—Sir Walter Pulteney, the last of his race. And though much was known of the new baronet's strange career, there was much more that would never be known save by Ferrers Locke and his boy assistant.

The sunny isles of the Pacific, brown-skinned savages and rough sea-traders, waving palms and coral reefs, were far behind him now—and Ferrers Locke, with a sigh of satisfaction, filled his briar, and sat down to go through a pile of correspondence.

THE END.

In next Tuesday's special number of the "Boys' Herald" there will be another splendid, long detective story of Ferrers Locke, in the special detective supplement. Don't miss it!

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