

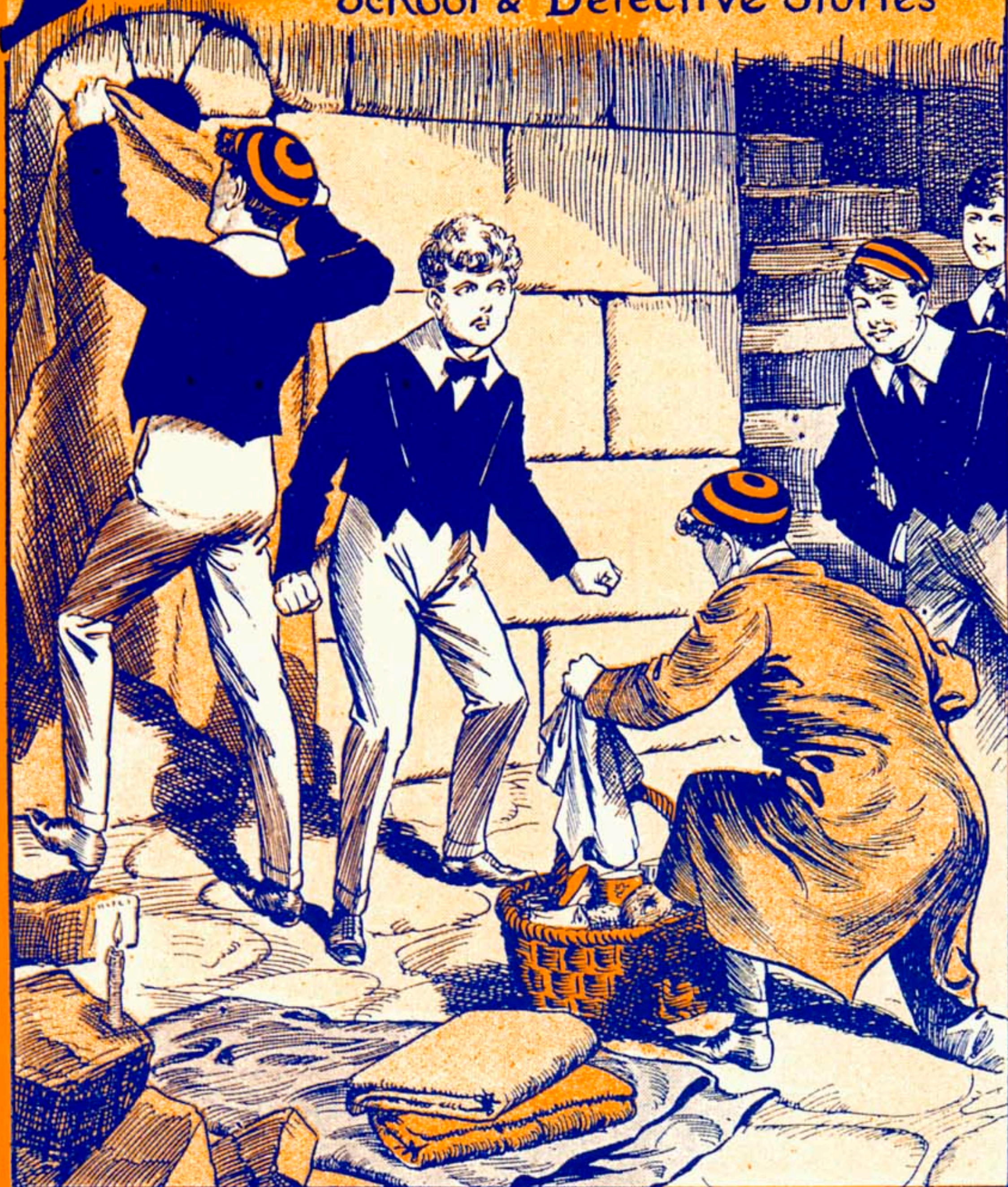
DO YOU WANT ANY POCKET-MONEY? See Pages 2 & 27.

No. 793. Vol. XXIII.

Week ending April 21st, 1923.

The Magnet 2^d

Library
of
School & Detective Stories



LOOKING AFTER THE RUNAWAY FROM ST. JIM'S!

(A striking scene from "How Levison Minor Came to Greyfriars!"—this week's magnificent long complete school story.)



"THE BOY WITH A BAD NAME!"

The title alone of next Monday's long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. is suggestive of something good to come. Many of my readers will remember that Ernest Levison was once a scholar at Greyfriars, and that he left under somewhat peculiar and shady circumstances.

His sojourn at St. Jim's, however, has brought out the finer qualities in Ernest Levison, but there are these "sporty" fellows at Greyfriars, chief amongst them Skinner & Co., who are firmly convinced that Levison's reform is merely "eye-wash," and that he is just as big a blade as he was in the old days.

Whether or not Skinner & Co. are right you will discover upon reading the above-named story, a yarn, believe me, that will hold you enthralled from beginning to end.

"THE RETURN OF MR. FANG!"

In addition to the ripping Greyfriars story there is a powerful yarn featuring Ferrers Locke—the master-detective—and the amazing wizard of the East, Mr. Fang. This cunning Oriental once again pits his mighty intellect against that of "Tiger" Locke, and the fight for

supremacy is a masterpiece of modern detective fiction. Don't miss it!

A DORMITORY NUMBER!

The Editorial staff of the GREYFRIARS HERALD has been busy on a special Dormitory Supplement, and the result is distinctly pleasing.

THE "MAGNET" LIMERICK COMPETITION.

Readers would be well advised to have a shot at this new feature in their favourite paper. Five minutes' work—pleasant work at that—with the prospect of extra pocket-money. What could be better? Bear in mind the old saying that he who hesitates is lost, and send in your attempts right now.

CYCLING!

Many of my chums write asking about good cycling spins. It stands to reason that it would be impossible to find room in the MAGNET for lengthy articles describing routes, but I can safely re-

commend readers living round about London to try Bucks as a change from Surrey and Middlesex. Bucks is not half as well known as it should be. If you get away down the Bath Road—the finest track out of London—you will soon find yourself on the borders of Bucks. Swing off to the right before reaching a village called Longford, and take the Yiewsley and West Drayton road to Uxbridge. It is all interesting going, and the roads get better as you proceed. See Denham, and then, if time allows, make for Beaconsfield and Gerrard's Cross. You will enjoy every inch of the ride. You find yourself in the Penn country, where the great John Penn, of Pennsylvania fame, hailed from. There are chunks of history about this part. If you have a day to give you will be able to run as far as Wooburn Green, a jolly little village, quite of the olden time, and you can make your return by bearing to the left via Cookham and Maidenhead. Then you are on the Bath Road once more, with a level run for home.

IF SUMMER COMES!

Don't think I am suggesting it won't! It will, and this coming summer should be a record. Away with all the sooth-sayers of gloom who prophesy rain and cold. The MAGNET will do honour to the season in first-class style. I have a magnificent programme of stories all ready—superb yarns of the river, the cricket-field, and the open road. Tell your friends who are non-readers of the wonderful value always to be found in the prince of story-papers—the MAGNET—and persuade them to place an order with their newsagent at once!

Your Editor.

THE "MAGNET" LIMERICK COMPETITION!

NO ENTRANCE FEE REQUIRED.

First Prize - - - £1 1s. 0d.

and

CONSOLATION PRIZES OF 2/6 FOR ALL EFFORTS PUBLISHED.

In order to win one of the above prizes all you have to do is to supply the last line of the verse given below, taking care to see that your effort bears some apt relation to the theme.

RULES GOVERNING THE "MAGNET" LIMERICK COMPETITION.

1.—The First Prize will be awarded to the sender of what, in the opinion of the Editor and a competent staff of adjudicators, is the best Last Line received.

2.—Consolation prizes of 2s. 6d. will be awarded from week to week to those competitors whose efforts show merit.

3.—The coupon below entitling you to enter for this competition must be either pasted on to a postcard, in which case your Last Line must be written IN INK directly beneath it, or enclosed separately in an envelope with your Last Line effort attached.

4.—Competitor's name and full postal address must accompany every effort sent in.

5.—Entries must reach us not later than April 26th, 1923, and MUST NOT be enclosed with entrance forms for any other competition. They must be addressed "MAGNET Limerick No. 2," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.

6.—Your Editor undertakes that every effort sent in will receive careful consideration, but he will not hold himself responsible for coupons lost or mislaid, or delayed in the post. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery.

7.—This competition is open to All Readers of the THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 793.

Companion Papers, but the result each week will appear only in the MAGNET.

8.—It is a distinct condition of entry that your Editor's decision must be accepted as binding in all matters. Acceptance of these rules is an express condition of entry.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

"MAGNET" LIMERICK COMPETITION.

No. 2.

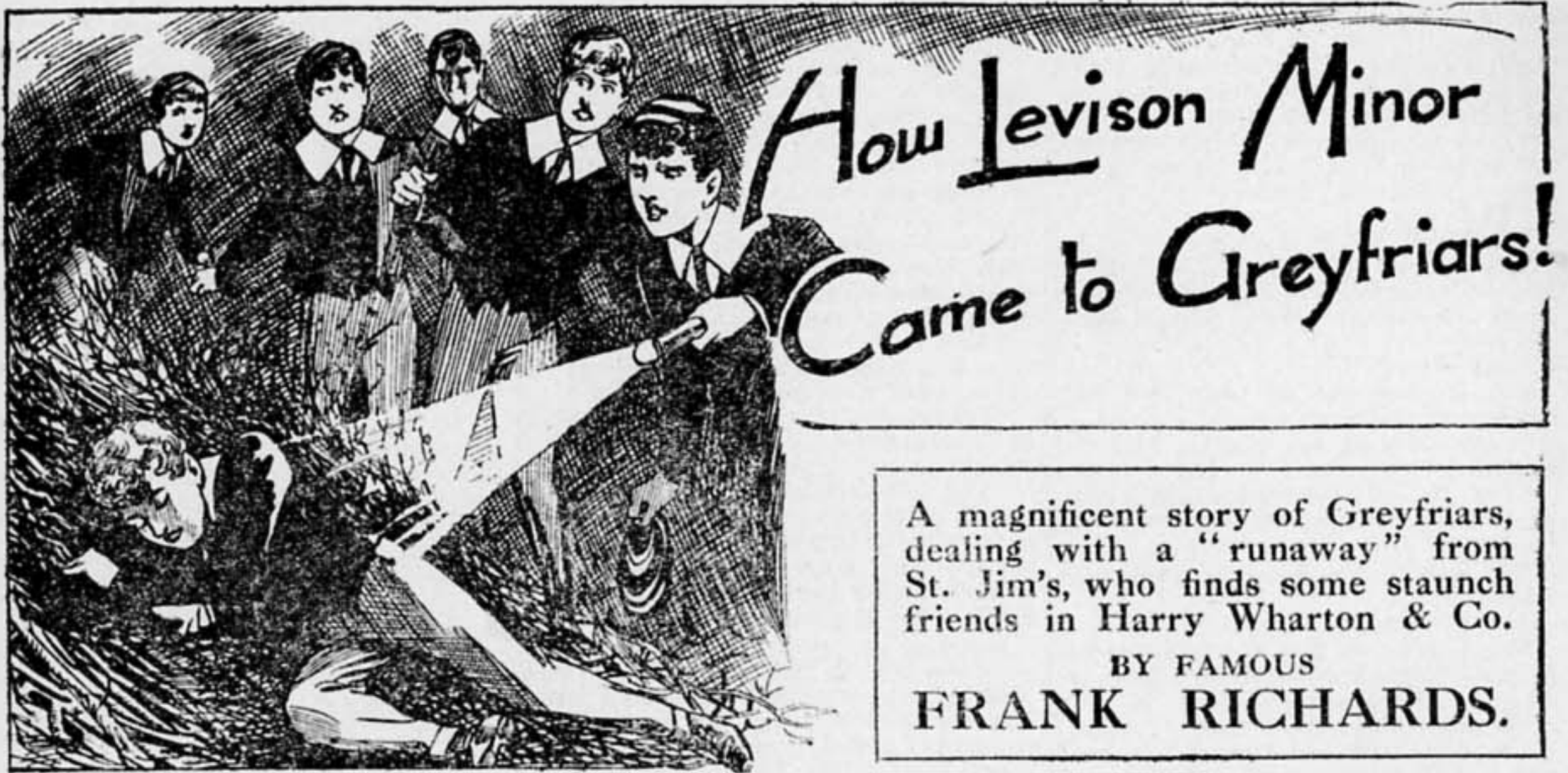
Said Bunter, "There's nothing for tea,
And I'm hungry as hungry can be."
But when he asked Brown
To advance half-a-crown,

THIS EXAMPLE WILL HELP YOU.

Brownny turned a deaf ear to his plea!

M

CUT HERE



How Levison Minor Came to Greyfriars!

A magnificent story of Greyfriars, dealing with a "runaway" from St. Jim's, who finds some staunch friends in Harry Wharton & Co.

BY FAMOUS
FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Minus Bunter!

"MY bike's punctured!" Billy Bunter made that statement to five juniors who were taking their machines from the stands in the bike-shed at Greyfriars.

Apparently, Bunter expected his statement to cause general attention to become concentrated at once upon himself and his bike.

That result, however, did not ensue.

Harry Wharton & Co. did not heed—did not even seem to hear. They lifted down their machines, and proceeded to examine them, preparatory to starting on a spin.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Mine wants pumping," remarked Bob Cherry. "Hand me that foot-pump, Franky!"

Frank Nugent handed over the foot-pump.

"I spoke to you fellows!" howled Bunter.

"Go hon!" said Bob.

"My bike's punctured."

"It generally is!" observed Johnny Bull. "Why don't you mend your punctures?"

"No time now, anyhow," said Bunter. "If I stop to mend a puncture now, I shall have to keep you fellows waiting."

"That's all right," said Johnny Bull. "We sha'n't wait!"

"The waitfulness will not be terrific, my esteemed Bunter," remarked Hurree Singh.

"As I'm coming with you to Lantham this afternoon—"

"Are you?" asked Harry Wharton, in surprise.

"Yes!" roared Bunter.

"Come if you like, old fat tulip!" assented the captain of the Remove. "But we're jolly well not waiting while you mend a puncture! We're going over to Lantham to see a match, and we're not going to be late. You should be a bit sooner with your repairs."

"Ready!" said Bob.

"Come on, then!"

"I suppose Bob's going to give me a lift on his bike?" suggested Bunter.

"I can see myself shifting your weight ten miles!" grinned Bob Cherry. "I don't think!"

"You see, I've decided to go over to

Lantham," said Billy Bunter calmly. "I'm going to have tea with you fellows at the bun-shop there. I suppose you'd like my company?"

"Blessed if I see why you should suppose anything of the sort!" granted Johnny Bull. "Does anybody ever want your company?"

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"Come on!" said Bob. "We shall miss the match if we wait here till Bunter's done wagging his chin!"

"Hold on a minute!" exclaimed Bunter. "I really think you'd better give me a lift, Bob Cherry. Otherwise, I may feel it my duty to mention to Wingate that you are going out without having done your lines."

"What!" roared Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter grinned.

"Wingate gave you a hundred lines for sliding down the banisters," he remarked. "I heard him. He said they were to be taken in before tea. You won't get back to tea if you go over to Lantham this afternoon."

"And what bizney is that of yours, you fat frog?" demanded Bob Cherry sulphurously.

"Lots!" said Bunter. "I can't see a Form-fellow of mine treating a prefect with disrespect in this manner. It's disrespectful—in fact, bad form. I disapprove of it!"

"You—you—you disapprove of it!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Certainly! I'm shocked at you!"

"But you won't be shocked if Bob gives you a lift on his bike to Lantham?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Exactly—I—I mean, of course, if Bob treats me like a pal, I shall feel bound to treat him like a pal. One good turn deserves another, you know," said Bunter, blinking at the Famous Five through his big spectacles.

Bob Cherry seemed to have some difficulty in breathing for a moment or two. But he calmed himself.

"So if I don't give you a lift, you're going to point out to Wingate of the Sixth that I'm going out without doing my lines?" he inquired.

"Well, that's rather a rotten way of putting it, old chap. I might feel it my duty to mention—"

"And if you sneak to Wingate, he will stop me, and I shall miss the match at Lantham," went on Bob.

"Better give me a lift, don't you think?" grinned Bunter.

To the amazement of his chums, Bob Cherry nodded assent. They rather expected him to grasp the Owl of the Remove, and smite him hip and thigh. Instead of which, Bob nodded.

"Much better!" he agreed. "You think you can stick on the foot-rests and hold on?"

"Oh, yes, that's all right!"

"Come along, then!"

"You're not going to drag that porpoise all the way to Lantham, Bob!" howled Johnny Bull.

"My dear chap," said Bob, "Bunter's given his orders, hasn't he? Haven't I got to do as Bunter tells me?"

"Why, you gilly ass—"

"Oh, come on!" said Bob. "We're wasting time!"

He wheeled out his machine, and Billy Bunter followed him, with a triumphant grin on his fat face. The Co. frowned as they followed on. There were a good many ups and downs on the road to Lantham, which was a quite considerable distance from Greyfriars School. Giving Bunter a lift that distance was a task rather for Hercules than for a fellow in the Lower Fourth Form of Greyfriars.

But Bob had, apparently, made up his mind to it; and certainly the ride would have been "off" had Wingate, the head prefect, observed that Bob was going out of gates with his imposition still undone. So the Co. said nothing—only giving Bunter looks that ought to have withered him on the spot, but which had no perceptible effect whatever upon William George Bunter.

The chums of the Remove hurried out of gates—lest Wingate's eye should fall upon the junior whose lines were still unwritten. Fortunately, that catastrophe did not occur. In the road they mounted their machines; and Billy Bunter mounted behind Bob Cherry, holding on to his shoulders.

The Famous Five started, and whizzed down the road towards Friardale. They turned into Redclyffe Lane, where they free-wheeled down a rather steep descent of a mile or more.

Next came a rather steep rise, another mile in extent; and how Bob Cherry was going to negotiate that mile, with the Owl of the Remove stacked on his bicycle, like the Old Man of the Sea on

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the shoulders of Sinbad the Sailor, was a problem.

Billy Bunter did not trouble about working out the problem. That was for Bob Cherry to elucidate.

"Look here, Bob—" began Wharton.

"All serene!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "Jump off, Bunter!"

"Eh?"
"Jump off!"

Bob Cherry dismounted, and Billy Bunter rolled off, landing in the grass by the roadside in a heap. He sat there and roared.

"Yaroooooop!"

Bob Cherry put his leg over the machine again.

"Come on, you chaps!" he said brightly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Johnny Bull. "I thought you were taking Bunter to Lantham?"

"So did Bunter, I think. Both mistaken!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The chums of the Remove roared. Billy Bunter scrambled to his feet, his fat face crimson with wrath.

"Gimme a lift!" he howled.

"My dear owl, I've given you a lift," said Bob Cherry cheerily. "You've had all the lift you're going to have, old fat pippin."

"How am I getting to Lantham?" shrieked Bunter.

"Is that a conundrum?"

"You—you beast!" gasped Bunter.

"I—I'm two miles from Greyfriars now, and there's a beastly hill—"

"You should have thought of that before you started," chuckled Bob Cherry. "A walk may do you good, old top. When you get back, mention to Wingate that I haven't done my lines yet. Perhaps he may come over to Lantham to look for me—perhaps!"

"The perhapsfulness is terrific!" chortled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beasts!"

The Famous Five rode on in a merry mood. The voice of Billy Bunter followed them, like unto the voice of the Bull of Bashan, in his wrath and indignation. It died away in the distance at last, and Harry Wharton & Co. rode on merrily to Lantham, minus Bunter.

That fat and fatuous youth turned his face towards Greyfriars for a tramp of two miles, one of them uphill! Harry Wharton & Co. were at Lantham, watching the match with great satisfaction to themselves, by the time William George Bunter crawled wearily into the School House at Greyfriars, and limped into Study No. 7, and sank down there in a state almost of collapse. And it was not till an hour later, when rain came on in a heavy downpour, that Billy Bunter found solace in reflecting upon the sort of ride Harry Wharton & Co. would have back from Lantham.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

An Amazing Meeting!

"ROTTEN!"

"Beastly!"

"Simply sickening!"

Harry Wharton & Co. made those remarks—and a good many more—with emphasis as they came off the ground at Lantham. The afternoon had looked quite fine when they left Greyfriars. But the delightful uncertainty of the British climate was exemplified once more. Dark clouds rolled over the sky and broke in rain when the match was

half through, and in the heavy downpour the game was abandoned.

The spectators crowded away, making remarks about the weather, and the Famous Five groused with the rest. It really was too bad, but it could not be helped. The juniors reclaimed their bicycles, and prepared for a ride home to Greyfriars through heavy rain. Deceived by the sunny sky, they had not even brought their ponchos, and their jackets were already dripping when they mounted their machines.

"May give over!" Johnny Bull remarked hopefully. "Anyhow, we've got to stand it. Come on!"

"Blessed if I don't wish I'd stayed in to do my lines!" grunted Bob Cherry.

"Lines would be better than this."

"The betterfulness would be terrific," remarked Hurree Singh. "But let us buzz off-fully before we catch esteemed colds. The stitch in time saves the cracked pitcher from going longest to the well, as the English proverb observes."

The English proverb cheered up the juniors a little as they mounted and rode away. They rode out of Lantham with their collars turned up, and rain falling on their devoted heads, soaking their caps. But Harry Wharton & Co. had ridden through rain before without being much the worse for it, and they faced that uncomfortable ride as cheerfully as they could.

Under a dark and rainy sky they rode by muddy roads and miry lanes. But the rain, instead of "giving over," as Johnny Bull hoped, came down harder and harder, to the accompaniment of a tearing wind. And the wind, as luck would have it, was right in the faces of the Greyfriars quintette.

Good cyclists as they were they slacked in speed, with a strong head wind dashing rain in their faces. And at the foot of a hill some miles out of Lantham they stopped Harry Wharton setting the example.

"Dash it all!" gasped Wharton. "This is too thick! Let's get shelter, and give it a chance to pass."

"Better have stopped in Lantham a bit," remarked Nugent.

"Not much good thinking of that now," grunted Johnny Bull. "Where is there any shelter, Wharton? Those trees aren't much good."

Harry Wharton dashed the rain from his eyes and looked round him.

The cyclists had halted in a lane bordered on both sides by woods of fir and chestnut, and there was no building within sight. But the captain of the Remove knew the country well enough.

"There's a woodcutter's hut about here," he said. "I remember it when we were scouting this way last summer. It's along one of these footpaths."

"Which?" grunted Johnny Bull.

"The whichfulness is great!" murmured Hurree Singh, blinking round him in the gloom of the falling rain.

"I'll find it soon enough," said Harry.

He wheeled his bike on up the acclivity, and his comrades followed. In a few minutes the captain of the Remove turned his machine into a footpath among the trees.

"Follow on!" he called out.

A dozen yards from the lane the juniors came on the woodcutter's hut. It was a corrugated iron building, open to the wind on one side, used for stacking the faggots when the trees were thinned. It looked dark and dismal enough as the juniors wheeled their bicycles in; but it was, at least, a shelter from the rain and from the worst of the wind. The chums of the Remove

were glad enough to get out of the downpour, which beat noisily on the roof and ran down the corrugated iron in rivulets.

"Groogh!" mumbled Bob Cherry as he wrung the water out of his cap. "What a jolly afternoon! This looks a cheerful place."

"Better than nothing," said Harry.

"True, O King! I dare say the rain will give over in an hour or so," said Bob cheerily. "I wonder if we could start a fire, or whether the jolly old woodcutter would object. There's some faggots here."

"Too jolly damp," said Nugent.

The Famous Five stamped their feet, and brandished their arms, to warm themselves, as they stood under the shelter and watched the splashing rain outside.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob suddenly, turning his head, and staring towards the heap of faggots in one corner of the hut.

"What's the row?" asked Nugent.

"There's somebody else here," said Bob. "We're not the only giddy refugees. I heard somebody move!"

Bob Cherry crossed over to the back of the hut, where about a dozen faggots lay in a heap. He peered round them, his chums following him with their eyes. The interior of the hut was very gloomy, but Bob made out the outlines of a figure that lay in the midst of the faggots, asleep. He stared at it blankly.

"It's a blessed kid!" he remarked.

"Some giddy tramp—"

"Looks more like a schoolboy," said Bob, peering at the sleeper in the gloom. "He hasn't heard us, or he'd have woken up. Jolly queer for the kid to be so sound asleep in the afternoon. May be one of the Redclyffe fags."

Harry Wharton & Co. gathered round and peered at the sleeping youth. He lay among the faggots, apparently having selected that spot for shelter from the cold wind, his head on his arm, sleeping soundly. The boy was dressed in Etons; but even in the gloom of the hut the juniors could see that his clothes were worn and muddy, showing signs of hard usage and exposure to wind and weather. His cap had fallen off, and Bob picked it up and looked at it, and uttered an exclamation.

"That's a St. Jim's cap!" he said.

"St. Jim's!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Look at it!"

"Great Scott!"

The Famous Five were astounded. They knew St. Jim's well enough; they had regular matches with Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's. But it was simply amazing to find a St. Jim's fag in this lonely spot, so far from his school, and alone.

"Young ass!" murmured Bob, gazing down at the sleeper. "You can see he's been on tramp—for days, I should say, to judge by the look of his clobber. He's run away from school."

"Looks like it," said Nugent.

"Let's see if we know him, anyhow," said Wharton. "We can't leave the kid here when we go."

Wharton had an electric torch in his pocket. He turned on the light, and stooped to look at the half-hidden face of the sleeping fag. Then he uttered a surprised exclamation:

"It's young Levison!"

"Levison!" exclaimed his comrades in chorus.

"You remember that chap Levison, who used to be in the Remove at Greyfriars," said Harry. "He's at St. Jim's

Don't forget—Frank Richards writes only for the MAGNET and the "Popular"!

now, and this is his young brother, Levison minor, of the St. Jim's Third."

"I know him now," said Bob. "I've seen him at St. Jim's; and he came over to Greyfriars with the team once, when his brother was playing. What on earth's brought him here?"

"Run away from school," said Harry. "It can't be anything else. It's not a holiday."

"The young ass!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! He's waking up!"

The eyes of the St. Jim's fag opened, and turned in a startling stare upon the faces of the Greyfriars juniors.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Fugitive!

LEVISON MINOR, of the Third Form at St. Jim's, sat up dazedly among the faggots. He had been sleeping the deep sleep of exhaustion, but the voices close at hand had awakened him at last. He stared almost wildly at the faces looking down on him. For the moment the mists of sleep were still heavy upon him, and he did not remember where he was, or how he had come there. For the moment he expected to find himself awakening in the dormitory at St. Jim's. But recollection returned, and he scrambled to his feet, the colour coming into his pale cheeks.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, grinning. "You know us, I suppose, young shaver?"

"Oh! You—you're Greyfriars fellows," panted Frank Levison.

"We are—we is! Don't you remember us?"

"Yes, I remember you now. How—how did you come here? This is a long way from Greyfriars, isn't it?"

"Not so far as it is from St. Jim's," grinned Bob. "How did you come here, you young duffer?"

"I—I—" "You've run away from school," said Bob.

Levison minor's face became crimson. "How—how did you know?" he stammered.

"Ha, ha, ha! It wasn't very hard to guess."

"You see, I—I—" "All serene," said Harry Wharton. "Lucky we came on you here. We'll see you safe off for your school when the rain stops, you young ass."

"You won't! I won't go!" "Look here—"

"I'm not going back to St. Jim's!" panted Levison minor with a scared look. "I can't!"

"You can, and must!" said Wharton. "What have you run away for?"

"I—I can't go back! No business of you fellows, is it?" said Frank Levison.

"Lots!" answered Bob. "Do you think we can leave a silly fag wandering around the earth, sleeping in old sheds, and catching colds and pneumonia and things?"

"I haven't caught a cold." "You soon will, you young donkey. We're jolly well going to keep you in sight, and see that you go back."

Levison minor eyed the Greyfriars juniors uncertainly for a moment or two. Then, with a sudden spring, he leaped to the open side of the hut, and ran.

The sudden action took the juniors by surprise. Levison minor was out in the rain before they could make a movement.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! After him!" roared Bob Cherry.

He rushed in pursuit, his chums following him, heedless of the pouring rain. Levison minor was speeding along the footpath at a desperate speed, evidently thinking only of escape.

But the St. Jim's fag was fatigued, and at the best of times he could scarcely have equalled Bob Cherry in speed. In a couple of minutes Bob's grasp was on his shoulder.

"Let go!" shouted the fag, as Bob's grasp brought him to a halt.

"Look here, kid—"

"Let me go!"

"Rats!" said Bob cheerfully.

He tightened his grasp on the St. Jim's fag, and Harry Wharton caught him by the other shoulder. Levison minor struggled desperately, but he was walked back forcibly into the shelter of the hut.

There he stood panting and flushed, his eyes flashing, while the Famous Five stood between him and the opening, cutting off any further attempt at escape.

"You—you rotters!" panted Levison minor.

"Draw it mild, my infant," said Bob Cherry good-humouredly. "You don't want to go out in the rain, do you?"

"Let me alone!"

The Famous Five regarded him curiously. Frank Levison sank down on the heap of faggots, breathing hard.

"Now look here, kid," said Harry Wharton quietly. "We don't want to interfere with you, of course. But you can see that we can't go on our way, when the rain stops, and leave you here like this."

"You must!"

"Well, we can't," said Harry. "Dash

it all, kid, we're your brother's friends, if not yours, and we can't leave you like this. You can't have done anything serious at your school."

"I've done nothing," said Frank, raising his head proudly.

"Well, if you've done nothing, why can't you go back to St. Jim's?"

"I can't!"

"But why not?" asked Nugent.

"I can't!"

"Does your brother know where you are?" asked Bob.

"Ernest doesn't know anything."

"He must be jolly anxious about you, I should think?"

Levison minor's sensitive lip quivered.

"I—I suppose so. But I—I can't go back. You fellows don't understand. It's impossible!"

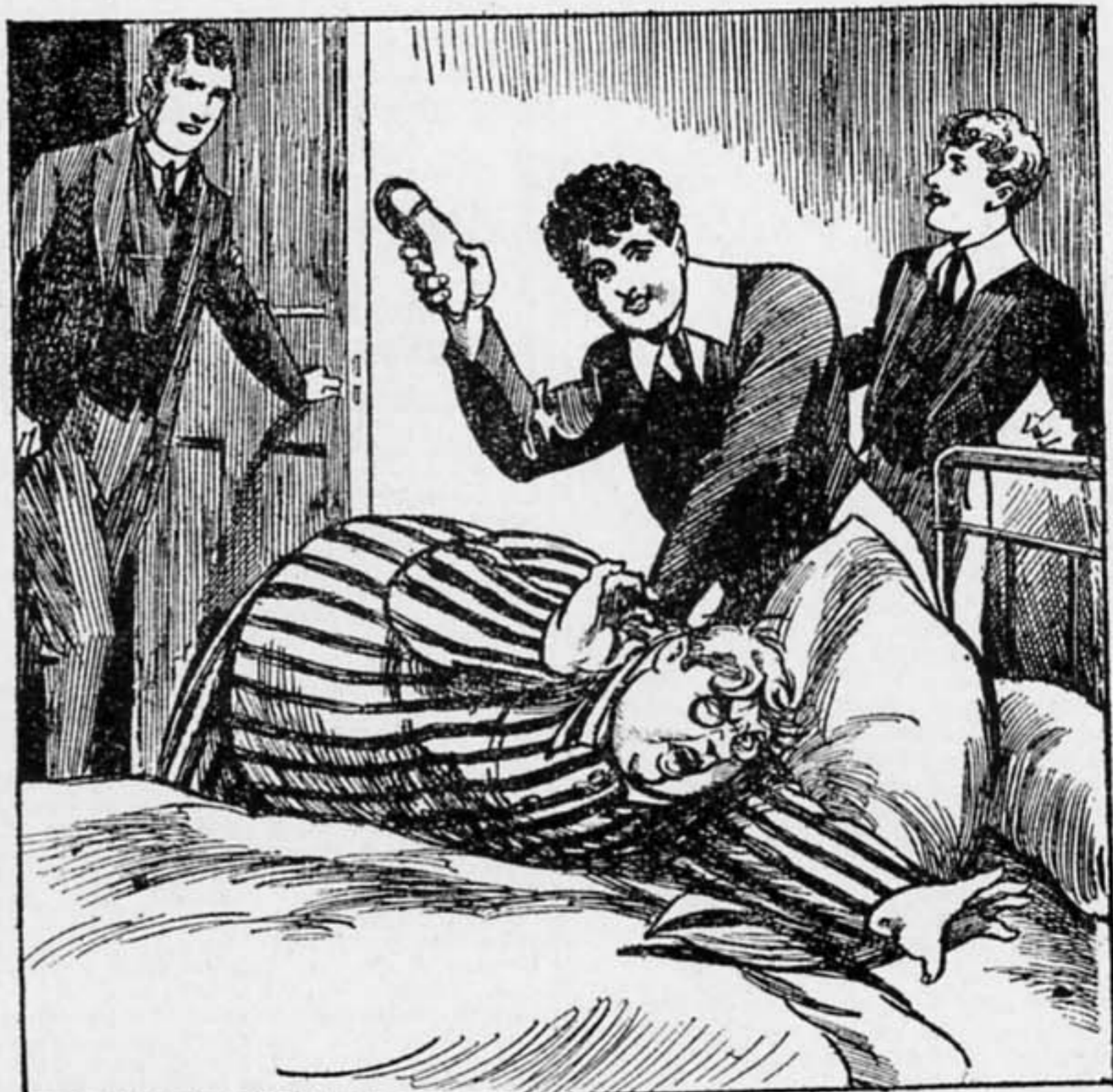
"Why did you bolt?"

No answer.

"Have you been on tramp?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Yes. I—I cut out of the dormitory after lights out one night, and got the express at Wayland Junction," faltered Frank. "I—I didn't care where it was going, and I dodged into another express without even asking. I—I didn't care so long as I got to a distance from St. Jim's. Then I got out at Ashford, in Kent. I—I've been walking ever since." He shivered. "I was robbed by a tramp. He took all my money and my watch. I—I haven't eaten anything since yesterday."

"My hat!" Bob Cherry ran through his pockets, and produced a packet of toffee. "Start on that."



Whack! Whack! Whack! "Yoop! Whoop! Help! Rescue!" roared Bunter, as Bull piled in with his slipper. "Hallo, what's this?" Wingate strode into the dormitory. "Bull! Stop that at once!" he commanded. (See Chapter 7.)

Next Monday's grand story is entitled: "The Boy with a Bad Name!"

"And here's some chocolate," said Nugent.

Levison minor smiled faintly, and accepted the toffee and the chocolate. He ate them with avidity, showing how famished he was. Harry Wharton & Co. regarded him with puzzled glances. The rain was falling less heavily now, but the chums of the Remove did not think of leaving the hut. They could not leave the St. Jim's fag there, alone, destitute; and there were signs in his pale, worn young face that he was not far from actual illness. He was a sturdy little fellow, but what he had been through had been too much for the hapless fag.

There was silence in the hut, broken only by the splashing of rain on the corrugated iron roof.

The toffee and the chocolate disappeared. That meal, light as it was, seemed to have done Levison minor good. He looked up at the five grave faces with a faint smile.

"You fellows came in here out of the rain, I suppose?" he asked.

"That's it."

"It's stopping now," said Frank.

"We can't go and leave you like this," said Wharton. "Look here, Levison minor, you'd better tell us what this means, so that we shall know what to do. You can trust us."

"There's nothing you can do," said Frank. "You know I've run away from school. I'm not going back. I can't. That's all."

"What are you going to do, then?"

"I don't know. I don't care much!" added Frank bitterly.

"If you're not going back to school you ought to go home," said Bob.

"That's impossible. My people are abroad, and don't come back till the end of the school term. The house is shut up."

"Then some relation's house."

"They'd send me back to school."

"I suppose they would," admitted Bob.

"But you ought to go back to school, you young duffer. Do you want to become a tramp?"

Frank Levison's face set obstinately.

"I'm not going back!" he said.

"You'll starve at this rate."

"I don't care!"

"Well, we care!" said Wharton, "and your brother cares, I suppose. Have you thought of him?"

Levison minor's face changed. The tears very nearly came into his eyes, but he forced them back.

"You—you don't understand!" he muttered.

"If you explain, I suppose we shall understand," said Harry; "and I tell you plainly, young Levison, that we don't mean to leave you in this state; so if you don't want to be taken back to St. Jim's by the scruff of your neck, you'd better let us know how the matter stands."

"I don't mind telling you. There was a row. Some silly chap shoved fireworks in a Form master's grate, and they thought it was I—"

"And it wasn't?"

"No."

"You mean to say you've bunked from school to get out of a licking!" exclaimed Johnny Bull contemptuously.

Levison minor crimsoned.

"I don't care for a licking! It wasn't that. But—but they thought I was telling lies. Mr. Railton thought so—I was going to be taken before the Head as a sneaking liar—and—and Ernest thought so, too." The tears came into the fag's eyes now, he could not restrain them. "Ernie wouldn't take my word. He

thought I had broken my promise to him and told him lies! I—I couldn't stand that! I'll never go back to St. Jim's! Never!"

"You expected your major to stand by you, and he didn't?" asked Frank Nugent.

"He would have, only—only he didn't believe me," faltered Frank. "I—I couldn't stand that! I don't want to be at St. Jim's any more. I won't go back! I'll die first!"

Wharton knitted his brows.

"Then if you go back, you book a flogging?" he asked.

"Yes. I don't care about that."

"And you didn't play the trick you're accused of?"

"No. I believe it was Piggott, somehow—Piggott of the Third. But I don't know! I know I didn't!"

"They must have had pretty clear proof, if they were going to lick you," grunted Johnny Bull.

"I know. I'm not surprised at Mr. Railton thinking as he did. But Ernest—" Levison minor choked. It was evident that his brother's doubt had hit him hard; that that was, in fact, the cause of his reckless flight.

"But you can't stay away from school, wandering about the country, kid," said Bob Cherry at last.

"I must! I shall!"

"You'll jolly soon be laid up!"

"I don't care!"

"Do you want to peg out, you young ass?" growled Johnny Bull.

"I don't care!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Harry Wharton & Co. drew aside to consult amongst themselves. But they still kept an eye on Levison minor, in

case he should attempt to bolt. Whatsoever the chums of the Remove should decide upon, one thing was decided already, and that was that the runaway fag could not be left to his own devices.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Taken in Hand!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. were utterly perplexed.

The rain had almost ceased now, and but for the unexpected discovery of Levison minor in the wood-cutter's shed, the Famous Five would have wheeled out their bicycles for the ride home to Greyfriars. There was still barely time to reach the school by call-over, if not a minute was lost.

But, in the peculiar circumstances, the chums of the Remove were not thinking of starting. They had to decide first what was to be done with Frank Levison.

To abandon him there was impossible. It was easy to see that he was already weakening under unaccustomed hardships, and on the way to an illness. It was quite probable that another night out in rough weather would be more than enough for him. The chums of the Remove simply could not leave him there. To take him by force to Greyfriars, hand him over to the Head, to be returned under guard to St. Jim's—that was one way out of the difficulty, and a better way than leaving him to his fate. But the Co. naturally shrank from that alternative. They had come on the hapless fag by chance, and he had told them his story, and they did not feel entitled to betray him—even for his own ultimate good. But what was to be done, if both alternatives were rejected, was a deep problem.

"We can't hand him over!" muttered Wharton. "We can't drag him six or seven miles by force, and hand him over. It can't be done!"

"It would be rotten," said Nugent, "but—"

"But we can't leave him here," said Bob Cherry.

"No; that's out of the question."

"It's a jolly old problem," said Bob. "All the same, I'm glad we dropped into this shed when we did, and found the young ass. He would be laid up in a few days with pneumonia, at this rate."

"Blessed if I know what to do!" said Harry, deeply puzzled. "He's got to have food and shelter for to-night, at least."

"That's a cert. We might get into touch somehow with St. Jim's to-morrow, and find out how matters stand there," suggested Johnny Bull. "It may not be so bad as that young ass thinks. We could get something out of Tom Merry about it, perhaps, without giving the kid away at all. They're not likely to guess he's around here."

Harry Wharton nodded.

"That's good," he said. "But—but where is he to be put for to-night? If we take him to Greyfriars, they'll know jolly well that he's run away from school, and he will be taken off our hands."

"And sent back," said Nugent. "But if we don't take him to Greyfriars, where the thump is he going to be taken?"

"That's a giddy mystery."

"We could shove him somewhere for to-night," said Johnny Bull, in his slow, thoughtful way. "There's the old tower. That's a good bit from the school buildings; nobody ever goes there as a rule. Suppose we put him there, and sneaked out some of our camping things for him,

LOOK!

Another £10 in Prizes!

RESULT OF

HUDDERSFIELD PICTURE-PUZZLE COMPETITION.

In this competition no competitor sent in a correct solution. The first prize of £5 has therefore been awarded to the following competitor, whose solution came nearest to correct, with one error:

THOMAS COMBE,
70, Hawthornvale,
Leith,

The second prize of £2 10s. has been divided among the following eight competitors, whose solutions contained two errors each:

Charles H. Morton, 7, Eyre Street, Pallion, Sunderland; Frances Morton, 7, Eyre Street, Pallion, Sunderland; Jane Hamilton, 20, Duke Street, Motherwell; Joan Frisken, 21, Church Street, Lochgelly; Mrs. Pattinson, 17, Clementina, Carlisle; Harold Lee, 23, Ainscow Street, Bolton, Lanes; Miss V. Shaw, 61, Pontypridd Road, Porth, Glam; Bernard Wallis, 14, Egerton Road, Bishopston, Bristol.

Forty-eight competitors, with three errors each, divide the ten prizes of 5s. each. The names and addresses of these prize-winners can be seen on application at this office.

SOLUTION.

Huddersfield Town might be called the kiddies of the First Division. A few years ago they were in great financial difficulties, but they played such brilliant football that the gates increased amazingly. Huddersfield won the English Cup last year, and will fight hard to keep it.

Levison major returns to Greyfriars—



The Famous Five came into the quadrangle with a rush, Bunter yelling and spluttering before them. "Run for it!" roared Bob Cherry, assisting the Owl with a playful tap from his boot. "Yaroooh! Beast! I'm winded!" howled Bunter. (See Chapter 9.)

and some grub, and so on? He could lie there—lie low for to-night and to-morrow, till we can think of what's to be done."

Wharton's troubled face brightened. "That's a jolly good idea!" he exclaimed. "It means a row, I suppose, if it comes out. But we can risk that."

"Yes, rather!" "The rafterfulness is terrific!" said the Nabob of Bhanipur, with a nod of his dusky head.

"That's settled, then?" said Wharton at last, looking round at his chums. There was a general nod of agreement. It really seemed the only thing to be done.

Harry Wharton turned back to the St. Jim's fag. Frank Levison had hardly heeded the troubled consultation of the Greyfriars juniors. He was leaning back on the faggots, half-asleep again.

"We've decided, young Levison," said the captain of the Remove.

"Eh? What?" Frank blinked at him.

Harry Wharton explained. To his surprise, the St. Jim's fag shook his head decidedly.

"It won't do!" he said. "You fellows would get into a fearful row if it came out that you were harbouring a chap who had run away from school. Dr. Locke would be down on you."

"We won't let it come out," said Harry, with a smile.

"It's too risky—"

"Rot! It's settled. Get up, and I'll give you a lift on my bike," said Harry. "We're not going to leave you here, anyhow. Get a move on."

"But, I say—"

"The rain's stopped," said Bob Cherry, and he wheeled out his bike. "Come on, you fellows! There's no time to cut to waste. Don't you jaw any more, Levison minor—leave it to your kind uncles."

Frank Levison smiled faintly.

"You fellows are awfully good," he faltered, "but—but I don't want to land you into trouble with your headmaster."

"Bow-wow!"

"Come on, you young ass!" said Wharton.

And Levison minor walked down the footpath with the Famous Five, and into the road. In the road he mounted behind Bob Cherry's bike, and the party started for Greyfriars. Fortunately, the wind had gone, along with the rain; but it was a hard and muddy ride back to the school, and the hour of calling-over was past when the Famous Five came in sight of the lights of Greyfriars gleaming through the dusk.

They halted at a little distance from the school.

"Mustn't show our giddy prize to Gosling!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Do you know how to get over a wall, young Levison?"

"Of course I do!" said Frank.

"Then I'll show you the way, and give you a bunk up; and you'll wait just where you drop till I come for you."

"Right-ho!"

Keeping clear of the school gates, Bob Cherry led the St. Jim's fag under the shadowy wall. He "bunked" up the fag, and Frank clambered over the wall and dropped inside.

Bob Cherry rejoined his chums; and the Famous Five wheeled their bikes up to the gates. The gates were closed and locked; and Gosling, the porter, came down grunting, to admit the belated Removites.

"You're reported!" he said, as they passed in.

"Go hon!" said Bob cheerily.

"And wot I says is this 'ere—" went on Gosling.

"Bow-wow!"

The Famous Five marched in, and put up their bicycles, and then repaired to the School House, to report themselves to Mr. Quelch for missing call-over. Billy Bunter met them in the doorway, with a fat grin on his podgy face.

"He, he, he! So you've got it!" chortled Bunter. "Did you get wet? He, he, he!"

"Go and eat coke!" grunted Bob Cherry.

"Quelchy looks a bit ratty!" said Bunter cheerily. "I fancy he's going to lick you for cutting call-over! I'm sorry for you! He, he, he!"

Bump!

There was a yell from William George Bunter, as he was sat down forcibly on the floor. Then Harry Wharton & Co. walked on to Mr. Quelch's study, leaving the Owl of the Remove spluttering.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Hospitable Bunter!

MR. QUELCH, the master of the Remove, frowned severely as the five juniors presented themselves. But his majestic brow cleared when Harry Wharton explained how the cyclists had been caught in the rainstorm, and had taken shelter therefrom in the woodcutter's hut near Lantham.

The chums of the Remove were dismissed with a command to change into dry clothes immediately, and to take care that they did not catch cold. Which they did not, however, proceed immediately to do. Levison minor had to be disposed of first.

The fag was waiting in the darkness inside the school wall, where he had dropped after climbing over, and, obviously, he could not be left there. After leaving Mr. Quelch's study, Wharton and his companions paused in the corridor.

"You fellows get up to the dorm and change, while I cut out and look after the kid," whispered Bob Cherry.

"Shove him in the old tower, and get back, then," said Harry. "We can get out later to fix him up for the night."

"Right-ho!"

The Co. went upstairs to the Remove dormitory; they were badly in want of a rub down and a change. Bob

—and finds that his shady past has not been forgotten!

Cherry was going out into the quadrangle again, when his name was called.

"Cherry!"

It was Wingate of the Sixth. Bob suppressed a groan of dismay.

"Yes, Wingate," he said meekly, turning round.

"You did not hand in your lines before tea-time."

"N-n-n-no."

"Did you forget, you young ass?" demanded the captain of Greyfriars.

"Nunno!"

"Oh, you did not forget!" said Wingate. "You thought it was not a matter of any consequence, I suppose?"

Perfect frankness would have driven Bob Cherry to reply in the affirmative. But a reply like that could not be made to the head of the Sixth.

"Hem! You see, there was a match at Lantham—" he murmured.

"Oh! You'll turn out the lines before bed-time!" said Wingate. "You've been over to Lantham this afternoon?"

"Yes, Wingate."

"You must have got wet coming back."

"Rather damp," confessed Bob.

"Have you changed your things?"

Wingate inspected him more closely. "You young duffer, you're wet through! Go and change your things at once!"

There was no help for it. Bob Cherry ascended the staircase, under the prefect's eye. He joined his chums in the Remove dormitory, where they were changing.

"You haven't seen about that kid yet?" asked Nugent.

"Wingate stopped me!" granted Bob.

"Levison minor will have to wait!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shush!" murmured Wharton.

Billy Bunter blinked in at the dormitory doorway through his big spectacles.

"What's that about Levison minor?"

asked Bunter curiously.

Evidently the Owl of the Remove had caught the words.

"Fathead!" was Bob's reply.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Run away and play!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! If you call that grateful, when a fellow's come here to ask you to tea—"

"Bow-wow!"

"I suppose you haven't had your tea at Lantham?" asked Bunter.

"No; the rain came on."

"Well, then, come along to Study No. 7, and feed with me," said Bunter hospitably. "I'm going to stand the spread. You fellows like fried sausages and chips?"

"Oh, good!" said Bob Cherry, with feeling. The Famous Five were almost hungry enough to eat Bunter himself.

"And a plum-cake?" said Bunter.

"Hear, hear!"

"Come along to Study No. 7 as soon as you're changed," said Bunter; "I'll have it all ready!"

"My only hat!" Bob Cherry stared at the Owl of the Remove. This was amazingly forgiving, after the way Bunter had been stranded on the road to Lantham, and bumped as soon as the Famous Five returned to the school. "You're standing us a spread?"

"Certainly, old chap!"

"Well, wonders will never cease!" said Bob Cherry. "I'm sorry I bumped you for cackling when we came in, fatty."

"He, he, he! I can take a little joke!" said Bunter. "Would you fellows care for ham along with the sosses?"

"What-ho!"

"Good!"

Bunter turned out of the doorway, and

the chums of the Remove fairly blinked after him in surprise. But Bunter turned back the next moment, as if suddenly remembering something he had forgotten.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Cut off, old nut, and get the sosses and chips going!" said Bob. "We'll be after you like a shot!"

"Yes; but—"

"There is an esteemed butfulness!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, with a grin.

"You see, you fellows," explained Bunter, "I've been disappointed about a postal-order—"

"What!" roared Bob.

"I was expecting a postal-order this afternoon—"

"You—you—you—" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Somehow, it hasn't come. Will you fellows lend me the money for the feed, and I'll settle up in the morning? The postal-order is absolutely certain to be here by the first delivery!"

The Famous Five did not reply to William George Bunter in words. Bob Cherry seized a pillow, Johnny Bull a boot, and Wharton a bolster, and they let fly together.

Whiz, whiz, whiz! Crash.

"Yarooooh!"

I am awarding a cash prize of 5s. to Reader Stephen Harrison, of 26, Sandways Road, Wallasey, Cheshire, who says:—

"I wish to bring before you the subject of wireless, which you all know is very interesting. It is very nice to sit in front of a fire and listen to a concert, but you will derive more enjoyment from your set if you make it yourself; besides, you will thoroughly understand it. If a joke is permitted, may I say that W. G. Bunter is a wireless fellow, because he 'listens in' at keyholes and then 'broadcasts' what he hears."
(Then the "sparks" fly!—Ed.)

Billy Bunter sat down in the passage, and yelled.

"Now wait a minute," gasped Bob Cherry. "I'll come out to you in a minute! I'll teach you to talk to us about sosses and chips and ham when we're famished, you fat fraud!"

"Yaroooh! Ow!"

"Just a sec," said Bob. "Wait till I've got this boot on, and I'll come and boot you as far as the stairs!"

"Wow! Beast!"

Billy Bunter did not wait. Apparently he preferred to get to the stairs without the assistance of Bob's somewhat hefty boot. His footsteps died away in the distance.

"The fat boulder!" growled Johnny Bull. "If we want to stand ourselves a feed we can do it without Bunter's help. Blessed if I didn't believe him, for a minute!"

"Fancy letting Bunter pull our leg in our giddy old age!" chuckled Bob. "By Jove, I'm hungry enough to eat Chicago canned horse! But I suppose we've got to look after that St. Jim's fag first."

"Yes, rather!" said Harry.

The Famous Five, having dried themselves and changed, left the dormitory. It was close on time for preparation, but they had no leisure to think of that. Neither was there any time to be expended on a late tea. Had Bunter's imaginary feast been ready, they would

have spared five minutes for it; but evidently they could not keep their guest waiting in the wind and darkness outside while they prepared a meal; and it was far too late for tea in Hall. So, unheeding the pangs of the inner man, they devoted all their attention to Levison minor.

It was necessary to be very cautious. Had masters or prefects discovered the refugee within the walls of Greyfriars, the juniors simply did not know what the result might have been—but there was no doubt that the result would have been serious both to themselves and to their protege. Levison minor, certainly, would have been taken into custody to be sent back to St. Jim's; and Harry Wharton & Co. would have been dealt with for sheltering a fellow who had run away from school. Obviously it was a case for the deepest caution.

Camping goods belonging to the Famous Five were packed in a box in the lower box-room, and to that room the juniors proceeded after leaving the dormitory. Two or three ground-sheets, a thick rug, and a sheepskin sleeping-bag were sorted out, with a few other necessary articles. Carrying the formidable bundle out of the House was asking for discovery; but there was a simpler method. The bundle was tossed out on the leads under the box-room window, and Bob Cherry followed it out, and dropped it to the ground below. Then he rejoined his chums in the box-room.

"That's all serene!" he said. "We can get round and pick that up, and get it to the tower. There's time to get some grub at the tuckshop before it closes. Come on!"

"Two of us will be enough," said Wharton. "It will attract attention if we all go. You've got your lines to do, Bob."

"That's so. But—"

"I'll go with Nugent. You other fellows get some grub ready in my study."

"Good egg!"

And Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent went downstairs, and, with as careless an air as they could assume, strolled out into the dusky quadrangle. Skinner of the Remove called out to them from the Hall:

"I say, Wharton—"

But the captain of the Remove, apparently, did not hear. He vanished into the dusky quad with Nugent, leaving Skinner staring.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Lodging for the Night!

FRANK LEVISON was waiting in the darkness, crouching in the black shadow of the school wall. He did not stir from the spot; he waited patiently for his protectors to join him there. After the rain, the evening had become fine, and the dark, velvety sky glittered with stars. But a cold wind moaned round the elm-trees, and the fag's surroundings reeked with recent rain. He shivered as he waited, wondering what was delaying his friends. More than once, as he stood there in the darkness, the thought came to him of climbing over the wall again and clearing off, saving the chums of Greyfriars from the trouble and risk they were bringing upon themselves by befriending him. But he remained. The lights of the School House, glimmering

Skinner and his cronies believe in the old saying—

in the distance, seemed cheery and home-like to the hapless fag, and his slight frame was aching with long fatigue. He hardly knew whether he ought to remain or to go; but he shivered at the prospect of leaving shelter, and facing once more the bitter winds on the open, inhospitable roads.

What was to become of him? He had fled from St. Jim's, driven by the scorn of his enemies, the bitter disbelief of his brother, caring little or nothing what happened to him. He cared little now; only one determination was clear in his mind—he would not return to St. Jim's to face his brother's doubting eyes and contemptuous look. Anything rather than that. He could not remain long at Greyfriars; but a night's rest, at least, would help him on his lonely way. On the morrow he would go. Whither, the unhappy boy did not know—and hardly cared. Fatigue and hunger and despair had worn him out, and he was in no state, either physical or mental, to think out the situation clearly. Upon only one point was he clear—he would not return to St. Jim's.

There was a footstep in the shadows at last. He stirred, and started.

"You're there?" came a whispering voice. It was Harry Wharton's.

"Yes!" breathed Frank.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, kid—we couldn't help it!"

"That's all right!"

"Come this way, youngster!" said Nugent.

A hand grasped the fag's arm, and he was led away in the darkness. He found himself treading the dim cloisters, the oldest part of Greyfriars. The juniors stopped at last before the old tower, a ruin that was one of the "sights" of the place. Dimly it rose against the velvety sky—massive walls pierced by narrow loophole windows. The upper part of the tower was long demolished; hundreds of years had passed since Cromwell's cannon had smashed in the ancient walls. But the tower part still defied time and wind and weather. The thick oaken door was padlocked; the old tower was "out of bounds" for Greyfriars juniors, the interior being in a decidedly dangerous state.

But the padlock had long ago been broken by some enterprising explorer. It was jammed together to look as if it still locked, but most of the Remove knew that it would open at a touch.

Harry Wharton unfastened it, and pushed open the heavy, creaking door.

"Careful here," he said. "Mind how you tread, till we get a light."

"Yes!" stammered Frank.

The desolate old tower struck a chill to him as he entered. Inside, the juniors were in dense darkness.

With Nugent's hand on his arm, Frank Levison stood still, while Wharton closed the door.

Then a match glimmered out.

Wharton lighted a candle, sticking it on a pile of loose bricks with its own wax.

Frank glanced about him.

A broken and dangerous-looking stairway wound upwards into the tower. The room at the foot of it was not large, though the tower was bulky enough seen from without; the old walls were of immense thickness. Wharton had placed a basket on the floor, and Nugent a bundle. From the latter Harry took a couple of old blankets, which he proceeded to arrange over the loophole windows on one side, pegging them in

place in chinks of the bricks with fragments of old broken stones. Frank watched him in silence.

"The light might be seen from the school," Wharton explained. "It's not likely; but it might."

"But the other windows—"

"That's all right; they can't be seen."

"Good!"

"Now for the giddy illuminations!" said Nugent cheerily.

He took a bike-lamp from the basket, and lighted it. Then a couple more candles were ignited.

There was plenty of light in the ground room of the old tower now—though it seemed chiefly to have the effect of showing up its gloom and desolation. Frank Levison shivered a little as he glanced round him.

"Not very jolly quarters, I'm afraid!" said Harry ruefully. "But it's the best we can do, kid."

"I'm jolly glad," said Frank. "and awfully obliged to you! I—I don't think I ought to let you take the risk of sheltering me here."

"Rats!" said Nugent. "Now, we've got a bed for you, of sorts, and lots of grub."

The basket and the bundle were unpacked. The basket had been filled at the tuckshop, and there were plenty of good things in it. Mrs. Mumble, at the school shop, had fancied that the chums of the Remove were standing a supper of unusual proportions in Study No. 1, little dreaming for whom the supplies were destined.

Frank's face brightened at the sight

of the provisions. He was ravenously hungry.

"Tuck in, kid!" grinned Nugent.

"I—I will, if you don't mind!" faltered Frank. "I—I'm rather—rather hungry!"

"Go ahead, you young duffer!"

Levison minor went ahead without further ceremony.

Meanwhile, Harry Wharton and Nugent sorted out the contents of the bundle, spread the ground-sheets on the stone flags, and prepared the rough bed of the refugee.

"How's that, kid?" said Wharton at last.

"Ripping," said Frank, with a faint smile. "You're awfully good!"

"You won't be scared, staying here alone all night?" asked Nugent.

Frank shook his head.

"The kid looks as if he will sleep sound enough," said Wharton, smiling.

"You'll find the sleeping-bag warm enough, young 'un. We shall have to get off now, or we shall be missed."

"Thanks again," said Frank.

"We'll manage to look in, somehow, in the morning," said Harry. "Mind you don't go outside the tower till you hear from us. And keep the door fastened. You can block it with this chunk of stone, see? That will keep anybody from shoving in—if anybody should come this way. Fellows sometimes look in on a half-holiday; but luckily there's no more half-holidays till Saturday. All right now?"

"Right as rain."

"Good-night, kid!"

"Good-night!"



Billy Bunter circled round the old tower, and applied his eyes to a window on the farther side. The next moment he gasped with amazement. Someone was there—but it was not Skinner. It was not a Greyfriars fellow at all! It was a slightly-built fag. (See Chapter 10.)

—that the leopard cannot change its spots!

Wharton and Nugent left the old tower. The door was drawn to behind them, and Frank Levison pushed the big stone into place.

"It's all we can do," said Wharton in a low voice; "but—but I wonder what's going to come of it! Let's get in and do what prep we can before dawn."

And the chums of the Remove hurried away. Five minutes after they were gone Frank Levison, ensconced in the sheepskin sleeping-bag, was sleeping as soundly as he had ever slept in the old dormitory at St. Jim's.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Sees It All!

"WHERE have you fellows been?"

Billy Bunter asked that question.

The light was on in Study No. 1 when Wharton and Nugent arrived there, and the armchair was occupied by William George Bunter. Apparently the Owl of the Remove had been waiting for them to come in.

Wharton did not answer the question. He placed the study door wide open and pointed to the doorway.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Get out!" said Nugent. "We've got our prep to do, Bunter! We can't listen now even to your fascinating conversation, old fat bean!"

Bunter blinked at them through his big spectacles.

"You're up to something," he said suspiciously.

"Fathead!"

"What are you up to?" demanded Bunter.

"Snuff!" said Nugent. "Now, buzz off!"

"Of course, if you don't choose to confide in an old pal I sha'n't press you," said Bunter, with dignity. "I know jolly well there's something on, all the same. I'm pretty keen."

"You fat duffer," said Wharton angrily, "what on earth do you think is on, then?"

He regarded the fat junior with some uneasiness. Billy Bunter was about the last fellow at Greyfriars whom Wharton would have wished to admit to the secret. Telling Bunter was equivalent to telling all Greyfriars School, from the Sixth to the Second Form.

He knew that Bunter had caught the name of Levison minor in the dormitory; but the keenest of fellows could not have deduced from that that Frank had run away from St. Jim's and taken refuge at Greyfriars. Such a deduction would have been beyond the powers of Sherlock Holmes himself. And Bunter, far from being keen, was the most obtuse fellow in the Remove—not likely to get on the right track if there happened to be a wrong one handy.

But evidently Bunter was suspicious. There was quite a cunning look in his eyes behind his big spectacles.

"What was your little game at Lantham?" he demanded.

Wharton started.

"Lantham! We went over to see the match. You know it already."

Bunter winked—a fat wink.

"You can tell that to Quelchy or the Head!" he remarked. "It's not quite good enough for me."

"Why, you fat dummy—"

"You oughtn't to call a fellow names. Wharton, just because you can't stuff him up," said Bunter calmly. "You

were up to some game at Lantham, that's why you stranded me on the road."

"You silly owl!" roared Wharton. "Bob dropped you on the road because he wouldn't carry a ton of tallow on his bike."

"That won't wash with me, you know," said Bunter. "I'm fairly keen. You've been up to something at Lantham this afternoon. Pub-haunting, I shouldn't wonder."

"Why, you—you—" stuttered Nugent.

"Don't get excited," urged Bunter. "I'm not going to give you away. I'm a bit of a goer myself at times."

"Wha-a-at?"

"No end of a blade when I'm in the humour," said Bunter, blinking at the chums of the Remove. "Rorty, in fact! I'm not blaming you for spoofing Quelchy and having a bit of a flutter over at Lantham. Dash it all, I like a flutter at times. I've been a rorty dog in my time. I can tell you."

Wharton and Nugent fairly blinked at the fat junior. Billy Bunter put his fat thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and blinked at them with a knowing grin.

"Tell your uncle all about it," he said encouragingly.

"A-a-a rorty dog!" stuttered Wharton.

"Oh, my hat! Do you mean a fat poodle, Bunter?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No, I don't!" roared Bunter wrathfully.

"Well, you're more like a fat poodle than a rorty dog, whatever a rorty dog may be," said Wharton, laughing. "If you've finished talking out of your hat, Bunter, will you roll away like a good barrel?"

"Keep it dark, if you like!" sniffed Bunter.

"Keep what dark, you fat dummy?"

"What you've been up to at Lantham! I know what I know! Think I'd have given you away, if I'd come? Why, I'd have shown you how to paint the town red, I would!" said Bunter.

"You fat chump!" shrieked Wharton. "You were left on the road because you weigh a ton and a half—"

"Rats!"

"And we saw the match at Lantham, and nothing else excepting the rain."

"Keep it up!" jeered Bunter. "Quelchy may swallow it! So may Wingate! Not little me! I'm fly, you know! You were jolly late home from Lantham, considering that the match never finished—"

"We got shelter from the rain," said Nugent.

Bunter winked again.

"In a pub?" he asked.

"In a shed, you fat frowsy fraud."

"He, he, he!"

Harry Wharton picked up a ruler. Bunter eyed the ruler warily, and backed round the study table.

"Keep your wool on, old top," he said. "I'm not going to tell the prefects. He, he, he! You stopped in a shed, did you? Anybody in the shed?"

"Who should be in the shed?" asked Wharton, without directly replying to the question. Bunter's suspicions were utterly unfounded and worthy of the obtuse processes of his fat intellect; but as it happened, they were bringing him near to the actual facts.

Bunter sniggered.

"When Skinner goes to play nap with Ponsonby, of Highcliffe, they generally meet in the shed on the Courtfield road," he grinned. "Whom did you meet in the shed?"

"So you think we've been playing shady games like Ponsonby, of Highcliffe?" asked Wharton, taking a business-like grip on the ruler.

"He, he, he! Will you give me your word there wasn't anybody in the shed?" giggled Bunter.

"No; I'll give you this ruler!"

"Yaroooooh."

Billy Bunter made a wild break for the door, with the ruler rapping on his fat shoulders.

Rap, rap, rap!

"Yow-ow-ow-wooooooop!"

Wharton closed the study door, and the two juniors sat down to their prep. They had left themselves little time for it, and they were feeling rather fatigued after the hard ride from Lantham. Prep was rather neglected in Study No. 1 that evening.

It was not by any means finished, when the door opened, and Bob Cherry looked in.

"Bedtime!" he announced.

Wharton rose from the table.

"Can't be helped! We shall have to chance it with Quelchy in the morning."

And the Famous Five went up to the dormitory with the rest of the Remove. There, they found themselves rather objects of interest. Skinner winked at Bolsover major, who chuckled—Snoop and Stott sniggered, and Billy Bunter gave a fat chortle. Peter Todd looked rather oddly at them, and Vernon-Smith had a rather curious expression on his face. The chums of the Remove were not long in observing the attentions of their Form fellows.

"What's this game?" asked Bob Cherry. "What are you sniggering at, Snoop?"

"Was I sniggering?" grinned Snoop.

"What's tickling you, Skinner?"

"Lots of old things," smiled Skinner.

"It's all right, you fellows," said Squiff. "We know there's nothing in it."

"Nothing in what?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Ask Bunter!" said the Australian junior, with a grin.

"Bunter!" The captain of the Remove spun round towards William George Bunter. "You fat duffer—"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

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Is Levison major's reform genuine?

"Why, the—the—the silly owl!" exclaimed Nugent. "Has he been spinning that silly yarn he was giving us in the study—"

"What did you drop him behind for?" asked Skinner.

"Because I couldn't carry his weight to Lantham," said Bob Cherry. "I took the fat chump a couple of miles, so that he couldn't tell Wingate I was going out with my lines undone."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"He makes out you've been playing the goat at Lantham," grinned Hazeldene. "He says you met somebody in a shed, and won't own up who it was."

"I remember meeting a man in a shed once," said Skinner reflectively. "He was a man in a check suit, and he had a pack of cards in his pocket."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton's face crimsoned. He made a stride towards Skinner, who backed away rather hastily.

"Skinner, if you mean to say—"

"Dear man, keep your wool on!" said Skinner. "Can't I tell the fellows my jolly old reminiscences if I like? I didn't say you'd met a merchant in a check suit with a pack of cards in his pocket, did I?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Did you fellows meet anybody in a shed at Lantham?" asked Peter Todd, staring at the chums of the Remove.

"What the thump does it matter whether we did or not?" asked Johnny Bull gruffly.

"Nothing at all, old top; but I don't see any reason for making a mystery of it, if you did."

"He, he, he!" came from Bunter. "Fairly bowled out at last, what? I saw it all at once."

"You saw all what?" roared Johnny Bull ferociously.

"He, he, he!"

Johnny Bull picked up a slipper, and came towards Billy Bunter. That fat and fatuous youth had no time to dodge. Johnny took him by the back of the neck, spread him over his bed, and whacked him with the slipper. Johnny was not to be accused of "blagging" with impunity.

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

"Yooop! Whoop! Help! Rescue! Fire! Yahhoooh!" roared Bunter.

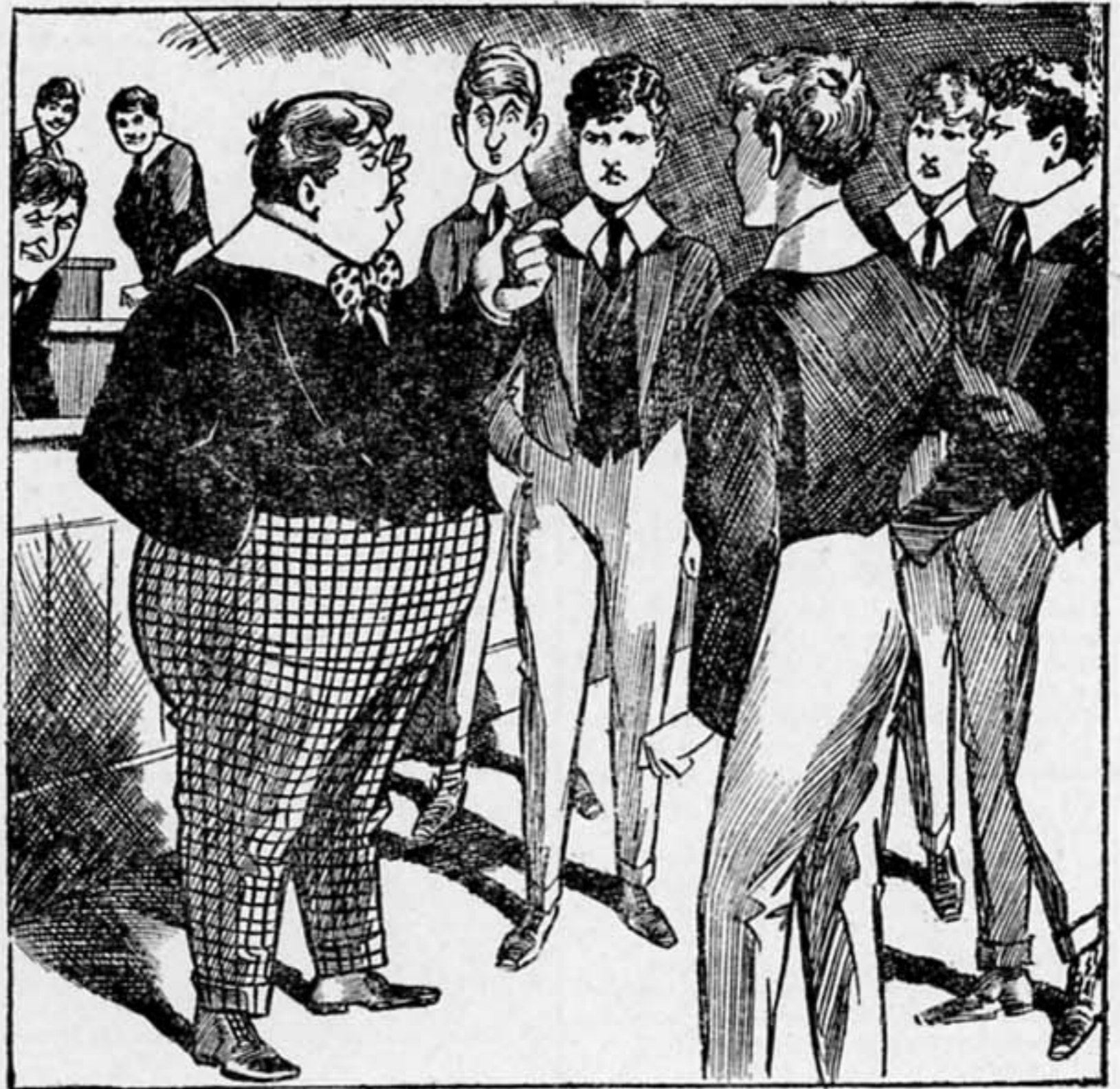
"Hallo! What's this?" Wingate strode into the dormitory. "Bull! Stop that at once! Now, what's this row about?"

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Unexpected Reward!

HARRY WHARTON compressed his lips hard. The Famous Five had nothing to hide—on their own account. Bunter's ridiculous suspicions would not have bothered them in the least at any other time. But as it happened now, they had a good deal to hide—on Levison minor's account. For once the chums of the Remove were not prepared to state exactly how they had filled up their time on a half-holiday, and it was with great uneasiness that they saw a prefect brought into the affair.

The chums exchanged a quick, anxious glance, which was not lost on some of the Removites. Skinner winked at Stott and Snoop. Skinner, like the astute Bunter, thought that he "saw it all." Skinner had made many essays himself in the ways of an amateur blackguard; and Skinner never believed that any



"You needn't scowl at me, Johnny Bull! I've a jolly good mind to lick you—" "L-l-l-lick me!" stuttered Bull. "Yes! So you mind your p's and q's!" said Bunter, wagging a fat forefinger in warning at Johnny. (See Chapter 12.)

other fellow was better than himself. If they seemed better, the charitable Skinner put it down to humbug.

Wingate jerked Billy Bunter, still roaring, from the bed. Johnny Bull stood, slipper in hand, apparently half inclined to give the fat junior some more, in spite of the presence of the prefect.

"Now, what's this row about?" demanded Wingate, frowning.

"Yarooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Have you anything to say, Bunter?"

"Yoooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Removites.

Wingate grinned.

"Anything else?" he asked.

"Yow-ow-ow! I'm hurt!" roared Bunter. "I wasn't going to give him away! I don't care if he's been playing nap at Lantham. I wasn't going to mention it! Yow-ow-ow!"

Wingate's face became grim. He fixed his eyes on Johnny Bull's somewhat surly countenance.

"What were you pitching into Bunter for, Bull?" he asked, very quietly.

"Because he's a fat little beast, Wingate."

"He's been a fat little beast for whole terms. What was your special reason just now?" inquired the captain of Greyfriars.

"He was making out that we'd been blagging over at Lantham this afternoon!" grunted Johnny Bull. "We went over to see the match."

"What do you know about it, Bunter?"

"Ow! Wow! I know what I know!"

gasped Bunter. "I'm not giving them away. Of course, I wouldn't sneak!"

"It's a bit too late for that now," said Wingate. "Tell me what you know, or think you know, at once, before I lick you!"

"Oh, really, Wingate—"

"Sharp's the word!" snapped the prefect. He gave Billy Bunter a shake, by way of a hint that time was valuable. Bunter gurgled.

"I—I say, you fellows!" gasped Bunter. "I've got to tell him. You can see that!"

"You fat dummy!" growled Wharton. "Tell him anything you like. Do you think we've got anything to hide, you burbling oyster?"

"I'm waiting, Bunter," said Wingate, with another shake.

"Groogh! I—I happen to know that those chaps went over to Lantham blagging," gasped Bunter. "You see, I was going with them, and they dropped me behind so that I shouldn't see them at it. Putting two and two together, I—I—"

"Made five of it!" suggested Peter Todd.

"Oh, really, Peter—"

Wingate glanced at Harry Wharton, who proceeded to explain the circumstances in which Bunter had been dropped on the road.

"All your fault, really, Wingate!" observed Bob Cherry, when Wharton had finished.

"My fault! How?"

"If you hadn't given me lines, Bunter couldn't have threatened to tip you the

You will find the answer in next Monday's ripping Greyfriars yarn!

wink when I was going out, and then I shouldn't have lifted him a couple of miles and dropped him," explained Bob. "This is what comes of handing out lines."

Wingate laughed.

"If you give me any more of your jokes, I'll double the lines, you cheeky young sweep!" he said. "Is that all the evidence you had to go upon, Bunter?"

"That was enough for me," said Bunter. "I'm pretty fly, you know. Why, I saw it all at a glance, you know."

"Of all the burbling asses——" said Peter Todd.

"This is a case for punishment," said Wingate. "Bunter, cut down to my study and fetch up a cane."

"Oh, certainly!"

Billy Bunter gave the Famous Five a fat grin, as he rolled out of the dormitory. Harry Wharton & Co. looked grim. Skinner & Co. smiled. There was silence in the dormitory, until Bunter returned with the cane, and handed it to the prefect.

Wingate took the cane and swished it.

"I say, you fellows, I'm really sorry!" smirked Bunter. "I had to tell Wingate; you saw that. He got it out of me."

"Bunter!" rapped out Wingate.

"Yes, Wingate," grinned Bunter.

"You saw it all at a glance, didn't you?"

"Yes, rather! I'm fly, you know."

"And that amount of evidence satisfied you that five decent chaps had been out of gates playing the blackguard?"

"Ye-e-es."

"Hold out your hand!"

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"Your hand—sharp!"

Bunter gasped.

"B-b-b-but you're going to cane them, not me!" he spluttered. "I—I fetched the cane for them, didn't I?"

"Not at all," said Wingate calmly.

"You fetched it for yourself, you young rascal."

"Oh, my hat!"

"You must wait for a little more evidence, Bunter, before you bring serious accusations against your schoolfellows," said the prefect. "Hold out your hand; you're wasting time."

"Oh dear!"

Swish!

"Yaroooooh!"

"Now the other paw—sharp!"

Swish!

"Whooooooop!"

Wingate tucked his cane under his arm.

"Now turn in," he said briskly. "I shall be back in five minutes to turn the lights out."

And the prefect left the dormitory. He left Billy Bunter with his fat hands tucked under his arms, squeezing them frantically and howling loudly, and the rest of the Remove roaring with laughter. When Wingate came back to put lights out the Removes were still chortling and Bunter was still groaning. The whole Form, with one exception, seemed to see something entertaining in the reward of Bunter's perspicacity. The exception was William George Bunter.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Looking After Levison Minor!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. did not wait for the rising-bell before they turned out on the following morning.

They were anxious to visit the old tower, and see Levison minor, before there were eyes to observe them.

The chums of the Remove had had time now to reflect a little upon their proceedings, and they realised that those proceedings were rather serious. They had brought into the precincts of Greyfriars a fellow who had run away from his own school, and were sheltering him in secret. What Mr. Quelch or the Head would have thought of it they hardly knew, but obviously it was a serious matter. It was very important indeed that Mr. Quelch and the Head should remain in a state of blissful ignorance upon the subject.

The Famous Five were the first out of the School House that morning, but they did not all proceed to the old tower. In such a peculiar state of affairs it was impossible to be too careful.

"My esteemed chums," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, "I will keep guardedly in the Cloisters, and if there is dangerfulness I will utter whistle of warning. Then the sudden scootfulness will be the proper caper."

"Good egg!" said Bob Cherry. "Gosling might be nosing round, and the fellows will be out in a few minutes."

"Keep your weather eye open, Inky," said Johnny Bull.

"The weatherfulness of the esteemed eye will be terrific," assured the nabob.

And, leaving the dusky junior on the watch in the Cloisters, the Co. went on to the old tower. Harry Wharton tapped cautiously at the door.

He heard the stone rolled away within, and the old oak door opened. Frank Levison stood in the dusk within.

"Top of the morning, kid!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully.

Levison minor smiled.

"Good-morning, you chaps! This is awful good of you."

"The goodness is simply terrific, as Inky would say," grinned Bob. "Have you slept well in this jolly old quarter?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Weren't scared?" asked Nugent.

"No fear!"

"That's good. Now for brekker."

There was a spirit-stove among the supplies brought into Levison minor's refuge. Nugent lighted it, and put on a small tin kettle of water. Bob Cherry sorted out a teapot.

Harry Wharton looked rather searchingly at Levison minor. The St. Jim's fag was assuming a cheery manner, but Wharton did not like his look. There was a strange pallor in his face, broken occasionally by a feverish flush. His eyes were very bright, but it was not the brightness of health. The captain of the Remove could not help feeling uneasy. Exposure to the weather, suffering bodily and mental, had told heavily on the fag, sturdy fellow as he was. It was borne in upon Wharton's mind that quite possibly the Removes had saved Levison minor's life. Certainly one more night of exposure and hunger would have made him seriously ill. Wharton wondered uneasily whether illness even now had him in its grip.

Levison minor sat down, on a chunk of masonry, heavily. Once or twice he had a dazed look, though he made an effort to smile and speak cheerily. Wharton's uneasiness increased.

He realised that it was not a question of a "lodging for the night" for Levison minor. He could not leave the shelter of Greyfriars and go on his way in this state of health. If he did, it was fairly certain that on the following night he would sink down by the roadside. It was impossible to let him go, and it did not seem quite possible to keep him

hidden at Greyfriars. But the latter had to be risked, that was clear.

To urge him to return to his own school was the only reasonable course; but the fag's passionate refusal was not to be mistaken. Wharton knew that that was useless.

As for using coercion, that was unthinkable. A hint of it would have sent the fag fleeing again. It was impossible to watch and detain him against his will. Certainly Dr. Locke would have taken charge of him, had Levison minor been handed over to the Greyfriars headmaster. But Wharton could not decide upon that. It was, in fact, impossible, now that Frank had trusted himself to the Famous Five, for it would have amounted to a betrayal of his confidence. The juniors had a right to cease befriending him, but no right to betray him.

It was a difficult position, and Wharton could only hope that later in the day he would be able to communicate with Tom Merry at St. Jim's, and learn how matters stood there. If matters were not so serious as Levison minor believed, the fag might be induced to return. That seemed the only hopeful way out of the tangle.

The juniors prepared the fag's breakfast for him—boiled eggs and fresh butter-and-bread and hot tea, which had a revivifying effect on Frank, and, to Wharton's great relief, banished his sickly pallor.

After he had eaten and drank, Frank rose to his feet; but Wharton noticed again that he stood a little unsteadily.

"Now I'd better clear," said Frank.

"You young ass," said Harry, "you're staying here. You want a good rest."

"But if I'm found here——"

"You won't be found here."

"It would get you fellows into an awful row," said Frank uneasily. "I can't stay here and risk it."

"You must," said Wharton decidedly. "We'll have another talk about it tomorrow. You're safe for to-day, at least, I hope."

Frank sat down again. It was a case of the spirit being willing and the flesh weak. Although Levison minor spoke of taking the road again, it was doubtful whether he would have been able to drag his tired limbs half a mile from Greyfriars.

"Take a snooze, kid," said Bob Cherry encouragingly. "We shall have to cut off now, or somebody will miss us and begin worrying. Ta-ta!"

Pheep!

It was a loud, clear whistle from the Cloisters.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! That's Inky. Get a move on!" exclaimed Bob hastily.

The four juniors hurried out of the tower, and Levison minor closed the door behind them. They scudded into the Cloisters, and found Billy Bunter with Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. The fat junior blinked at the new arrivals suspiciously through his big spectacles.

"Where have you fellows been?" he asked.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Have you come out for a little run before brekker?" asked Bob Cherry cheerily. "Come on, Burty!"

He grasped the fat junior's arm.

"Put it on, Bunter!"

"Leggo!" roared Bunter.

"Aren't you out for a run?" demanded Bob.

"No, you beast! Leggo!"

"Your mistake; you are! Kim on!"

And Bob Cherry ran, holding Bunter's fat arm in a grip like that of a vice.

(Continued on page 17.)

"Jimmy Silver & Co. Out West!"—in this week's "Boys' Friend"!

THE GREYFRIARS HERALD



Supplement No. 121.

HARRY WHARTON
EDITOR

Week ending April 21st, 1923.

MODERN PIRATES!

By Bob Cherry.

THE man who said that pirates were extinct was talking out of his hat! Pirates exist to-day—dry-land pirates—at Greyfriars School. This may seem an astounding statement, but I will proceed to prove it.

Take the case of George Wingate, our illustrious skipper. He complains that while he was playing footer on Saturday, for the First Eleven, a rabbit pie mysteriously disappeared from his study cupboard. Are we to believe that the rabbit pie became suddenly endowed with legs, and got up and walked out of the cupboard and out of the study? Or are we to suppose that the pie was spirited away by some mysterious agency? Tosh! Likewise bosh! That pie was pirated. And Wingate has been looking for the pirate ever since—with an ashplant!

Take, also, the case of Johnny Bull's bicycle. "The Mysterious Disappearance of Johnny's Jigger," in three parts. Now showing! Possibly the jigger is in three parts as well, by this time! Does anyone seriously imagine that the bicycle, of its own volition, ran out of the cycle-shed, and went whizzing through the Close and off the school premises?

There are other mysteries which point to the presence of a pirate at Greyfriars. A double-bladed penknife, the property of one Thomas Brown, has vanished. Brown left it on his study table. Then he went out for a few minutes, and when he came back, behold, the penknife was conspic. by its ab., to put it briefly. Of course, we've all seen a chicken run, and a cake walk, and a jam roll—one day, in fact, I actually saw a house fly!—but I've never heard of a knife bolting of its own accord.

And now, whilst I am writing these lines, comes the sensational news that the pirate has been captured! Moreover, he has been made to deliver up the booty, with the exception of the rabbit pie, which, like the young lady in the song, is "lost and gone for ever." You will naturally be eager to hear the pirate's name, though many of you will have guessed it already. It is William George Bunter. And, judging by the wild yells which come floating along the corridor, the Pirate of Greyfriars is getting it where the chicken got the chopper!

EDITORIAL!



By HARRY WHARTON.

ONE thing leads to another; and the remarkable success of our Special Highwayman Number has brought me in shoals of letters, asking me to publish a number dealing with pirates. The deed has been done.

Of course, I had to call upon Dicky Nugent to contribute to this issue. No Special Pirate Number would be complete without a masterpiece from Dicky's pen. His weird and wonderful narrative, entitled "A Float on the Spanish Mane!" will cause much merriment. When the manuscript first arrived in Study No. 1, the members of my staff went into convulsions!

Pirates were, of course, the highwaymen of the sea. They held up vessels and plundered them, sometimes meeting with no resistance, but in most cases a terrible and a gory fight had to be recorded.

Happily for the welfare of the community, both pirates and highwaymen are now extinct. But in the dashing days of old they thrived and flourished, and the ensign of the skull and crossbones was a sight which struck terror into the hearts of all beholders.

Next week we shall return to more peaceful themes. But I don't want you to think that the HERALD will lose any of its flair and sparkle. Some splendid suggestions for Special Numbers have been received, and we have a packed programme to present to you shortly.

In the meantime, don't forget to spread the fame of our bright little supplement. We want to do credit to its popular parent the MAGNET Library, and to add more and more readers to its army as the weeks roll by.

HARRY WHARTON.

WALKING THE PLANK!

By Billy Bunter.

I sauntered by the silvery Sark
When eventide drew near.
I slipped and stumbled in the dark,
And quaked with sudden fear.
Six Highcliffe fellows I espied,
Intent upon a prank.
"Here's Billy Bunter!" Gadsby cried.
"We'll make him walk the plank!"

"Hands off, you rotters!" I exclaimed,
And clenched my fists with fury.
A blow at Ponsonby I aimed,
And then a swipe at Drury.
A narrow pole was stretched across
The stream from bank to bank.
I knew that it was quite imposs.
For me to walk the plank!

I struggled with the strength of ten
With Gadsby, Pon, and Merton.
I hardly know what happened then—
At least, I can't be certain.
I know that in the mud and mire
I floundered like a Tank;
And Pon remarked: "It's our desire
That you should walk the plank!"

The rotters raised me to my feet,
And pushed me from behind.
And then they all began to bleat:
"The water's wet, you'll find!"
I staggered on the greasy pole,
And then my spirits sank;
Of both my legs I lost control—
That night I walked the plank!

With sudden splash, and fearful yell,
I toppled in the stream.
The tragedy that then befell
Was like a hideous dream!
I don't know how I got to shore,
Or how much ooze I drank;
I only hope that nevermore
I'll have to walk the plank!

A special "Dormitory" Supplement next on the list!



MONDAY.

I happened to be passing the door of Loder's studdy this afternoon, when I saw a number of things standing on the floor. There was a pot of storbery-jam, and a current-cake, and a bag of jam-tarts, and a lot of froot. I tried the door of Loder's studdy, and it was locked. Evidently Loder had ordered some supplies from the tuckshopp. His fag had brought them along, and, finding the door locked, had left them outside. "Hear's a pretty go!" I eggsclaimed. "These things will be pinched, if Loder's not careful. The safest plan will be for me to eat them, and that will prevent anyboddy pinching them." So I started to tuck in, and I was well away when a harsh voice boomed forth: "You fat young pirate! How dare you steel my grub?" I spun round with my heart in my mouth, and a jam-tart as well, to find

Loder glaring at me. "I'm doing you a good turn, Loder," I eggsplained. "If I hadn't eaten these things someboddy would have come along and pinched them." But Loder, the beest, wouldn't axcept my eggsplanation, and he lammed me with his ashplant till I howled for mersy. Such is life!

TEWSDAY.

I felt much too stiff and soar to go on a piracy eggspedition to-day, so there is nothing to report.

WENSDAY.

I saw a letter for Billy in the post-rack, and, as a fellow is entitled to open his brother's letters, I opened it. There was a sixpenny postle-order inside, from Aunt Prue. I slipt it into my pocket, intending to give it to Billy later. But it quite

slipt my memmery. Then in a fit of absentmindedness, I cashed the postle-order at the tuckshopp, and bought jam-tarts with the proseeds. I was just beginning to enjoy myself when Billy rolled in. "Wear did you get your munney from, Sammy?" he demanded. "Mind your own bizziness!" I retorted. Then the beest started to cross-eggsamine me, and he tied me up in notts, and made me confess. After which, he shot out his fist and nocked me off the stool and clean through the doorway. Wonder I didn't brake my back. Let brotherly love continew!

THURSDAY.

I set fourth on another piracy eggspedition—to Coker's studdy this time. The cubberd happened to be full of tuck, and I said to myself: "I'll have a rare old beeno!" Then Coker came in, and I reelized that there would be no beeno. (Joak!) Although Coker's got quite a mop of hare on his napper, he went for me baldheaded! Nocked me all round the studdy, and then tost me out of the window. Yow-ow-ow-ow!

FRIDAY AND SATTERDAY.

Spent two pieceful days in the sanny, nursing my woonds and my greevances! I have come to the conclooosion that piracy duzzent pay!

THE TERROR

By Billy

TALKING about pirates, I have the onner of being dessended from one of the bravest, boldest buccaneers who ever bucked. Not my grandfather, nor my grate-grandfather, but my grate-grate-grate-grandfather, who flurished in the rain of Good Queen Bess.

He was a Spanyard, named Don Capito Bunteritto. Skinner of the Remove refuses to beleve that I have Spannish blud in my vanes. He also states that Spanyards are broonetts, whereas I am a blond. Which is all tommyrot. A fellow can be a Spanyard without having dark hare.

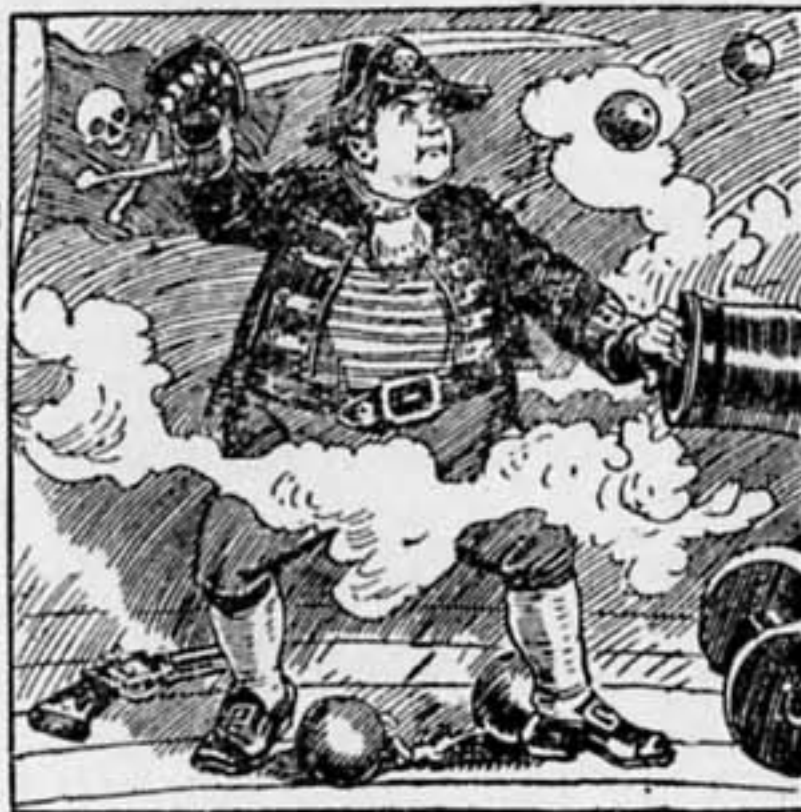
But to return to my noble ansestor. Being out of work, and having no visible means of resistance, he decided to become a pirate. He fell in with a number of despritt men who were fired with the same ambition, and they set sail in the good ship Red Rover, and croozed up and down the Spannish Mane.

Prezzantly a ship came along, frayed with jools, perls, diamonds, gold, silver, tuck, froot, and other precious stoans. It was bound for England, but it never got there. Don Capito Bunteritto saw to that!

"Fall in!" he bellowed to his crew. "Form fours! Quick march! Charge them amidships!"

My ansestor led the charge, with his jool dagger between his teeth.

After a feece fight with the English



vessel, which was punctured in about a duzzen places, Don Capito was victorious. He took the crew prizzeners (eggsept those who had fallen victims to his deadly dagger) and then he plundered the ship. All the trezzure was transferred to the Red Rover, and my ansestor was a millionaire many times over. But he was not satisfied.

"I shall not rest kontent," he said, "until every member of my crew is a millionaire. There is lots more loot to be captured, my merry men. So let us sail away in serch of fresh victims!"

"I, I, cap'n!"
So off they went, flying the Pink Peter, which is a flag with the scull and crossbones on it.

Their luck was ded in, for, two days later, the man in the look-out sited a sale, bearing towards the west under a rolling swell from the north-east. Immediately Don Capito Bunteritto hitched

OF THE SEAS!

Bunter.

up his slacks and ordered the canon to be run out.

"Avast there, ye lubbers!" he cride. "Give 'em a couple across their bows—ty 'em up in notts!"

Two shots hertled across the skooner's bows, and she immediately hove-2. Only three of the pirate crew chambered aboard and they gave the frightened occupants of the skooner what-4.

"Mersy, mersy!" they cride. "Take all we possess, but spare our lives!"

And the three valiant members of the Red Rover's crew acted like gentlemen. Apart from lifting all the jools, licker, money, and tuck, they left the skooner just as they had borded it.

I should need a whole issew of the HERALD to describe all the feece fights they had. My ansestor lost his leg in one engagement, but he was always cool and calm and collected, and never lost his head.

When he arrived at the ripe old age of ninety, Don Capito decided that he was too old to carry on the strenuous life of a pirate. So he retired to a little fishing-village on the coast of Spain, and spent the rest of his days in piece and seclooosion. He left a fortune, when he died, of ten thowsand rupees (that's Spannish munney).

Of corse, I am very proud to be the dessendant of such a wonderful hero. I have inherited his skill as a pirate. If you don't beleve this, ask Harry Wharton. I've just pirated a plum cake from the cubberd in Studdy No. 1!





By DICKY NUGENT.

'T WAS the year of grace 1775, when George the Third squatted on the English throne.

Three of us were seated round the fire in my uncle's droring-room at Langmere Hall.

First, as to my uncle. He was a well-known Scottish advencherer, named Captain De'il McCare. He was always setting fourth on swashbuckling eggspeditions in serch of berried trezzure, Spannish dubloons, pirates, and other hidden hordes.

The second member of the party was the Onnerable Freddie Feernought. He belonged to that noble band of Brittons known as the Harry Stock rassy.

The Onnerable Freddie was nothing to look at. He was a weedy, undersized youth, but he was a deadly shot with a cutlass, and he had beheaded lots of skilled swordsmen with his pistle.

The third member of the party was myself, Dick Dauntless. I was a wonderful fellow in every way. I stood six-foot-six in my sox, and was a terribul man to meet in mortle kombat. Being very modest, however, I will keep in the background of this story as much as possibul.

"Marry!" said my uncle, pouring himself out a glass of toddy. "'Tis long since we set fourth upon an advencher."

"Eye, that is so," said the Onnerable Freddie. "If we cool our heals in England much longer we shall perrish of stagnation."

"Perraps you have a skeem to suggest, uncle?" said I.

"Yea, Dick. Verily, a desprit skeem hath come into this noddle of mine. Hast heard of the Mistick Isle?"

"Wear all the trezzure is berried, uncle?"

"Eggsactly! Funds being low, 'twould be a good idear to start for the Mistick Isle at once, and line our pockets."

The Onnerable Freddie sprang to his feet. I did the same.

"Our good ship, the Sorcy Sally, lieth at anker in the harber," said my uncle. "Let us be off to-night."

I stood by the mullioned window, and glansed out at the feerce elements. The wind howled, the waves sobbed, the tempest roared, and seagulls squalled as they flapped their wings against the windowpain.

'Twas a wild night to start out on such an advencher. But we never funked or faltered.

Together we quitted the house, and strode down to the harber. Here we fell in with a number of bluejackets, who agreed to accompany us on our advencher.

We set out in rowing-boats to the Sorcy Sally, and lifted the anker, and were soon speeding through the English Channel, doing unpteen nots a minnit. I was too eggsgited to sleep that night.

I paced to and fro on the ½-deck, dreeming of the Mistick Isle, and of the vast trezzure that would soon be ours.

The seas were mountain high in the Bay of Bisky. The billows swept the decks, thereby saving the sailors a job next morning.

It was only by a mirracle that we kept afloat. But when the morning came the storm debated, and the sunlight streammed down upon the sparkling water.

When we were at breakfast in the cabbin my uncle konsulted his chart.

"We've got to sail through the Spannish Mane, forsooth," he said.

"What of that, uncle?" said I.



Don Petro and a host of Spanyolds were clambering over the bulwarks.

"Why, lad, those tretcherus waters abound with pirates. Peradventure, we shall bump into our old enemy, Don Petro, the captain of the Yellow Frigget."

"Nothing would suit me better," drawled the Onnerable Freddie, "than to slice off his Spannish onion with my trusty cutlass."

"Is Don Petro the leader of the pirates?" I asked

"Yea," said my uncle. "He hath a crew of five hundred on board his frigget, all armed to the teeth. And we are but a duzzen."

"But we are of Brittish blud," said I, "and that makes all the difference." "Well spoken, Dick!" said my uncle, clapping me on the shoulder. "Thou art a goodly lad to have at hand in an emergency."

Even as my uncle spake these words there was a sudden yell from the poop:

"A sail, a sail in site!"

We rushed up on to the deck. My uncle gazed out over the plassid waters.

"Ha, ha!" he cried. "'Tis the Yellow Frigget!"

Swiftly the pirate vessel advanced towards us. Prezzantly we could distinguish its flag, with the hideous skull-and-cross-bones on it.

"Don Petro means bizziness," said I. "Same hear!" said my uncle grimly. "Uncover the cannon!"

We had one cannon on deck, with a sheet of tarporing thrown over it. A couple of sailors wisked off the tarporing in a flash.

"Bring a ball hear!" commanded my uncle.

"Eye, eye, cap'n! Dost mean a football?"

"Nay, thou pug-nosed wight! A cannon ball, of corse!"

A cannon ball was rolled on to the deck, which my uncle thrust into the cannon. (I mean, he thrust the cannon ball in, not the deck!)

"Give 'em a broadside!" he shouted. Bang! Bing! Bong!

The cannon barked out its message of deth and destruction.

My uncle peered through the smoke to ascertain the dammdige.

"A hit!" he cried. "Marry, but those pirates have got it in the neck!"

"Nay. In the poop, you mean," chuckeld the Onnerable Freddie. "I distinctly saw half their poop drop off."

The pirate vessel was certainly in the wars. It turned swiftly on its heal and sped away towards the nearest port.

My uncle flashed a wireless message to Don Petro.

"We shall meet again!"

Then we went merrily on our voyage.

Next day we were attacked by sharx.

A number of these feerce monsters surrounded the Sorcy Sally, and we had an anxious five minnits. But I wipped out my blunderbuss and pumped lead into the monsters of the deep, and one by one they went to the bottom, while the water was stained a crimson hew.

"Bravo, Dick!" said my uncle. "Verily thou art a rod in pickle, and but for thy wonderful marksmanship we should have been food for fishes ere this. I will give thee half the trezzure—when we find it!"

It was not until the fortieth day of our voyage that we sighted the Mistick Isle. It was nothing more than a tiny sandbank, but berried in the sand were several stout chests, crammed with Spannish dubloons and peaces of 8.

With grate diffikulty, we hoisted the chests on board the Sorcy Sally, marking them "Gunpowder," so that the sailors would not interfere with them. Then we set sail for England.

It was at dead of night when we reeched the Spannish Mane. We were all asleep in our bunks, and the sailor on watch was also taking forty winks. So we were fairly caught napping by the Yellow Frigget.

A terriffick crash caused me to open my eyes.

(Continued on next page, col. 3.)

Dicky Nugent obliges once again!

GREYFRIARS PIRATES!

By TOM BROWN.

CAN you imagine any of the Greyfriars fellows being successful pirates? Let us put the clock back a few hundred years, and picture to ourselves a number of Greyfriars fellows as the leaders of fierce gangs of pirates, scouring the Spanish Main. How would they tackle their jobs? I will give you a few illustrations:

PIRATE ALONZO TODD:

"I can distinguish on the horizon, my dear fellows, the outline of an approaching vessel. Doubtless it carries treasure on board, in which case, it is our painful duty to purloin it."

"Ay, ay, cap'n!"

"Warfare and bloodshed are abhorrent to me, my dear fellows, but I fear we have no alternative but to fight. No guns, blunderbusses, or swords are to be used, however. And catapults are strictly forbidden. Peashooters only are to be employed. And no prisoners must be made to walk the plank, or be thrown to the sharks. We must be as humane as possible in this undertaking. Do you understand?"

"Ay, ay, cap'n!"

(The gentle Alonzo proceeds to load his peashooter.)

PIRATE HURREE JAMSET RAM SINGH:

"Now, my worthy and esteemed chums, we must sinkfully despatch yonder shipfulness to the bottomless depths of the seafulness. And those who have the misfortune to fall into our clutchfulness must be made to walk the plankfulness. Is my meaning painfully clear?"

"Ay, ay, dusky cap'n!"

"Then carry on with the good workfulness, and see that those dogs get it in the neckfulness! Loadfully feed the cannon; bangfully fire it; and rememberfully bear in mind the old saying: 'Inky expects that every man this dayfulness will do his esteemed and ludicrous duty!'"

"Ay, ay, dusky cap'n!"

PIRATE FISHER T. FISH:

"Say, you galoots! I kinder sorter guess and calculate that there's a lop-sided old tub drifting towards us, with a lot of spondulics on board. Waal, see hyer! I guess this is a gilt-edge chance for an Amurrican citizen to get rich quick!"

"Ay, ay, cap'n!"

"Guess you'd better let rip with the cannon. Wake up, you slabsided jays! Popper the old tub as hard as you can! (Bang!) Gee! I guess that was some sockdolager! Give 'em another! (Bang!) Waal, I swow! If that don't wake 'em up, nothing will! As soon as we get alongside, hop on board and collar the treasure, and hand it over to me, slick! Sure, this is some stunt! Guess I won't take a hand in the scrap myself. You can do the donkey-work, and I'll collar the dibs. Do you get me, Steve?"

"Ay, ay, cap'n!"

(Fishy promptly hops out of the danger-zone.)

A BOLD, BAD BUCCANEER!

By DICK PENFOLD.

My name is Captain Cutlass,
I was born and bred at Pegg;
I've a savage leer, from ear to ear,
And a wobbly wooden leg.
My trusty jewelled dagger
Six hundred foes has slain;
I sail the seas, and, if you please,
I rule the Spanish Main!

My ship, the Purple Frigate,
Is known both far and wide;
And people shake and quail and quake,
Whenever 'tis espied.
They cry, "The Prince of Pirates
Is on our track again!"
Where'er I go, I fear no foe
Upon the Spanish Main!



I've captured tons of treasure
From laden ships at sea;
Why, I declare, a millionaire
Is poor compared with me!
When Cutlass wields his cutlass
He uses brawn and brain;
And every foe "goes West," you know,
Upon the Spanish Main!

My father was a pirate,
My ma a piratess;
I've got their gift, I'm smart and swift,
And full of fearlessness.
What dog would dare confront me
And live to fight again?
I'll run him through, and say "Adieu!"
Upon the Spanish Main!

My name is Captain Cutlass,
I'm feared by one and all;
By English chaps, and Chinks and Japs,
And seamen great and small.
My glorious reputation
Will never, never wane;
Then Yo-heave-ho! I'm lord, you
know,
Of all the Spanish Main!

A FLOAT ON THE SPANISH MAIN!

(Continued from previous page.)

"Verily, we have struck a rock!" I shouted.

"Nonsense!" said my uncle drowsily. "Thou art suffering from nightmare, lad."

I rushed on to the deck, to find that the Yellow Frigate had bumped alongside our own vessel. Don Petro stood on her deck. He bared his teeth in the moonlight, and hissed at me:

"Maledictos! You shall die, English pig-dog!"

I raised the alarm, and my uncle and the Onnerable Freddie joined me on deck.

Don Petro grinned from here to here when he caught sight of my uncle.

"Ha, ha! Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" was my uncle's comment.

"Surrender!" hissed Don Petro. "Yield up your trezzure!"

"Nevver!" cried my uncle. And he whipped out his cutlass, and rushed at the pirate chief.

With his knife in one hand, and his sword in the other, and a brace of pistols in the other, Don Petro fought fiercely. For a time he kept my uncle at bay, and we were too busy killing pirates to go to his assistance.

The Onnerable Freddie was doing grate eggseption with his cutlass.

Rivers of red blood splashed over the deck, and the Spaniards went down like skittles before our fierce attack. I was polishing them off at the rate of a duzen a minnit.

At last, there was not a single pirate alive to tell the tale, with the eggseption of Don Petro, who was still at grips with my uncle.

Both men had received heavy and cruel punishment. Don Petro had lost his left ear, and a large slice had been slashed off my uncle's nasal piano.

Don Petro had been top dog, so far. But suddenly there was a dramatic turn of the tide.

Raising his cutlass aloft, my uncle bore down upon his enemy like a yewman whirlwind.

"Mersy!" cried Don Petro.

"Mersy?" ekkoed my uncle scornfully. "What mercy would you have shown me, you skurvy nave?"

Don Petro emitted a wild cry in Spanish.

"Maledictos de la Cochín Finas por bacca!"

"Cease that jargon!" said my uncle sternly. "Methinks thy number is up, Don Petro!"

So saying, he carefully measured the distance with his eye (not having a tape measure handy) and with a fierce sweep of his cutlass, he severed the Spaniard's trunk from his head.

Don Petro, pirate and trayter, went down for the count.

My uncle paused, mopping his heated face with the frills of his coat-sleeves.

"Here endeth the entertainment!" he said coolly. "Scrub the deck, you lubbers!"

It needed scrubbing, too, I can tell you. For we had made a horribul mess. But we couldn't help it. Where there's smoke there's fire, and where there's battle there's blood.

"And now," said my uncle, when the body of Don Petro had been fed to the shark, "we will set sail for England, home, and bewty! Dick, lad, thou hast deserved well of thy country. Thou, too, Freddie. Heave two!"

THE END.

"Dormitory Sport!" by Vernon Smith—next Monday!

HOW LEVISON MINOR CAME TO GREYFRIARS!

(Continued from page 12.)

William George Bunter had no choice; he had to run. He ran for his life, his little fat legs going like clockwork, and a series of furious howls accompanying him.

The Co. followed on, laughing, and Johnny Bull touched up the fat junior occasionally with his boot. The juniors came out into the open quadrangle with a rush, Bunter yelling and spluttering and gasping.

"Yaroooh! Leggo! Beast! I'm winded! Yooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Run for it!" roared Bob.

"Yaroooh! Help!"

"The runfulness is terrific!" chuckled Hurree Singh.

"You-ow-ow! Grooogh!"

Billy Bunter ran; there was no help for it. Right round the quadrangle he went, in Bob Cherry's iron grasp. By the time he had finished that round, the Owl of the Remove was in a state of collapse.

"Had enough?" asked Bob.

"Grooogh! I'm dying!"

"Good! Here's a quiet corner—die there, old top!" And Bob sat Bunter down with a bump at a corner of the chapel, and the chums of the Remove walked away cheerily.

"Yow-ow-ow! Beasts! Yooop! Ow! Wow! Woooogh!" spluttered Bunter, apparently not dying, after all, but extremely vigorous vocally.

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Do you think Bunter will feel up to any more prying, after that?" he inquired.

"Ha, ha, ha! No!"

"The pryfulness will not be terrific!" chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "The esteemed and disgusting Bunter will chuck it upfully for the present."

Hurree Singh was right. Billy Bunter was too busy for some time in getting his second wind to bestow any attention upon the proceedings of Harry Wharton & Co. When he came in to breakfast he bestowed a ferocious blink on the Famous Five, at which they smiled cheerily. But they were not done with William George Bunter yet.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Knows!

MR. QUELCH, in the class that morning, found Billy Bunter an inattentive pupil.

That was by no means a new experience for the Remove master. But on this occasion Bunter was even more slacking and inattentive than usual.

He was thinking—not of his lessons. Mr. Quelch's voice was no more to him than the irritating drone of an insect.

Bunter had much more important things to think about than geography and arithmetic.

He was interested deeply in the mystery of the Famous Five—chiefly, no doubt, because their affairs were no concern of his. In the affairs of others Bunter always took a deep if not friendly interest. Geography was simply a worry at such a time. He did not care whether Paris was the capital of France, or France was the capital of Paris; but he cared very much to know what was "on."

Something was on, he was assured. The Famous Five must have had a reason for

depriving themselves of his fascinating company the previous day at Lantham.

The caning from Wingate had not done Bunter any good; he was still convinced that he "saw it all." The Famous Five were "up" to something, and were leaving Bunter out of it. Now that his fat attention was fairly fixed on them, Bunter noticed several little incidents which really did indicate something out of the common.

The five chums had all gone down before rising-bell—that was uncommon. Bunter, looking for them in the quad when he came down, had missed them; he had found Inky alone in the cloisters, and Inky had whistled at sight of him. Then the other four had come running up from somewhere. Something was "on."

The rotters had met somebody at Lantham—most likely a bookmaker—that was Bunter's conviction. They were keeping Bunter out of it, though they knew that he was a "rorty dog" who liked a little flutter!

How to discover any connection between the supposed bookmaker at Lantham and the early-morning proceedings of the Famous Five, was rather a problem for Bunter. There really did not seem to be any connection. But Bunter was convinced that there was something "on." It was, at least, his duty to keep a very watchful eye upon these fellows. That was clear to Bunter.

With problems like these in his fat mind it was natural that Bunter should have no time to waste upon Mr. Quelch. Likewise, it was natural that this should not please the Remove master, who laboured under the delusion that Bunter was at school to learn things. Bunter really was there to learn as little as he could, if Mr. Quelch had only known it. There was a difference of opinion on the subject.

This difference of opinion led to the introduction of the cane during the morning. Besides the problem of the Famous Five, Bunter had a pair of fat, aching palms to think about.

So he had plenty of food for thought, taking one thing with another. He was rubbing his fat paws when he left the Remove-room at last with the rest, after morning class.

But his powerful intellect was still working at pressure. With still more perspicacity than he had displayed the previous day, Billy Bunter "saw it all."

The Famous Five had gone "blagging" the previous afternoon—that was perfectly clear to Bunter. This morning they had been rooting round the cloisters near the old tower!

Bunter had discovered the connection at last! When Skinner and Snoop and other young rascals, wished to indulge in a forbidden smoke, often they repaired to that old tower as a secluded and safe spot—safe from the eyes of masters and prefects. Bunter was well aware of that. Few things went on in the Greyfriars Remove that Bunter was not aware of.

Now it was all clear to him! Of course, these young blackguards had brought home a supply of smokes with them, which had been deposited in some cranny of the old tower for safety. They had gone there before brekker—perhaps to place the smokes there, perhaps to see that they were still safe there. After lessons, there was to be a smoking-party in the old tower, and Bunter, the rortiest dog in the Remove, was to be left out of it.

All was clear to Bunter now—he saw it all!

He grinned gleefully, in spite of the ache that lingered in his fat palms.

Bunter knew that he was a keen, bright fellow—he had always known that. But he could not help feeling that on this occasion he had displayed a very special brightness and keenness. Few fellows could have elucidated a mystery in this masterly manner.

Bunter was smiling when he came in to dinner. He was quite satisfied with himself and his elucidation of the "mystery."

And his plans were laid—cut and dried. After dinner he was going to the old tower to investigate. He was going to find those hidden smokes, and "lift" them, and when the merry smoking-party arrived after lessons, they would find the cigarettes gone.

Bunter chortled at the thought. The rotters would be sorry then for having left a rorty dog out of their rorty proceedings!

Bob Cherry clasped Bunter on a fat shoulder, as the Remove came out after dinner.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Enjoying life?" he asked.

"Yow-ow!"

"Wherefore that beatific smile?" asked Bob. "Feeling the benefit of that run round the quad this morning?"

"Beast!"

"Like another?" asked Bob cheerily.

Bunter jumped away.

"Keep off, you beast!"

Bob Cherry grinned, and joined his chums. The Famous Five did not approach the Cloisters or the old tower. There were too many eyes about now for that to be a safe proceeding. They walked down to the towing-path by the Sark, to discuss the possibility of communicating with Tom Merry at St. Jim's, without giving away the fact that the St. Jim's runaway was at Greyfriars.

Upon Billy Bunter they did not think of bestowing any attention; but, as it happened, Bunter was worth their attention, for once, at that juncture.

The fat junior rolled away in the cloisters, and made his way to the ruined tower, with a grin on his face.

He was on the track—he was sure of that. An investigation inside the old tower would prove the point. Wingate had caned him in the Remove dormitory as a reward for his wonderful perspicacity. Bunter wondered what Wingate would have thought had he known what Bunter knew now—or thought he knew!

The fat junior unhooked the broken padlock, and pushed at the old oak-door. To his surprise it did not open.

He shoved harder on the door, and it yielded an inch or two, and then remained fast. It dawned upon Bunter that something was blocking it within.

"Beasts!" murmured Bunter.

Perspicacious as ever, Bunter could see what had happened. The hidden smokes were there, of course. One of the party had blocked the door within with a block of stone, and squeezed out of one of the narrow windows afterwards, for additional security for the smokes! All was clear to Bunter!

But the Owl of the Remove was not to be baffled so easily as all that. He exerted his strength and his weight on the door—and his weight, at least, was considerable.

The door yielded another inch. Then, to Bunter's amazement, he heard a sound within the tower.

Someone was there!

Certainly it was not a member of the Famous Five, for Bunter had seen them going down to the river. The padlock had been in position, and it could not,

Harry Wharton & Co. show their allegiance to Ernest Levison—next week!

of course, be adjusted from within the tower. But Bunter, after the first moment of astonishment, saw it all—again! Skinner, or some fellow like Skinner, had retired to the tower for an after-dinner cigarette, and had squeezed in by a window instead of using the door. Billy Bunter grinned, and crept round to one of the windows to blink through.

He could see nothing. On the side towards the school buildings, at least, the long, narrow loop-hole windows had been covered up within, and the view of the interior was shut off.

Billy Bunter circled round the old tower, and applied his eyes, and his spectacles to a window on the other side. This was not blocked. Through the long, narrow aperture, he had a partial view of the dusky interior.

The next moment Billy Bunter gave a howl of amazement.

Someone was there—that was certain! But it was not Skinner—it was not a Greyfriars fellow at all! It was a slightly-built fag, who stood in a startled attitude, breathing quickly, with flushed cheeks—listening, evidently, for another attempt on the blocked door.

Bunter knew him well enough by sight: he had seen him many times. He would have known him, anyhow, by his likeness to Ernest Levison, once a member of the Greyfriars Remove. Certainly the sight of Christopher Columbus could hardly have been more astonishing than that of a St. Jim's Third Form fag, shut up in the old tower at Greyfriars. Billy Bunter fairly spluttered with amazement as he blinked.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Down and Out!

"LEVISON MINOR!"
Bunter spluttered out the name.

Frank Levison gave a violent start, and spun round away from the door, at which he was listening and watching. The attempt to push the door open had ceased, and Frank was hoping that the intruder had given it up and gone, when he heard his name spluttered in accents of astonishment.

"Oh!" gasped Frank. "Who—"

"He, he, he!"

Frank followed the direction of the sound with his eyes, and discerned a fat face, adorned with a pair of large spectacles, grinning at the outer end of the loop-hole window.

"Bunter!" he murmured.

"Little me!" chuckled Bunter. "Fancy meeting you! Open the door, young Levison; I'm coming in!"

Bunter rolled round to the door again, and kicked it loudly. Levison minor's presence at Greyfriars was an amazing discovery to Billy Bunter; but he did not need telling that it was a deep secret, and that this was the explanation of the "mystery" that had interested him so much. Bunter was master of the situation now; he knew the secret. He kicked forcibly on the door, and Frank hurried to roll away the stone and open it.

Bunter stepped in, grinning.

"So it's you!" he said.

"Yes," breathed Frank.

"Where are the smokes?"

"The—the what?"

Frank Levison's surprise was so obvious, that Bunter realised that his wonderful theory was ill-founded. He realised, indeed, that it was by a series of obtuse mistakes that he had been led to discover the secret. The Famous Five could not possibly have expected to meet Levison minor at Lantham; Bob Cherry had dropped Bunter on the road, for precisely the reason stated by Bob, and no other.

The Famous Five had been "rooting" round the old tower that morning, not because smokes were hidden there, but because this St. Jim's fag was hidden there. Having followed up false clues on a wrong theory, Bunter had unexpectedly arrived at the facts!

"So there aren't any smokes!" grunted Bunter, discontentedly. "I—I see now. In fact, I see it all!"

Levison minor looked at him in silence. He was utterly dismayed by the discovery.

"So you're the fellow they met at Lantham, in the shed?" Bunter asked, further light dawning on his fat mind.

"Yes."

"They had the nerve to bring you here?"

"Yes."

"What are you doing away from school?"

"That's my business!"

Bunter chuckled.

"Not much need to tell me," he remarked. "You've run away from school, of course, young Levison. What have you been up to at St. Jim's?"

"Nothing."

"He, he, he! You've run away from school for nothing!" Bunter chuckled. "Did they find you betting on horses and smoking and pub-haunting, like your brother used to do when he was at Greyfriars? I suppose you know he was booted out for that kind of thing here?"

Frank Levison's eyes flashed, and he clenched his hands. Bunter backed away hastily, rather alarmed by the fag's look.

"Keep your wool on, kid!" he said. "I'm not going to hurt you. I say, you've been camping out here." He glanced round the room. "My hat! What a neck, to bring you in here! What would Quelchey say, if he knew? He, he, he!"

"Are you going to tell him, Bunter?" asked Levison minor, between his teeth.

"Well, I'm not at all sure that I can approve of this kind of thing," said Bunter, shaking his head seriously. "It's against all the rules, you know—disrespectful to the Head, and all that. Still, I'll see Wharton first. He's a pal of mine, and if he treats me like a pal, I may decide to keep this shady secret for him."

Frank Levison breathed hard.

"Hang on here for the present, young Levison," said Bunter patronisingly. "I'm not giving you away! I'll go and have a talk to Wharton about it. I told him yesterday that I'd been disappointed about a postal-order, and he refused to advance me the ten bob. Perhaps he will shell out now. He, he, he!"

And Billy Bunter rolled out of the old tower, chuckling, in a very satisfied mood. He was more pleased by the discovery he had made, than he could have been by the discovery he had expected to make.

So long as Levison minor remained hidden at Greyfriars, Billy Bunter considered that he could look forward to the cashing of an unlimited series of non-existent postal-orders.

Frank Levison closed the door after him, with a heavy heart. Then he sat down wearily to think.

His presence at Greyfriars was known now to the chatterbox of the school.

It could not remain a secret much longer. And his discovery there meant trouble to the kind-hearted juniors who sheltered him.

There was only one thing to be done; he must go, and without delay—he must go before Bunter had time to talk.

That was clear, to his mind. The chums of the Remove had already risked too much for him; and he must go, before he involved them in further trouble. There was no time even to say good-bye; he could not tell when they would visit the old tower again—not before dark, probably. With trembling limbs, Frank Levison rose to his feet. He was feeling weak—strangely weak, and alternate flushes of heat and cold ran through him. His knees knocked together as he moved to the door.

What was the matter with him?

During that morning he had been haunted by the terrifying thought that he was going to be ill; that he was losing the power to be master of his own actions. Ill or not, he must go—

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MYSTERY	Now on Sale! Buy a Copy TO-DAY!	ADVENTURE

Billy Bunter welcomes an "old pal"—

without a minute's delay. He opened the door of the old tower.

He had to stop there, leaning on the door, breathing irregularly. He was not capable of exertion, and he knew it. He knew, with a feeling of despair, that he could not climb the school wall even if he reached it unseen and undeterred.

The unhappy fag groaned.

He was ill; more ill than he had understood; more than he had even feared. For long, long minutes he stood there, leaning on the open door, his brain in a whirl, his limbs sinking under him. He was only half-conscious when, at last, he turned and staggered back to the rough bed in the corner of the room.

There he sank down; and there consciousness left him. Half in sleep, half in stupor, Frank Levison lay on the rugs, insensible to his surroundings.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Keeping the Secret!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

Billy Bunter greeted the Famous Five as they came in.

It was close on time for afternoon classes.

The chums of the Remove had no time to waste on Bunter. Bob Cherry gaye him a gentle push out of the way, and they walked on.

Billy Bunter's little round eyes gleamed with rage behind his spectacles. A fellow in possession of an important secret was not to be dealt with like this.

"Wharton!" he roared.

"Go and eat coke!"

The Famous Five went into the Form-room. Billy Bunter rolled in after them. Several of the Remove had come in, though the Form-master had not yet arrived.

"Now, you fellows——" roared Bunter.

"Oh, shut up!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "We're fed up with you, Bunter! Can't you take a tip?"

"I don't want any of your cheek, Bull!"

"What?"

"If you give me any cheek, look out!" said Bunter impressively. "I'm not bound to keep your rotten secrets. I can tell you! For two pins I'd tell Quelchy all about it when he comes in!"

"You fat idiot!" said Harry Wharton, in measured tones. "You remember what Wingate gaye you last night for your silly rot. Do you want the same from Mr. Quelch?"

Billy Bunter grinned.

"You see, I've been to the old tower!" he remarked.

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"Eh!"

"Oh, my hat!"

The Famous Five understood now. Billy Bunter was not pursuing his remarkable theory of a "blagging" expedition to Lantham. He had found Levison minor in his hiding-place.

The Owl of the Remove grinned at the five startled faces. Harry Wharton & Co. were taken utterly aback.

"Rather changing your tune now, what?" grinned Bunter. "Better be civil, eh? What would Quelchy say if he knew?"

"Shut up!" breathed Bob Cherry.

"I'm not going to give you away!" chuckled Bunter. "Not if you treat me like a pal, of course. He, he, he!"



"Yoop! Help! Fire!" yelled Bunter. "Leggo, Bull! I'll tell Quelchy that you're hiding Levison minor in the old tower—yaroooh——" "Cave!" yelled Vernon-Smith suddenly. Mr. Quelch appeared upon the scene; he had heard everything. (See Chapter 12.)

"What on earth does all this mean?" asked Skinner curiously, coming towards the group in the Form-room. "Pass it on, Bunter!"

"I'm not telling you anything, Skinner—not if these fellows treat me like pals," grinned Bunter. "I know what I know. I may have caught them out, and I mayn't. That's telling."

"Can't you mind your own business, Skinner?" demanded Johnny Bull gruffly.

"Well, what's the giddy secret?" asked Skinner.

"Find out!"

"I say, Harry, old fellow——" said Bunter.

Wharton suppressed his feelings.

"Well?" he said, as calmly as he could.

"I mentioned yesterday that I was expecting a postal-order," said Bunter, blinking at him. "It's for ten job—I mean a pound! Do you think you could cash it for me, and take the postal-order when it comes? I'd be really obliged if you could, old scout!"

Harry Wharton did not reply. He was yearning to take the Owl of the Remove by his fat neck, and use him as a duster to dust the Form-room. But Johnny Bull broke out:

"So that's the game, is it, Bunter?"

"Oh, really, Bull——"

"You fat rascal——"

"Look here——"

"Draw it mild, Johnny," whispered Nugent. "We've got to keep the fat rotter quiet somehow!"

"If you're calling me a rotter, Nugent——"

"Dry up, Bunter!" gasped Wharton. "I—I'll see what I can do. I'll——"

"I'm not going to be called names," said Bunter loftily. "I'm not at all sure that I can keep secrets like this for you fellows. I don't approve of your goings-on. Fellows who run away from school——"

"Quiet!" hissed Wharton.

"What on earth——" ejaculated Skinner.

"Well, of course, I'm not going to say anything," said Bunter, with a grin. "You can keep the fellow as long as you like——"

"Is the fat duffer wandering in his mind?" asked Peter Todd, in blank wonder.

"He, he, he!"

"I—I'll see about the postal-order, Bunter!" gasped the captain of the Remove. "After lessons, I—I'll see if——"

"That won't do," said Bunter coolly. "And you needn't scowl at me, Johnny Bull! I've a jolly good mind to lick you——"

"Ll-l-lick me!" stuttered Johnny Bull.

"Yes. So you mind your p's and q's," said Bunter, wagging a fat fore-finger in warning at Johnny. "I don't want any rot from you fellows, and I tell you so plainly. You're jolly well going to toe the line, or look out for squalls!"

That was too much for Johnny Bull. He made a ferocious rush at Billy Bunter and collared him.

—with his ancient tale of the expected postal order!

"Johnny—" gasped Nugent. "Hold on—"

"Stop!" exclaimed Wharton. Thump, thump, thump! "Yooop! Help! Fire!" yelled Bunter. "Leggo! I'll tell Quelch that you're hiding Levison minor in the old tower. Yaroooooh!"

"Cave!" yelled Vernon-Smith. Mr. Quelch's figure stood in the doorway. The expression on the Remove master's face was startling. Undoubtedly, he had heard William George Bunter's yell.

Johnny Bull released Bunter quite suddenly, as if the Owl of the Remove had become red-hot to the touch. Bunter staggered against a desk, still roaring.

"Yaroooh! Beast! Now I won't keep it dark! I'll tell Quelch you're hiding a chap that's run away from school. I'll tell the Head! I'll—"

"Bunter!" Mr. Quelch's quiet, metallic voice broke in. It was quite a quiet voice, but it had more effect upon Bunter than a clap of thunder. The Owl of the Remove spun round in dismay.

"Oh! Oh dear! Yes, sir!" Mr. Quelch strode into the Form-room. He glanced at the crimson faces of the Famous Five, and then fixed his penetrating eyes upon William George Bunter.

"I heard your words, Bunter! I require an explanation of them."

"Oh, sir," gasped Bunter, "I—I—I wasn't speaking, sir!"

"What?" "I—I mean I wasn't saying anything about Levison minor, sir! I—I haven't seen him, sir!"

"Bunter!" "I—I haven't been near the old tower since lessons, sir," said Bunter despairingly. "I never thought those chaps were hiding smokes there, sir—never entered my mind! As for Levison minor, I suppose he's at St. Jim's—he's not run away from school that I know of, sir. I—I hope you can take my word, sir!"

Mr. Quelch gave Bunter one expressive look, and then turned to Wharton. "Kindly tell me about this, Wharton," he said quietly.

"I—I—I—" stammered Harry. "Has Levison minor, a boy belonging to St. Jim's, run away from school, to your knowledge?"

"I—I believe so, sir!" "Have you taken the boy into this school, without the knowledge of the school authorities?"

"I—I— Yes, sir!" gasped Harry. "Bless my soul! Really, Wharton—"

"We all did it, sir," said Bob Cherry. "The—the kid was homeless, and hungry, and—and he'd have been ill if he'd been left out another night, and—and so—"

"That will do!" said Mr. Quelch. "He is in the old tower?"

"Yes, sir!" mumbled Wharton.

"Very well! I shall ask a prefect to take charge of this class for a time," said Mr. Quelch. "You will go to your places."

Mr. Quelch quitted the Form-room, and Wingate of the Sixth came in to take charge of the Remove. The juniors could guess how Mr. Quelch was occupied. Levison minor's stay at Greyfriar's School, in the hiding-place the Famous Five had found for him, had come to a sudden and unlooked-for end.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Not a Licking!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. sat in their places looking grim. It was out now—out with a vengeance! What was to follow, they did not know, but they made up their minds to inevitable trouble. Most of the other Removites grinned. All the Remove knew now what had happened on that trip to Lantham; and apparently Wingate knew, for he gave the chums a curious look as he came in. Skinner, rather reluctant to abandon his belief that the Famous Five had been "blagging," consoled himself with the reflection that they had acted like soft-hearted and soft-headed duffers, and were going to be licked for it. Billy Bunter, however, looked rather serious. He realised that, owing to the unfortunate betrayal of the secret, it had lost all its value for him; there was not the remotest prospect now of his celebrated postal-order getting cashed.

It was an hour before Mr. Quelch came back into the Remove Form-room and relieved Wingate. He made no remark to the juniors, and lessons were resumed. The chums would have given a great deal to know what had become of Frank Levison; but the expression on their Form-master's face did not encourage them to ask questions.

Lessons ended at last, and the Remove were dismissed. Wharton made up his mind to ask the Form master a question then; he felt that he simply had to know what had happened. Mr. Quelch, as the Remove filed out, beckoned to the Famous Five to stop at his desk.

The culprits halted, and stood in a row, awaiting for the chopper to come down, as it were. Mr. Quelch eyed them severely.

"I have seen the boy whom you sheltered in the school, without requesting leave to do so," he said.

"We—we couldn't ask, sir," stammered Wharton. "That—that would have been giving him away, sir!"

"Did you not understand, Wharton, that the best thing for Levison minor was to be taken back to his school?"

"Ye-es, sir! But—" "I think I comprehend your motives," said Mr. Quelch. "Nevertheless, you boys have acted in a very thoughtless, reckless—I may say foolish manner."

The Co. took that in silence. They did not agree with Mr. Quelch, but it was no use telling him so. Besides, he was welcome to his opinion.

"Dr. Locke was naturally angry when I reported the matter to him," said Mr. Quelch. "In a sense, you have made your headmaster a party to this boy's reckless and rebellious conduct."

"Oh, sir!" murmured Harry. "The Head has decided to forgive you—" went on Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, good! I—I mean—" "Levison minor, when found in the old tower, was in a somewhat serious state," said Mr. Quelch. "He has suffered severely from hardship and exposure—none the less serious because he brought it all upon himself. He has been removed to the sanatorium, and Dr. Pillbury was called at once to see him."

"Oh!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "So—so bad as that, sir?"

"His state is serious," said Mr. Quelch, "and the doctor is of opinion that had he remained exposed to the elements for one more night, his state would be very serious indeed. By taking Levison minor into your charge, you have doubtless saved him from a long and possibly dangerous illness. For this reason, Dr. Locke has decided to pardon you, in spite of the extreme irregularity of your methods."

"The poor kid!" murmured Bob. "I—I thought he was pretty bad, but not so bad as that!"

"Had you handed him over, Wharton, he would have received the attention he needs earlier. Fortunately, he is now in proper hands. You need not be alarmed for him."

"Then—then he can't go back to St. Jim's, sir?" asked Nugent.

Mr. Quelch shook his head. "Dr. Pillbury thinks it may be weeks before he can be removed with safety," he answered. "He will be taken care of here. Meanwhile, the Head will communicate with Dr. Holmes at St. Jim's, and will request that his brother may be sent here for a time. The unfortunate boy seems to have some deep trouble on his mind in connection with his brother, and the visit may help him."

"Can we see him, sir?" "He can see nobody at present." Mr. Quelch paused. "I have told you this, my boys, to relieve your minds. Levison, who was formerly in the Remove here, will doubtless arrive to-morrow. You were not, I believe, on the best of terms with him when he was a Greyfriars boy—"

"Oh, that's all over, sir!" said Harry at once. "That's all made up since—we like Levison all right now." "I am glad to hear it! You may go," said Mr. Quelch.

And the juniors went, in a very subdued mood. Certainly they could not regret having taken Levison minor in hand, after the medical gentleman's report.

"Poor kid!" muttered Bob. "I—I suppose it's lucky he was found. He's better in sunny than camping in the tower. I hope—"

"I say, you fellows—" The Famous Five glared at Bunter. "About that postal-order?" said Bunter, blinking at them.

"That—that what?" "Postal-order! You were just saying that you were going to cash it, you know, when Quelch butted into the Form-room and interrupted. It's for a pound."

"Oh crumbs!" "So if you'll hand it over— Whoooooooop!"

Billy Bunter never finished; he was interrupted by an earthquake—or what seemed to him like an earthquake. And Harry Wharton & Co. walked on, leaving William George Bunter strewn in the corridor—with his postal-order still uncashed.

THE END.

Next Monday's Splendid Story of Greyfriars is entitled:—

"THE BOY WITH A BAD NAME!"

By FRANK RICHARDS.

—a yarn that will hold your interest from first to last. Don't miss it!

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY—PRICE 2!

Skinner & Co. get it where the chicken got the chopper—in the neck!



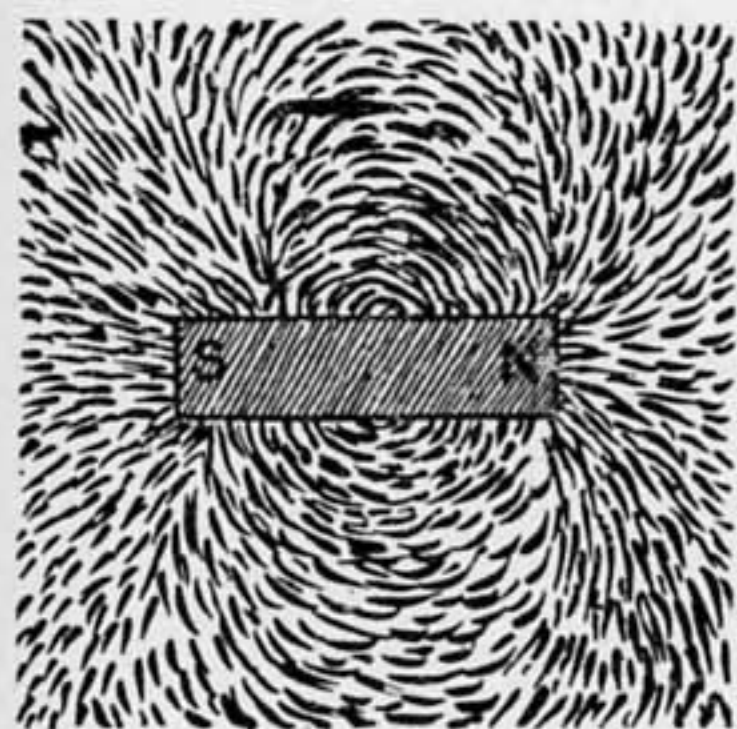
THE WIRELESS DICTIONARY

FOR BOYS

THE object of this dictionary is to explain in simple language the meaning of the technical terms or expressions used in connection with electricity and wireless telephony.

As a magnet has the power of attracting certain articles it must have the power of doing work, and if it has the power of doing work it must contain a store of energy. It also has the power of attracting articles from a distance, therefore there must be some medium through which it is able to transmit its energy to the article upon which the energy acts.

Both north and south pole have the same power of attraction on an article, therefore this would indicate that the medium through which the force acts surrounds it on all sides, and that the force acts upon it at all points.



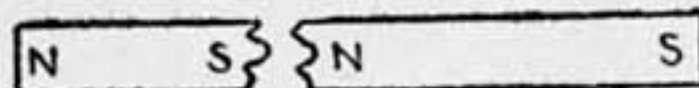
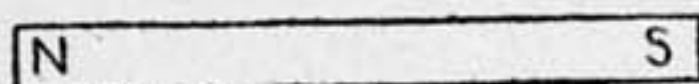
Sketch No. 1.

MAGNETIC FIELD. The space around a magnet in which the magnetic force acts is called the magnetic field. It is strongest near the pole of the magnet, and is weaker at greater distances away from it. At each point in a magnetic field the force has a particular strength, and magnetic induction acts in a particular direction.

The action of magnetic force may be demonstrated by a simple experiment. Take a piece of stiff paper and place it on a bar magnet; then sift over it, through a muslin sieve, some iron filings. On tapping the corner of the paper gently it will be found that the iron filings arrange themselves in definite lines. (See sketch No. 1.) Faraday gave these lines the name of Lines of Force. They represent the attractions and repulsions of the magnetic field, and the direction of the forces at every point.

From this we observe that energy, acting through some medium, causes a state of strain in the medium which, in its efforts to overcome the strain, moves the iron filings, and arranges them in the direction in which the strain is acting.

Now, if the paper be moved to another



Sketch No. 2.

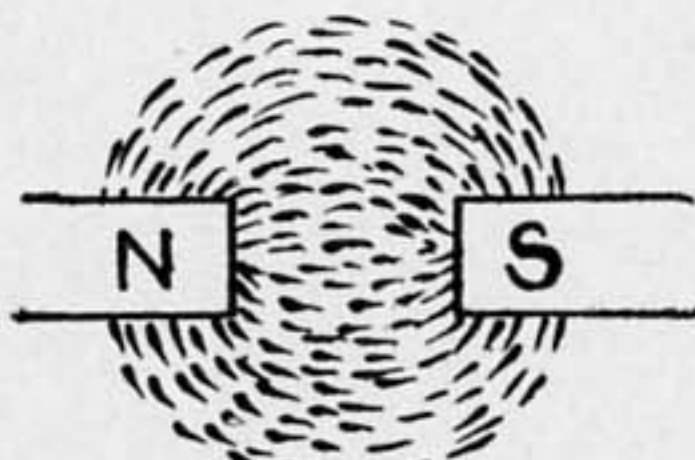
position over the magnet, and the corner is again gently tapped, it will be observed that the filings will again arrange themselves in exactly the same position in relationship to the magnet as before, thus showing that the magnet is the centre of the strain, and that it always exerts its force in the same direction—in other words, that a certain well-defined area surrounding the magnet is always in a state of strain because of the magnetic force acting upon it. This area is called the Magnetic Field.

The strength of a magnetic field depends upon the density of the lines of force; thus in a strong magnetic field there would be a greater number of lines of force packed into the same area than would be found in a weaker magnetic field. In other words, the energy of the magnetic field depends upon the number of lines of force in a given area. The greater the density of lines of force the greater the strength of the magnet.

In the sketch it will be noticed that the lines connect two parts of the magnet together, and that they do so in ever-widening curves. In some cases the complete curve cannot be seen because it covers too great an area to be shown in the sketch; but, nevertheless, the force is acting in a complete curve from one point of the magnet to another, and a line of force, emanating from the north pole of the magnet, forces its way by the shortest route, through the medium, to the south pole of the magnet. All lines of force form a complete connecting link between the north and south poles of a magnet, even though some cover infinitely great distances to do so.

If four bar magnets are arranged in the form of a square, with the north poles of the magnets touching the south poles of the others, there will be no outside magnetic field. Any point may be regarded as a north pole and a south pole, so close together that they neutralise one another.

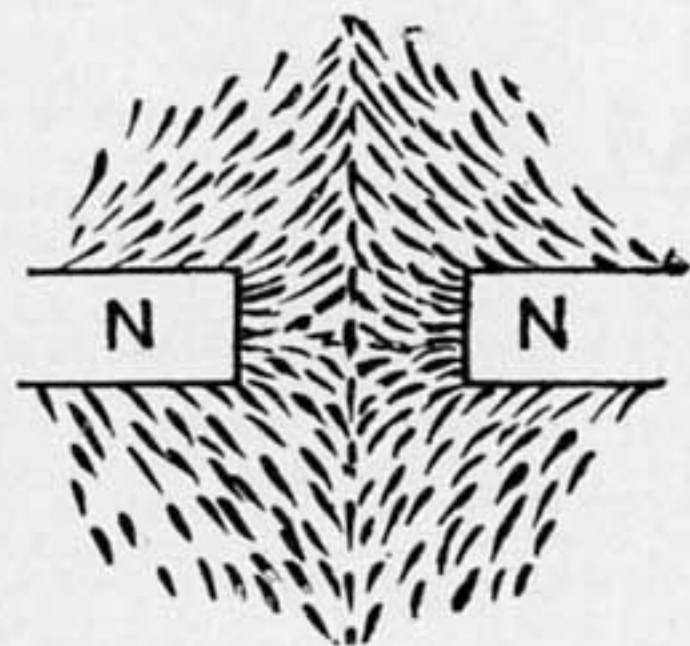
If a bar magnet be broken in two parts, then each part retains its



Sketch No. 3.

magnetism, both parts having a north and a south pole. (See sketch No. 2.) If a magnet be ground to powder, each grain would be a magnet in itself, and would have a north and south pole. A magnet may therefore be regarded as being made up of an infinitely large number of small magnets put together, so that their like poles all face one way.

Now, in order to prove that like magnetic poles repel and unlike poles attract, we give below two sketches showing, first, a magnetic figure of the lines of force when a north pole is brought near a south. It will be noticed that the lines of force link the north and south poles together. In Sketch No. 4 two north poles are placed near each other, and in this case the lines of force meet in the centre, and then curve away from each other, thus showing that they are repelled.



Sketch No. 4.

ETHER. The medium through which magnetic lines of force act is called ether. It is an invisible substance surrounding and permeating all other substances.

There can be no doubt that such a substance does exist, because it is only by this means that scientists can explain why it is that the sun is able to supply light and heat to the earth. We know that the earth is surrounded by a belt of air, but we also know that this belt of air does not by a very long way extend to the sun, therefore the rays of light and of heat must travel by means of some medium which links the sun with the earth.

That the belt of air surrounding the earth is limited is demonstrated by the fact that when an airman ascends to very high altitudes in an aeroplane, he is provided with special apparatus to enable him to breathe, because the farther he gets away from the earth, the more rarified the air becomes—that is, it gets thinner and thinner as the distance from the earth increases until it finally disappears altogether.

(To be continued next week.)

Another ripping Wireless article next Monday!

A Hound on the Trail!



Tells how an amazing mystery was solved by Ferrers Locke, and introduces a sinister character in Ego Balch, a scientist of more than the average ability, who covers his life of crime under the guise of an invalid.

By **OWEN CONQUEST.**

THE FIRST CHAPTER. The Missing Bullion.

"MY aunt, he ought to come in jolly useful!" Jack Drake spoke these words in a tone of delighted enthusiasm.

The boy was standing in the small garden behind a house in Baker Street. Beside him was his chief, the world-famous detective, Ferrers Locke, who held a lighted lantern in his hand. Both were regarding with interest a fine young bloodhound which was gnawing at a huge bone outside a new and freshly-painted kennel.

"Yes, my boy," smiled the sleuth. "Lion has all the best instincts of his breed, and, with a little more training, he should prove to be an ideal dog for such purposes as we are likely to require him."

Some time previously the detective and his assistant had been engaged in a curious case down in the county of Kent. It had been necessary for the sleuth to obtain the loan of a bloodhound, and this dog eventually had enabled him to solve the amazing mystery of the Phantom Highwayman, a criminal who had terrorised the Kentish roads. The bloodhound was called Lion, owned by a squadron commander of the Air Force.

The airman had been delighted that his hound had proved of such great assistance to the world-famous Ferrers Locke, and so it had come about that as the commander had been ordered out to Malta on service, he had sent the bloodhound, Lion, along to the sleuth, together with a courteous note asking Locke if he would accept the dog as a gift.

It was while the two were still watching the big, sleek hound toying with the bone, that Sing-Sing, the detective's Chinese servant, glided out of the back of the house.

"Missa Locke," said Sing-Sing, "gen'leman come to see you. Me show him to consulting-loom. Me tinkee

someone killee gen'leman's nicee kind glandmother."

Locke looked at the impassive yellow face of the Chinese in surprise.

"Killed his grandmother!" he said. "Bless me, what makes you think that, Sing-Sing?"

An air of profound wisdom sat on the wrinkled brow of the Celestial.

"Gen'leman heap put out," he replied. "Walkee up and down consulting-loom allee same caged tiger. Me tinkee heap serious case."

Ferrers Locke repressed a smile, and after a friendly pat on the head of the bloodhound, led the way indoors with Drake following.

"Crumbs!" muttered the boy. "Old Sing-Sing's turning into a giddy detective himself! Funny, just because the caller seemed a bit excited, that the Chinese should think the chap's grandmother had been killed."

"That's the most serious crime Sing-Sing can think of, I suppose," replied Locke, with a chuckle. "The Chinks are mighty strong on filial devotion. Some of 'em would think nothing of robbing and killing a few score of foreigners, but they'd have a fit if it were suggested they should even lay a finger on a parent or grandmother. A strange race truly, my boy!"

As the two entered the consulting-room, they found that Sing-Sing had not exaggerated the excitement of the visitor. A tall, burly gentleman was pacing up and down "allee same caged tiger," to use the servant's description.

He stopped short and swung round to face the detective.

"Mr. Locke," he cried. "I am Lawton Kindell, manager of the London and Universal Bank. I want you to go down to Devonshire at once! The matter is of the greatest urgency!"

"Quite so—quite so," murmured the sleuth. "Take a seat and a cigarette, sir. There is no fast train to Devonshire until midnight, I happen to know.

In the meantime, perhaps you will be kind enough to explain what is this urgent matter."

With trembling fingers the client lighted a cigarette.

"You must excuse me, Mr. Locke," he said. "I am very agitated, as you can see, and not without cause. I have just received a message over the telephone from Plymouth which has upset me very much. The Blue Star liner, Cordovania, which berthed to-day at Plymouth, brought, among other things, twelve cases of gold bullion from the Morganstein Bank of New York. This bullion was consigned to the London and Universal Bank here in London. The cases were put into the mail van of the eight-thirty train to-night at Plymouth. Shortly afterwards the train was stopped near Chadwear and the bullion was stolen."

"How was the train held up?"

"From what I could learn over the phone the train was travelling at about thirty miles per hour on an upgrate approaching the small Devon town of Chadwear. A long, rumbling explosion occurred ahead, and the driver of the locomotive pulled up sharply. Two of the rails and part of the track had been destroyed by some kind of explosive for a distance of about five yards. No sooner had the train drawn to a standstill than an explosion occurred at the door of the mail van.

"The men in charge were stunned, and affirm they know nothing of what took place afterwards. But, according to the guard, three or four men burst from hiding behind a disused shed at the foot of the railway embankment, and made a dash for the mail van. While one stood on guard, the others quickly removed the heavy boxes of bullion. A few minutes later the passengers on the train heard the sound of a motor or a motor lorry departing."

"Are you aware, Mr. Kindell,

A sinister and powerful character reappears next week!

whether the aid of Scotland Yard has been invoked by the Devon police?"

"It has, Mr. Locke. My telephone informant, who was one of my bank officials, travelled as a passenger on the eight-thirty train from Plymouth, and he told me that Inspector Pycroft and two detectives had left London in a racing motor-car for the scene of the crime. With them has gone a Government explosive expert."

"H'm, our old friend Pycroft has got ahead of us," murmured Ferrers Locke, turning to Jack Drake. "It is no good us breaking our necks now. If we catch the midnight train we shall reach Chadwear by seven o'clock in the morning. It will be daylight then, and we can commence our investigations right away—that is, if our services are still required."

After some further conversation the bank manager took his departure, greatly relieved in mind by the knowledge that the greatest living detective would soon be on the trail of the lost bullion.

"I think," murmured Ferrers Locke thoughtfully, when he had gone, "that we may as well take Lion with us, Drake. He may be some little trouble to us, but on the other hand, in a county such as Devon we may find him of the greatest service."

"Rather, sir!" cried the boy. "Let's take him. I think it'll be ripping having him with us!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Lion Has a Crazy Fit.

AT midnight when the Devon express left Paddington, Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake were ensconced aboard it. The young bloodhound, Lion, was snugly stretched out on some sacking in the guard's van.

By a special arrangement made by the sleuth before leaving Paddington, the train was stopped at Chadwear to enable him and Drake to alight. They, together with Lion, breakfasted at a small inn at the early hour of seven. Developments, they learnt, had taken place in the case they had come to solve. A small motor-lorry had been found abandoned near Daw's Head on the coast some miles to the east of Plymouth. This discovery had been made by the local police before even Inspector Pycroft, of Scotland Yard, had arrived on the scene.

Directly after breakfast Ferrers Locke hired a motor-car and a driver, and first of all set out for the scene of the hold-up. The line had been repaired, but some damaged rails lay close to the track. A railway employee pointed out the curious effect of the first explosion on them.

"No one knows what sort of stuff was used for blowing up the line, sir," he said. "You'll notice these rails look just as though they were cut straight off with a knife."

"There was no twisted metal in the neighbourhood of the explosion?"

"None, sir. It's just as though about five yards of each rail had been blown to France for all the signs anyone could find of 'em. The explosion at the door of the mail van was a curious one, too."

The mail van had been detached from the train at Chadwear after the mails had been transferred, and when Locke and Drake returned to the little town they carefully examined it.

A portion of one door of the van was completely gone. But, strangely enough, the woodwork was not shattered. It was just as though a great hole had been drilled into the door and side of

the van, and the edges of the aperture were so smooth that they might have been finished off with a plane.

"Frankly, I'm very puzzled!" admitted Ferrers Locke. "But let us go out to that place where the motor-van was discovered."

He gave an order to the driver, who started out towards the coast. Locke and Drake sat back in their seats enjoying the fresh air of the early morning. Lion, the bloodhound, sat between them, his nostrils dilated and looking as though he were not quite sure whether he liked this mode of progression.

The small motor-lorry, which, it was presumed, had been used for taking the bullion away after the train hold-up, was still in the spot where it had been abandoned. This was on a stony slope which led down to the sea beach between two cliffs, one of which, owing to its peculiar shape, was known as Daw's Head.

It was nearly nine o'clock by this time, and quite a few people were gathered in the vicinity of the van. Among the number were a couple of member of the Devonshire police. Inspector Pycroft and another member of the C.I.D., and three or four local inhabitants from some of the large residential houses near the coast.



FERRERS LOCKE.

The inspector seemed surprised to see Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake arrive on the scene. He detached himself from conversation with an elderly gentleman in a black skull-cap, who was being wheeled in a bathchair, and came across to greet the new arrivals.

"Good-day, Mr. Locke! Hallo, Drake my lad, you're looking hale and hearty! And say, that's a fine-looking pup you've got in the car! What have you brought him here for—an airing?"

Ferrers Locke met the inspector's facetiousness with a good-natured smile.

"That's the ticket, Pycroft!" he said. "You haven't been introduced to Lion yet, have you? He only came to us yesterday, but he took such a fancy to us that we had to bring him down here to save him from pining away!"

"Who sent you here, Mr. Locke, if I may be so bold as to ask?"

"Well, seeing that you are so bold as to ask, Pycroft, I may as well tell you that it was Mr. Kindell of the London and Universal Bank. I heard you were already on the case. Any luck?"

The Scotland Yard man pursed his lips.

"The fact is, Mr. Locke," he said

confidently, "we have all arrived down here too late. I reached Chadwear four hours ago, but it didn't take me long to prove to my own satisfaction that the birds have flown."

"You mean the gang that stole the bullion have got out of the country?"

"I don't exactly say that, Mr. Locke; but I'd wager anything that the bullion itself has left the country hours ago."

"Was anything to be learned from the abandoned motor, Pycroft?"

"Nothing to speak of. There were fresh scratches in the woodwork at the back of the lorry as though it had been knocked by heavy iron-bound boxes. There's no doubt that the motor which you see just over there was the one used for the job. It was left unattended near a licensed house not far from Chadwear yesterday afternoon, and was stolen. But no one saw the theft, and no one consequently can describe the man or men who took the lorry."

"You have a list of the residences in this district?"

"Yes; and one of my men is still making inquiries from folk in these parts. I was just chatting with one old jossler myself. He's an invalid, known as Professor Ego Balch, a naturalised German who was living in England before the war. Neither he nor anyone else in these parts to whom I have spoken has been able to give any information likely to be of assistance in getting on to the trail of the hold-up gang."

"Does Balch live close here?"

"He owns that large place called the Weald, which you can just see among those trees over there"—Pycroft pointed inland. "Of course, Mr. Locke, Scotland Yard doesn't get a fair chance in a case of this sort. It's true the local police had the gumption to send for us, but for a carefully planned coup of this kind you want to be able to get on the track almost at once. The locals had the chance, but they proved themselves a lot of bunglers. Beyond finding this small motor-van, they weren't able to get another decent clue."

Locke nodded sympathetically, and said:

"Well, while I'm here I should just like to look at that lorry."

"Do, by all means!" said Pycroft. "There's nothing to be discovered from it; I only wish there was."

Before going across to the lorry, Ferrers Locke took Lion from the hired car to let the dog stretch his legs. But the sleuth took good care to keep him on the leash.

While Ferrers Locke was examining the car, Jack Drake took charge of the dog. Pycroft stood a little distance apart chatting with one of the members of the local force. Some of the residents, most of whom were retired folk living by the sea-coast for the benefit of their health, gathered about the lorry, for it had become rumoured among them that the great Ferrers Locke was there. The old professor sitting in the bathchair was among the number, attended by a male nurse who also provided the motive-power for the chair.

When Ferrers Locke had completed his examination of the motor, he drew Jack Drake a little aside.

"My boy," he whispered, "despite Pycroft's detailed examination of the lorry, he managed to overlook one thing. It is a very trifling thing, certainly, but one never knows what even the most trifling clue may lead to. Here it is—a couple of square inches of cloth. Evidently someone's coat got caught in the side door, and became torn unknown

You must not miss "The Return of Mr. Fang!"

to its owner, who possibly shifted in his seat while the motor was travelling along."

He partially opened his hand to show his young assistant his find. But at that moment the high-spirited young bloodhound thrust his broad muzzle into the detective's hand, and caught the piece of cloth between his teeth.

"Let go, Lion!" said Locke sternly.

But the dog held on while his keensensed nostrils sniffed delightedly at the scrap of cloth. Apparently there was something about Locke's find which Lion found exceedingly gratifying to his olfactory nerves.

The sleuth pinched the dog's nose firmly. Lion let go and bounded back sharply. So sudden was his action that Drake was taken unprepared. The leash was snatched from his hand, and the bloodhound was free!

With a deep bay of delight, Lion went scampering round like a mad thing. Then he stopped suddenly, his head raised and his nostrils quivering. Again he gave a bound—a great leap forward this time. Cries of alarm rent the air. Ferrers Locke, Drake, and Pycroft, dashed after the animal. But they were too late. Lion hurled himself full at the old invalid in the bathchair!

The huge forepaws of the dog caught the professor full on the chest, and the old man and the chair went toppling over.

The male nurse yelled and jumped about, attempting to scare the dog away. Rolling about the stony ground, his legs enwrapped in a check travelling-rug, the professor gurgled and grunted and waved his arms to ward off the attentions of the excited animal which was fawning and snuffing about him.

"Lion—Lion, come here!"

But Lion did not heed his new master's voice. Temporarily he appreciated far more the company of the poor old fellow he had treated so badly. Like a great, unwieldy puppy, he leaped and cavorted about the person of the recumbent professor, coming down with his great paws on the old man's chest, and generally evincing the greatest pleasure.

At last, by the combined efforts of Locke, Drake, and Pycroft, Lion was dragged off, and the professor helped back into his bathchair.

"Bless me, Locke," muttered the Scotland Yard man, "that dog of yours seemed to go crazy! Lucky the old boy wasn't hurt much, or you might have had an action for damages on your hands."

In a few words Ferrers Locke explained to the inspector what had occurred; how Lion had gone almost crazy after sniffing at the small piece of cloth which had been found in the lorry. Pycroft was surprised, and not a little crestfallen that Locke had found a clue which he himself had overlooked. He took charge of the scrap of cloth, but refused to admit that Lion's subsequent behaviour was in any way connected with his first little frenzy of excitement at Locke's find.

Locke, however, wore a seriously thoughtful expression as he turned away from the Scotland Yard man to tender his regrets and apologies to the victim of the dog's temporary lapse.

But Professor Ego Balch refused to hear a word of regret or apology. Brusquely he ordered the male nurse to wheel him home. Hardly had he gone a couple of yards, though, than he

turned in his bathchair and shook a gnarled fist in the direction of Locke and the bloodhound.

"Ach!" he snarled. "I will kill that dog for what he do—the brute-beast!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

In the Snare of the Scientist.

IT was after nightfall when two well-knit, athletic figures might have been seen striding briskly over the rugged country from Chadwear towards the line of cliffs which border the English Channel. They were Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake, and, ahead of them, straining at a stout leathern leash, was Lion, the bloodhound.

But their objective was not the sea coast, although they were proceeding in that direction. They were making for the large, rambling residence known as the Weald, where lived the old professor they had seen near the cliffs that morning.

The memory of that rather strange affair with Lion of the morning had left an impression on the detective's mind. It struck him that it might be something more than coincidence which had



JACK DRAKE.

led the dog to take such a violent fancy to Balch immediately following the hound's acquaintanceship with the piece of cloth which had been discovered in the abandoned motor-lorry.

He had impressed his view upon Pycroft. But the inspector, though an excellent fellow, worked only by rule of thumb. He went so far as to have the Weald and every other residence near the cliffs searched that day. No bullion, however, came to light. Neither among the garments of the professor, nor anyone else, could the searchers discover an article from which the scrap of cloth had been torn.

The idea that the invalid Professor Balch himself had had a hand in the hold-up, and had actually been in the lorry on the previous night, seemed an outrageous supposition. Drake remarked upon this as he and Locke made their way towards the Weald.

"I know, my boy," was the detective's reply. "It seems perfectly ridiculous. But somehow I think that old Balch is not quite the invalid he appears to be in public. After he had been knocked out of his bathchair by Lion, he showed remarkable activity for a

sick man. Then, if ever there was an evil-looking scoundrel in existence it was that male nurse—Greer is his name—who was in attendance on the old boy. If possible, to-night I am going to see something of the professor's home life."

Striking a rugged path which led towards the Weald, the sleuth stopped.

"I took the precaution of getting that scrap of cloth back from Pycroft this afternoon," he explained to Drake. "We will let Lion have another sniff at it. There's a curious, sweet chemical odour attached to the remnant, which the dog appears to like immensely. If Lion picks up the scent anywhere close to the Weald, I shall take it as proof positive that there is the same scarcely perceptible chemical odour in the professor's clothes."

Occasionally Locke stopped to hold the scrap of cloth beneath the nose of the bloodhound. But although Lion swung about with his head to the ground, he evinced no sign of having secured a scent until they reached a small side gate which led into the darkened grounds of the eerie old mansion. Then the dog showed almost as much excitement as he had done that morning.

Ferrers Locke looked significantly at his young assistant. Entering the grounds, they were almost dragged towards the house by the bloodhound, which now had its nose within an inch or so of the path.

"I have not the slightest doubt that we are now on the right trail," whispered Locke. "Old Balch must have dismounted from his bathchair at that side gate and walked to the house. Obviously he's well enough to walk when he is out of the public gaze."

Hardly had the words left his lips than Jack Drake gripped him by the arm. The boy pointed towards some bushes near the grim outline of the house. There, coming towards them with stealthy tread, were the dark forms of two burly men.

Locke and Drake hurriedly dragged the bloodhound into a small root-shed near by.

But although the two burly men who had issued from the house had been coming in their direction, it was clear that they had not seen them. The men passed twenty yards away from the shed and went down to the side gate, Locke and Drake meantime soothing Lion, whose hair was bristling with excitement.

The men returned, and this time approached the little building. Each held a hefty stick in his hand. Despite Locke's efforts to calm him, Lion broke into a rumbling growl, which grew deeper as the men came nearer. At last there was nothing for it but to loose the dog. Locke did so, and drew his revolver.

With a mighty bound Lion leaped forth from the shed. Two gasps of fear and astonishment left the lips of the men as they went reeling to either side to escape the charge of the huge dog. One fell heavily, striking his head against the stone border of the path. He lay groaning feebly on the ground, while his companion sought to escape by flight. But, with a sharp, quiet order, Ferrers Locke brought this fellow to a standstill.

"Get your hands up or I fire!"

Lion, although not well-trained,

One of the cleverest scoundrels from out the Orient is—

obeyed Drake's curt order for him to get back into the shed.

The next move was to march the more lively of the two men into the shed. Between them Locke and Drake tied and gagged him securely with knotted scarves and handkerchiefs. That done, they dragged the other man in and performed the same office for him with some old sacking which they found inside the shed.

Examining their captives by the aid of an electric torch, Ferrers Locke recognised one of the men as Greer, the male nurse of the old professor. Struck by a sudden idea, the sleuth told Drake to cover Greer with a revolver. While the boy did this, Locke removed the man's gags and bonds and changed clothes with the fellow. Then he tied him up again, and, with some grease-paints which he had in his pocket, set to work to get as good a facial likeness of Greer as he could.

"From all accounts, Drake," he said, "Professor Balch is a very short-sighted old lad, so I may just pass muster as his nurse for to-night. It's a risk, but one which I think I am justified in taking."

Jack Drake shook his head doubtfully, but accepted without comment the orders of his chief to stay with Lion in the old root-shed and keep guard over the two captives.

Leaving his young assistant, Ferrers Locke crept up to the house. A back door was ajar, and, summoning every ounce of his courage, he walked in boldly. Hardly had he stepped into what appeared to be a spacious scullery, than he was confronted by a wizened, bent figure in a black skull-cap. It was Professor Ego Balch!

"Ach, Greer!" said the professor, in an oily tone. "Did you and Morden see anyone about?"

"No, sir!" replied Locke, imitating the gruff voice of the man whose clothes he had donned. "Morden is still out."

There was something peculiarly sinister about Balch as he stood facing Locke at that moment. His high-domed head, surmounted by the uncanny black skull-cap, was bent slightly towards the detective. His eyes were half closed and gleaming with a baleful light as they peered through his spectacles. His thin, hooked nose and general attitude gave him the appearance of some ill-omened bird of prey. Never for a moment were his slim fingers still. They coiled and uncoiled about each other as he rubbed his hands together, in a manner which caused a chill to run down the sleuth's spine.

"Come, Greer," said Balch, "remember we have work to do to-night. Let us go to the laboratory."

He turned on his heel and hobbled through a kitchen in which a burly person, who looked like a chef, was sitting huddled over a small fire. Ferrers Locke followed and kept in attendance on the professor until the latter stopped by a doorway.

"Switch the light on, Greer!"

Nothing loth, Ferrers Locke stepped forward and reached up the wall to the left of the doorway, the usual situation for electric light switches. But no switches were on the wall on this side.

A soft gurgling laugh rang in his ear.

"Ach, you are forgetful to-night, Greer!" came the professor's voice. "The switches are behind the door."

Feeling not a little uneasy in his mind, Ferrers Locke fumbled for the switches and turned on the electric light.

As the illumination came in a white flood over the room, he started slightly

at the sight which met his eyes. He had heard from Pycroft that old Balch dabbled in chemistry and scientific experiments, but he was not prepared to see such a magnificently-fitted laboratory as this in such an out-of-the-way part of Devonshire.

Professor Balch rubbed his hands together and watched him gloatingly through his spectacles.

"We will set to work, hein, my friend Greer?" he murmured. "Kindly get the litmus papers from that drawer for our acid tests."

Locke followed the old man's eyes and saw a mahogany cabinet in which was a drawer with two brass knobs. He walked across the room past the shelves of test-tubes and various scientific apparatus, and grasped the knobs of the drawer, one

adopt for the benefit of the people in this district. I find my disabilities are a great convenience sometimes. I do not know what you have done to Greer. That I shall find out when I have dealt with you."

He gave a chuckle, and resumed: "You are perspiring, Mr. Locke, and you are tongue-tied. Ach, but it is difficult to speak when you have an overdose of electricity in the system. Ha, ha! I would give you a thousand volts through your frame and finish you where you are, but for one thing. I have taken a violent dislike to you, Mr. Locke. You have come across my path, and electrocution would be too pleasant a punishment for that."

Locke twisted and strove to speak. But a slightly stronger current caused



Lion gave a great leap forward, and before either Ferrers Locke, Drake, or Inspector Pycroft could stop him, the huge fore-paws of the bloodhound caught the invalid in the bathchair full on the chest. (See Chapter 2.)

in each hand. Simultaneously Professor Balch, with a fiendish leer on his face, touched a hidden switch in the wall.

Next moment a low moan was wrung from Ferrers Locke's lips. The detective strove to release his hands from the brass drawer knobs, but a strong electric current was passing through his body, and he was helpless to aid himself. He was trapped!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Balch Flame.

THE sinister little man in the skull-cap watched his victim writhing, an expression of the keenest enjoyment on his thin, evil face.

"Ach!" he said smoothly. "It is said that electricity is good for the human frame, Mr. Locke. Tell me if the current is not strong enough. But wait. I will send for an assistant of mine." He touched an electric bell button, and, after a pause, addressed the detective again. But this time his voice rang with undisguised malice. "You fool for coming here, Mr. Locke! I am not so blind as I may appear. That, like my lameness, I

him to set his teeth into his lips to prevent himself from fainting.

Faintly he became aware that a man whom Balch addressed as Rorke came into the laboratory. He experienced a relief as Balch touched a switch, but he knew nothing more distinctly until he found himself bound hand and foot upon a smooth marble table. Water was dashed against his brow, and he recovered gradually.

"You fiend!" he hissed, as he strove to lift himself. "You—"

"Ach, abuse will not serve you, my friend!" said Balch smoothly. "Your death will only come about the quicker if you make a noise."

Locke lay watching in fascinated silence for a few moments. During this time Balch stood looking at the face of a gold chronometer watch which he had drawn from his pocket. Suddenly he gave a sigh of satisfaction, and turned to the captive detective again.

"Somewhere, not a hundred miles from here, Mr. Locke," he drawled, "an explosion took place a few seconds ago. I had arranged the matter all scientifically in advance, and one of my assistants fired

—Mr. Fang, of "The Yellow Spider" fame! Look out for him!

the mine by means of an electric battery just this side of the cliffs. Had I the time, I would explain exactly what has occurred. I know you would be highly interested. But let me show you some of the scientific wonders of this laboratory. They are secret, but I can assure you that you will never mention them outside this house, Mr. Locke. Ha, ha!"

Giving vent to that evil chuckle, the wizened old scientist picked up a curious apparatus almost like a steel blow-lamp, such as is used by painters for burning off old paint from doors and so forth. It was attached to a battery by means of a thin wire.

Balch fondled the blow-lamp in his hands, and addressed the recumbent figure of the sleuth much like a lecturer addressing a pupil.

"Ach, but you are aware, Mr. Locke, that matter is composed of atoms held together by the greatest physical force in the universe. That is to say, that marble slab you are lying on, for instance, is composed of billions upon billions of tiny particles, bound by a force no one has ever thoroughly understood.

"Now, think for a moment. If the force which holds these countless atoms of matter together could be released, what would happen, do you think? Simply that the marble slab, or chair, or whatever article it is, would disintegrate; that is, it would be reduced to a mere heap of dust."

The old professor paused, and Ferrers Locke, still somewhat dazed from his terrible gruelling by the electric current, demanded:

"Well? Why are you telling me all this?"

"As a point of interest, Mr. Locke," returned the scientist, with a baleful smile. "Some folk think I am a little mad, but you will understand how far they are wrong when I tell you of my greatest scientific discovery. This is nothing less than a flame—which, incidentally, I have named the Balch Flame—that has the power to disintegrate matter. When the flame comes in contact with a piece of wood, stone, or any other substance, the force which holds the atoms together in that substance is released in a violent explosion. But let me demonstrate. I must select a small article, otherwise we should not live to see the result of this experiment."

He stood a pin upright in a small, black, wooden saucer. Then, holding the blow-lamp apparatus towards the pin, he touched a button on the electric battery. At once a flame shot out like a tiny blue tongue. There was a crashing report.

Balch picked up the saucer, and held it before the detective's gaze. In it lay a tiny heap of silver-coloured powder!

"Egad!" exclaimed Locke, astounded in the face of what he knew to be one of the most amazing discoveries of the age. "Then it was you who exploded the railway-lines outside Chadwear and the door of the mail van on the seven-thirty train?"

"I did, Mr. Locke," admitted the professor, with an exaggerated bow.

Next, the sinister little man drew a small square glass jar, filled with a greenish-coloured fluid, near the edge of a table, and loosened one of the straps which bound the sleuth, so that he could twist round slightly to see. Then he took a dead guinea-pig, and dropped it into the fluid. There was a hissing and bubbling in the acid, and when this had

subsided the guinea-pig was no longer visible.

"That acid is another of my discoveries, Mr. Locke," said Balch, rubbing his hands. "As a detective, you will readily perceive how useful it might be for ridding oneself of an enemy. The body simply disappears. And that, my friend, is what is going to happen in your case. In fifteen minutes' time you will have disappeared as completely as that guinea-pig you saw!"

With horrified eyes Locke saw Balch and the man Rorke open a cupboard, and wheel out a large glass tank on a small home-made trolley, with furniture castors

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for wheels. This took them some little time, for the tank was almost filled with the greenish fluid, and they were careful not to spill any.

But, little by little, Locke had worked his right hand loose from the bonds which held him fast to the marble slab. As the tank of acid was wheeled beneath him he suddenly wrenched his hand free. Then he drew a small phial from his pocket, opened it, and thrust a white lozenge in his mouth.

With a choking cough, he struggled to raise his head.

"I—I've done you, you fiends! At least, I have chosen my own manner of dying! Sorry—sorry to spoil your—"

His voice trailed away, and he sank back with a faint gurgle.

A sharp exclamation of anger left the professor's lips.

"Ach, Himmel! He has poisoned himself!"

Next moment he received a bigger surprise than Locke had done when the latter had witnessed the demonstration of the Balch Flame. The detective's fist shot out like a ramrod. It caught the fiendish old scientist a violent blow on the side of his black skull-cap.

With a shrill howl of fear he went reeling backwards. He crashed against the glass tank. There was an ominous crack, and the glass broke. Next moment the acid poured forth on to the laboratory floor in a stream, swirling round the feet and legs of the old professor and his henchman.

And Ferrers Locke, very much alive and elated at his successful ruse, tore off his bonds, and stood upon the marble slab. Then with a mighty bound he leaped headlong through the laboratory window.

Hardly had he done so than Balch, clawing wildly, clutched the Balch Flame apparatus. Next moment there was a blinding explosion in the laboratory. Locke felt himself propelled a dozen feet, as though by a mighty wind, and then, dazed and bruised, he crawled towards Jack Drake and Lion, who bounded out of the root-shed to meet him.

On the following morning the whereabouts of the golden bullion taken from the train was as great a mystery as ever.

Neither the bodies of Professor Balch nor Rorke had been discovered. Literally they had been disintegrated by the effect of the terrible blue flame which the former had discovered. Moreover, the knowledge of this wonderful flame which had the power to release the forces of matter died with the scientist. Greer and the other man, named Morden, had been taken in charge by the police.

Remembering Balch's strange words about an explosion "not a hundred miles from here," Ferrers Locke instituted further inquiries. From a retired colonel who lived near the Daw's Head, he learnt that a curious rumbling sound had alarmed several people on the previous night.

Gradually an amazing theory began to form in the sleuth's keen mind. With Drake and the bloodhound he began to patrol the cliffs. But it was Lion himself who really made the wonderful discovery. The dog suddenly began scraping and sniffing among the stones on the rugged, uneven ground. Gradually he unearthed a piece of wood.

Locke requested Drake to go to a house a couple of hundred yards away for a spade. The boy did so, and the sleuth set to work to dig the stones away. Soon a small square trap-door was revealed. It took the combined efforts of the two to raise it, but when they had done so they found a ladder beneath leading down into a big cave.

Leaving Drake in charge of the dog, Ferrers Locke descended, with his electric torch to illuminate his way.

A truly astounding sight met his eyes. At first he could see nothing but a tumbled pile of rocks and sand in the cave. Then, bearing in mind what he had seen on the previous night, he carefully examined the sand. It was heavy, and glistened with dull gold.

Hastily returning to the surface, the

detective-told Drake what was in his mind.

"The whole thing's as clear as daylight to me now, my boy," he said. "The stealing and disposal of that bullion was the most scientific and cunning crime in my whole experience. Balch himself took charge of the whole arrangements. The boxes of bullion were brought here. Then last night a special charge of that Balch flame was fired against the boxes by electricity. The gold and the wood became so much sand in that secret cave, to be retrieved as fortune favoured the criminals. The explosion evidently destroyed part of the roof of the cave, and doubtless some of the gang worked repairing it and putting in a new trap-door. By Jove, won't old Pycroft be surprised at our latest find!"

Inspector Pycroft was more than surprised; he was flabbergasted when Locke told him where the bullion, in the form

of gold-dust, could be found. But Ferrers Locke modestly refused to take the credit for the find. Instead, he insisted that Lion, the handsome young bloodhound, was the real discoverer of the secret cave.

"You see, Pycroft," he said chaffingly, "it was just as well that we brought our pet lapdog down here for an airing. He was able to prove to me beyond doubt that Balch, despite his apparent infirmity, was mixed up in the train robbery. And it was Lion's keen sense of smell which detected a different odour of the ground above the cave."

"Well, I admit you and your hound have performed wonders, Mr. Locke," said the Scotland Yard man. "I've had some experience of tracking down crooks, but, by Jove, old Balch was one too many for me, I'll admit."

"He was certainly a giddy magician," remarked Jack Drake, stooping to pat Lion on the head. And he added more seriously: "I think that it's just as well

for the world that the secret of the Balch Flame died with the old scientist."

"You're right, my boy!" said Ferrers Locke decidedly. "The trial of the other rogues should bring out some interesting facts!"

The man Greer, under the impulse of a guilty conscience, turned King's Evidence. But it did not save him going to a long term of imprisonment, with other members of a gang employed by the master-criminal Balch.

By careful panning of the sand in the cave, all the gold was recovered, save a few ounces, and both Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake received handsome cheques from the manager of the London and Universal Bank. As for Lion—well, he was quite content with a big, juicy bone.

THE END.

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