

# GRAND FOOTBALL COMPETITION!

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No. 821. Vol. XXIV.

Week ending November 3rd, 1923.

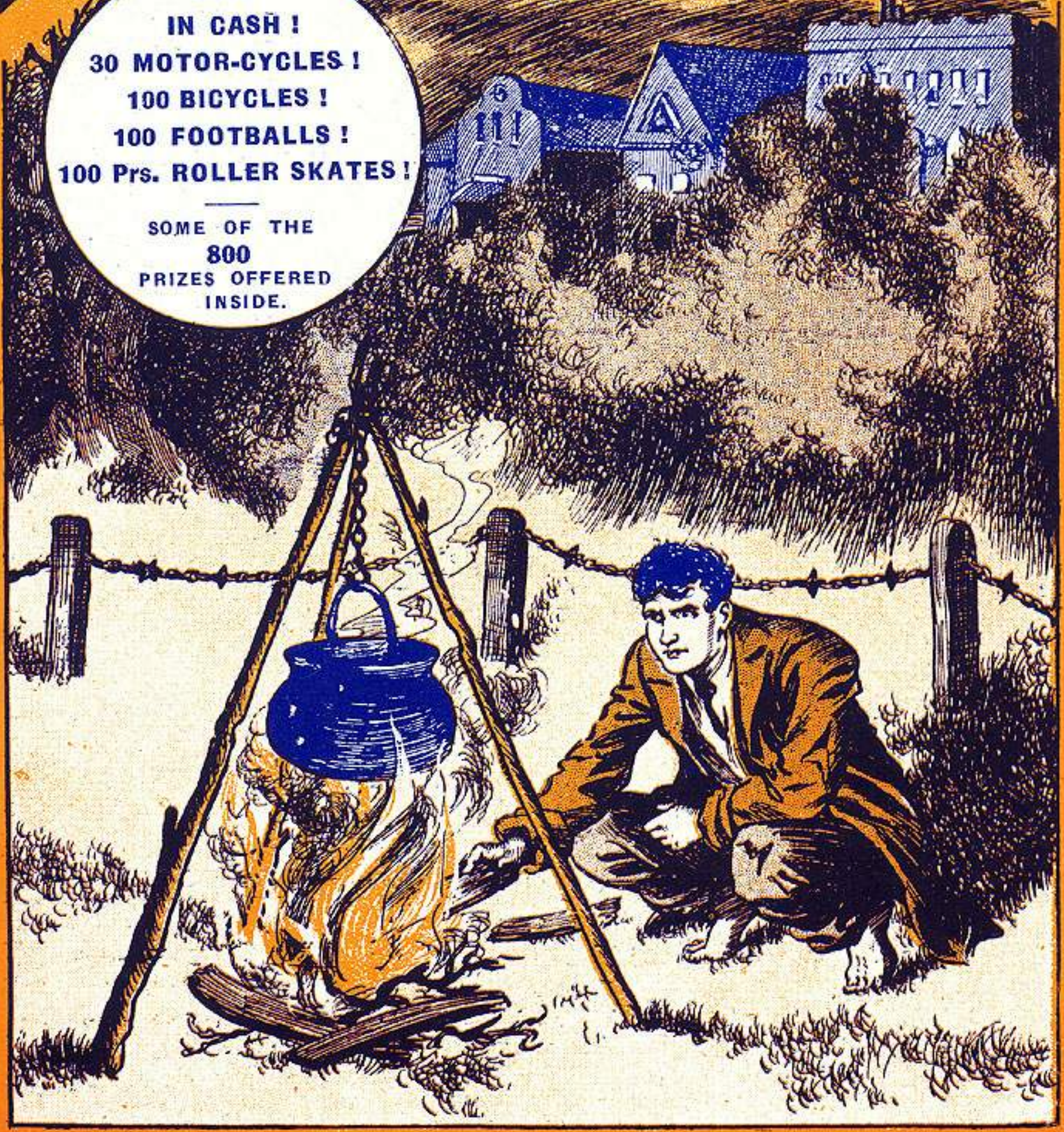
# The Magnet 2<sup>d</sup>

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INSIDE.



## MICK THE UNTAMABLE!

(This week's grand story of Harry Wharton & Co. and the Gipsy Schoolboy.)





### OUR MONSTER COMPETITION.

**T**HERE are always crowds of new readers pouring in to join up with the happy family party of Magnetites, and this week I am paying special attention to these welcome newcomers. They can start work right away on the great Footballers' Names Competition, for I am giving small reproductions of the first and second sets of puzzle-pictures. I don't want any fresh arrival to experience disappointment, and he is not likely to do so. The great thing now is to get busy and fill in the solutions of the pictures. Never yet was there such a grand offer as this one, nor anything arranged on more generous lines as regards prizes. It all just goes to show us once again what a jolly wise thing it is to keep in close touch with the MAGNET. You are certain then to get the best there is; and this is a first-rate opportunity of winning a really magnificent prize—a substantial sum in hard cash, a motor-bike, a splendid cycle, a football outfit, or something else which will just fit in well with your special requirements. By the way, tell all your chums that they can start this grand competition with the issue of the MAGNET published to-day.

### "THE LUCK OF THE GIPSY!"

Next week you will have this fine follow-on yarn in your hands. It carries forward the amazing adventures of the astounding Mick in romantic and intensely realistic style. The tale fairly "gets you" for its vividness and ring of truth. Mick is cruelly misjudged as a result of his action when he runs up against Barenegro, the dark-skinned scoundrel, who is not in the least particular as to his methods when working for his own nefarious ends. There will be plenty of sympathy felt for Mick. He plays the game, but the direct consequence of a very plucky action is like a bolt from the blue. It seemed to me, when I first read this episode in the career of the young gipsy lad, that it displayed brilliant handling of a great theme. The wind-up will come as a dramatic surprise, and you will be devoured with eagerness to know what cards Frank Richards has got up his sleeve. As things stand, the situation is a perfectly deplorable one for young Mick. Here is a chap who has been at grips with Fate, and shown himself right down worthy of the lift in the world which came his way. Then comes more disaster. Luckily we have to learn more of the plucky youngster. Look out for next Monday's thriller. It is Greyfriars at its best.

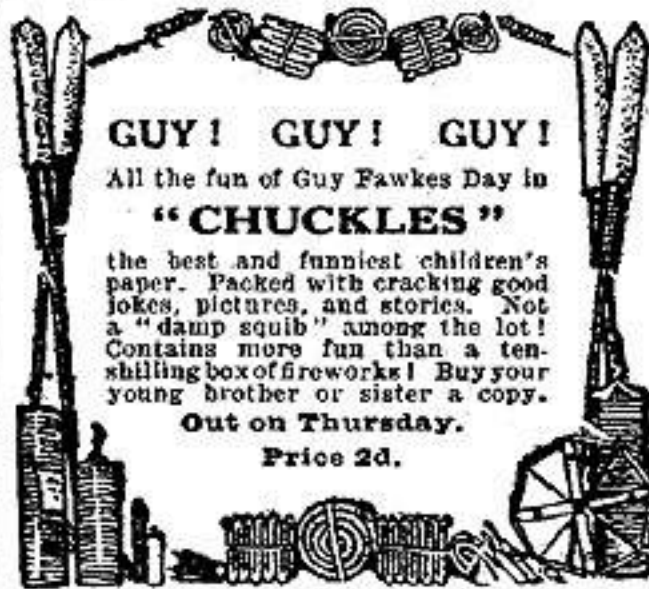
### "THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE WHITE HEATHER!"

As the good old whiskered Latin tag puts it, Finis coronat opus, but the wind-up of the sensational serial, in

which Ferrers Locke faces the gloomy terrors of the Russian Revolution, very specially fits the saying. The great detective does crown his enormously difficult and intricate job with success. He puts the lid on the box, as it were, in the case of the infamous Red Mask, that dummy of villainy, who is foiled by a better man. Count Heinrich, the prime mover in the dark in the splendid story by "X," and the fierce opponent of Locke, had not a single redeeming feature. Well, the big climax comes on Monday next, and after that I have another very noteworthy treat in store. No more about our forthcoming serial for the moment. It will keep, but bear in mind that something of outstanding merit is coming, like Christmas.

### A GUY FAWKES SUPPLEMENT.

And, talking about the winter season and the end up of the year, it is pleasant to see that the editor of the "Greyfriars Herald" has celebrated in most fitting style the day linked up with Guido Fawkes, who was in the gunpowder business in James the First's time. Next Monday's "Greyfriars Herald" will go with a bang. Most suitable, this! The subject has often been handled, but there is always more to say about the cheery little sensation prepared for the king who hated tobacco, and was nuts on porridge.



The following list contains the actual names of the footballers represented in the pictures in our grand "Footballers' Names" Contest. Turn to pages 14 and 15.

Ashurst, Anderson, Armstrong, Aitken, Adams, Amos, Alderson, Allen, Armitage, Archibald, Ashmore.  
Brett, Broadhead, Blyth, Boreham, Blackburn, Bradford, Bassnett, Brittan, Blair, Ball, Barkas, Birrell, Bradley, Barnes, Bulling, Burton, Branston, Buchan, Blake, Bowser, Bishop, Barras, Braithwaite, Bullock, Bliss, Bateman, Best, Bagge, Barson, Broadhurst, Broad, Bolam, Brelsford, Blenkinsopp, Beedie, Birch, Bellamy, Bainbridge, Bowen, Burnham, Boyle, Blackwell, Bennie, Ballantyre, Buchanan, Bamber, Byers, Banks, Brooks, Blood, Baker, Bird, Bromilow.

Cockle, Crosbie, Cross, Clennell, Cameron, Chedzoy, Cock, Chadwick, Clough, Curry, Cookson, Cope, Cook, Crilly, Chaplin, Collier, Crockford, Campbell, Crown, Chance, Chipperfield, Crompton, Charlton, Conner, Craig, Cosgrove, Cherrett, Crossley, Carter, Clarke, Cotton, Cunningham, Cairns, Clunas, Connolly, Cassidy, Carr, Cowan, Chapman, Chambers, Clay, Cresswell.

Dunn, Dickson, Dorrell, Dawson, Davies, Donaldson, Dinsdale, Dimmock, Duckett, Duncan, Dominy, Davison, Duckworth, Dockray, Danskin, Dreyer, Denoon, Denyer, Duffus, Dunlop, Dixon, Doyle, Doran, Dale.

Emerson, Evans, Ellerington, England, Ellis, Edleston, Edgley, Eggo, Elliot, Edge, Edwards, Emmett, Ewart.

French, Ferguson, Ford, Forshaw, Fletcher, Flood, Flint, Feebury, Fleming, Fleetwood, Flynn, Fox, Foxall, Fort, Forbes, Fowler, Fazackerley, Findlay, Featherstone, Forsythe, Frame, Rye, Finney, Forster, Fitton, Fairclough, Fern.

Grimshaw, Gill, Gilchrist, Gough, Gillespie, Grimsdell, Gittins, Gibson, Graham, Goldthorpe, Grundy, Gallogley, Gibbon, Gomm, Gregory, George, Getwood, Groves, Greig, Gardner, Gallagher, Glancy, Greenshields, Gourlay, Goodchild.

Howarth, Haworth, Hampton, Harrow, Harland, Hopkin, Hudspeth, Harris, Hamill, Hill, Hardy, Hamilton, Hawes, Handley, Hufton, Hine, Hughes, Heap, Higginbotham, Hoddinott, Hebden, Hilditch, Howson, Hunter, Hayes, Hutchins, Hannaford, Harrold, Howie, Henshall, Hodges, Halstead, Hugg, Hogg, Henderson, Harper, Hulton, Hillhouse, Hair, Hart, Haines, Hole.

Irvine, Islip, Iremonger, Irwin.

Jennings, Jack, Jackson, Johnson.

Kirton, Kelly, Kneeshaw, Keenor, Kay, Knowles, Kane, Keenlyside, Kidd, Kilpatrick, Kean.

Liufort, Longworth, Low, Lindsay, Little, Lonsdale, Lockhead, Longmuir, Lea, Lievesley, Lane, Lockett, Legge, Lofthouse, Lenny, Lyner, Lawson, Lambie, Lacey.

Moss, Mort, Mosscrop, Meehan, Maitland, Mitchell, Murphy, Morgan, Milton, Mercer, Marshall, Magee, Moore, Martin, Mills, Mason, Mew, Matthews, Moule, Myers, Marsden, Middleton, Maidment, Mehaffy, Mee, Moody, Musgrove, Malcolm, Morton, Manderson, Meiklejohn, Muirhead, Moffat, Mutch, Meredith, Marriott, Mackie, Menlove, Mitton, Marks, Marsh, McIntyre, McNeil, McKinlay, McNabb, McIntosh, McDonald, McCall, McGrory, McCluggage, McLean, McCandless, McColl, McLacklan, McStey, McAlpine, McKenna, McInally, McNair, McMin, McBain, McCracken.

Nuttall, Neesam, Neil, Needham, Nash, Nisbet, Nelson.

Osborne, Ormston, Orr, O'Hare.

Pym, Pringle, Price, Parker, Poole, Paterson, Pearson, Penn, Plum, Page, Preston, Probert, Pagnam, Peel, Potts, Palmer, Prouse, Puddefoot, Pender, Pape, Peacock, Pantling, Partridge, Peers.

Quantrill, Quinn.

Robson, Rollo, Raitt, Richardson, Rawlings, Ruffell, Robbie, Rigg, Radford, Ridley, Reay, Ramsay, Robb, Ritchie, Ranskin, Reed, Rooke, Roe.

Spiers, Smart, Stephenson, Seddon, Sewell, Smelt, Smith, Scott, Slade, Spencer, Seymour, Spaven, Sampsy, Seed, Storer, Stage, Shea, Steele, Simms, Smailes, Symes, Sturgess, Sayles, Spottiswood, Scattergood, Sinclair, Stuart, Sayer, Sutcliffe, Salt, Summerfield, Shaw, Sillito, Sneddon, Somerville, Shone, Streets, Sampey, Stannard, Skinner, Sage.

Townrow, Turnbull, Tremelling, Thain, Troup, Tunstall, Tresadern, Toomer, Thoms, Torrance, Tompkin, Titmuss, Tempest, Timmins, Thorpe, Templeton, Townsley, Toner.

Urwin.

Voysey, Vizard, Vallis, Voisey, Vigrass, Womack, Walsh, Weaver, Wilding, Whitton, Wadsworth, Woosnam, Woodhouse, Walters, Walden, Watson, Wainscoat, Wood, Williams, Winship, Wolfe, Whitehouse, Whalley, Whipp, Wolstenholme, Waterall, Worrall, Williamson, Weston, Wigglesworth, Ward, Webster, Whitehurst, Waddell, Wright, Wilson, Wren, Widdowson, Wylie, White, Welsh, Walker.

York.

If I can help you in any way, let me have a letter!



# MICK

## THE UNTAMABLE!

By Frank Richards.

Aubrey Angel is not flattered to think that Mick, the gipsy vagrant, bears an extraordinary likeness to him. The fact remains, however, that there is more than an ordinary likeness between them. For even Barengro, with whom Mick has lived for years, mistakes the lordly Fourth Former for Mick the gipsy.

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### The Greyfriars Gipsy!

"WHERE is the boy?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch irritably.  
 Nobody answered.  
 "Have you seen him, Wharton?"  
 "Hem!"

"Answer me at once!"

"I—I think Mick went into the wood, sir," stammered Harry Wharton.

"You mean you know that he went into the wood?"

"Hem! Yes, sir."

Mr. Quelch frowned portentously.

The Remove fellows—as was judicious when Mr. Quelch frowned—looked extremely serious.

Most of them, as a matter of fact, would have liked to follow the example of Mick, the gipsy schoolboy. But they knew, better than Mick, that the Remove master was not to be trifled with.

It was a fine autumn afternoon, and the Greyfriars Remove were on a "walk." A walk with a Form-master in charge of the Form was not really the most enjoyable way of spending an hour.

It was better than the Form-room—all the fellows admitted that. The beauties of Nature bored them rather less than maths.

Even Mr. Quelch's remarks upon the geological history of that part of Kent were preferable to geography or Latin prose indoors. As Bob Cherry had put it, piffle out of doors was an improvement on piffle indoors. So, upon the whole, the Greyfriars Lower Fourth were not sorry when Mr. Quelch walked them out to study Nature in the fields and lanes instead of imparting instruction in the Form-room.

But marching in order, in charge of the Form-master, irked the Removites, especially when they passed village boys who saluted them disrespectfully with extended fingers to nose and they could not leave the ranks to punch the mockers.

Every fellow in the Form, on such occasions, debated the chance of dodging away unseen by Quelch. But they seldom risked it. Mr. Quelch had a gimlet-eye that few things escaped.

But Mick had done it now.

The Removites had been marching along Friardale Lane, with the open woodland on one side, rich in autumn tints. They were arrayed in silk hats and clean collars, and looked very nice. And Mick, the gipsy, had scudded into the wood.

Mr. Quelch missed him very quickly, and proceeded to inquire after him. He was wrathful.

"Shall we go and look for him, sir?" asked Bob Cherry eagerly.

"We'll find him in a tick, sir!" said Nugent.

"We—we'd like to find him for you, sir!" said Johnny Bull.

"The likeliness would be terrific, esteemed sahib!" declared Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Come on, you fellows, let's hunt for him!" exclaimed Skinner.

Mr. Quelch raised his hand for silence.

"Stop!" he exclaimed.

"But, sir—"

"We'll find him—"

"We'll—"

"Silence!" exclaimed the Remove master. "I have not the slightest doubt that you would be glad to ramble into the wood, but I doubt very much whether you would find that disobedient boy."

"But, sir—" urged Vernon-Smith.

"Silence! Any boy who leaves the road will be caned."

"Oh!"

No boy left the road. Nobody wanted to be caned.

"It is most wrong and disobedient of the boy!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "I can make allowances for his wild training, but this ——" The Remove master broke off. "Wharton!"

"Yes, sir!" said Harry.

"I think I can trust you to look for the boy without making it the excuse for a ramble."

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"You may look for him, Wharton."

"Very well, sir."





"You will call his name in the wood, and as soon as you find him tell him to return here at once."

"Certainly, sir!"

"I—I think I could find him, sir," said Bob Cherry. "I've had a lot of experience as a scout, sir—"

"Silence, Cherry!"

"Oh! Yes, sir."

Harry Wharton left the lane, and entered the dusky wood, where the ground was carpeted by fallen leaves. The column of Removites walked on with Mr. Quelch at a snail's pace. Mr. Quelch resumed the valuable instruction he had been imparting to his pupils.

"Mick!"

Harry Wharton shouted the name in the dusky wood.

He would willingly have filled up the time till next lesson in rambling in the woods; but, after Mr. Quelch's remarks, it was scarcely possible to do so. So he looked for Mick, the gipsy schoolboy, and shouted his name.

"Mick! Micky! Mick!"

The name echoed through the trees and thickets and ferns.

There was a rustle in the wood.

"Hallo!"

A dark, handsome face looked at Wharton through the foliage—the face of Mick of the Remove. He smiled at Harry.

"Lookin' for me?" he asked.

"You young ass! Quelch's sent me to hunt for you," said Harry. "You're to come back at once."

"Is he waxy?" asked Mick.

"Yes, rather."

"I couldn't help it," said the gipsy.

"I had to run. Besides, I saw a rabbit."

"You haven't been poaching rabbits?" exclaimed the captain of the Remove.

Mick grinned.

"Look 'ere!"

He held up a fat rabbit.

"Knocked it on the head," he said.

"Often and often bagged rabbits like that, when I was with Barengro's gipsy gang."

"You're not allowed to touch the rabbits here."

"How's a fellow to know?" said Mick.

"That's how I've always lived, till Sir Hilton Popper took me up and sent me to Greyfriars. Where's the 'arm?"

"Well, you must come back now," said Harry. It was no time for an argument with the gipsy schoolboy on the ethics of poaching. "You'll have to chuck the rabbit away."

Mick shook his head.

"I ain't doing that," he answered.

"If Mr. Quelch sees it—"

Mick whistled.

"I s'pose he would be wild!" he remarked.

"He would report you to the Head for a flogging, I think."

"I wouldn't mind that. I reckon the 'Ead's flogging wouldn't hurt me, after what I used to have from Barengro. But I don't want to make Mr. Quelch waxy. Still, I ain't losing this 'ere rabbit."

"Then hide it somewhere," said Harry.

Another shake of the head.

"I fancy a stoat or somethin' would get it if I did. I'm taking it along for my supper."

Mick stowed the rabbit under his jacket. But an Eton jacket scarcely afforded sufficient cover.

"You can't hide it," said Wharton.

"I got it," said Mick.



**GET  
YOUR  
WINTER SPORT  
FOR  
NOTHING!**

SEE  
PAGES  
14 & 15.

He took off his silk hat, and stuffed the rabbit into it. Then he replaced the topper on his head.

"Oh, scissors!" ejaculated the captain of the Remove.

"That's orlright."

"Suppose it's found—"

"It won't be."

"But—"

"I'm chancing it, anyhow," said Mick obstinately.

"Well, come on," said Harry Wharton, and he led the gipsy schoolboy back to the lane, and they followed after the Remove.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Hats Off!

**M**ICK, the gipsy, quietly slipped into his place in the Remove, perhaps hoping to escape the glance of Mr. Quelch. But that gimlet glance was not easy to escape.

"Oh! You found him, Wharton?" said the Remove master.

"Yes, sir."

"Mick!" rumbled Mr. Quelch.

"Yessir."

"How dare you leave the party without permission?"

Mick was silent.

It was no use explaining to the Form-master that the call of the open air and the green woodland had been too strong for him.

The Remove master eyed him very sternly.

Mr. Quelch had been kind to Mick—he had made full allowances for the boy's early training in a gipsy gang; he had approved of Sir Hilton Popper's kind action in sending the gipsy to Greyfriars to learn better ways. He had found sterling qualities in the boy, and he gave him a great deal of his time; and he carefully concealed the annoyance he felt in having to address him as "Mick." That could not be helped, as the gipsy had no surname that he knew of.

But in return for his kindness, Mr. Quelch expected obedience, and very rightly. But obedience had not been learned by poor Mick in his rough life with the gipsies. Indeed, in those wild days, disobedience had been a virtue, for Barengro, the gipsy, had striven to turn him into a thief. Old ways of thinking and acting could not be broken at once.

Mick stood silent and submissive; he expected punishment, and was prepared to face it.

"You know that it is wrong to be disobedient, Mick?" said Mr. Quelch.

"I s'pose so, sir."

"You suppose so? Do you not know it?"

"Yessir."

"I shall punish you when we return to Greyfriars."

"Yessir."

"You will not leave the ranks again."

"No, sir."

"We will now proceed!" said Mr. Quelch, with dignity.

And the Removites proceeded.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" murmured Bob Cherry, a few minutes later. "There's the jolly old Lambe!"

Mr. Lambe, the plump vicar of Friar-dale, was sighted ahead in the lane. He was a friend of Mr. Quelch's, and he naturally stopped to speak to the Remove master. The juniors who were near saluted him respectfully.

"And what is this I hear about a gipsy boy being at Greyfriars?" said Mr. Lambe, after a few minutes' talk with the Remove master. "The boy is in your Form, I understand, Mr. Quelch."

"Quite so. He is present here."

"A somewhat unusual proceeding, is it not, my dear Quelch?" said the vicar, in his ponderous way.

"Undoubtedly," assented Mr. Quelch.

"But the boy, Mick, showed great courage in helping Sir Hilton Popper—in fact, saved him from drowning—and as Sir Hilton is a governor of the school—"

"And you find the boy—ahem!—fit to associate with Greyfriars boys?" asked Mr. Lambe, who evidently did not wholly approve.

"I find the boy's character excellent," said Mr. Quelch. "He is honest and truthful, and a hard worker."

"Very extraordinary, considering his early surroundings," said Mr. Lambe. "I should like to see the boy."

"Of course, he has his faults," said the Remove master. "He is a little wild, and unused to discipline, and in some respects his manners do not—ahem!—conform to the Greyfriars standard. But there has already been a great improvement. However, you shall see the boy. Wharton, tell Mick to come here."

"Yes, sir."

Mick came forward rather unwillingly.

With the poached rabbit hidden in his hat, he was not anxious for an interview with the vicar or anyone else just then. But there was no help for it, and he came forward.

Mr. Lambe eyed him over his pince-nez.

"So this is the boy, Mr. Quelch?"

"That is the boy, Mr. Lambe. Mick, raise your hat to Mr. Lambe," said Mr. Quelch severely.

Mick's face crimsoned.

He raised a hand to the brim of his hat, and let it drop again. He had powerful reasons for not wishing to raise the hat, which Mr. Quelch did not even dream of guessing.

Wharton watched him almost breathlessly. The other fellows watched him, too, in surprise. Mick, the gipsy, had many wild and wayward customs, but it was not like him to be lacking in politeness. But he stood with a crimson face, blinking at the vicar, without raising his hat.

"I say, you fellows, he's cheeking the vicar!" murmured Billy Bunter.

**When you think of our great Footer Competition—**



Mr. Lambe frowned.  
Mr. Quelch looked thunderous.  
Having just spoken favourably of the gipsy schoolboy, the Remove master naturally felt annoyed at this inexplicable breach of manners.

"Mick!" he exclaimed.  
"Yessir!" gasped Mick.  
"Have you no respect, sir, for Mr. Lambe, and for your Form master?"  
"Yessir!"

Mr. Lambe gave a slight sniff.  
"Pray do not distress yourself, Mr. Quelch," he said stiffly. "The boy's manners are what might be expected, no doubt. I am—ah!—surprised that Sir Hilton should have considered it advisable to send him to Greyfriars. I am very much surprised."

"I cannot understand the boy," said Mr. Quelch. "I am sure that he does not intend disrespect to you, Mr. Lambe."

"Then appearances are very deceptive, Mr. Quelch," said the good vicar, who was certainly hurt and annoyed.

"Mick!"  
"Oh! Yessir!"  
"Take off your hat at once."  
"I—I—"

"If you do not instantly take off your hat and apologise to Mr. Lambe for your rudeness, boy, I shall see that you are sent away from Greyfriars without delay!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, in a grinding voice.

"Oh, jiminy!"  
Mick obeyed at last. He raised his hat to the vicar, and the rabbit rolled out.

Mr. Lambe fairly jumped.  
"Wha-a-at—!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch.

There was a moment's stupefied silence as a fat rabbit rolled at Mr. Lambe's feet, and rested there. Mr. Quelch seemed unable to believe his eyesight.

Then there came a roar from the Removites. They could not help it.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
Mick stood crimson and dumb, hat in hand.

"Upon my word!" gasped Mr. Lambe.  
"Bless my soul! This—this really—The boy has been poaching! Hum, hem! I understand now, Mr. Quelch, why he did not desire to remove his hat."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors.  
"Silence!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch angrily.

A smile was lurking over Mr. Lambe's plump face. He was a good-natured gentleman, though a slightly pompous one, and now he understood the gipsy's predicament he forgave Mick.

"An extraordinary boy!" he exclaimed. "Bless my soul! Whose—whose rabbit is that, boy?"

"Mine, sir," said Mick.  
"Oh! It was given to you?"  
"Oh, no, sir."

"Then where did you get it?"  
"In the wood, sir."

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Lambe.  
"Are you a poacher?"  
Mick was silent.

"I fear that the boy has been poaching, Mr. Quelch. Very reprehensible, but perhaps not surprising, in the circumstances. Good-afternoon, Mr. Quelch!"

The plump vicar rolled on, smiling. But Mr. Quelch did not smile. He was deeply annoyed. It really had been a very unfortunate incident.

"Mick!" he snapped.  
"Yessir?"

"Take that rabbit and return to Greyfriars at once! You will hand the rabbit to the housekeeper! I shall deal with you when I return!"

"I—I—"  
"Go!" snapped Mr. Quelch.  
And Mick went.

The Removites finished their "walk" that afternoon without Mick. The gipsy

schoolboy was in disgrace—not for the first time since he had been at Greyfriars.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### The Dutch Uncles!

"SEEN Mick!"  
"No."  
"The young ass!"

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent were in Study No. 1 in the Remove, getting tea after lessons that day. Bob Cherry came in, looking rather serious.

"The young duffer hasn't turned up!" he said. "He never came back to the school when Quelch sent him!"

"He didn't turn up for last lesson, anyhow," said Nugent.

"I dare say he'll turn up for tea," said Harry. "But he will have trouble with Quelch. He can't expect a Form master to stand it."

"Hardly," said Bob. "I suppose the poor kid isn't much to blame, but it won't do for Greyfriars."

"I think I'll talk to him," said Harry thoughtfully. "I think we'd better point out to him that he must mind his 'p's' and 'q's.' He's a good little chap in his way, and it would be rotten to see him bunked from Greyfriars."

"Yes, ratherfully!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh, coming into the study with Johnny Bull. "Let us all talk to him like esteemed Dutch uncles!"

The Famous Five sat down to tea. They were rather concerned about the gipsy schoolboy, who was Wharton's and Nugent's study-mate in No. 1.

Mick had been sent back to the school from the walk, but he had not arrived there. Evidently the "call of the wild" had told on him again, and he had gone wandering—with the result that he had missed the last lesson of the afternoon.



"If you do not instantly take off your hat and apologise to Mr. Lambe," said Mr. Quelch sternly, "I shall see that you are sent away from Greyfriars!" "Oh, jiminy!" Mick obeyed. He raised his hat to the vicar—and the rabbit he had poached rolled out. Mr. Lambe fairly jumped. (See Chapter 2.)

—think of HEDLEY SCOTT'S grand new serial! Starting shortly!



Mr. Quelch, whose wrath had cooled down, had intended to let him off with a lecture on the subject of poaching rabbits. But certainly the gipsy had something more than a lecture to expect now, after this further defiance of authority.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he is!" exclaimed Bob, as a dark, handsome face looked into Study No. 1.

Mick came in.

He looked dusty and a little tired, but very happy and cheerful. The Famous Five regarded him curiously.

"Well, where have you been?" asked Bob.

"In the woods," said Mick cheerfully.

"Poaching rabbits?"

Mick grinned, but did not answer the question.

"Quelch's ratty," said Nugent.

"I can't help it," said Mick. "I can't. But I'm sorry he's ratty. I suppose I shall be licked?"

"Not much doubt about that," said Harry.

"Well, I can stand it!"

"Had your tea?" asked Johnny Bull.

"I had a feed in the wood," said Mick. "Gipsy style. I—I s'pose you fellers wouldn't understand. But—but it's awful, being shut up like this 'ere, arter the life I've been used to! Sometimes I wish——" He broke off, a dark and thoughtful look on his face.

"You don't wish you hadn't come to Greyfriars?" exclaimed Bob.

"No! Only sometimes——"

"Dash it all, you had a jolly rough time with Barendro and his gang," said Johnny Bull. "You've told us that he used to beat you every day, and wanted to make you steal."

"I know! But there was other things," said the gipsy, with a sigh. "It seems to sort of choke a fellow, having a roof over his 'ead all the time, and having to keep reg'lar hours, and so on. Course, I know it's for my good, and Mr. Quelch is very kind. But——"

He broke off.

"Now, look here," said Wharton seriously. "We're going to talk to you like Dutch uncles, Mick."

"Go it!" said the gipsy, with a faint grin.

"You're a Greyfriars fellow now," said the captain of the Remove. "It's a pretty good thing to be a Greyfriars fellow. It's your duty to toe the line."

"I know."

"Quelch is a bit of a Tartar, but he means well by you, and you ought to play up. He has plenty to do, and he puts in extra time on your account. You owe him something."

"I know!" murmured Mick, looking very abashed. "I ain't ungrateful. I ain't really. But——"

"The butfulness is terrific!" said Hurré Jamset Ram Singh. "My esteemed and ridiculous friend, you must draw the honourable line!"

"Yes. But——"

"The other night," said Bob, "I woke up and found that you weren't in the dormitory, Mick. You'd gone out of bounds—at night."

"I know!" muttered Mick. "I wasn't doing any 'arm."

"I'm sure of that," said Wharton. "But it's a jolly serious thing to break dormitory bounds."

"I know."

"Well, will you chuck it?"

Mick was silent.

"You've got to make an effort, you know," said Johnny Bull encouragingly. "Remember you're a Greyfriars fellow

"Guy, guy, guy!"

now and a schoolboy, and forget that you ever were a gipsy."

"I would," said Mick. "Only——"

"Only what?"

"I can't!"

"But you must!" said Nugent.

"The mustfulness is terrific, Mick!" urged the Nabob of Bhanipur. "Otherwise, the bunkfulness from the esteemed school will be the result!"

"I can't 'elp it!"

"You young ass!" said Wharton. "You don't want to leave Greyfriars, do you?"

"That I don't! But——"

"Then try to turn over a new leaf, and play up to the rules of the place," urged the captain of the Remove.

"I'll try!" said Mick submissively.

"Well, if you try, that's something," said Bob. "But you've got to succeed, too—see?"

"I'll tell you what," said Johnny Bull. "We'll jolly well rag him ourselves next time he kicks over the traces—what?"

"Good egg!"

Mick sat silent while the chums of the Remove talked to him. The Famous Five were really concerned about the gipsy, and they talked to him, as Bob put it, like Dutch uncles.

The advice they gave him was good. There was no doubt about that. And Mick listened submissively.

But it was very doubtful whether he derived much benefit from the sage counsels of Harry Wharton & Co. The gipsy had become a Greyfriars fellow, but he was a gipsy still. The longing for the old wild, free life was in his very bones.

"I say, you fellows——"

The fat voice of Billy Bunter interrupted the sage counsel of the Dutch uncles. The Owl of the Remove blinked in at the doorway with a grinning face.

"Oh, buzz off, Bunter!"

"I haven't come to tea!" sneered Bunter. "I'm a bit particular whom I have tea with! Not with gipsy vagrants, anyhow! I bar this study!"

"What a stroke of luck for this study!" remarked Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Well, if you bar the study, roll away," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "And let that cake alone, you fat frog!"

"I came here with a message," said Bunter. "The gipsy wanted in Quelch's study. He's for it! He, he, he!"



**THE "CAREER" THAT  
CAN BE YOURS!**

See Pages 14 and 15.

Read Harry Wharton's Special Guy Fawkes Number—

"That's not a laughing matter, you fat chump!" growled Bob Cherry.

"Quelch's awfully ratty," grinned Bunter. "I saw him taking out his thickest cane."

"Kick him, somebody!" said Harry.

"Yaroooh!"

Johnny Bull was nearest Bunter, and he obliged.

"Ow! Beast! I hope the gipsy will get the licking of his life!" roared Bunter, as he retreated from Study No. 1.

Mick rose to his feet.

"You'd better get off to Quelch at once, Mick," said Harry Wharton anxiously. "Better not keep him waiting. Tell him you're sorry."

Mick grinned. "May as well be 'ung for a sheep as a lamb," he said. "I ain't going to Mr. Quelch now."

"What—what are you going to do then?"

"I'm going to dodge 'im," said Mick cheerfully. "Anyhow, there'll be another row presently, 'cause I'm going out this evening."

Wharton looked at him.

"You're going out this evening—after lock-up?"

"Yes."

"And dodging Quelch till then?"

"That's it!"

The juniors exchanged glances.

"Well, old infant, you're not," said the captain of the Remove decidedly. "We're taking you in hand."

"Look 'ere——"

"You're going to be looked after by your jolly old Dutch uncles," grinned Bob Cherry. "We'll see you safe to Quelch's study now."

"Yes, rather!"

Mick made a jump for the door. Bob Cherry made a jump for Mick, and seized him by the collar.

"Leggo!" roared Mick.

"Yes, we have no bananas!" answered Bob, cheerfully.

"Look 'ere, you leggo!"

"Take his other arm, Harry."

"What-ho!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

With a Dutch uncle holding either arm, Mick, the gipsy, was led out of the study. His dark eyes flashed at the juniors.

"Let me go!" he said fiercely.

"Not this evening!"

"I tell you——"

"Kim on!"

Mick began to struggle as he was led to the stairs. He was strong and active, but he had no chance of getting away from his two self-constituted Dutch uncles. He was swept off the floor, and Bob Cherry took his legs and Wharton his arms. In that style he was carried downstairs.

"Hallo, what's this game?" shouted Vernon-Smith, in the passage.

"Looking after Mick," explained Bob Cherry. "He thinks he isn't going to Quelch. We think he is."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mick, still resisting, was rushed down the staircase. On the lower staircase the juniors met Angel of the Fourth and Kenny coming up. Angel scowled at them.

"Lemmo go!" Mick was roaring. "I tell you I won't go! I'll punch your 'eads for this 'ere!"

Angel's lip curled.

"Precious ruffian for Greyfriars, what?" he remarked to his chum.

"Oh, absolutely!" said Kenney.

"You're in the way, Angel!" said Bob Cherry politely.



"Do you want all the staircase?" sneered Angel.

"Yes," answered Bob coolly. The struggling Mick was rushed on, and as Angel of the Fourth was in the way, a collision was inevitable.

Crash!  
"Oh, gad!" yelled Angel, as he sat down on the stairs.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
Down the staircase went Wharton and Bob Cherry, with Mick wriggling in their grasp. Angel sat on the stairs and gasped.

In the lower passage Mick was set on his feet. With a grasp of iron on either arm, the gipsy schoolboy was marched to Mr. Quelch's study.

Harry Wharton tapped at the door and opened it.

"Mick, sir!" he announced. And the gipsy was bundled into his Form master's study. The captain of the Remove drew the door shut after he was inside. Then the two Removes returned to Study No. 1.

"Landed him?" grinned Nugent.  
"Yes. And we're going to see that he doesn't break bounds this evening, too," said Harry. "We're going to save him from the sack if we can."

"Hear, hear!"  
Ten minutes later Mick came back to the study.

"Had it hot?" asked Nugent.  
"Yes."  
"Well, it serves you right, doesn't it?"  
"Yes," admitted Mick.  
"How many?" asked Bob.  
"Four on each 'aud."  
"Phew!"

Mick grinned.  
"He's a good old bloke!" he said. "Says he's sorry to be severe, but it was his dooty. Why, it was a joke to what I used to get from Barengro when I was with the gipsies. He ain't hurt me." Mick rubbed his hands. "Nothing to speak of. Barengro would 'ave broke a stick across my shoulders. I don't mind Quelch."

Mr. Quelch, in his study, was wondering, a little uneasily, whether, considering the gipsy's unhappy early training, he had been a little too severe with the boy. He need not have been uneasy.



The struggling Mick was rushed on in the hands of Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton. Angel of the Fourth was in the way, and there was a collision. Crash! Aubrey Angel sat down on the stairs with a bump!  
(See Chapter 3.)

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.**

**Out of Bounds!**

"I'M goin'!" said Aubrey Angel.  
"It's risky!"  
"I'm goin'!"

Paul Kenney shrugged his shoulders. The two black sheep of the Fourth were discussing matters in Angel's study, and Aubrey Angel seemed in one of his most obstinate moods.

"Where's the risk?" went on Angel, leaning back in his luxurious armchair, and blowing a little cloud of smoke from his cigarette. "Lights out in the dorm at half-past nine—well, I shall be there! I don't get out of the window till ten."  
"Suppose—"

"Oh, you're always supposin' somethin'," said Angel, irritably. "I tell you I'm goin'. You've risked it before, why not again?"

"It's not only the beaks," said Kenney. "There's that gang of gipsies camped near Courtfield, and it's not exactly attractive to run into that kind of chap late in a dark lane."

"That's a good distance from the school."

"Yes. But some of the gipsies one, at least—has been seen loafing about

Greyfriars at dusk and later. Two or three of the fellows have noticed him."

Angel yawned.

"So you're funky of gipsies?" he said.

"Oh, rats!" said Kenney sulkily. "I don't see the fun of running into a foot-pad late at night. If anythin' happened, it would come out that we were out of bounds after lights out. We might be robbed first and sacked afterwards. It's not good enough."

"Well, I'm goin'!" yawned Angel. "It's weeks since I've been on a burst. I've fixed it for to-night, and I'm goin'. I'm not afraid of gipsies."

Kenney crimsoned.

"I'm not afraid, confound you, Angel!"

"You seem rather like it!" sneered Aubrey.

"Well, if you come to that, there's a gipsy you're afraid of!" retorted Kenney angrily. "You've given Mick of the Remove a jolly wide berth since he licked you the other day."

Angel's face hardened, and he gave his comrade a steely look.

"That's enough, Kenney!" he said, setting his teeth.

He picked up a book, turning his shoulder to his study mate. Kenney grinned and walked out of the study.

Left alone, Aubrey Angel scowled blackly and threw the book aside.

The licking Kenney had referred to was fresh enough in Angel's memory,

and it was a bitter remembrance. There were plenty of fellows in the Lower School at Greyfriars whom the cad of the Fourth detested, but none so bitterly as Mick, the gipsy.

In the first place, Angel had felt a snobbish disdain for the nameless outcast, the waif of the roads and fields. And the curious circumstance that Mick strongly resembled him in personal appearance added to his dislike. It seemed to Angel to be the very "outside edge" in impudence for a common gipsy to resemble him in any way.

Angel affected not to see any likeness, but it was plain enough for all the fellows to see. And as it became obvious that it was a sore point with Angel, plenty of fellows found entertainment in "rubbing it in." Angel's lofty and supercilious ways made him many enemies, and even his friends seemed to like taking the superb Aubrey down a peg or two occasionally.

Angel was thinking of Mick, the gipsy, as he sat scowling after Paul Kenney had left him. He had vowed, after the outcast had defeated him in a fight, that he would get the gipsy turned out of Greyfriars somehow. Fellows who had heard the threat regarded it as empty swank; in keeping with Angel's usual way of talking. But, as a matter of fact, Angel was turning the matter over intently in his mind. Mick was a very uncommon kind of character to be

—of the "Greyfriars Herald"—in the MAGNET Library next week!



admitted to a public school, and Angel's father was on the governing board. Sir Philip Angel was very unlike his son in character. He was stern, serious, upright, and unbending. He was, Angel believed, likely to condemn the step the Head had taken in admitting a nameless waif to Greyfriars, especially if he could be made to believe that the boy was unfit to associate with the Greyfriars fellows. There was no falsehood at which Angel would have stopped to effect his malicious purpose; but he realised that he would have to be very careful. With a cold, undying malice and implacable determination, Angel had been turning over the matter for days in his mind.

"The rotter!" muttered the dandy of the Fourth, setting his well-cut lips. "The low cad, raisin' his low hands against me! He's got to go, if only to stop the fellows from keepin' on pointin' out that he's so like me to look at. Not that I can see it. But they like rubbin' it in, the cads!"

Angel smoked another cigarette, and dismissed Mick, the gipsy, from his mind, as he thought out his plans for the evening. There was a little sporting party at a certain place in Courtfield, where there would be cards and smokes, and Angel was to be there. That was the kind of amusement that appealed to the blackguard of the Fourth, and he was looking forward to it with keen anticipation.

Dabney of the Fourth looked into the study.

"Dorm!" he called out.

And Angel threw away the stump of his cigarette and joined the crowd of the Fourth on their way to the dormitory.

In the Fourth Form dormitory some of the juniors were grinning, and their glances showed Angel that their merriment had some connection with himself. He gave a haughty look.

"I say, Angel!" called out Fry.

"Well!" said Angel coldly.

"Chap told me to-day that you've got gipsy relations. Anything in it?"

Angel's eyes gleamed.

"You know there's nothin' in it," he said savagely.

"Well, you and the gipsy in the Remove are as like as two peas!" grinned Fry. "Jevver have a long-lost brother?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Angel breathed hard.

He turned his back on the Fourth Form jokers and went to bed. There was a ripple of laughter and talk from bed to bed in the Fourth Form dormitory after lights out, and the talk ran on gipsies. Nobody in the Fourth, of course, supposed that there could be any relationship between the highly-connected Aubrey and the outcast of the Remove. But it delighted them to "draw" Angel on the subject. He said no word, but they knew that he was simmering with fury as he listened.

But the talk died away at last, and the Fourth Form slept—with the exception of Angel.

Aubrey did not intend to sleep for a good many hours yet.

Soon after ten had tolled from the clock-tower Aubrey Angel slipped out of bed and dressed quietly in the dark. He left the Fourth Form dormitory almost without a sound, and trod away silently through dark passages.

By a lower window he dropped to a path outside and scudded away for the school wall under the glimmering stars. He reached the wall and climbed it, and peered into the shadowy road.

For a moment or two he hesitated, wishing that he were not alone. He remembered what Kenney had said of a gipsy lurking about the vicinity of the school.

But Angel knew that Barendro, the gipsy, had striven to recapture the runaway waif, and he was fairly certain that if a gipsy lurked about watching the school it was Barendro, looking for Mick. He had nothing to fear from the man, even if he was at hand.

Anyway, he would not turn back now. He slipped down the wall, held by his hands for a moment, and dropped. His feet came on the road with a soft thud.

Then he stood quite still, listening. He fancied he had heard a sound along the shadowy wall.

His heart beat fast.

A sudden gleam of light came through the gloom. An electric-torch had been turned on, and the light glared full in Angel's face. For a moment his heart almost ceased to beat, as he feared that he had been recognised out of bounds by a master or prefect of Greyfriars. But on that point he was reassured the next moment.

"Got you, you young cub!"

It was a harsh, husky voice. The light was shut off, and a grip that seemed like iron fastened upon Aubrey Angel's collar, and he was dragged away into the darkness.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Mistaken Identity!

**B**ARENGRO, the gipsy, dragged his prisoner into the darkness, the breathless junior scarcely resisting. Angel's brain was swimming; his heart thumped almost to suffocation. He was in the grip of a fearful terror, in the hands of the unseen ruffian.

He was dragged along the dark road, through a gap in a hedge, and then through a field. He realised that his captor was hurrying him out of hearing of help, and he strove to cry out. A hard, savage hand was clapped over his mouth.

"Silence!" muttered Barendro.

Angel panted.

"Let me go! I——"

"Hold your tongue, you cub!"

"Let me go, you scoundrel!" panted Angel. "How dare you lay your filthy hands on me, you low hound?"

"What!"

"I'll have you put in prison for this!"

"Burn me!" ejaculated the astonished gipsy. "You've learned new talk since you've been at the big school, Mick, my boy. But never mind. Wait till I get you to the caravans, and I'll take it out of you!"

"Mick!" gasped Angel.

He understood then.

This ruffian had no animosity towards him—Angel of the Fourth—and had probably never even seen him or heard of him. He had mistaken him for Mick, the gipsy.

It was rather rage than alarm that Angel felt now. It was Mick that the ruffian wanted. But Barendro's mistake was proof positive of the reality of the likeness noticed by the Greyfriars fellows, and in which Angel had affected not to believe.

"You fool!" snarled Angel. "You dolt! I'm not Mick!"

"Not Mick?"

"No!"

Barendro laughed harshly.

"You think I'm going to believe that?" he asked. "I turned the light on your face to make sure."

"I tell you——"

"Your voice seems a bit changed," said the gipsy. "You've learned to talk like the other young swells already, hay? But I reckon I know your face, Mick. What's the good of lying?"

"I'm not Mick! I——"

"Shut it!"

The ruffian forced Angel along in the darkness. The Fourth-Former of Greyfriars did not resist—he was helpless in the grasp of the powerful gipsy. But he broke out into furious words.

"I tell you, you fool—you ruffian—— Oh!"

A heavy hand struck him across the mouth, with a blow that almost made his teeth rattle.

"Ain't I told you to shut it, Mick?" sneered Barendro. "Take that, and more to follow, if you say another word afore we get to camp."

The blow dazed Angel. It effectually silenced him, and he did not open his lips again, as he was marched away in the darkness with the gipsy's grasp on his shoulder.

Not for a moment did Barendro relax his hold.

As a matter of fact Angel was too terrified to attempt to escape, but had the prisoner been Mick all the ruffian's caution would have been needed.

By field paths and hedges the gipsy led the junior away. Angel knew the direction in which they were going—towards the gipsy camp on Courtfield Common. But Barendro was avoiding the high road and all lanes where passers-by might have appeared. He was making very sure of his prisoner, now that he had captured him at last.

They came out on the open common, and a ruddy glimmer of light came through the darkness. It marked the gipsy camp.

"Nearly home, Mick!" said Barendro with savage pleasantry. "You'll be glad to see your old friends agin."

"I'm not Mick!" panted Angel.

"Stow it!"

The gipsy camp seemed to be sleeping, but a man was seated, smoking, by the dying embers of the fire. The sound of heavy snoring came from the dirty caravans.

The man by the fire looked up as Barendro arrived, leading the white-faced junior.

"Got him, then?"

"I've got him at last, Melchior. Night after night I've watched the school, and I knew I'd have him at last," said Barendro. "More'n once I've seen him, sneaking out of the school at night—more'n once. But he was always too sharp for me, till to-night. Now he fairly dropped into my 'ands."

"Good luck!" grinned Melchior. "And now you've got him you'll have to make sure of him. They'll hunt for him, sure."

"We break camp at dawn, now I've got him," answered Barendro. "But afore I sleep I'm going to give him a lesson he won't forget. Git into that tent, Mick!"

"I tell you.——"

A savage blow interrupted Angel, and he reeled and fell. Barendro kicked him savagely as he lay, and Angel screamed with pain and terror. A gipsy crone's face stared out of a caravan window, and was then withdrawn. No one in the camp dared to oppose Barendro.

"He's changed since he's been at the

More about Mick, the gipsy, next Monday! The story is entitled—



school," said Melchior, staring at the shrieking Angel. "That ain't like Mick! He used to take it with his teeth set, without a word."

"He's got soft," said Barengro. "Only a couple of weeks, and he's soft. Burn him! I'll toughen him again afore I've finished with him!"

"Help!" screamed Angel.

"Git into that tent."

Angel crawled desperately into the low tent, with the gipsy still kicking him.

He sprawled on the ground there, almost sobbing with pain and rage. Barengro lighted a candle.

By its dim light he surveyed Angel grimly.

The dandy of the Greyfriars Fourth winced and trembled, as he saw the ruffian take a whip from the tent-pole.

"Now you know what you're going to have for the trouble you've given me, Mick," said Barengro. "I'm going to hide you, my boy—hide you till you can't howl! You won't run away agin, I reckon. Arter I'm done with you, you won't be able to crawl for a week, I fancy!"

Angel struggled to his knees. His heart was sick within him from deadly dread. It seemed like some frightful nightmare to him. Only an hour before he had been in his bed in the dormitory at Greyfriars, safe and sheltered. And now, here he was in a filthy tent in a gipsy camp, with a brute in human form standing over him whip in hand! It seemed like a terrible dream—but it was no dream, it was fearful reality. The ruffian's eyes gleamed with cruelty as he stood over his terrified victim.

"Listen to me!" panted Angel, his voice broken and hoarse with terror. "For mercy's sake, listen! I'll give you money—I've ten pounds in my pockets! Only listen! I'm not Mick! My name's Angel!"

The whip was raised, the thong hissing in the air. But the blow did not fall. The name on the junior's tongue seemed to arrest the blow.

Barengro uttered a sharp exclamation. "Angel!"

"That's my name! For mercy's sake look at me. You can see that I am older than Mick. My face is not so dark!" pleaded Angel. "I'm not Mick! Look at me close, and you'll see! All the fellows say I'm like him. But my name's Angel—Aubrey Angel!"

Barengro dropped the whip to the floor. He took the candle and held it close to Angel's white, terrified face, scanning every feature closely. Wonder grew in the gipsy's face as he scanned. Now that he examined the junior attentively he could see that there was no dark sunburn on his face. His hair, too, was lighter in hue than Mick's, his eyes a shade lighter. And he seemed older, too. Angel watched the gipsy in terrified anxiety, and he almost sobbed with relief as he saw conviction grow in Barengro's swarthy face.

Barengro replaced the candle. He did not touch the whip again.

"Angel!" muttered the gipsy. "Angel! After all these years! After all these years!"

Aubrey Angel heard the words without heeding them, strange as they were. He understood that somehow his name was familiar to the gipsy—that the fact that his name was Angel accounted, to Barengro's mind, for the strange likeness to Mick. But he was too relieved at his escape from a savage beating to think much of anything else.

"You know I'm not Mick!" he panted. "I know—now!" muttered Barengro.

And he stood looking at the shrinking junior, with a strange gleam in his eyes, in the candle-light, a strange expression on his swarthy face that Aubrey Angel could not fathom.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Angel's Ally!

**T**HERE was a long silence in the gipsy's tent. Angel had got on his feet now, and he stood breathing spasmodically, still in a state of fear and apprehension, his face white in the flickering candle-light. Barengro's fixed, strange stare frightened him, he hardly knew why. What was it that this ruffianly gipsy knew of him? How was it that his name was familiar to the ears of this swarthy outcast? Barengro turned abruptly and left the tent, and spoke to Melchior in a low voice for some minutes. Melchior came to the tent and stared at Angel in the candle-light. Then he rejoined the other ruffian, and again they spoke together in low tones. Aubrey Angel was aware that he was the subject of the discussion, and he waited in tense anxiety for it to finish.

Barengro came back at last. His manner had lost its savage ferocity, and was quiet, but there was still the strange look on his face that puzzled and chilled Angel.

"So your name's Angel?" said the gipsy.

"Yes, yes!"

"Is your father Sir Philip Angel?"

"Yes."

"Your elder brother Claude Angel?"

"Yes," said the junior, in wonder.

His wonder outweighed his fear now.

"What do you know about me and my people?" he asked. "You seem to have heard my name before?"

Barengro laughed.

"Oh, I've heard your name," he said.

"It's a name I know well. You've never heard of Barengro, the gipsy?"

"I've heard you spoken of at Greyfriars, in connection with Mick."

"Nowhere else?"

"No."

"Not from your father?"

Angel stared at him.

"My father? What could my father know about you?"

"Nor from your uncle?"

"My—my uncle?" repeated Angel.

"Your uncle—Colonel Angel."

"Colonel Angel is dead, long ago," said the junior.

The gipsy started.

"Dead?"

"He was killed in Flanders," said Angel, staring at the man.

"Killed!" repeated Barengro.

"Killed?"

He stood staring at the junior, evidently surprised by the news, and somehow disconcerted.

Angel watched him in growing wonder. Who was this swarthy ruffian



A sudden gleam of light came through the gloom. An electric torch had been turned on, and the light fell full on Angel's face. "Got you, you young cub!" roared a hoarse voice. A grip that seemed like iron fastened on Angel's collar. (See Chapter 4.)

—"The Luck of the Gipsy!" and is one of Frank Richards' "specials"!



who was so interested in his family history, and knew so much of his people?

"Dead—Denys Angel dead!" muttered Barendro. "And where did his money go?"

"His—his money?"

"Yes; he was a millionaire, I believe. But I suppose it came to some of you—it would, of course." Barendro showed his yellow teeth in a grin. "Anyhow, it did not go to his son."

"His son!" stammered Angel. "My uncle never had a son."

"You lie!" said Barendro. "Or perhaps they never told you. You would be young at the time. So he's dead!"

The gipsy fell into a fit of musing, his black brows knitted. Angel did not dare to interrupt him.

Barendro spoke again at last.

"And you're a Greyfriars boy—you're at the same school with Mick, who ran away from me?"

"Yes."

"You've seen Mick?"

"I've seen him."

"Friend of yours?" asked Barendro, watching the junior closely.

The gleam of hatred in Angel's eyes did not escape him, and he grinned.

"He's not likely to be a friend of mine," said the snob of the Fourth haughtily. "A low ragamuffin—"

Barendro laughed.

"He has some friends at Greyfriars?" he asked.

"Yes, some cads in the Remove. He's no friend of mine."

"An enemy, perhaps?" asked Barendro.

Angel shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"The fellow's too low for me to take any notice of. I dislike him, that is all."

Barendro laughed again, a harsh, sardonic laugh.

"He's like you to look at," he said.

"The fellows say so," said Angel sourly. "I suppose he must be, in a way, as you took me for him."

"I shouldn't have, in the daylight," said Barendro. "But you're like—very like. Now, look here, young master. I've made a mistake in bringing you here—it was Mick I wanted. I don't want you—but I ain't wanting any trouble about this. If I let you go—"

"I won't say a word about it!" exclaimed Angel eagerly. "Only let me get back to the school."

"How do I know you'll keep your word?" said Barendro suspiciously. "You'd promise anything now, to get away."

"I mean it," said Angel. "I—I was out of bounds without leave. I shall keep it dark for my own sake."

Barendro nodded slowly. He had taken Angel's measure pretty accurately by this time, and knew that he could be relied upon to do anything that was for his own sake.

"After all, if you go to the police, what can you prove?" he said. "I dessay it's pretty serious, too, for you to get out of the school at night, if your headmaster knowed."

"Jolly serious," said Angel. "I sha'n't breathe a word, if only I can get back without being seen."

The gipsy was silent for some minutes, evidently debating the matter in his mind. He nodded again at last.

"You can go," he said. "I think you'll keep it dark, for your own sake. But if you put the police on me for handling you, look out for me another time, and I'll make you sorry for it!"

"Not a syllable!" said Angel hurriedly. "I tell you—"

"I'll trust you!" snapped Barendro. "You can clear!"

He stood aside for the Greyfriars junior to leave the tent.

Angel made a step, and then paused. He looked at the swarthy, evil face of the gipsy.

"You came after Mick, when you colared me by mistake," he said.

"That's it."

"You want to get Mick back?"

"Yes," growled Barendro.

"I'd be glad if you could."

"You'd be glad?" said Barendro, eyeing him strangely.

"I'd help you if I could," said Angel, between his teeth. "I hate the cad! It's a disgrace to have him in my school. I'd be jolly glad for you to get hold of him and take him away!"

"You'd help?" said Barendro.

"Give me a chance, and, if it's safe, I'll help fast enough," said Aubrey Angel, gritting his teeth. "Look here,

I know he breaks bounds at night sometimes—he can't stand bein' shut up in the school. I've seen him more than once when—when—"

"When you were breaking bounds yourself?"

"Never mind that. I know he does it, and, if you watch for a chance, you're bound to nail him sooner or later," said Angel eagerly. "Look here, I might be able to let you know some time—I'll keep an eye on the cad. How could I get word to you?"

"You mean that?"

"Every word."

Barendro's eyes gleamed.

"He won't trouble you any more, once I get my hands on him," he said. "We break camp the minute I've got him, and he'll never be seen in Kent again. You can always leave a note for me at the Peal of Bells in Courtfield—I'm there every day."

"Then, if I get a chance, rely on me," said Angel. "I suppose he's your son, and you've a right to take him away."

"He's not my son, and I've no right to take him away," said Barendro coolly. "But I'm going to take him all the same. Good-night, young gentleman!"

"Good-night!" said Angel.

He quitted the tent, gladly enough, and left the gipsy encampment behind him. He struck out at a good pace across the common for the high road. It was too late now to think of joining the festive party at Courtfield—neither was Angel, after his perilous adventure, in a mood for the card-party. He was only anxious to get safe back into the Fourth Form dormitory at Greyfriars.

He reached the school at last, and climbed in over the wall. As he dropped within there was a sound in the shadows, and he started and looked round him hurriedly. Then he made for the School House at a run.

All the lights were out now in the windows. Breathless, Angel reached the window of the boot-room, which he had left unfastened for his return. He pushed at the window; but it did not move.

Angel set his teeth.

He had left the window unfastened, an inch ajar. Now it was tightly closed. Evidently it had been closed within some time after his departure. Trotter, perhaps, had gone late to the boot-room for some reason, and found the window unfastened—that was the most likely explanation.

For a moment or two Angel fancied that he had been missed by a watchful master or prefect, who, in that case, would be sitting up to wait for his return. But he realised that this was unlikely to be the case—not a single light gleamed in any window of the School House. But the window was closed—and he was shut out!

Shut out—for the night!

His heart throbbed.

That was the end of his adventure!

A night out of doors—and inevitable discovery in the morning! Discovery—and expulsion from the school! For Angel knew that the eyes of authority were already upon him with suspicion, and he had been warned seriously by his Form master and by the Head! He had tempted Fate once too often, and this was the finish.

He leaned on the window-sill and groaned aloud.

It was not Mick, his enemy, who would be driven from Greyfriars. It was himself! Nothing now could avert discovery.

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Whether he rang at the door and owned up at once or spent a miserable night in the open air and was discovered in the morning, it came to the same thing. It was the finish for him at Greyfriars. More than once he had come within measurable distance of the “sack,” and now, at length, he had passed the limit!

He groaned in misery at the thought. There was a footstep beside him, and he started violently and swung round, in terror of seeing a prefect. But it was the face of Mick, the gipsy schoolboy, that looked at him in the shadowy night.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Saving an Enemy!

“**Y**OU!” Angel muttered the word. Mick grinned at him. “You, too!” he said. “You out of bounds, Angel!”

“No bizney of yours!” said Angel sullenly and savagely. “Let me alone!”

“You’ve no call to be so crusty with a bloke!” said Mick. “I ain’t doing you any harm! I never wanted to fight with you the other day! You made me do it!”

“Let me alone!”

Mick stepped back. Then, as a sudden thought came into Angel’s mind, he almost sprang towards the gipsy schoolboy.

“Did you get out of the boot-room window?” he asked breathlessly.

“No fear!”

“Then—you left a window open—”

“Yes.”

Angel almost panted with relief.

“Good! Then I can get in the same way!”

“Course you can, if you like!” said Mick. “But if you got out of the boot-room winder, why not get in the same way? It’s easier.”

“It’s been fastened!”

Mick whistled.

“Then you’re shut out?”

“Yes!” muttered Angel.

He eyed the gipsy anxiously. In Mick’s place, Angel certainly would have left his enemy in the lurch. It would have been easy for Mick to leave him to himself in the darkness, and he could not search the whole School House to find the window Mick had left unfastened. The dandy of the Fourth realised that his fate was in the hands of the gipsy schoolboy—the waif whom he had despised and scorned and sneered at, whom he would have thrashed without mercy had not the gipsy proved too strong for him.

He made an effort to choke down his dislike and repugnance. When it served his turn, Angel could be agreeable to a fellow he disliked.

“I—I’m sorry we had a row, kid,” he said, making the necessary effort. “You—you won’t leave me in the lurch now, because of that? Show me where to get in, won’t you, like a good chap?”

“Course I will!” said Mick at once; and Angel’s heart throbbed with relief. “Bless your heart, sir, I don’t bear any malice, though you was ‘ard on a chap who never meant you any harm! I’d have been glad to be friends, sir!”

Angel bit his lip.

“No reason why we shouldn’t be friends,” he said. “What window did you get out of?”

“The top attic,” said Mick.

“What?”



“Listen to me!” panted Angel. “I’m not Mick! My name’s Angel—” The whip was raised, but the blow never fell. The name on the junior’s tongue seemed to paralyse Barengro for the moment. “Angel!” he muttered hoarsely. (See Chapter 5.)

“It’s a bit of a climb,” said Mick, with a soft chuckle. “But I’ve climbed like a monkey ever since I was a little nipper. I get up on the box-room leads, and then climb the rainpipe to the roof, and crawl up the slates to the attic winder. See?”

Angel shuddered.

“You—you crawl up a sloping roof sixty feet from the ground?” he breathed.

“It ain’t nothing to me,” said Mick. Angel stood silent, overwhelmed. Not to save himself from expulsion ten times over would he have taken such a frightful risk. He knew, too, that he could not have taken it successfully. His nerve would have failed him, and he would have rolled from the slates, to crash in a lifeless mass on the ground below.

“I dessay it would be rather hefty for you, sir,” said Mick. “You ain’t had a training like mine.”

“I couldn’t do it!” groaned Angel. “I should be killed! I’m done for!”

“That’s orl right!” said Mick. “No need for you to do it. I can get in, and come down and open this ‘ere winder for you, Angel.”

“You’ll do that?” exclaimed Angel breathlessly.

“Course I will!” said Mick, in surprise. “You’d do it for me, I s’pose, if I was in the same fix?”

Angel’s hard heart smote him for a moment.

“I—I would, of—of course!” he stammered. “I—I’m sorry I’ve been down on you, Mick! You’re a good kid!”

Mick’s face brightened.

“I’m glad to hear you talk like that, sir!” he said earnestly. “I ain’t a bad sort of chap reely, though I’m only a rough gipsy, and, of course, ain’t the equal of a gentleman like you. It ain’t to be expected, is it? And I can’t help it, being brought up by a bloke like Barengro. I ain’t doing any harm out of bounds,” he added anxiously. “I don’t know why you’re out, Angel, but I only came out to wander round a bit. I couldn’t get out before bed, ‘cause Wharton and Bob Cherry and the others was keeping an eye on me. They wouldn’t let me break bounds this evening.” Mick chuckled softly. “So I left it till they was asleep, and then bunked from the dormitory! See?”

“I—I see!”

“Lucky for you, as it turns out!” said Mick cheerily. “I’m jolly glad of it, Angel! Now, you wait ‘ere till I’ve got the winder open!”

“Hurry up!” muttered Angel.

“Right-ho!”

Mick scudded along the wall, and clambered up the ivy to the leads under the box-room windows. Angel watched

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him. In the dimness of the night he could just make out the active figure of the gipsy schoolboy clinging to the rainpipe high above. He lost sight of the gipsy in the darkness, and waited anxiously, with beating heart. It seemed almost impossible for Mick to perform that perilous climb in safety, yet Angel guessed that he must have done it before, many times, since he had been at Greyfriars.

Minute followed minute, and there was no sound. Angel strained his eyes; but the night was too dark, and he could make out nothing above. He knew that Mick must have reached the disused attics by this time, however, and clambered in. He returned to the boot-room window and waited there, peering in at the dark glass.

Something moved within at last.

There was a creak as the little window opened. Mick's face grinned out of the shadows.

"Orl right!" he said. "Squeeze in!"

Angel climbed in at the window in a deeply thankful mood. He dropped inside, and Mick carefully closed the window and fastened it.

Silently they left the boot-room and threaded their way along dark passages, up shadowy staircases. On the dormitory landing Angel halted. The gipsy schoolboy had saved him from the sack—there was no doubt about that—and the escape had been so terribly narrow that Aubrey Angel could not help feeling for the moment something like the warmth of gratitude—and a pang of remorse. There was, perhaps, good in the blackguard of the Fourth somewhere, hidden deep under cynicism and vicious selfishness. Certainly for the present moment his feelings towards the waif of Greyfriars were kind.

"Good-night, kid!" he whispered. "I say, I'm sorry we've not been friends! I'm sorry—really! Good-night!"

He hurried on to the Fourth Form dormitory before Mick could answer.

The gipsy schoolboy went on to his own dormitory, and in the darkness his face was bright. He had friends in his own Form—friends whom he liked well—and Angel of the Fourth had been always his enemy. And yet a few kind words from Angel made him happy and contented.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

It was Bob Cherry's sleepy voice, as the gipsy schoolboy came into the Remove dormitory.

Mick closed the door softly.

"You awake?" he said.

Bob Cherry sat up in bed.

"That you, Mick?"

"Little me," said Mick, with a chuckle.

"You've been out of bounds, you young rascal!"

"You've guessed it."

"By gum!" said Bob. "We'll jolly well rag you to-morrow, Mick!"

"I ain't done any 'arm!"

"Suppose you'd been nailed, you young ass, with Quelchy wax with you a'ready?"

"Well, I wasn't nailed. Good-night!"

"Good-night, you young ruffian!"

Bob Cherry turned his head on his pillow and went to sleep again. And Mick was sleeping soundly about two seconds after he had turned in.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Faithful Friends!

"COURT-MARTIAL at six."

"Eh?"

"In Study No. 1."

"Look 'ere——"

"You're to turn up for judgment, Mick."

Harry Wharton spoke seriously, and the gipsy schoolboy blinked at him in some dismay.

"What's the row?" he asked.

"You broke bounds last night," said the captain of the Remove severely.

"Well, you ain't a prefect," said Mick.

"You ain't no call to interfere."

"You've got to chuck it," explained Wharton. "We're going to sit in judgment on you, and give you something for your own good. See?"

"But look 'ere——"

"It's that, or the long jump, in the long run," said Wharton. "We're going to save you from the long jump. You're too good a kid to be kicked out of Greyfriars for playing the goat! Court-martial at six."

And the captain of the Remove walked on, leaving the gipsy schoolboy grinning a little.

At lessons that morning Mick did not display any sign of fatigue from having lost so much sleep overnight. Old habits and customs were strong, and Mick was habituated to taking his sleep at any time, day or night. In the Fourth Form room it was a different case with Aubrey Angel. The elegant dandy of the Fourth had not the hard fortitude of the gipsy schoolboy; he had not slept till long after midnight, and in the morning he was pale and irritable and savage-tempered. Mr. Capper, the master of the Fourth, "lined" him for carelessness, and then caned him for impertinence, and by the time morning classes were over Angel was in a temper that made Kenney give him a wide berth when the Fourth came out of their Form room.

In that state of temper Angel was prepared to quarrel with any fellow who could not lick him, or who had powerful reasons for not doing so; and as Kenney toadied to his wealthy study-mate, he sagely avoided his company till he should be feeling better.

Angel loafed out into the quadrangle by himself, feeling seedy and savage, and longing for somebody to wreak his amiable feelings upon. By that time, his momentary impulse of kindness towards the gipsy had long vanished. Angel had a long memory for injuries, real or fancied, but a remarkably short one for benefits. Mick's service of the night before only added to his irritation if he thought of it; he hated being under an obligation to a fellow whom he disliked and despised, and whom he meant to injure if he could.

Mick sighted him in the quad, and up with a sunny face. The cloud on Angel's brow did not warn him.

Poor Mick was under the impression that all unfriendliness had blown over—an impression that was very quickly to be removed.

He did not have time to speak.

Angel stared him insolently in the face, and then turned on his heel and walked away.

Mick stood staring after him.

That "cut direct" was utterly unexpected; he had looked for at least a smile and a friendly word.

A flush came into his dark, sunburnt face, and a gleam into his eyes; but they faded, leaving him with a troubled and

harassed expression. He was still standing, staring after the elegant figure of Angel loitering in the distance, when he received a resounding smack on the shoulder.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Oh!" ejaculated Mick, turning to see Bob Cherry.

"Wherefore that worried brow?" asked Bob.

"Oh, nothin'!"

"Worrying about the giddy court-martial in your study this evening?" asked Bob, with a grin.

"Eh? No! Rot!"

"You'll find it isn't rot," said Bob. "We're taking you in hand, young 'un, and bringing you up in the way you should go."

Mick did not answer.

"But what's the trouble, kid?" asked Bob good-naturedly. "I noticed Angel just now—manners of a hog, as per usual. You don't mind him, surely?"

"He ain't a 'og!" said Mick.

"What?"

"He wouldn't speak to me," said the gipsy, his under-lip trembling a little.

"Well, why should he?" asked Bob, in surprise. "You've had nothing to do with Angel, except to thrash him."

"I never wanted to touch him, only he made me. Skinner and those rotters egged him on, too."

"Well, what does it matter, anyhow?"

Mick did not reply to that.

"You haven't taken a fancy to Angel because he's so like you to look at, have you?" asked Bob, more and more astonished. "My dear chap, you must be an ass. Angel's an awful outsider. Besides, fellows never make friends outside their own Forms. Come and help me punt this footer about, and don't be a goat!"

But Mick did not join in punting the footer. He drove his hands deep into his pockets, and walked away by himself, and wandered in the Cloisters till dinner.

He was feeling unhappy and troubled, he hardly knew why. Mick was no fool; and he had a fairly clear idea of the kind of fellow Aubrey Angel was, and he knew that the supercilious cad of the Fourth was generally disliked, and had earned the dislike and deserved it. To Mick, Angel had been particularly unpleasant. And yet, somehow, Mick did not dislike him. Angel was his enemy; but he felt no enmity towards the handsome Fourth-Former. He wondered whether it was, as Bob had carelessly suggested, because he was so like Angel in looks. The homeless waif, without a relation in the world to call his own, hardly knew what kinship meant—and perhaps the fact that he was like Angel, made him feel less lonely in the wide world where he belonged to nobody. He knew that he would have been very glad of Angel's friendship, or even of a kind glance occasionally from him.

At dinner Angel glanced over from the Fourth Form table, and his eyes rested for a moment on Mick. He found that Mick was looking at him, and his lip curled contemptuously.

Mick flushed and looked down on his plate.

Why was he so like this fellow who condemned him? he wondered. Fellows, for the purpose of chipping Angel, had playfully suggested the possibility of relationship between them. Mick had not taken the suggestion with any seriousness, and yet he had wondered. Such likenesses were very rare excepting among near relations. His own name he had never known—he did not even know

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his age, or whether he was really of gipsy blood. The thought of finding a relation—someone who would be something more to him from the tie of blood than the kindest friend could be—made the lonely waif's heart beat.

But the gipsy schoolboy made no further attempt to approach Angel of the Fourth. He had his own pride—a higher pride than Angel's, as a matter of fact. When the juniors left hall after dinner, and Angel passed the gipsy with his nose in the air, Mick did not even seem to see him. He went off with the Famous Five to punt a footer about, and was soon his cheery and careless self again.

Mick went to tea in hall instead of turning up as usual in Study No. 1—perhaps mindful of the threatened court-martial. But it booted not, as a poet would say; for when he came out after tea he found five cheery juniors waiting for him. Wharton and Nugent linked arms with their gipsy study-mate, and the other three gathered round him.

"March!" said Bob Cherry.

"Look 'ere——" began Mick.

"Have you forgotten the court-martial?" demanded Wharton.

Mick grinned.

"Oh, chuck it!" he said.

"March!"

Mick had to march, and he was marched upstairs. On the landing Angel of the Fourth passed them, and he glanced at the crowd of juniors with a sneering smile. Mick was resisting a little, and the Famous Five, though good-humoured, were quite determined to get him to the study. To Angel's eyes it looked like a rag. That the chums of the Remove would trouble their heads about the gipsy for his own sake was a thought that never occurred to Aubrey Angel. Concern for others was not one of his weaknesses.

"So you're fed up with your gipsy pal?" he said.

Wharton looked at him.

"Look 'ere, you chaps——" protested Mick.

"Kim on!" roared Bob Cherry.

"I ain't coming!"

"You are!"

"You lend me a 'and, Angel!" called out Mick.

Angel gave a sneering laugh.

"I wouldn't touch you with a barge-pole!" he answered. "If the Remove are raggin' you, serve you jolly well right. I wonder they haven't done it before, you gipsy ragamuffin."

Mick bit his lip hard.

Bob Cherry made a sign to his comrades and released Mick. He stepped in front of Angel as the dandy of the Fourth was going on his way.

"You've made a little mistake," he remarked.

"What do you mean?"

"We're not ragging Mick," explained Bob cheerily. "We're looking after Mick for his own good, whether he likes it or not. That's quite different from a ragging. So that you sha'n't make another mistake like that, Angel, we'll show you what a ragging is like."

Angel jumped back.

"Look here——"

Bob had collared him before he could escape. Johnny Bull laid a pair of muscular hands on him at the same moment.

Either of the two sturdy Removees could have handled Angel with ease. In the hands of the two of them the dandy of the Fourth was quite powerless.

"Let me go!" he shouted furiously.

"I want nothin' to do with you Remove cads! Let me go!"

"You should have thought of that before you butted in and called our gipsy pal names!" said Bob Cherry, with a grin. "Now we're going to show you what a ragging is like."

"The ragfulness will be terrific, my esteemed sneaking Angel," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "Proceed with the ragfulness, my worthy chums, while I hold the excellent Mick by his ridiculous ear."

Angel struggled and yelled. But Wharton and Nugent collared him also. In four pairs of hands he was lifted off his feet and taken down the next flight of stairs. On each stair his head was bumped gently, and his carefully-parted hair suffered considerably. At every bump Angel let out a furious yell.

On the next landing he was flattened down, and the merry Removees wiped their boots on his elegant attire and left him.

"That's a ragging, Angel," said Bob Cherry over his shoulder. "You'll know next time."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Angel sat up breathlessly, and burst into a torrent of savage words. The Removees went up the stairs unheeding, but Gwynne of the Sixth, coming along in time to hear Angel's choice epithets, took heed at once. He also took Angel by one ear and lifted him to his feet.

"Swearing, is it?" said Gwynne. "You precious young scoundrel, come to my study!"

And in the prefect's study Angel had the pleasure, or otherwise, of bending over a chair, while he received six of the best. It was not Aubrey's lucky day.

Meanwhile, the Famous Five had persuaded Mick, forcibly, into Study No. 1, where the court-martial sat in due form. Mick was in the midst of the circle of his friends, grinning, and he was still grinning when sentence was pronounced. Wharton, as captain of the Form, promulgated the sentence.

"A dozen swipes unless Mick gives his word not to break dorm bounds again!" he said.

"Passed unanimously!" said Bob.

"Now, Mick, it's up to you."

"Rats!" said Mick.

"We know you'll keep your word," said Wharton. "Will you promise not to break bounds?"

"No."

"You know you'll get the order of the boot if you keep on?"

"I'll chance it."

"Last time of asking!" said the captain of the Remove.

"Bosh!" said Mick.

Wharton picked up a stump.

"Bend over!"

"Rats!"

"Put him over!"

Mick struggled, but he was put over a chair. Then he received the dozen, not quite so severe as the six Angel had received from Gwynne. He bore the infliction without a murmur.

"So that's that!" said Wharton, throwing down the stump. "You know it's for your own good, Mick."

"I know," said the gipsy.

"You'll get the same every time you break bounds!"

"Orlright."

"Look here, you young ass——"

"Oh, cheese it!" said Mick. He rose and shook himself. "You blokes can't hit."

"What!"

"I got tough with Barendro," grinned Mick. "Why, it was like a fly brushing on a cove, what you call a licking."

And, with a laugh, the gipsy schoolboy scuttled out of Study No. 1. Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another rather blankly.

"It hasn't done him much good," said Johnny Bull.

"Well, we've done our best," said Wharton. "We'll keep it up, and perhaps he'll get tired before we do."

"Hear, hear!"

"Unless he's caught out of bounds and sacked before we cure him," said Frank Nugent.

"Well, that's what we're trying to prevent. We'll keep on doing our best like good pals."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And a couple of days later, the wandering spirit having seized the gipsy schoolboy again after lights out, the faithful friends dealt with him faithfully again. But, though they hoped for the best, they could not help feeling doubtful whether they would succeed in saving the gipsy schoolboy from the results of his own recklessness.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### An Alarm in the Night!

"FIRE!"

Clang, clang, clang!

It was Coker of the Fifth who gave the alarm in the first place. Coker of the Fifth had discovered the fire, and Coker was prompt to act. Coker prided himself upon his prompt efficiency.

It was by a lucky chance that Coker had made the discovery. He was sleepless that night. As a rule, Coker of the Fifth slept like a top, not to say a log. But he had had an argument with some Removees in the evening. Coker felt that the Removees had been cheeky, and he argued the matter with them, introducing a heavy hand into the discussion. The argument had ended with Coker on the floor and seven or eight Removees piled on him; and when Coker had escaped he had collected a number of bumps and bruises that was beyond counting. Hence his unaccustomed insomnia. Several times Horace Coker slept, and then he woke again and rubbed a bump, and snorted and turned over. And it was in one of these wakeful intervals that he noticed a red flare in the sky from the high window of the Fifth Form dormitory.

Coker sat up in bed.

It was a fine night, but dark, and certainly no light should have been visible from the windows. But there it was—a wavering, flickering, ruddy light against the darkness of the sky. Evidently it was the reflection of a fire, blazing and burning quite close at hand. Coker stared at it for a moment or two, and then bounded out of bed.

"Fire!" he roared.

He jumped into his trousers.

"Fire! Fire!"

"Eh, what?" Potter woke up.

"What?"

"Fire!"

"What's that?" exclaimed Blundell, the captain of the Fifth, sitting up in bed.

"Fire!" roared Coker.

"Coker says it's a fire!" yawned Potter. "Go and put it out, Coker! Put yourself out, too! Good-night!"

(Continued on page 16.)

—and adventure—starts in the MAGNET very shortly!



**MICK THE UNTAMABLE!**

(Continued from page 13.)

And Potter turned over and went to sleep again. He knew Coker too well to heed anything that Coker might say on any subject or any occasion.

"Fire!" bawled Coker.

In pyjamas and trousers, without waiting for more, Coker of the Fifth rushed to the door. He left the Fifth Form dormitory in a buzz behind him.

"I say, there really is a fire!" exclaimed Greene. "Look at the sky!"

"Fire! Fire!" roared Coker, as he rushed down the passage, turning on every electric light he passed.

Coker knew where the alarm-bell was; he knew that it was a fellow's duty to ring the alarm-bell in case of fire. Moments might mean lives; Greyfriars was crowded with fellows, and the fire might be anywhere—might be spreading anywhere. Coker made a desperate rush for the rope, and started ringing.

Clang, clang, clang!

Through the still autumn night crashed the raucous tones of the bell.

Clang, clang, clang, clang!

"Fire! Fire! Fire!"

Loud and insistent, the alarm-bell woke every soul at Greyfriars. Even Billy Bunter, in the Remove dormitory, woke up.

The alarm was general.

Fellows fairly bolted out of bed. They shouted and yelled to one another. Doors opened, lights flashed on all sides. Mr. Quelch, in dressing-gown and slippers, was the first master to appear. Mr. Prout and Mr. Capper came hurriedly out, half-dressed. Wingate of the Sixth and the other prefects rushed forth from their rooms. Down the staircases swarmed a mob of juniors.

Clang, clang, clang!

"Coker! It is you, Coker!" Mr. Quelch grasped the vigorous arm of the Fifth-Former. "Stop! Cease! Do you hear?"

Coker clanged on.

"There's a fire, sir! Fire! Fire! Fire!"

"The house is not on fire!" shrieked Mr. Quelch.

"There's a fire! You can see it at the windows, sir! Fire! Fire!" roared Coker, with all the force of his lungs.

"Boy! Cease—cease ringing this bell instantly!"

"Rot!" snorted Coker.

"What? What?"

"Rot!" said Coker. It was no time to show respect of persons, Coker felt that. He wasn't going to have Greyfriars burned to the ground to please any silly Form master. "Leave me alone! Fire! Fire! Fire!"

Mr. Quelch glared at Coker for a moment. Then he fixed an iron grip on Coker's neck, and fairly yanked him away from the bell-rope. Coker staggered along and sprawled on the floor.

"Oh!" he gasped. "Ow!"

The alarm-bell ceased to ring suddenly. But from every quarter of the rambling old buildings of Greyfriars came voices of alarm.

"Order!" shouted Mr. Quelch. "Order! Calm yourselves! The house is not on fire!"

"There seems to be a fire going on outside somewhere, sir," said Wingate of the Sixth.

"Apparently. But there is no smoke

here, or any smell of burning. If that foolish boy attempts to ring the bell again, kindly restrain him!" snapped the Remove master.

Coker sat up and gasped.

"I say, sir—"

"Silence, Coker!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"But I say, but for me you might all have been burned in your beds!" howled Coker indignantly. "The place is on fire—"

"It is not on fire!" shrieked Mr. Quelch. "If you touch that bell-rope again, Coker, you shall be flogged!"

"Oh, my hat!" stuttered Coker.

Mr. Quelch rushed away, with several of the prefects, and a mob of other fellows. The great door on the quad was flung open, and then the view of the fire was clearer. It was burning, at a little distance from the house; burning, brightly, with flames that leaped and blazed and cast ruddy reflections. The ruddy light was reflected on scores of windows. But the cause of the fire was a mystery. Mr. Quelch stared at it from the School House steps in blank astonishment.

"It's a fire in the open air, sir," said Gwynne.

"But who—what—" stuttered Mr. Quelch.

"It doesn't seem to have caught any of the buildings," said Blundell of the Fifth.

"Not at all," said the Remove master.

"But—"

"The hose—the hose!" shouted Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth. "Why is not the hose out? The hose—"

"The hose is not needed!" shrieked Mr. Quelch. "None of the buildings is on fire."

"What? What?"

"It is a fire in the open air!" gasped the Remove master. "Someone has—has carelessly lighted a fire! Goodness knows how or why! It seems to be on the Sixth Form green."

"It beats me!" said Wingate. "Better investigate, sir, I think. Surely no gipsy could have got into the school grounds and camped and lighted a camp-fire."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. But Bob Cherry, who heard the words, gave a jump. It did not seem so impossible to him. He caught Harry Wharton by the arm.

"A gipsy!" he breathed. "Mick—"

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Harry.

"Was he in the dorm when we turned out—"

"Blessed if I know!"

"Let's see if it's that mad ass," whispered Bob. "Great pip! There'll be a frightful row over this! Come on!"

"All juniors remain in the house!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

But Wharton and Bob turned a deaf ear; they were too anxious about Mick to heed even their Form master just then. They sped away into the darkness, heading for the leaping, dancing fire—anxious to reach the spot before wrathful and outraged authority reached it, in the shape of masters and prefects.

**THE TENTH CHAPTER.****Only Mick!**

**M**ICK!

The two juniors gasped out the name together.

There he was!

In the middle of the Sixth Form Green, the camp-fire of the gipsy-blazed

and sparkled. That green, enclosed by little posts and spikey iron chains, was a sacred spot; a junior could not even walk across it by the path, without being cuffed, if a Sixth-Former spotted him. Only the great men of the top Form sauntered on that green, with the air of monarchs of all they surveyed. And on that sacred green Mick, the gipsy, was camped, and a camp-fire was scorching a great round spot in the middle of the carefully-kept lawn.

Twigs and broken boughs and old barrel-staves formed the fire, and it flamed high and wide. Over it was set a tripod, three sticks joined at the top gipsy fashion, and slung from them an iron pot, with a savoury stew simmering therein. Evidently the poacher had been at work again; it was a rabbit stew that Mick was cooking.

The gipsy was tending the stew, heedless of everything else. He was not dressed in his Etons. Bob Cherry had long ago destroyed the old rags Mick had worn before coming to Greyfriars. But Mick had evidently supplied their place, possibly by plundering a scarecrow. He wore a ragged pair of old tarry trousers, and a torn and tattered coat that nearly swept the ground behind him. His head and feet were bare. His dark, handsome face was marked with grime from charred wood. His hair was a tousled mass.

"Mick!"

The gipsy did not even look round.

Harry Wharton caught him by the shoulder and shook him forcibly, and then the gipsy schoolboy turned to him.

"Mick! Are you mad?"

"It's nearly done," said Mick.

"Eh? What is?"

"My supper."

"Oh, ye gods!" gasped Bob Cherry helplessly.

"I'm hungry," said Mick. "I've been out for hours in the woods, and I can tell you I'm hungry! Let a bloke alone!"

"Do you think Mr. Quelch will let you alone, and the Head?" exclaimed Wharton. "Don't you know the whole school is roused? Haven't you heard the alarm-bell?"

"I 'eard it."

"Coker thought the house was on fire, and gave the alarm—"

"Coker's a fool!"

"You awful ass!" exclaimed Bob. "This will be the finish! The Sixth Form green—a camp-fire—oh, great Scott!"

"You don't mean to say it was this 'ere fire caused all that row I've 'eard!" exclaimed Mick in surprise.

"Yes, you young ass!"

"Well, a bloke wants his supper," said Mick. "You let me alone. I ain't going in."

The schoolboy seemed to have vanished; it was pure gipsy that remained. Greyfriars ways, so far as Mick had picked them up, had dropped from him like a cloak, and he was once more the ragged, untamed waif of Barengro's gipsy camp.

"They're coming!" exclaimed Bob.

They were coming—indeed, they had come! Mr. Quelch and Mr. Prout sailed majestically on the Sixth Form green. Five or six seniors followed them; a mob of fellows of lower Forms stopped by the chains. The two masters blinked at Mick, in doubt of the evidence of their eyesight.

"Boy!" said Mr. Prout feebly.

"Boy!" stuttered Mr. Quelch.

Mick faced them, backing away a little defensively. The sight of the masters' horrified faces recalled him to himself a

Turn back to the preceding pages and have another look at that prize list!



little. He was schoolboy again as well as gipsy.

"How dare you?" thundered the Remove master.

"I—I—" "You left your dormitory after lights out?"

"Ye-e-es, sir." "You dared to—to—to light a camp-fire here—on the Sixth Form Green?" babbled Mr. Quelch. "After midnight you—"

"I—I'm used to it, sir," stammered Mick. "I—I never meant no offence, sir! I'm sorry, sir!"

"It is amazing—incredible!" burred Mr. Prout, purple with wrath. "The whole school alarmed by this freak of a juvenile savage! I have no doubt that now the Head will correct his mistake in allowing this—this untamable barbarian to enter the school!"

"Very probably," said Mr. Quelch. "Oh, sir!" said Mick.

"Wingate! Will you take this boy into the House and lock him in the punishment-room for the night?" said Mr. Quelch.

"Certainly, sir!" "Mick, go with Wingate at once!"

The gipsy schoolboy hesitated. The savoury smell from the rabbit stew seemed to hold him.

"Do you hear me?" exclaimed the Remove master.

"My supper, sir—" "What! What! Wingate, take him away."

"Come along, you young ruffian!" exclaimed the captain of Greyfriars, and he took Mick by the collar of his ragged old coat.

In Wingate's powerful grasp the gipsy schoolboy was led away. The firelight on the Six Form green flickered and danced on a crowd of amazed faces.

"Boys, stamp out this fire," said Mr. Quelch. "The juniors will go into the House at once and return to their

dormitories. Every Lower boy outside the House will be punished."

There was a scampering of the juniors at once. To the seniors of the Sixth and Fifth was left the task of stamping out the gipsy's camp-fire. Harry Wharton & Co. returned breathlessly to the Remove dormitory. There was a buzz of amazed talk from end to end of Greyfriars.

"I say, you fellows," squeaked Billy Bunter, "that gipsy will be sacked for this!"

"Jolly sure!" said Skinner. And Harry Wharton & Co. could not help feeling that there was little doubt about it. Mick's days at Greyfriars were numbered; and the chums of the Remove were sorry enough.

But there was one fellow in the Fourth Form dormitory who rejoiced. That one was Aubrey Angel.

Angel had turned out at the alarm, and he grinned gleefully when he learned what was the matter. He was feeling very satisfied when he laid his head on the pillow again.

"No need for that ruffian Barendro now," he murmured to himself. "The cad will be kicked out—kicked out of the school as safe as houses! I dare say Barendro will get him afterwards. All the better if he does! Anyhow, he goes, and Greyfriars will be rid of him."

Which was a happy reflection for Aubrey Angel. It was only a few days since Mick had saved him from an almost certain kicking-out himself; but services and benefits did not linger long in Aubrey Angel's memory. The gipsy was going, and Aubrey Angel was satisfied.

#### THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER. The Gipsy's Luck!

**A**LL Greyfriars gathered round the Sixth Form green the next morning to stare at the burnt patch of grass.

Most of the juniors grinned when they looked at it. The astounding check of

the gipsy schoolboy in building his camp-fire in such a place rather appealed to them; and they were entertained, too, by the lofty wrath of the Sixth.

To the Sixth Form it was something like sacrilege. They could scarcely believe their eyes as they stared at the burnt patch. But there it was! Every fellow in the Sixth was assured that the cheeky young rascal would be "bunked" for what he had done. Even the sack was really an inadequate punishment, considering what he had done. Loder of the Sixth expressed a hope that he would be flogged before he was sacked.

Meanwhile, Mick was locked in the punishment-room, while the powers debated his fate.

That morning he was not seen by any of the school. The Remove missed him from the Form-room.

In the Remove-room Mr. Quelch had a frowning brow. The Remove were on their good behaviour that morning. Mr. Quelch was not in a mood to be trifled with.

He was angry, and he was worried too. He had done a great deal for the waif of Greyfriars, and he knew that Mick was not ungrateful. But the boy's wild, untamed nature was too strong for him. Mr. Quelch felt that all his efforts had been wasted, and that Greyfriars was no place for the waif of a gipsy camp.

He was disappointed and troubled, and he was worried. He liked Mick—the boy's fearlessness and frankness, and many other good qualities, appealed to him. He had hoped to turn him into a creditable member of the school. He did not like admitting failure. And having once taken on the responsibility of Mick, Mr. Quelch felt a real concern for the boy's future when he should be sent away.

He would have to go back to his protector, Sir Hilton Popper. The old baronet would have to find another school for him. It was more probable,



"Boy! Cease ringing that bell instantly!" "Rot!" snorted Coker. "What?" babbled Mr. Quelch. "Rot!" repeated Coker. "Leave me alone! Fire, fire, fire!" Mr. Quelch glared at Coker for a moment. Then he fixed an iron grip on the Fifth-former's neck and fairly yanked him away from the bell-rope. (See Chapter 9.)

Have you ever seen one to equal it? No—and you never will!



however, that Sir Hilton—never a patient or forbearing man—would be too disgusted with the boy, for throwing away his chances like this, to do anything further for him. And if he washed his hands of the waif, what was to become of him?

Harry Wharton & Co. were troubled, too. They liked Mick, and they had stood by him in many difficulties—even to the extent of giving him a dozen or two with a stump when he kicked over the traces. After morning lessons they consulted on the subject, and the outcome of the consultation was a visit of the Famous Five to Mr. Quelch's study.

The Remove master eyed them when they came in hesitatingly.

"Well?" he snapped.

Harry Wharton coughed.

"If—if you please, sir—"

"Well?"

"About—about Mick—" stammered the captain of the Remove.

"We—we hope, sir—" stammered Bob.

"Kindly say what you have come to say!" said Mr. Quelch testily.

"The hopefulness is great that the esteemed master sahib will take a merciful view of the gipsy's transgressiveness!" said Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh earnestly.

Mr. Quelch's stern face twitched for a moment.

"The chap's a bit wild, sir," said Nugent. "But he's our study-mate in No. 1, and we've found him a decent fellow. We—we hope he ain't going to be bunked—"

"What?"

"I—I mean, sacked—" stammered Nugent.

"Cannot you say what you mean in English?"

"Oh! Ah! Yes! We hope he isn't going to be expelled, sir!" gasped Nugent.

"It's a bit hard on the kid, considering his training, sir," said Johnny Bull. "We—we'd like you to know what the Remove think about it, sir. He's a young ass, but there's no harm in him."

"That's it, sir!" said Harry. "And if he leaves the school that brute Barendro may get hold of him again, sir!"

Then the Famous Five stood silent, looking at the floor, and wondering whether Mr. Quelch intended to give them two each for their cheek. But the Remove master did not stretch out his hand to his cane.

Instead of that, his brow cleared, and he looked at the chums of the Lower Fourth very kindly.

"Thank you, my boys," he said. "I shall consider what you have said, and you may be sure that the matter will be carefully gone into before any step is taken. You may go."

And the Famous Five went, in a more hopeful mood.

After dinner Mr. Quelch was seen to go to the Head's study, and all the school knew that Mick's fate was being settled within the walls of that august apartment.

A few minutes later a prefect fetched Mick from the punishment-room. A crowd of fellows watched him on his way to the Head's study.

The gipsy schoolboy was looking serious and downcast. But he smiled faintly as he caught the anxious glances of his friends in the Lower Fourth.

"Buck up, Mick!" murmured Bob Cherry.

Mick nodded, and followed the prefect

into the Head's study. The door closed on him.

There was a murmur of voices within; but no words, of course, penetrated to the corridor.

Harry Wharton & Co. waited at a respectful distance. Angel of the Fourth came along the corridor, elegant and lofty as usual, with a smile on his face.

"That gipsy fellow on the carpet now?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Wharton shortly.

"He'll be bunked, of course."

"I'm afraid so."

Angel smiled again.

"Not much doubt about it—what?" he asked. "Well, it's rather a good thing for Greyfriars! Don't you think so?"

"You know we don't!" growled Bob Cherry savagely. "Shut up, Angel!"

"I suppose old Popper will be fed with him, and he'll go back to the gipsies!" drawled Angel. "Isn't that the right place for the rotten outsider?"

It entertained Angel to "draw" the chums of the Remove, in their present troubled frame of mind. But they were not inclined just then to be patient with the cad of the Fourth, and he drew rather more than he anticipated. Bob Cherry hit out and caught Angel on the chin with a hefty set of knuckles, and the Fourth-Former sat down with a yell.

"Now call Mick some more names, and I'll give you some more!" snorted Bob, glaring down at him.

Angel leaped up, and was springing at Bob, when the door of the Head's

study opened and Mr. Quelch came out.

"What—" he began.

Aubrey Angel dropped his hands. Mr. Quelch gave him a severe look, and he lounged sullenly down the corridor. The Remove master stopped to speak to the Famous Five.

"I am glad to say, my boys, that the Head has decided to take a lenient view," he said.

The juniors brightened up.

"Mick's staying, sir?" asked Wharton.

"He will remain at Greyfriars for the present on probation," said Mr. Quelch. "He will be flogged for his outrageous conduct last night. If he makes the necessary effort to overcome his wild ways, he will remain a Greyfriars boy; but if he should transgress again in the same way he must go. That is Dr. Locke's decision."

"It gives him a chance, sir," said Harry.

Mr. Quelch nodded.

"You boys may be able to help him," he said. "You are in his Form, and I think you are his friends—"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"If you can help him to learn a sense of discipline and order, you may save him from being thrown upon the world," said the Remove master. "A boy who flouts all authority cannot remain in the school. But I am convinced that he will improve, with patience and care. I sincerely hope so, at least. I rely upon you boys to do all you can for him."

And Mr. Quelch passed on.

"So we jolly well will!" said Bob Cherry. "I'll give him a thundering good licking next time he plays the goat!"

The chums of the Remove waited, and they heard a sound of steady swishing from the Head's study. Mick, the gipsy, was going through it. When he came out at last, his dark face was a little pale and his lips were set.

Bob Cherry slipped an arm through his.

"Come on, old bean!" he said.

And Mick was led away.

The Sixth were quite shocked. There was the burnt patch on the Sixth Form green—defying for quite a long time the efforts of the Head's gardener—and the offender was still at Greyfriars. But the Head's decision was law. Mick remained.

Angel gritted his teeth savagely when he heard it.

The luck of the waif had held good, and Aubrey Angel's eyes gleamed at him when he saw the gipsy walking the quad with his chums of the Lower Fourth.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "He's still here, you see, Angel, old bean! Don't you feel pleased?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Angel turned away with a savage scowl. The gipsy was still there—a thorn in his side. But there was still Barendro to be reckoned on. After his narrow escape, and with the care of his faithful chums in the Remove, Mick, the gipsy, was not likely to risk expulsion again. Angel felt that he could not hope for that. But there was still Barendro. The gipsy schoolboy's enemy had not done with him yet.

THE END.

(Next Monday's great story is entitled: "The Luck of the Gipsy," by Frank Richards. In the meantime, have a shot at our grand Competition on pages 14-15.)

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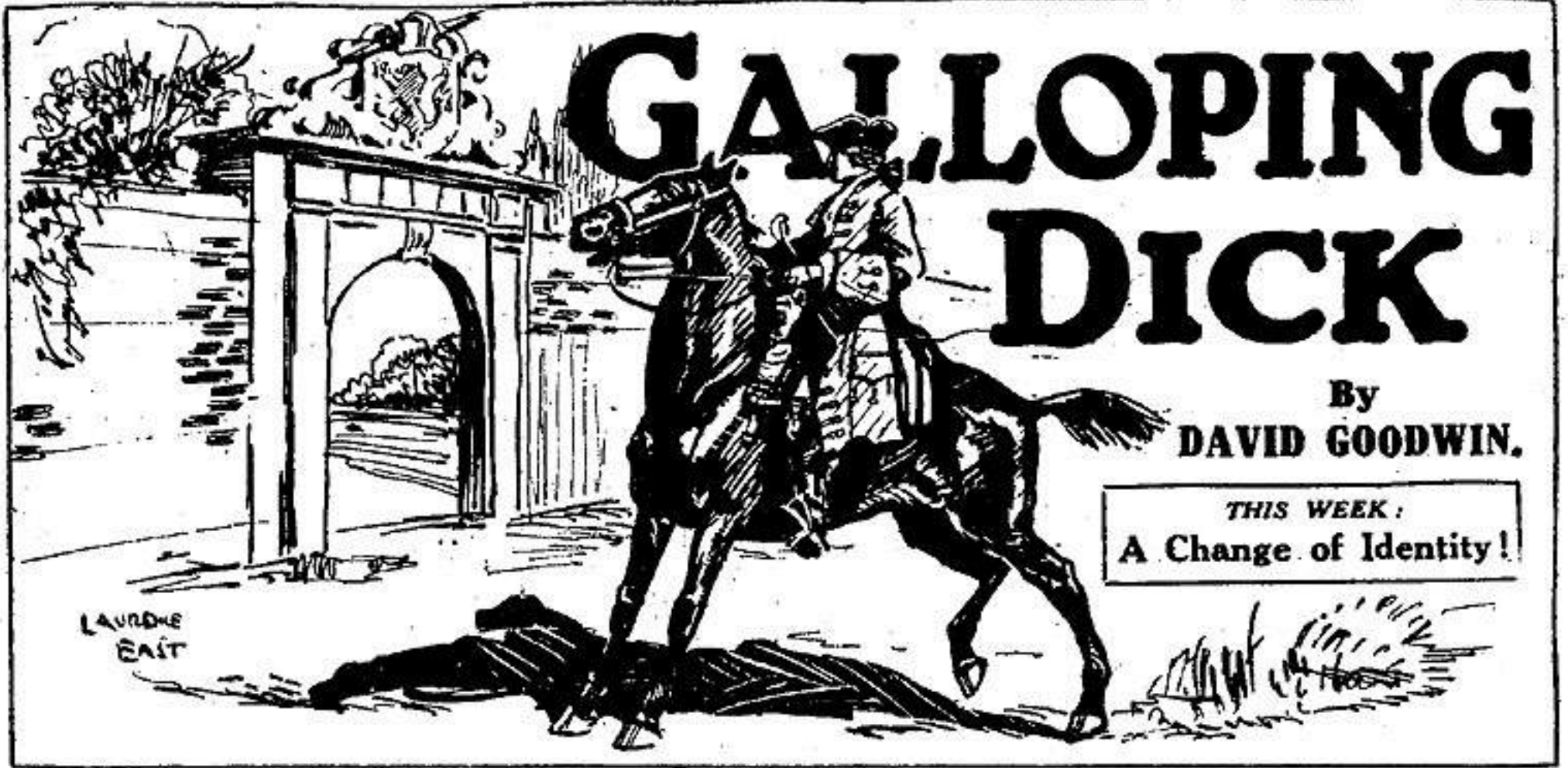
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# GALLOPING DICK

By  
**DAVID GOODWIN.**

**THIS WEEK:  
A Change of Identity!**

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### The Victim of Dr. Stott!

**B**OO-HOO! Boo-hoo! Hoo!" Swish! Whack! Swish! "Zounds!" said Galloping Dick to himself, a faint grin spreading itself over his face. "Here is an erring youth on whom the dominie's cane is making sad practice. Hark how the strokes whistle through the air!"

He was riding down the road that leads from Horton Town, and it was from the open window of the red schoolhouse that stood by itself near the highway that the dolorous sounds came forth. Dick could not see into the school-room, but it was plain that one of the youthful scholars was getting a most satisfying flogging.

Swish! Whack! "Ooo! Boo-hoo!" "There, sirrah, let that teach you to refrain from drawing portraits on your slate. Next time, see that you have enough pocket-money wherewith to pay the just fine. Out with you, sirrah, and stay out till the class is over!"

There was a sound of two feet regaining the floor again, hurried footsteps, and a door opened and shut. Inside the room the chant of boys' voices repeating Latin prose broke forth again, the harsh voice of the master cutting in from time to time.

But through the gate into the playground came a small boy with a freckled face and fiery red hair, his shoulders heaving somewhat with sobs, and wiping his eyes with his sleeve. He wandered forlornly to the outer gate.

"What's the matter, young 'un?" said Dick. "Was that you they were whacking?"

"Um!" said the boy, making a wry face at the remembrance of it.

"What for?" Dick had arrived at an age when he forgot the etiquette of questioning on these delicate matters.

"For having no pocket-money," said the boy. "I hadn't any to give Old Spot."

"Who's Old Spot?"

"Dr. Stott—our Head, you know."

"But, odd's fish," exclaimed Dick, "does your headmaster ask you for pocket-money, and flog you if he doesn't get it?"

"Oh, it isn't quite that!" said the boy, shaking his red head solemnly. "But, you see, we're fined for everything we aren't supposed to do—all sorts of things. If a fellow does anything wrong, he's fined—from tuppence up to two shillings. If he hasn't any money, and can't pay, he gets whacked instead!"

"A mighty queer arrangement!" muttered

Dick. "I never heard of such a thing. You are always flogged, then, I suppose, all of you, rather than pay?"

"Phew!" said the boy. "Not me! I can stand anything in reason, but you don't know Old Spot's floggings. They're awful! You heard me yelling just now, and I'm pretty tough. I don't yell for nothing. But I'd hand over a guinea, if I had it, to save myself from one of Spot's whackings."

"He must be something of a brute," said Dick. "I suppose boys at a village school don't get enough pocket-money to be always paying fines?"

"Well, most of us have parents who are pretty well off, you see," said the boy. "We prepare for Winchester and Rugby. The fellows are always having to worry their people for more pocket-money, and Old Spot knows when they've got it. It's fine, fine, fine all the time. But my people aren't very well off, you see, so I get a lot of Old Spot's birch."

"Odds bodikins!" said Dick. "What becomes of all these fines? Do they go in prizes, or what?"

"Oh, Old Spot sticks to them!" said the boy. "He's a bit of a miser, you know. He's got a chest full upstairs—all filled with fines!"

"What!" cried Dick, his brow clouding ominously. "Do you tell me so? But what do your parents say to this?"

"They don't know. Can't tell tales out of school, you know; and, besides, it's the only way out of Spot's whackings. We're none of us here for very long, but he's doing well out of it, I should say."

"Pah! The man's a swindling shark!" said Dick to himself, frowning.

He turned to the boy again.

"How long has this been going on?"

"Oh, years! It's been pretty bad this half. We're all rather short of money just now; of course, we've never any to spend on ourselves. But there's a new fellow coming to-morrow—a big chap, nearly seventeen, who's very backward, and has to be coached up. He's a cousin of mine, and I told him what to expect."

"Ah!" said Dick. "Has Dr. Stott never seen him?"

"No. Jack Brougham's his name. He'll come to-morrow in his father's chaise, which will be put up at the Lion, in Horton, and he'll feed there—he's got lots of money—before he comes on. He's a good chap, Jack, but a bit soft, you know. Old Spot'll keep him busy writing for pocket-money when he gets to work on him."

"Ha!" said Dick, pondering deeply. "Look

here, young man, I've a good mind to come to your school—as a new boy, you know!"

"You!" said the youngster, with a chuckle. "Why, you're eighteen, if you're a day!"

"I'm clean-shaven. In your cousin's school clothes I shall look about his age. Can I rely on you not to betray me?"

"Rather!" chuckled the boy. "What a spree! But what do you want to come for?"

"I want to get fined by Old Spot, as you call him."

"My eye! Who are you?"

"I'll tell you, youngster, for you've got an honest face. They call me Galloping Dick, the highwayman."

"Phew!" said the boy. His eyes nearly started out of his head, and he regarded Dick with awe and admiration. "And is this Black Kitty?"

"It is."

"My eye! I've heard of your doings. Old Spot's going to run up against a rock!"

"Maybe," said Dick, his eye twinkling. "But you'd better get back now. Keep your lips shut, and don't let anybody know, when you see Master Jack Brougham enter to-morrow, looking very daft, that it isn't he. Off with you!"

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### The New Boy!

**D**ICK was just sitting down to a very well-arrayed meal at the Lion hostelry, when there was a grinding of wheels without, and a very dashing, yellow post-chaise pulled up at the door.

"Aha!" said the young highwayman. "This should be our young friend, I think."

Out of the chaise stepped a raw-looking youth, well-dressed, with an amiable, but rather stupid, face. He walked into the dining-room.

"I will take a seat at your table, if you've no objection, sir," he said to Dick.

"None at all," said Dick, "and as it is the only table in the room, you are more than welcome."

The young gentleman rang for the landlord, and ordered a very well-chosen repast, about which, when it came, he made a great fuss, sending some of the dishes back several times to be redressed.

"You are an epicure, sir, I see," said Dick, who soon had the boy at his ease, and talking amiably.

"I don't know about that, sir," said the youth; "but I like my comforts, and it's precious little I shall get of them after to-day, so I'm making the most of them. I'm bound for Horton School, and by all accounts it's a poor time I shall have there. I've a

—Then you may get one if you try hard and solve our picture-puzzle!



cousin at the place, and he's given me a pretty dismal account of it."

"I have met your cousin," said Dick, "and, believe me, he doesn't exaggerate in the least. He was even smarting from the rods when I met him."

"Plague take him!" said the boy. "This Stott must be a Turk! However, I see no way out of it, so I must grin and bear it, I suppose."

"That is one way," said Dick, "but a most unpleasant method; and, believe me, you seem but little suited for it. I am fond of these little ventures. By the way, I have not introduced myself."

Dick glanced round, and murmured a couple of words so low that only the boy could hear.

"Zounds!" gasped Master Brougham reverently. "Is it true, sir?"

"Ay, that is my name! Now, I am minded to take your place as the new boy at Horton for one afternoon, and probably teach Dr. Stott a lesson, instead of his teaching you one. Believe me, the school will be a much more comfortable place after that lesson than before it. Will you, then, lend me your clothes, books, and yellow chaise, and wait here till I return?"

"Will I?" exclaimed Master Brougham. "Like a bird!"

"Silence!" cried Dr. Stott. "Smith major, construe!"

The cloud on the doctor's brow was threatening, and the class stopped shuffling its feet, and felt in its pockets. Those who had money congratulated themselves, and those who had none hoped against hope that the copybooks they had hidden in their trousers would not be discovered.

The doctor was annoyed, because the new boy, John Brougham, should have arrived at half-past one o'clock, and it was now an hour later. Smith major began construing in a trembling voice—for he had not prepared it—when there was a sound of wheels outside, and the top of a yellow chaise was seen through the window.

The doctor rose and went out, frowning, and presently stalked back with a very large, overgrown boy behind him, who stooped a good deal, and whose clothes were much too tight and short for him, though of good quality.

"You are very late, Brougham, as I have already told you!" snapped the doctor. "You will have to join the class at once, and leave

other matters till afternoon school. Take your place at the bottom!"

The newcomer, putting on a sheepish air, shuffled to the bottom of the class. The red-haired boy, who had suffered the day before, stuffed a handkerchief into his mouth, but he could not wholly suppress his laughter.

"Briggs," thundered the doctor, "how dare you laugh! A fine of sixpence, sir! Bring 't here instantly!"

"I—I haven't got it!" quavered the red-haired boy, with a scared face, feeling in his empty pockets.

"Ha," said the doctor savagely, "you are remarkable for being short of pocket-money, Briggs! You must pay the penalty. Come here!"

The new boy at the bottom of the class nudged his neighbour, and slipped a coin into his hand.

"Here," he whispered, "pass it up to him! Be quick!"

There was a rapid transit up the class, amid a muffled murmur of astonishment, and just as the doctor was getting down his terrible birch, the red-haired boy piped up in an amazed voice:

"I've got it, after all, sir!"

"Ha!" said the doctor fiercely. "You thought better of it, eh? Bring it here! I shall know how to deal with you another time, Briggs!"

The red-haired boy, sighing with relief, made his way back to his place, and glances curious and admiring were thrown towards the boy Brougham.

"You're a brick!" whispered his next-door neighbour.

The lesson went on, and in the next half-hour two boys were fined twopence, and one fourpence. They all happened to have the money about them.

The boys were afraid to move. Presently one of them dropped a book, out of very nervousness, and immediately turned very white.

"Dawkins," thundered the doctor, "sixpence fine!"

"I haven't got it, sir," stammered the boy wretchedly.

Once more the new boy nudged his neighbour, but this time the coin that was passed did not reach its goal. It disappeared somewhere half-way. It was a pity that this should be so, but there are sneaks in every Form, and perhaps Dawkins had an enemy in the class.

The doctor called him out.

The boy's shrieks were terrific. There was plainly something very drastic about the doctor's birch, and he used it with cruel strength and vicious science. During this scene the new boy was strangely white, and looked as though he were holding himself in with an effort; but the time was not yet come.

The lesson continued. The class was sitting on a form, and, except for the boy who stood up and construed in a trembling voice, the silence was deadly.

It seemed to oppress the new boy beyond bearing, and presently, with a wink at his next-door neighbour, he tipped the whole Form over backwards, so that all that greeted the enraged doctor was a row of boot-soles poised in the air for his inspection, whilst from a terrific cloud of dust rose a chorus of delighted giggles.

"Who did that?" roared the doctor, striding forward. "The whole class is fined two shillings! Brougham, it was you! I fine you five shillings! Out with it! Have you it about you?"

"Yes," said the new boy; "but I'll keep it, thank you! You have quite enough in your chests upstairs."

"You insolent young dog!" roared Dr. Stott, snatching up a birch. "We will see whether you will give it up or not! Odd's fish! Gramercy!"

He staggered back in alarmed amazement, for the new boy, stepping forward, plucked the birch out of his hand, tore the core from its handle, and flung the loose twigs over the schoolmaster in a shower.

"Why, you are no boy!" yelled the outraged doctor. "You are a man—a youth, at any rate!"

"Galloping Dick, the highwayman," said Dick, "at your service! No doubt you have heard of my mare, Black Kitty; let me introduce her to you."

He gave a long whistle, and there followed the sound of hoofs outside, coming right in through the front door and entering the hall.

The class waited in breathless amazement, for they plainly heard a horse outside their Form-room door.

Dick whistled again. Two tremendous hoof-beats burst the door open, and in trotted Black Kitty, neighing loudly.

"Turn her out!" shrieked the frantic schoolmaster, seizing a long ruler and rushing at the mare. "How dare you call her in!"

"Shake him, Kitty!" said Dick. "Put down that ruler, you fool, or she'll kill you!"

The black mare, with a snort, grabbed the slack of the doctor's breeches between her teeth, swung him off his feet, and shook him violently, while the whole class laughed and cheered with huge delight.

"Drop him, Kitty!" said Dick. "Watch over him! Now, boys, come upstairs with me!"

While the mare watched threateningly over the doctor, who dared not move for the life of him, Dick led the boys upstairs.

They soon found the chests of money, filled with the fines that had been wrung from them for months past, and Dick broke open the chests with a poker and made the delighted boys share the contents equally among themselves.

Then he led them downstairs again.

"Get up!" he said to the prostrate doctor. "I leave you now, but see that you conduct this school honestly, and without cruelty or theft. I have restored to the boys that which was theirs, and unless you wish another lesson at my hands, never let me hear that such things are done here again. You have earned the convict's galleys by what you have done, were it known, so beware! Your new pupil, Jack Brougham, will arrive in an hour. See that you use him well! Good-bye, boys!"

And, mounting Black Kitty, with a cheery laugh, Dick rode out through the playground, while three hearty cheers from the boys of Horton School sounded behind him.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Any Port in a Storm!

"ZOUNDS, what a night! Come, Kitty lass, the sooner we get into quarters of some kind the better!"

Dick pulled his riding-cloak around him as the pitiless rain thrashed about his ears, and urged the black mare forward.



"Shake him, Kitty!" said Galloping Dick, with a laugh. The mare, snorting shrilly, grabbed the slack of the doctor's breeches between her teeth, swung him off his feet and shook him violently. The class laughed and cheered with huge delight. (See Chapter 2.)

Galloping Dick will appear again shortly!



The road was a quagmire, with a rivulet of rain-water running down each side of it. The November gale roared and shrieked, and sent the trees crashing, while away out on the right, though half a mile away, the thunder of the waves on the beach could be plainly heard.

"Ay, 'tis dirty weather to be riding, sir," said a voice in Dick's ear.

And, turning sharply, the young highwayman saw a horseman close beside him, trotting along beside Black Kitty.

It was dark, yet, when the moon scudded clear of the storm-clouds, Dick was able to see that the stranger was a young man, clad in neat, but rough, blue cloth, riding a rather sorry nag, with a leather bag at the saddle-bow. He rode loosely, but did not seem to fear a fall, and Dick could see that his face was not ill-looking, and his manner cheery and bluff. His skin was deeply bronzed, and he wore a brass earring in each ear. He might have been twenty-one.

"You say truly, sir," said Dick. And at that moment a branch came crashing from the tree by the road, and fell just behind the riders, causing the stranger's horse to shy slightly, whereupon its rider promptly fell off. Dick caught the horse, laughing, and the stranger picked himself up.

"Thank ye, mate!" he said, scrambling awkwardly into the saddle again. "Split me earboards, but this cruising about ashore is the very deuce! Hold still, hoss! Look at that! The beggar won't answer his helm now!"

"You shouldn't saw at the reins like that," said Dick. "Give him his head."

"If I do I shall go over it," said the stranger. "Hang these leather steerin'-lines! Why don't they fit the beast with a proper tiller? Let's push on and get berthed. I'd give ten guineas to be out o' this and safe at sea!"

"What, a night like this!" exclaimed Dick Langley.

"Ay, or any other night," said the young seaman, for such he evidently was. "Ah, I often think, when we're hove-to off Ushant, wi' a nor'-west hurricane blowin', or scuddin' under bare poles in the Western Ocean, I think, Heaven help the poor beggars ashore to-night, with the trees and chimney-pots fallin' about their heads! And here I am in the thick of it!"

"You've just come ashore, then?" said Dick, laughing heartily at the sailor's idea of safety.

"Ay, this is the first time I've seen England for ten years," said the sailor. "I ran away to sea when I was eleven, or thereabouts, an' I've been on the run ever since. An' don't you make no mistake, mate, I'm well ballasted with the right stuff this time!"

He slapped the leather bag at his saddle-bow, and laughed boyishly. The bag jingled to his touch. It was evidently full of coin.

Dick smiled grimly to himself. The young sailor would have been more impressed with the dangers of the land than ever if he knew he had been bragging of his money to a highwayman. Neither would he have known that he was safe enough, with Galloping Dick Langley, who robbed the rich and miserly, but helped the poor, and spared those whose means were moderate and hard-earned.

"Ay, fifty golden guineas!" cried the sailor heartily. Like most of his tribe, he was boyishly careless and talkative when freed from his ship. "And mark ye, mate, that's not all—nay, it's not a tithe! There's something else—something small enough to put into an egg-cup, but that'll fill a thousand bags like this when it's sold!"

"Indeed!" said Dick.

"Ay, I shall sail master o' my own vessel next cruise, mate! I can't give up the sea! An' there'll be as much again left over after she's bought. I'm goin' to make the old folks comfortable with that. It's time they stopped work and lived at their ease."

"Your parents?" inquired Dick.

"Ay! I ain't seen 'em since I ran away. We used to live on the Portsmouth road, and Dad was a farmer. They've taken a farm down here, though, years since, an' I've got to find it. You don't know 'em, do you, master? Forrester is the name, and the farm's called 'Sheepcotes.'"

"I am a stranger about here, Master Forrester," replied Dick.



The door was opened by a greyheaded man, who held it slightly ajar and peered suspiciously at the visitors. "Can you give us a meal and lodging for the night?" asked Galloping Dick. (See Chapter 4.)

"The last man I asked told me it's twelve miles off, a bad road, and hard to find."

"I would not hinder you from joining your parents, but how you will ever find a lonely farm, twelve miles off, in a strange country, in a night like this, is beyond me. I see the lights of a house yonder, where I shall ask for lodgings, and I shall advise you to do the same."

The sailor hesitated.

"Well, I'd like to join the old folks without delay; but I'm nigh spent, an' the horse is done, too. He'll never do another twelve miles. An' as my folks ain't seen me for ten year, and ain't expecting to see me now, I reckon 'twon't hurt to let 'em wait till mornin'. So let's ride on, sir, and see if we can get shelter for man and beast."

They rode up to the house, a lonely gabled old farmstead, set among dark yews and cypresses. Dick rapped sharply on the door.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### The Priceless Emerald!

THE door was opened by a grey-headed man, who held it slightly ajar, and peered suspiciously at the visitors.

"Can you give us a meal and lodging for the night?" said Dick. And then, as he saw the look of hesitation on the farmer's face, and noted his sharp features and deep-set eyes, Dick added: "You shall be well paid."

The young highwayman was a judge of men, and he saw that the farmer, though fairly honest-looking, had the eyes of a man who had grown miserly in his old age. And when the farmer assented, and let them into the wide kitchen, Dick found his host's wife, an elderly, shabby-looking woman, had much the same looks.

Rashers of ham and plenty of eggs were soon put on to fry, and the two travellers went outside to see to their horses.

"Hark ye, friend," said Dick, in a low voice to the sailor, as he rubbed Black Kitty down, "don't let your tongue wag so freely as you did to me about the wealth you have about you."

They all made a very good supper, sitting at the old couple's table, and under the thaw of the warm food the sailor began to talk freely of his adventures in strange seas.

Dick was much interested. The farmer and his wife listened, spellbound. The sailor applied himself to some old ale that was brought in, and his tongue wagged freer. Finally he told of a shrewd, bold venture that led to greater gain.

"The cap'n made five hundred guineas by it alone!" he cried. "And this is my share—see?"

He plucked loose the strings of the leather bag, which he had brought in with him, and the guineas poured out upon the table. The old couple gasped.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the sailor. "You think that a fine haul, do you?" He took another draught of ale. "I've got something that would swallow them guineas thousands of times over. Look here!"

He held out, on his open palm, a magnificent emerald, the size of a pigeon's egg, and of the purest water.

"Never mind where I got it," he said. "It was come by honest, an' was given to me in return for a service—the savin' of a man's life. His skin was dark, but he was white inside, and he gave me this! It's worth thousands of guineas!"

The stone was passed round, and Dick, watching the faces of the old couple, saw their eyes glitter with a strange, inhuman light as they gazed at it. Their vision seemed glued to the wonderful green gem, and their breath came short as the sailor wrapped it in a piece of cloth, and put it in his pocket again.

"Time to be turnin' in!" he said, yawning.

"Have another jack of ale, first," said the farmer, rising. "in return for showing us the jewel. And you, too, sir," he added, turning to Dick.

"I thank you, no more," said Dick.

The farmer tried hard to persuade him, but Dick declined.

The farmer came back with a jack of ale, and the sailor drained it at one draught.

"Show me up to bed," he said. "I must be agate early to-morrow, an' ride to the old folk. What I have shall be theirs—all of it!"

The old couple glanced at each other, and the farmer led the young sailor up to the bed-room. His wife wished Dick good-night, and left. Soon the farmer came down again. He sat down in front of Dick, and eyed him for a long time in silence. The pair watched each other.

"Better have that jack of ale, master," the farmer said, at last.

"Very good," said Dick.

The ale was brought, and Dick took the jack, the landlord watching him.

"What's that noise upstairs?" said Dick suddenly.

The farmer started, and looked fearfully at the door leading to the staircase. At that moment Dick emptied the jack of ale into

(Continued on page 27.)

Don't forget—there is a special Guy Fawkes Supplement next week!



# THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE WHITE HEATHER



The day is gradually but surely dawning his atrocities. The sword of retribution, England's wonder-detective, is raised work to be accomplished ere Moscow's This fine instalment shows the their wits against

when Red Mask will have to account for in the shape of FERRERS LOCKE, aloft. But there is a lot of dangerous evil influence is brought to his knees. mettle of the men who have pitted Red Mask.

## The Prison Coach!

**T**HE Greek vanished for a moment, returning with a small oil lantern and, emerging from the store, led the way across a little yard and halted in one dark corner. The light from the lantern fell on an iron grid let in the ground and, stooping, the Greek lifted the heavy barrier.

"Below here there is a tunnel," he said, "which carries a stream running below the town into a river ending beside the steps of the government wharf."

He held out the lantern to Boris.

"It is not a pleasant pathway, brother," he said, "but I have traversed it before."

Boris took the lantern, and, stepping to the edge of the manhole, he found the hand-rail and lowered himself down the shaft. He heard the boom of the iron grid above his head, and a few flakes of rust fell on him; then a moment later he had reached the end of the shaft and found himself ankle deep in the cold stream.

Ahead of him ran the tunnel, a smooth, hollow passage, and with the light in front of him, Boris began his steady walk. Once a huge grey rat leaped across his path to vanish into a crevice with a squeal of fear, and at another portion he heard a rattle overhead indicating the passing of some heavy traffic.

For the best part of ten minutes Boris kept along that malodorous passage, then he caught the glint of lights ahead and extinguished the lamp. Another half-dozen paces saw him on the edge of the tunnel, with a flight of stone steps on the right. There was a solitary lamp shining above the steps, and, stepping on to them, Boris climbed swiftly, halting at the top. He could see the long line of the wharf and the sheds to the right, while beyond was the high bank of the railway and a long closed coach was standing on the rails.

A footfall sounded, and Boris, drawing back again, waited. He could see a tall figure, the rifle over its shoulder, pacing

quietly along the wharf to vanish round the corner of the shed on the left.

In a flash Boris had darted across the open space, gaining the wall of the shed. He kept to the right and finally clambered up the embankment, slipping round to the other side of the long coach.

He saw that it was of the corridor type, with an entry at one end. There was a small luggage compartment with another

## THE CURTAIN RINGS UP ON

**FERRERS LOCKE**, England's premier detective, who has journeyed to Moscow and founded a secret society known as the Brotherhood of the White Heather. Its governing object is to stamp out the tyrannical power of Red Mask, alias Count Heinrich, who holds some mysterious sway over the destinies of distressed Moscow.

**JACK DRAKE**, the detective's young and able assistant.

**BORIS SAROV**, a prominent member of the Brotherhood, who is Locke's right-hand man.

Already the great detective has been instrumental in rescuing three of Red Mask's victims. By a strategic impersonation, the sleuth and Jack Drake arrive at Nijni-Novgorod, where they ultimately discover another batch of prisoners upon whom Red Mask hopes to wreak his vengeance. The barge taking the prisoners to Perm—the first stage of the long journey to Siberia—is cleverly captured by Locke, Drake, and Captain Barlowe. The journey must, however, be continued, as Locke is well aware that sentries are posted at every station, and were the prisoners allowed their freedom, the emissaries of Red Mask would soon recapture them.

Meanwhile, Boris Sarov, in the guise of a chauffeur, has also arrived at Perm, thanks to the assistance rendered him by a brother of the League, who is the driver of Red Mask's car. Boris is now desirous of getting into the Government wharf, where he hopes to join Locke and Drake. The only way to the wharf, without running up against the numerous sentries, is to use an underground passage. Red Mask's chauffeur—a Greek—indicates the way Boris should go, and Boris declares that, despite the risk, he will attempt the hazardous journey.  
(Now read on.)

door at the other end, and on trying this Boris found it unlocked. He slipped into the wide space and then, seating himself on the little ledge beside the door and keeping well back, peered out of the window.

The coach on the high embankment was above the level of the sheds below, and Boris could see the long stretch of the dark river with the wharf in front of him. He had found a very satisfactory hiding place, and congratulated himself grimly.

"Whatever happens now, at least I'll be a witness to it," he told himself.

He soon realised that fortune had favoured him, for as he sat there, two other armed sentries appeared and paced the length of the coach. Finally one of them took up his position on the end of the embankment, while the other man joined his companion on the wharf.

For the long hour that he sat there Boris saw the various patrols pass to and fro as they kept up their ceaseless vigil. It was evident that the Greek's report had been well founded. That particular section of the railway was being well guarded that night.

Boris had almost dozed off to sleep in his hiding-place when he was roused by the sound of an engine, and he saw a huge locomotive run past on the other rails. It slowed down at the points, then came shunting backwards, and Boris felt the concussion as it came into contact with the coach.

A few moments later footfalls sounded on the gravel, and, peering out of the window, he caught his breath sharply. The tall figure of Red Mask in a heavy black cloak was striding down the embankment, accompanied by two other men. Boris saw them halt at the door that gave access to the coach. A second later a faint murmur of voices came to him.

Rising to his feet, Boris strode across the luggage compartment, halting at the partition. He felt it with his hands until he came to the sliding panel in the centre. Taking a risk, he shifted the panel an inch or two, then peered through the

**"A Marked Man!" Who is the marked man? HEDLEY SCOTT will tell you!**



gap. He could see the interior of the coach with the double row of seats. A figure was pacing along between them, and the harsh voice of Count Henrich sounded.

"Turn on the lights!" he called. "The windows are all screened, and there is no fear of our being seen."

Two electric bulbs in the centre of the coach leaped into light, and Boris drew the panel a little closer.

He was able to see the line of seats now, and he noted that attached to the back of each of them was a heavy iron ring, while across the windows on either side were narrow steel rods.

Count Henrich was glancing round the coach, and he turned now and spoke to the men in front of him.

"You have carried out your work very well," he said. "This is a good cage, and once my birds are attached to these rings, there will be very little chance of them getting away."

A prison coach!

The meaning of the rings and the barred windows was clear to Boris now, and he drew a swift breath.

Then Red Mask's voice sounded again, and Boris listened eagerly.

"You have arranged everything, I suppose?" the deep voice went on. "When this coach leaves to-morrow morning there must be no check nor stop. Everything must give way to it—that is understood?"

One of the two men bowed, rubbing his hands together.

"It has all been arranged, Excellency," he returned. "There will be no stop or hindrance. The engine is the best we have, and I have arranged a double crew for it. They will only stop for water—nor will that need to be very often. I have warned them all along the line. There will be no delays, nor will there be any report made of its passing."

"Good! Above all, you must see to it that the last part of my orders are carried out."

Boris saw the heavy cheek twitch under the concealing mask.

"There must be no mention made of its passing, for it will never pass that way again."

He came down the passage between the seats, and Boris drew the panel close.

"I shall return just before dawn," he heard the harsh voice of Red Mask say. "Be sure that no one knows I am here. I may have a few words to say to those passengers of yours before they go."

The lights were switched off, and Boris heard the three men descend from the coach and close the door behind them. Leaping to the small window again, the tall Russian was just in time to see Red Mask and his companions vanish in the direction of the high wall of the sheds. A moment or two later someone came along the line of the coach, tapping the wheels, a quick, metallic sound.

Then there was another long silence until somewhere in the small hours of the morning there came from down-stream the low, long hoot of a siren, the deep note of a river tug-boat bellowing in the night.

Boris ventured to lower the window, and craned his head out, peering to the left over the low-lying ground. Far in the distance where the river wound round the bottom of the cliffs, Boris picked out three lights—one red and two white.

"A government boat," he told himself.

He looked at it for a long moment and saw that it had anchored evidently in mid-stream. The boat began to move on presently, coming quietly up the river. The

beat of paddle-wheels sounded, and Boris saw the tug beat slowly into view with the heavy barge in tow behind it.

It halted again, this time near to the wharf, and a boat put off and was rowed quickly to the steps. Boris recognised the figure of Captain Galz as he strode up under the light of the lamp. A sentry challenged the thick-set man, then the two of them moved off together in the direction of the wharves.

As they vanished Boris caught sight of another two figures leaping up the steps, and a quick dart saw them flash like shadows across the wharf and disappear behind the shelter of the sheds.

The tall Russian withdrew his head and waited, every nerve on the alert. For there had been something familiar about those two forms. Presently he saw the smaller one come into view around the angle of the sheds, to wait for a moment, then with a quick dart commenced to climb the embankment.

Boris started, and, opening the narrow door of the luggage compartment, sent out a hoarse whisper.

"Is that you, Jack?"

There was a gasp, and next moment a begrimed, panting youngster scrambled into the doorway and was clutching Boris by the arm.

"My hat! Boris, what a bit of luck!"

#### Red Mask Goes Too Far!

JACK DRAKE turned and, reaching for the door, whistled softly. A figure crouching behind the wall of the shed straightened up; a quick run saw it shin up the embankment, and the next moment Ferrers

Locke was in the dark space beside Boris, and was gripping him by the hand.

The narrow door was closed, and the Russian waited quietly until Ferrers Locke and his young companion had recovered their breath.

"Let me have your story first, Boris," the detective said at last. "How did you get through to here?"

The tall Russian gave the details in a few swift sentences, and when Locke heard of Red Mask's presence a grim sound came through his lips.

"He's going to come here when his cage is filled, and say a few words to his prisoners, is he?" he repeated grimly. "By James, Boris, that's the one chance I've been hoping for! We've got him—got him where we want him at last!"

"Got him? I don't understand, you, my dear man. He's all-powerful here, and what can we do against his armed escort?"

Boris heard Jack Drake chuckle.

"You just wait and see, Boris!" the youngster muttered. "There's going to be—"

A warning word from Locke brought Jack to a halt. The detective had turned to the little window.

"Look out!" he said. "Captain Galz is returning!"

They saw the figure of the captain moving along the line of sheds, followed by one of the men who had been with Red Mask. They strolled to the edge of the wharf and down the steps; then the captain's indignant roar came clearly to them.

"We pushed the skiff off after we'd finished with it," Jack said, with a



"You dogs! This is a taste of what you're going to get!" roared Red Mask. Drake and Locke saw Captain Barlowe turn from the window, and as Red Mask raised his whip again and brought it down on the shoulders of one crouching figure Barlowe made a headlong leap at the tyrant. (See page 24.)



chuckle. "It'll take some time before another one comes from the tug-boat."

The deep, harsh voice of the skipper was raised again and again, and at last another boat drew into the wharf, and the angry captain and his companion disappeared.

Ten minutes later began the final manoeuvring, and the tug-boat swung the heavy barge round, and manipulated it until it was moored at the wharf. The doorway in the centre of the cage-like structure was swung open, and Boris saw the armed figures of the sentries appear.

They were led by a tall man, who was pacing along with Red Mask's companion; while behind them there filed out on to the dark wharf, two by two, the fettered prisoners, marching silently, their chains clanking as they went.

Not a word was spoken; no command was given. They filed on, across the wharf, round the corner of the shed, and up over the embankment, to climb into the coach one by one, urged by the bayonets and rifles of the escort.

Boris, listening breathlessly, could hear the clank of the chains and the heavy footfalls as the prisoners stumbled along the passage between the seats.

Then came, under double escort, six pathetic figures in long grey cloaks.

"The women, too! The brute—the merciless brute!" Boris muttered to himself.

The last stragglers of the party vanished into the compartment, and Red Mask's companion, who had been standing on the edge of the embankment, spoke to the figure who had accompanied him.

"See to it that your cattle are chained up to their stalls, lieutenant," he said. "You have a long way to go. His Excellency will be here in a moment to have a final word with them. When he goes give the signal to the driver—just one whistle; he is ready to start now. Good-bye; bon voyage!"

He turned and hurried off along the narrow embankment, heading for the high wall. Boris turned to Ferrers Locke.

"There's a panel that looks through into the other coach," he said. "Come over here, and you will be able to see what happens."

They paced across the narrow space and halted at the sliding panel. They could hear the murmur of voices beyond, and presently Boris turned to Locke.

"I hear them speaking—in English," he said. "What does this mean?"

The detective looked at him quietly.

"All right, old chap," he said. "You'll know soon enough. Just wait I cannot explain now."

A long five minutes passed, then heavy footfalls sounded on the track, and the harsh voice of Red Mask came to them.

"I want a word with those passengers of yours, lieutenant," he said. "And we'll have a light!"

Boris leaned forward and opened the panel an inch or so.

Red Mask strode into the coach and slammed the door to behind him, then the click of the electric light sounded and the light flashed around the coach.

Red Mask had taken up his position at the rear of the coach, his back to the panel. In front of him were seated the double row of prisoners, and at intervals down the centre stood the armed sentries, in their loose-fitting coats.

Through the gap in the panel Jack saw the tall figure of Captain Barlowe. He was standing close to the door and had turned his head as though he were

looking out. The huge figure of Red Mask was immediately in front of him.

A strong hand dropped on Boris' wrist, drawing him aside, and Ferrers Locke stepped in front of the tall Russian. As he did so Red Mask began to speak. There was a ring of triumph in the evil tones, and for a brief moment he revelled in this final taunting.

"Every one of you know me," he began, "and you know what I am going to do. Those cursed Britishers amongst you are going to pay for what their country did to mine! Yah! I am Red Mask; but I am also Count Henrich van Galz—a Prussian who can hate and who can avenge!"

He had snatched the red mask from his face now, and one or two of the chained prisoners, turning their heads, peered at him. He did not know that here and there in the seats in front of him men were seated under the eyes of the armed sentries—men who dared not move hand or foot under the deadly menace of those watching orbs.

So in his pride and vainglory Red Mask raved on. Now and again he named one of his victims peering at him, and it was always the English that suffered most of his vituperative wrath.

"And so I am taking farewell of you now, for neither I nor anyone else shall ever set eyes on you again! You are going to vanish from the world that knows you, leaving no trace behind. But you will not be dead; there are worse things than death. You are going to follow the trail of the exile—to the salt mines of Kara! You will march over the lone Siberian plains to the mines, where you will slave under the lash of your masters until you can slave no more."

Red Mask flung back his huge head and laughed, a hoarse, gloating guffaw, and around the lightened saloon there rang a low, angry murmur, like the faint, warning note from a hive.

Red Mask heard that menacing sound, and he took a pace forward, halting in the centre of the passage-way.

"You would snarl at me, would you, you curs? Then, by heavens, I will show you how we deal with your kind!"

One of the armed sentries standing in the passage-way had a short ugly whip, and knout attached to his belt. Before the man could make an attempt to check Red Mask, the burly ruffian had snatched the whip from him.

His bloated face was suffused with wrath, and, swinging the whip above his head he began to lash to right and left, striking fiercely, blindly at the seated figures.

"You dogs—you dogs! This is a taste of what you're going to get—"

Jack Drake saw Captain Barlowe turn from the window. The English officer's face was deathly pale, and, as Red Mask raised the whip again and brought it down on the head and shoulders of one crouching figure, Barlowe made a head-long leap at the burly shape.

"You—you unspeakable brute!" he cried.

His mad leap saw Red Mask reel against one of the seats, and he turned round, whip raised, his eyes glaring.

Barlowe, in the Russian lieutenant's uniform, had closed with him now, and

the furred cap had fallen from the Britisher's head, revealing his clear-cut face and blue, English eyes.

"Treachery—treachery!" Red Mask's voice rose in a bellow, but a swinging blow from Barlowe crashed on his lips, and he fell back again.

"Quick, Boris! Give the signal! Quick!"

Ferrers Locke flung open the panel, and thrust Boris through it, then followed him. The tall Russian darted to the doorway of the saloon, and, leaning out from it, gave the signal—a high-pitched whistle. There came an answering shriek from the engine, then Boris, blocking up the gap of the doorway with his burly figure, waited there.

The train began to move, and as it did so four or five figures appeared at the end of the shed. They were staring at the lighted coach, and one of them called out something to Boris. It was the captain and one or two armed sentries.

"All right, brother. There is no need to trouble. We can handle those dogs!" Boris called.

Against the blind of the coach they could see figures passing to and fro, and he knew they were visible to the men on the permanent way. But now the engine was gathering speed, and although he heard another shout from behind, he did not reply to it, and a moment later the little train had passed the points and began to drum off along the rails.

The lighted town of Perm appeared for a moment in the distance, then it faded from view, and a long run beside the river began. They flashed past a lighted signal-box, and Boris could see the man on duty peering out from his window. He waved his hand as a signal, and the man withdrew his head.

The next moment they were drumming along in the darkness again, and Boris, his task over, turned to look into the lighted saloon.

In the centre of the passage there was a struggling heap of men. Barlowe and his companions had flung themselves on Red Mask, and, pinned down by eager hands, the tyrant of Moscow was fighting ferociously.

Again and again he rose bodily from the pack of raving figures. Long confinement had weakened Barlowe's comrades, and they were hardly a match for the burly, muscular brute.

One last desperate effort saw Red Mask rise to his feet. One hand was gripping the throat of a thin, wiry sentry, and with a lunge the powerful man thrust his adversary across one of the seats, then snatched at the rifle as it fell to the floor. As he raised it to swing it aloft the circle fell back.

His face, wet with sweat and twisted into a look of savage fury, glowered for a moment, then clubbing the rifle, Red Mask tore down the passage, clearing a way as he came.

He had caught sight of the grim, tall figure of Ferrers Locke, and had recognised it.

"So this is your work, you dog!" the infuriated ruffian blared.

The heavy rifle was above his head and he swung it round, butt foremost, aiming a murderous blow.

#### Snared!

HAD that heavy butt landed on Ferrers Locke it would have felled him like an ox. Red Mask's murderous fury was visible in his face as he made the attack. But even as the heavy rifle swung downward Locke made a quick dive. He slid

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under the powerful arm, and the rifle crashed harmlessly on to the passage. The next moment Locke and Red Mask reeled together in the narrow space in front of the door, to crash against the panelling and drop to the floor, rolling over and fighting like wild cats.

Locke had wrapped his arms round that huge body, and although Red Mask struck at him again and again, he could not break that terrible hold.

Jack Drake, lumbering down the passageway, plunged for the rifle, and, with his heart drumming madly, the plucky youngster leaped to his master's aid.

The struggling shapes rolled over and over, and for a moment the detective was pinned in the undermost position. Red Mask had managed to free one hand, and now he gripped at Ferrers Locke's throat, thrusting the Englishman's head back against the floor.

The long fingers began to tighten, and Red Mask's eyes bulged with hate. Drawing a deep breath, Jack Drake swung the rifle round, and drove the butt down hard on that thick, bullet head.

It smote Red Mask fairly on the temple, and the huge figure wilted under the blow. For a moment Red Mask fought blindly, then his hand fell from Locke's throat, and he rolled over into the narrow space. His arms fell limply to his sides, and his huge legs twitched as they straightened out.

Under the light in the saloon that terrible face stared upwards, placid, lifeless!

"By James, young 'un, that was well aimed!" exclaimed Boris. "I—I think you've killed the brute!"

Locke arose to his feet, then stooped over the heavy, burly giant for a moment. By this time every inmate of the saloon was on his feet staring in the direction of the light. Locke looked across at Boris and shook his head.

"He's only unconscious," he returned. "We'd better make sure of him now."

A length of cord was tossed to him, and he and Boris tied up their prisoner. Then Red Mask was carried into the small luggage compartment and was laid out there. Captain Barlowe had followed them, and he seated himself on the narrow seat on the right, revolver in hand.

"You can leave this job to me, gentlemen," the Englishman said grimly. "I will answer for this brute's safety with my life."

Ferrers Locke and Boris left the little

luggage compartment then, with Barlowe on guard. The train was now moving at full speed along the railway lines, and in the wide saloon the party of prisoners and their one-time guard were waiting tense and eager. As Ferrers Locke paced down the narrow passage between the seats one or two of the gaunt, haggard passengers caught at his arm, and a quiet murmur ran round.

They had waited patiently for this moment, and now, as the train went speeding forward through the darkness, the first glimmerings of hope came to them.

The gloomy terrors they had suffered, the uncertainty of their fate, had haunted them, and, as Locke came to a halt and turned to speak, every eye was fixed on the grim, strong features.

He spoke in French, a language which he knew that everyone in the compartment would understand, English and Russians alike.

"Fortune has been with us, my friends," Locke said. "We are started now on the first stage of our journey for freedom, and, thanks to the mad desire of the man who is responsible for all this, we have succeeded in making him our prisoner, and we shall not be interfered with. All that you require now is patience. There is a long journey ahead, but it is not so long as the journey that

Red Mask intended us to take. We will have to be careful—we must be always on the alert. We are bound for Irkutsk. Until we reach there we are safe. Meanwhile I want you all to play your part as well as possible. Remember you are still prisoners under the rule of Red Mask. We may have to halt now and again at some wayside stations, and it will be necessary for us all to keep up this game of deception."

He looked round the saloon for a moment in silence, then went on:

"I can leave it to you to watch those prisoners of ours, and you may leave the rest to me."

"We will leave it to you gladly," one man said, leaning forward and clutching at Locke's hand. "You have come to deliver us from bondage, and we shall trust you."

At the top of the saloon three or four heavy wicker baskets were discovered, and on opening them Locke found that they contained food—hard black loaves and a few tins of beef. There was also a tank containing water, and, with a number of willing hands to aid him, Locke distributed that first rough meal.

The sight of those gaunt, ragged figures eating wolfishly at their hard fare sent a quick thrill of sympathy through Jack Drake as he stood beside his master.

"I've never seen anything like it, governor!" he whispered to Locke. "By jiminy, I wouldn't like to be Red Mask if they could lay hands on him now."

When the meal was over the handful of prisoners was shepherded into one corner of the compartment, and a guard was mounted over them. A screened-off space was allotted to the few women passengers, and the others settled down in the main portion of the saloon.

Locke and Drake and Boris found accommodation near the door of the compartment, and during the long hours of the night Jack Drake fell into a doze. When he awakened it was to find Ferrers Locke alert and watchful, his pipe between his lips, his clear eyes staring steadily out of the window.

The great detective had undertaken a tremendous task. The lives and liberty of every prisoner in that train depended on him, and him alone. They were moving through the heart of the enemy country; the slightest error or misjudgment might see them captured again.

About an hour after dawn the pace of the train began to slacken, and, with a warning word to the others, Ferrers Locke and Boris went to the door of the



Boris, lantern in hand, began to descend the ladder in the shaft. He heard the boom of the iron grid above his head as it closed upon him. Below him ran a tunnel, a smooth, hollow passage that led to the Government wharf. He started as a huge grey rat leaped before his eyes, to vanish into a crevice with a squeal of fear. (See page 22.)

Tell him—and if he should win a prize—well, he'll thank you!



saloon and waited there, looking out down the track.

A small wayside station came into view, and the powerful engine sent a warning shriek down the line. Its speed died away, and finally they glided into the station and came to a halt opposite the huge water tank beyond the platform.

Boris and Locke descended, and one of the armed sentries took their place in front of the door. There was no one on the station, and presently they caught sight of a bearded face peering at them from the window of a small office.

As soon as the man saw that Ferrers Locke had seen him he dodged out of sight, and Boris, who had also observed the manoeuvre, touched his companion quietly on the arm.

"Red Mask's orders must have been very strict," the tall Russian said under his breath. "No one is supposed to see us go past."

Half-way down the platform were a couple of wicker hampers. They strolled up to them, and the detective opened one of the lids. He saw that it contained more bread and cheese cut into chunks. In the other basket were a couple of huge stone jars and a quantity of pannikins. The jars were hot to the touch, and the aroma of coffee came to them.

"More supplies—eh, Boris," Ferrers Locke muttered. "Well, we can do with them, old chap."

He went back to the saloon, and a few moments later three of the supposed armed sentries came out on to the platform, and the baskets were lifted into the saloon. By this time the engine-driver was filling his tanks again, and Boris and Locke walked up to the engine.

"When do we start, driver?" Boris asked.

The engine-driver touched his cap.

"We go at once," he returned.

He looked tired and grimed after his long turn of duty. Boris put another question.

"We go a long way," he said. "Are you ordered to drive us the whole of the distance?"

"No man could do that, brother," the driver returned. "I shall be relieved this afternoon, but I know not where."

His eyes fell on Boris for a moment, then he glanced back at the train. It was obvious that the man was full of curiosity to find out the reason of his mysterious journey.

Boris shook his head.

"Words are unsafe, brother," he said. "The less you know the better for yourself."

Ten minutes later, when the train drummed out of the small platform, Ferrers Locke, looking from the doorway, saw three or four figures emerge on to the platform and stare after the train. Jack Drake, standing by his master's elbow, chuckled.

"They don't know who we are or what we are, governor," the youngster said. "I'll bet they'll talk about this little train for months to come."

The carriages began to speed along the rails, the powerful engine driving forward at full speed. The saloon rocked to and fro, and a thin cloud of dust arose as they sped onwards.

Boris had already commenced to measure out the warm coffee, and presently he came back to Locke with a couple of filled pannikins and nodded towards the panel of the luggage-room.

All through the night Captain Barlowe had given no signs, and now Ferrers

Locke thrust the panel aside and he and Boris entered. Barlowe was still sitting in the corner of the compartment, the revolver resting on his knee. In the opposite corner, propped up against the wall, was the massive figure of Red Mask, his ankles and wrists bound. He raised his huge head as the two men entered, and hate leaped into his eyes.

"You shall pay for this before long! Make no mistake about that!" he growled. "If you think you are going to get away from this country your plans are doomed to failure."

Boris handed the English officer one of the steaming pannikins and placed the portion of food on the narrow seat.

"Time you had a spell, old chap," Locke remarked. "Better go into the saloon and have a sleep. We'll look after this fellow."

Barlowe smiled as he arose stiffly to his feet.

"I have enjoyed it," he said, with a glance at the huddled giant in the corner. "This gentleman has entertained me for this last hour or so, telling me what will happen when we are discovered."

He began to sip at the coffee, and Boris, crossing to Red Mask, stooped and loosened the bonds around the wrist.

"This is not the fare that you have been accustomed to, Count Heinrich," Boris drawled, "but as it was considered good enough for my friends, it is good enough for you."

The huge prisoner grabbed at the pannikin and portion of black bread, and began to eat ravenously. Locke crossed the compartment, and Boris, after waiting for Barlowe to leave the luggage-room, closed the panel again and leaned against it.

The man in the corner continued his meal, then when he had drained the pannikin he tossed it across the floor and looked across at Locke.

"Make no mistake, you clever Englishman," he said, "you will not get away. You and your White Heather Brotherhood are clever, but you have still to pass the frontier. When you reach Irkutsk your game is up."

"No man may leave Siberia without a special permit," he went on. "How are you and that pack of fools whom you lead going to break through our many guards, who are on the watch for just such as yourselves?"

"We shall wait till we get to Irkutsk, Red Mask," he returned. "Meanwhile, our journey proceeds comfortably enough—thanks to your arrangements."

Boris, on the other side of the compartment, chuckled.

"The clever Count Heinrich did not know that we should use his special arrangements for our own benefit," the tall Russian chimed in. "We are indeed favoured travellers—special train, special driver, and food awaiting us when we need it. Who ever heard of prisoners escaping from bondage under such splendid conditions? We have much to thank you for, Count Heinrich."

The listener in the corner rapped out an imprecation. The dart had certainly gone home, for it had only been through the count's careful planning that this amazing venture had been made possible.

Through the heart of Siberia the train was carrying his victims to freedom. The veins stood out on his forehead, and the heavy, brutal face revealed the savage fury that was in his heart.

"You will not get through—I swear it! To the frontier—yes, for the planning was mine. But beyond there you may not pass."

His bonds were refastened, and one of the armed men took up the task of guard. Locke and Boris went into the other compartment and joined Barlowe, and a quiet consultation began.

"I know what he's driving at," Boris said. "He means that the train will probably be halted just before it reaches Irkutsk, and an armed guard will take command of us. We'll be sent from the lakes to the mines—a long trudge over the lonely Siberian roads."

"Then in that case we must see to it that we leave the train before we reach the lake," said Ferrers Locke quietly. "You know the country, Boris, and you must warn us in time. How long will it take us to reach Irkutsk?"

Boris looked out of the window at the dreary landscape. The train was climbing a slope now, and presently it drummed through a long cutting and flashed past another tiny station. Boris turned to his companion.

"That was Talsk," he said. "We are over five hundred miles away from Perm. We are creating a record on this line, and if we keep it up we ought to reach our destination somewhere about dusk on Wednesday."

The speed of the train increased, and as it flashed down the incline a silence fell on the little group.

Boris turned to Ferrers Locke and put his hand on the detective's arm.

"There is Tumsk," he said.

It was late on Tuesday evening, and Locke and his companion were standing in the little luggage compartment, peering out through the window. Ahead of him Locke saw the lights of a city—a city of white houses and tall, tapering fire-towers clustered around the golden dome of a great cathedral.

The river shone dully to the left, and as the train drew nearer they could see the masts of the steamers and tug-boats lying in the stream.

Like a greyhound unleashed the great engine, with its solitary saloon, dashed on down the line, raising a high, defiant shriek; then presently they went crashing through the main-line station, and they had a brief vision of the passengers standing on the platform, staring in amazement at this speeding monster.

When the lights of the station had vanished and they were drumming on through the darkness again, the tall Russian resumed his seat, feeling in his pockets for a cigarette.

"We are safe now until we get to Irkutsk, old chap," Boris said, turning to Locke. "That's the last big town that counts. Within the next twenty-four hours we shall have completed our journey."

Twice that day they had halted at lonely out-of-the-way stations to change drivers and renew fuel supplies. An hour's delay at one of the stations had been brought about by a trifling mishap to the engine, but this had been rectified, and the amazing journey had continued.

And now as they were approaching their goal Locke could detect the tension that the fugitives were beginning to labour under. His mad adventure was nearing a close, but he was by no means out of the wood yet.

*(This clever serial is drawing to a close, boys. You, like myself, will be sorry when we lose touch of Boris. But we have a grand story coming along, from the pen of famous Hedley Scott! That is a great piece of luck you must not miss! Keep your eye on the Chat!)*



## GALLOPING DICK!

(Continued from page 21.)

the sand-box by the fire with one turn of the wrist, and when the landlord glanced back to him he was wiping his mouth, and putting the jack down on the table with the sigh of relief a man gives after a long draught. "That's better!" he said. "And now, good man, you may show me up to bed."

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

#### The Stab in the Dark!

**T**HE bed-room door closed on Dick, leaving him with a solitary rushlight in a wide, musty old bed-chamber. He listened to the retreating footsteps of the old man, and heard him go far down the passage.

He inspected the room carefully. There was a door on each wall, evidently leading into rooms on either side, besides the door from the passage.

"I brought that feather-headed young sailor here, and I must be certain he comes to no harm. Did I hear him led to a room next to this, or not?"

Dick tried the door in both walls. One led to an empty chamber; the other was locked. Dick put his ear to the keyhole, and heard a heavy stertorous breathing.

"That's he!" he muttered. "Am I right, after all? He breathes like a drunken man. He was certainly not the worse for liquor, though he had some ale before he turned in."

Gently and quietly Dick forced the lock. It gave way fairly easily. He entered the room with his rushlight.

On the bed, in his clothes, lay the young sailor. Dick crossed over and shook him. "Wake up!" he whispered in his ear.

The sailor made no reply. He breathed still more heavily. Dick shook him violently, but nothing woke the man.

"Drugged!" muttered Dick. "Then I was right. They think that I, too, drank the drugged ale, which I poured away!"

His face grew grim, and he stood for a few minutes in silence, listening and thinking.

Then, rapidly as he could, he took off the jacket and breeches the young sailor wore, wrapped him in a blanket, and carried him, still breathing heavily, to the far corner of the room, where he placed him behind a pile of mattresses, and odds and ends that lay there, made him as comfortable as he could, and went back to the bed.

In the breeches pocket Dick could feel the hard lump that he knew was the emerald. He left it there, dressed a pillow in the jacket, stuffed the legs of the breeches, and made a dummy figure which, lying face downwards, and with the head part covered with a sheet, made a very fair copy, in the dark, of the young sailor. Dick placed the emerald in the pocket, so that it could be easily taken out, and stole back to his own room.

He placed a pistol under his pillow, put the light out, and knelt by the door of the sailor's room, listening.

It seemed hours before anything moved in the house, and he grew stiff and cold. At last the outer door of the sailor's room creaked very gently, and Dick knew that someone had entered. The midnight visitor, whoever he was, crept across to the bedside.

There was a long pause. Then came the sound of a heavy, dull blow, as of a knife plunged into something yielding and soft.

Swiftly and silently Dick tiptoed back to his own bed, laid himself upon it with his eyes closed, and breathed heavily and regularly. It was not long before the door of his room opened. The wind still howled outside, but the sky was clearer, and the moon shed a pale, ghostly light into the room.

Out of the corner of his eye Dick saw a dark form enter, and the moonlight shone on the face of the farmer—transfigured, horrible, ashy white. In his hand was a long slaughterhouse knife.

Knife in hand, stealing across the room,

the midnight murderer reached Dick's side, and lifted the blade to strike.

"Not so fast!" said a slow, clear voice. The farmer shrieked with horror and leaped back, for against his forehead was pressed the cold muzzle of a horse-pistol, and Dick's finger was on the trigger.

"So," said Dick, rising, "you have murdered my fellow-traveller, and now you would murder me to save a witness!"

"I have earned the gallows!" groaned the man. "We were tempted and fell. We are old and poor, the poorhouse lay before us, and the emerald would have tempted a saint!"

"Where is the emerald?" said Dick sternly. "Here it is!" cried the man, pulling it from his pocket, and casting it down. "It has ruined an honest family. Time was when Forresters feared no man; but—"

"What!" said Dick. "Is your name Forrester? What farm is this?"

"It is called Sheepcotes."

Dick turned to the farmer's wife, who came in at this moment.

"You have a son," he said—"a sailor?"

"We had a son," said the woman dully.

"And you have never seen him from that day to this?"

"Never!"

"Woman," said Dick grimly, "it is your son who lies in the next room!"

The farmer's wife stared at him dully. She ran into the dark room next door, and a moment later there was an awful scream.

"Come," said Dick, touching the farmer on the shoulder.

He lit the rushlight, and led the man into the next room.

He led him across the room, and there, sitting up among the mattresses, his eyes open, and his hand pressed to his throbbing head, as the effects of the drug wore off, was the young sailor. He and his parents stared at each other with pale, drawn faces.

And Galloping Dick, chuckling grimly to himself, went down to the stable, and rode away as the dawn rose, leaving the worthy three to explain matters as best they could.

THE END.

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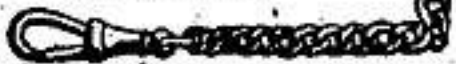


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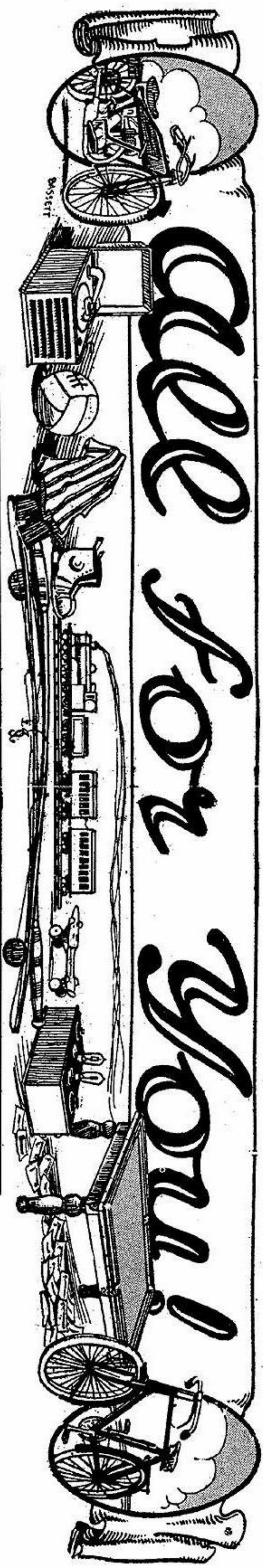
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**30 MAGNIFICENT "JAMES" MOTOR-CYCLES**  
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**20 GRAMOPHONES. 40 FOOTBALL OUTFITS (Boots, Stockings, Shorts, and Shirt). 250 BOOKS and Other Consolation Prizes. 6 "RILEY" BILLIARDS TABLES. 100 FISHING RODS. 50 PAIRS OF BOXING GLOVES. 100 PAIRS OF ROLLER SKATES. 100 MATCH FOOTBALLS. 20 MODEL STEAM LOCOMOTIVES (With Rails). Five More Sets to Come!**

**RULES AND CONDITIONS**  
*which must be strictly adhered to.*

- 1.—The First Prize of \$100 in cash will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the correct, or nearest correct, solution of all eight sets of the pictures according to the Editor's official solution.
- 2.—The Second Prize of \$50, and the others in the splendid variety of prizes will be awarded in order of merit.
- 3.—All the prizes will be awarded. If two or more competitors tie, however, the prize or prizes, or their value, will be divided, and the Editor reserves full rights in this respect.
- 4.—No solutions may be sent in until all the sets of the pictures and the necessary coupon have been published. Full directions will then be given.
- 5.—The names under the pictures must be written IN INK.

6.—Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.  
7.—Entry to this competition is on the full understanding that the Editor's decision is final and legally binding throughout.

**DON'T LET SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY SLIP BY. NOW LOOK OUT FOR THE FOURTH SET OF PICTURES WHICH APPEARS NEXT WEEK!**

Set No. 3.


**ALL YOU HAVE TO DO**

is to write IN INK in the allotted space under each of the puzzle-pictures the name of the Footballer which you think the picture represents. Surely a simple enough task—only six names to discover each week!

In all there will be EIGHT SETS OF PICTURES, so keep your solutions until the other sets appear.

**DO NOT SEND YOUR ENTRIES YET.**

To help you still further there is a list containing the names of prominent footballers to choose from on page 2, columns 2 and 3. The correct names represented by the puzzle-pictures are all contained in this list. It is only a matter of fitting the right name to each picture.

Readers of "The Champion," "Boys' Realm," "Union Jack," "Boys' Friend," "Pluck," "Boys' Cinema," "Young Britain," "Gem," "The Popular," "The Rocket," and "Nelson Lee Library" are also taking part in the Contest, so that additional attempts may be made with the pictures from these allied journals.

