

"THE FOURTH FORM AT GRIMSLADE!" MAGNIFICENT NEW SERIES OF SCHOOL STORIES BEGINS THIS WEEK.

The RANGER

2^d



The
MYSTERY
MAN'S
GET-AWAY

The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE!



GRIMSLADE IS UNIQUE AMONG SCHOOLS—IT HAS THE REPUTATION OF TAMING UNRULY BOYS. TO GRIMSLADE COMES JIM DAINTY—FAR FROM DAINTY WITH HIS FISTS, AND A YOUNG TERROR WHO SOON PROVES HIMSELF A REBEL WHO REFUSES TO GIVE IN.

The Sleeper Awakes!

NORE!

Ginger Rawlinson chuckled.

He was standing looking in at the open window of a study in White's House at Grimslade School. Ginger belonged to Red-

mayes' House, on the other side of the quad, and he really had no business where he was at the present moment. But it was a half-holiday, and Rawlinson of the Fourth had time on his hands and he had come over to the rival House looking for trouble. Looking for trouble was Ginger's chief mission in life.

Snore!

Inside the study a plump junior was stretched, comfortably if not elegantly, in an armchair, his feet on another chair.

His eyes were shut and his mouth was open. It was a large mouth. Friedrich von Splitz—more commonly called Fritz Splitz at Grimslade—was reputed to possess the largest mouth in the school, and to put more into it than any three other fellows. And it was wide open.

Leaning over the window sill, Ginger Rawlinson drew a squirt from his pocket. The squirt was full of ink. He watched

the sleeper anxiously while he took aim. But the German junior showed no sign of awakening. It was a warm afternoon, and napping in an armchair was Fritz's idea of enjoyment on a half-holiday. He slept and snored.

With his red head and burly shoulders inside the window, Ginger dwelt on his aim. Squish!

A stream of ink shot into the open mouth.

It was not easy to awaken Fritz when he was asleep. But that awakened him. He started up with a gurgling howl.

"Ach! Oooooooh! Himmel! Wooooooh! Mein gutness! Urrrrh!"

Ginger popped back out of sight—swiftly. He popped rather too swiftly for comfort, forgetting the sash above his head. There was a loud crack as the back of his head established contact with the sash. The squirt dropped from his hand inside the study, and he clasped his damaged head. He rubbed his head with anguish as he stooped below the window sill. From within the study came sounds of wild spluttering.

"Ach! Tat is ink—it is ink in mein mout! Himmel! I am choke—I am all inky—groooooooh!"

The German junior gasped and spluttered frantically, and gouged ink from his mouth. Black ink streaked his fat, pink face.

Tap!

The study door opened.

Mr. White, Housemaster of White's House, looked into the study—and jumped. He stared blankly at the spluttering Deutschlander.

"Splitz! What—"

"Ach! Grooogh! Oooooh!"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Ginger, and he crouched low under the window sill. Ginger did not want to meet a Housemaster's eye just then.

"Splitz! What does this mean? You are smothered with ink—you are the most slovenly boy in the House—what does this mean?"

"Ach! Ich weiss nicht—I know not!" spluttered Fritz. "I go asleep mit myself in vun chair, I wake up mit myself

HERE'S THE FIRST GRAND STORY IN A MAGNIFICENT NEW SERIES OF SCHOOL-LIFE YARNS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

and I am all inky! Mein mout is full of tat ink! Ach himmel! I know not how he come—my prain is a plank."

Mr. White had to guess that Fritz meant that his mind was a blank. Fritz's English needed getting used to.

Mr. White glanced at the squirt lying on the floor and smiled faintly. He glanced through the open window, but there was no one in sight near the House. Fortunately—for Ginger—he did not think of putting his head out and glancing downward under the broad stone sill.

"Someone appears to have played a trick on you, Splitz," he said, "but he seems to have gone. You should not be asleep in the daytime. You are the laziest boy in the House. I came here to tell you that I desire you to walk down to Middlemoor—"

"Ach!" groaned Fritz.

This was worse than the ink! It was a mile to Middlemoor, and the weather was warm!

"A new boy arrives this afternoon," said Mr. White. "A boy named James Dainty. I desire you to meet him at the station and bring him to the school. You will go at once and wash yourself—"

"Ach!" groaned Fritz. Fritz did not like washing.

"And go to the station. Dainty will arrive by the three-thirty. You will meet the train. Lose no time."

"Ach! I lofe to go—"

"Very good!"

"Put I tink—"

"That will do!"

"I tink tat perhaps tat poy, Tainty, he like petter to be met by vun English poy, and not a Cherman—"

"I have selected you, Splitz, because I had no doubt that you were slacking as usual, and the exercise will do you good."

"Ach! But I have a bain—"

"A what?"

"A bain in mein inside—vat you call te pread-pasket—"

"Oh! A pain!" said Mr. White. "A pain that will prevent you from walking to Middlemoor?"

"Ja, ja!" exclaimed Fritz eagerly.

"A colossal bain in mein inside—"

"I must give you something for it," said Mr. White grimly. He picked up a cricket stump from the corner of the study. "Bend over that chair, Splitz."

"Vat?" gasped Fritz.

"Bend over!"

"Ach! Tat bain he is gone!" stammered the German junior. "He go away quite suddenly. He vas colossal, but he is gone."

But Fritz's pain was gone too late. Mr. White pointed to the chair with the stump and Fritz Splitz, with a groan of anticipation, bent over.

Whack!

"Oooooooh!"

"Now lose no more time," said Mr. White. "Grimslade is not a school for slackers, Splitz."

He quitted the study. Fritz groaned dimly. Grimslade was anything but a school for slackers, and Fritz was rather like a fat fish out of water there.

"Plov tat new poy!" groaned Fritz.

"Tat new poy is a peast and a prute! Tey are all peasts and prutes! Now I must go and wash—and alreaty to-day I have vashed vunce. In tis peastly country tey vash and vash and vash—we are not so dirty in Chermany and do not need all tat vashing. Now I must vash and vash—ach himmel!"

And Fritz Splitz left his study, to wash

and walk—neither of which appealed to him in the very least. But there was no help for Fritz, and he washed and started to walk. He grunted his way under a hot sun down the long lane to Middlemoor—unconscious of the fact that three grinning juniors of Redmayes' House were following in his footsteps.

Not Funny for Fritz!

LOOK here, Ginger, what's the game?" asked Bacon of the Fourth.

"Yes, give it a name!" said Sandy Bean.

Ginger Rawlinson pointed to the fat figure grunting ahead in the lane.

"That lump of lard is going to meet a new kid for White's House," he explained. "I heard White tell him so."

"What the thump does a new kid for White's House matter to us?" demanded Bacon.

"Lots!" answered Ginger cheerfully. "Don't you remember what the Head was saying in Hall only yesterday? While a healthy rivalry between the two Houses of Grimslade is much to be commended—"

"Oh, cheese it!"

"—much to be commended," continued Ginger calmly, "nevertheless—"

"Cut it short!"

"—nevertheless, we should all remember that we are Grimsladers, and stand by one another for the old school—"

"Don't give us the beak's bilge second-hand," implored Sandy Bean. "Catch me standing by White's tick, unless it's to give him a thick ear."

"My dear men," said Ginger, "Dr. Sparshott means well, and we're bound to take his tip. This new kid is for White's, so we're going to rally round him and give him some attention on his first day here. We're going to give him our best attention."

"Oh!" said Bacon. "It's a rag?"

"Streaky, old man, you'll go far with a brain like yours," said Ginger. "How did you guess it?"

"Fathead!" answered Bacon.

"We're going to leave Fritz for dead somewhere on the road," said Ginger, "and meet the new kid ourselves! Unluckily, I dropped my ink squirt in Fritz's study, but there are lots of ways of showing kind attentions to a new kid!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fritz Splitz did not look round. It was a certain amount of trouble to look round, and Fritz never took trouble if he could help it. He plodded on, unaware that the three chums of Redmayes' House were on his track.

The lane ran across a wide moor.

Grimslade School stood on the edge of the moor, on the border of the two great counties of Yorkshire and Lancashire.

Most of the boys belonged to one or other of those counties, and they were about equally divided in number. The school colours were white and red, which implied union; but the rivalry between the two Houses was as keen as in the Wars of the Roses of ancient times.

Trafford, of the Sixth, the captain of the school, was a Lancashire man; which was a source of great pride to Redmayes House. Ginger Rawlinson was—according to himself at least—captain of the Lower School—a title that was fiercely disputed by White's juniors. But Ginger was always ready to back up his claims with the heftiest fists in the Fourth Form at Grimslade—and there was no junior in White's House who could stand up to Ginger for more than two rounds. So Lancashire, at present, had the best of it—which, according to the Reds, was exactly as it should be.

Dr. Sparshott, the headmaster, was a young man. He was a double Blue, and had been—and still was—a great boxer and footballer. Perhaps for that reason he closed one eye—if not both—to the scrapping that went on between the rival Reds and Whites of Grimslade. They led the strenuous life at Grimslade, and it was no place for a fellow who had a soft streak in him—as Fritz Splitz had sorrowfully discovered.

The fat fellow from the Rhineland puffed and panted into Middlemoor. Fritz had one consolation for his long walk—he had to pass the village tuck-shop on his way to the station. At that establishment he made a halt, and there the three merry juniors of Redmayes' House overtook him. Fritz blinked round at them rather uneasily. They were all smiling—which did not reassure him at all. Fritz did not enjoy House rags.

"Fancy meeting you, Von Splitz!" said Ginger amicably.

Fritz beamed.

In Germany, by Fritz's account, there were many Splitzes, who were quite commonplace persons. But the "Von" Splitzes were fewer in number, and out of the aristocracy! It was Fritz's pride that he was a "Von" Splitz, and the surest way to his podgy heart was by addressing him as Von Splitz—which hardly anybody ever did! Evidently, Ginger wanted to be friendly!

"Trot in and have a ginger-pop!" invited Rawlinson.

"Ja wohl!" grinned Fritz.

He trotted into the shop with the three Redmayes juniors. Ginger winked

at his chums while the ginger-pop was consumed.

"You're tired after your walk, Jerry—I mean, Von Splitz!" he remarked. "We're going to save you the trouble of meeting that new kid."

Fritz shook his head.

"Zat is not possible! Mr. White he say meet tat new poj Tainty, and I tink two times before I not meet him."

"Now, look here," argued Ginger. "I know all about the chap, and you're tired—you couldn't carry your weight a mile without getting tired. Leave Dainty to us."

"Das kann ich nicht—I cannot do tat ting."

"Sit down here and rest, while we go to the station for him," said Bacon.

"Tat I would lofe to do," sighed Fritz, "put I cannot."

"Germans always do as they're told," remarked Ginger. "You're going to sit down, Jerry, whether you like to rest or not."

"Vunce I sit down, I tink perhaps I do not get up again," sighed the fat German junior. "So I vill not sit down."

"Your mistake," said Ginger.

He gave the German junior a playful shove on his well-filled waistcoat.

"Ach!" gasped Fritz.

He sat down!

He was standing in front of a large box of eggs that leaned on the counter. Perhaps Ginger had not noticed it. Perhaps, on the other hand, he had!

Squash!

"Ach himmel!" yelled Fritz, as he sat in the eggs.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ach! I sit in eggs!" shrieked Fritz, squirming wildly in the box, and smashing eggs on all sides. "Help! Tat you help me! Mein gootness! I am eggy all ofer—I am sticky—ooooogh! Tat you help me!"

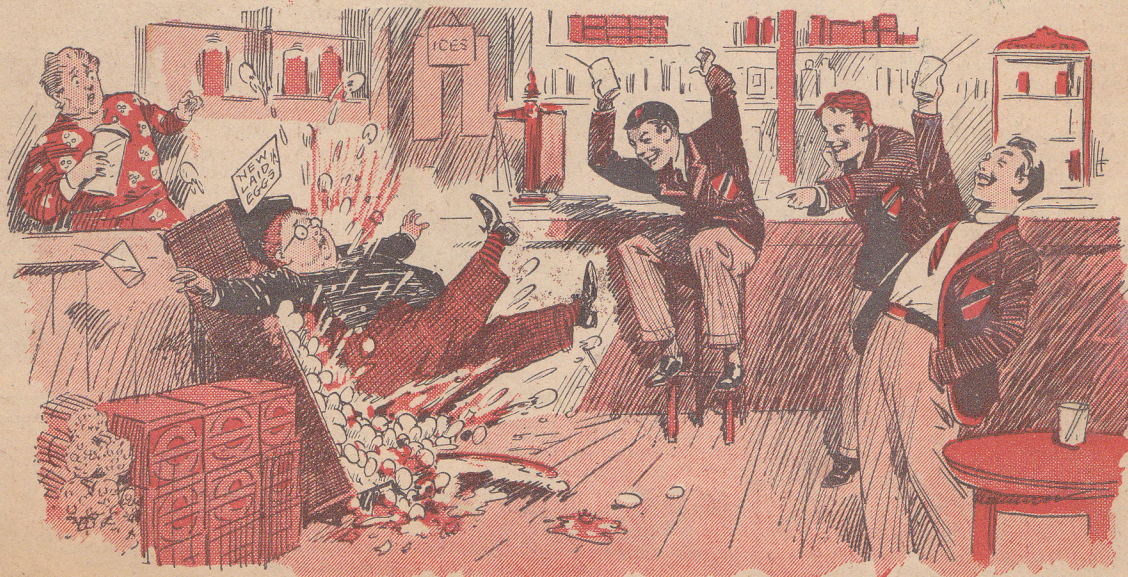
But Ginger & Co. had no time for helping Fritz. Fritz swamped in broken eggs, and roared, and Mrs. Robins gazed at him in horror across the counter.

Ginger & Co. yelling, retreated from the tuck-shop, leaving Fritz Splitz squirming in eggs.

"Come on," chortled Ginger. "Fritz won't feel like going to the station now—he's rather too eggy! Come on, old beans!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Redmayes juniors hurried on to the station—whither Fritz was in no state to follow them. For quite a considerable time, Fritz was busy with eggs, and he had no time to think of the new boy. Ginger & Co. kindly thought of him instead.



Ginger Rawlinson gave the German junior a playful shove on his well-filled waistcoat which sent him staggering back into the large box of eggs that leaned against the counter. Squash! "Ach! I sit in eggs!" shrieked Fritz, squirming wildly in the box and smashing eggs on all sides.

Nice for the New Boy!

JIM DAINTY looked out of the carriage window, as the train slowed down towards Middlemoor. It was glorious scenery that met his eyes—wide, breezy moors, and fell rising over fell, to the great Grimslade Pike towering against the blue sky in the distance. But the new boy for Grimslade School stared at it with discontented eyes. He was a well-made lad, slim but sturdy, with a handsome face—of which the good looks were rather marred by the expression of discontent that seemed habitual. Judging by his looks, Jim Dainty was not keen on his new school, and not prepared to make the best of what could not be helped.

There was no porter at hand when the train stopped in Middlemoor station, and Jim was the only passenger who alighted from the train. The village station seemed deserted, except for three youths who were standing in a group, watching the train as it came in, and Jim as he alighted with a bag in his hand.

The new junior glanced at them. One of them was a rather burly fellow for a junior schoolboy, with a shock of red hair—that was Ginger Rawlinson. Another was a thin fellow with a sharp face and very penetrating eyes—that was "Streaky" Bacon. The third was a youth with freckles, rather high cheekbones and merry blue eyes—that was Sandy Bean. All three of them were grinning—and as Jim was the only other person in sight, he concluded that they were grinning at him—which, in fact, was the case—and a flush of annoyance came over his face.

Possibly his moody expression caused the Grimsladers to grin. The slim, handsome, discontented-looking fellow struck them as a spoiled darling fresh from home—the kind of fellow who was likely to be very rapidly, and rather roughly, knocked into shape at Grimslade. Ginger & Co. were generously prepared to take an early and effective hand in the process of knocking Jim Dainty into shape!

"Here he is!" said Ginger. "New kid for Grimslade, what?"

"Yes!" snapped Dainty. His manner was not polite. "You belong to Grimslade?" he added.

"We do—we does!" smiled Ginger. "We've come to meet you, kid—specially selected because we're so kind to new kids!"

"You needn't have troubled! I suppose I can find my way to the school. Isn't there a dashed porter here to put my bag on a taxi!"

"There's a porter somewhere—probably asleep—but there isn't a taxi!" grinned Ginger. "Your box will be sent on, and you'll carry your bag—unless," he added, with withering sarcasm, "you'd like me to carry it for you."

"Oh, good! Take it!"

Dainty held out the bag. Ginger stared at him, and Bacon and Bean chuckled.

"Well, my hat!" said Ginger. "I've seen some weird new kids in my time, but this sportsman takes the cake. How did you get out of the Zoo, Dainty?"

"I seem to have got into it—into the monkey-house, at least," answered Dainty. "Wha-a-at?" ejaculated Ginger.

"Look here, are you carrying this bag?"

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Ginger. "Am I carrying his bag, you men? I ask you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bacon and Bean. "Well, don't talk rot then!" snapped Jim Dainty, and he walked along the platform to the exit.

Ginger & Co. walked after him. Ginger Rawlinson's face was wrathful. He had been intending to give the new fellow a little good-natured ragging. Now he was thinking of mopping up Middlemoor with him.

They found Jim Dainty outside the station, bag in hand, looking about him, more discontented than ever. Taxicabs were unknown at Middlemoor, and there was not even a hack. The only vehicle in sight was the local carrier's cart, into

which Crabb, the carrier, was lifting a huge hamper—evidently empty, from the ease with which he tossed it into the cart. Old Crabb glanced at Dainty, and touched his ancient hat.

"Going to Grimslade, sir?" he asked civilly.

Jim Dainty stared at him, and then nodded curtly.

"Like a lift, sir?" asked old Crabb. "I'm taking this 'ere hamper to the school, and if you'd like a lift—"

"Not in a carrier's cart, thanks," said the new junior, disdainfully; and he turned away.

Old Crabb gave him a look, and without speaking again, led his horse across to the Peal of Bells, where he left it standing while he went inside for some liquid refreshment.

Ginger & Co. looked at one another. Their looks were expressive. If ever there was a fellow who wanted the Grimslade treatment and wanted it badly, that fellow, in their opinion, was this new junior for White's House. Dainty, taking no notice of them, went back into the station. Apparently he made some arrangement there for his bag to be conveyed to the school, for he emerged again without it. He glanced round him, still taking no heed of the Grimslade trio, and started to walk. Ginger Rawlinson started after him, and grasped him by the arm.

"Now, look here—" began Ginger.

Dainty jerked his arm away. Then, to the astonishment and wrath of the three, he took out a handkerchief and wiped his sleeve where Ginger's grasp had fastened.

"Why, you—you—you—I—I—I—" gurgled Ginger.

Dainty walked on.

"Bag him!" gasped Ginger.

The next moment, Jim Dainty was struggling in three pairs of hands.

"Hook him over to Crabb's cart!" panted Ginger. "He's too jolly haughty to take a lift in a carrier's cart, what? Chuck him in!"

"Hands off!" yelled Dainty.

There was a terrific struggle. Ginger & Co. had not anticipated much trouble. But if Jim Dainty was a "spoiled darling," he also seemed a good deal of a wild-cat. He hit out right and left, and Ginger roared as he caught the new boy's right in his eye, and Streaky Bacon bellowed as

Dainty's left landed on his nose. The four of them rolled on the earth. Jim was still resisting fiercely as the Grimsladers staggered up, dragged him to the carrier's cart, and bundled him in. They bundled in after him and Bacon and Bean sat on him in the bottom of the cart, grinning down at him.

"Keep him safe!" gasped Ginger. "My hat! That kid wants teaching manners, old beans, and we're the men to teach him!" Ginger unhooked the straps that fastened the lid of the big hamper, and threw it back. "Drop him in!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let go, you rotters!" panted Dainty. "You dare to put me in that hamper—"

"My dear man," drawled Ginger, "I dare say you don't know that Dr. Sparshott grows jolly old apples, and sends them away in hampers to his friends? The hampers go back empty—but this time, one is going back full—full of you, old pippin! See?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bacon and Bean.

There was ample room in the big hamper for Jim Dainty. He was crammed in, resisting in vain. He looked rather like a wild-cat in a cage; but the three were too many for him.

"Buck up," said Ginger. "Old Crabb will be out soon. No good telling old Crabb—he wouldn't see the joke. Stick his hanky in his mouth!"

"Groooooogh!" gurgled the new junior, as his folded handkerchief was stuffed into his mouth and secured there by a length of twine tied round his head.

"Now for his fins," said Ginger. "Can't have his wriggling out before the goods are delivered."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Ginger drew a whipcord from his pocket. Streaky and Sandy held the prisoner in the hamper, while Ginger tied his hands. They grinned down at his furious face.

The lid was closed down on Jim Dainty, and the straps fastened. Ginger & Co dropped out of the cart.

They were standing in a smiling group when Crabb came out of the Peal of Bells, wiping his mouth with the back of a horny hand. Old Crabb mounted into his cart, cracked his whip, and drove away for Grimslade. Ginger & Co. grinned after the cart as it rattled noisily down the village street.

"Some jape, what?" chuckled Ginger. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Jim Dainty, inside the big hamper, wriggled and struggled. But any noise he made was drowned by the jolting and creaking of the cart, and the carrier did not even look round. Quite unconscious of his passenger, who was unwillingly taking the lift he had disclaimed to accept when offered, old Crabb drove on to Grimslade School.

A Surprise for Grimslade!

"**N**ONSENSE!" barked Dr. Sparshott.

Sykes, the Grimslade porter, stood in the Head's study doorway. Dr. Samuel Sparshott, who was seldom called anything but "Sammy" at Grimslade, was in his shirt-sleeves, with the gloves on. There was a punch-ball rigged in the study, and "Sammy" was hitting it when Sykes interrupted him. The young headmaster, with his athletic frame, clear-cut face, and keen eyes, looked more like a boxer than a schoolmaster. He glared at Sykes.

"Rubbish!" he barked.

"Thee'd better see thyself," said Sykes sulkily. "I tell thee, sir, there's some wild beastie in the basket—"

"Haven't you opened it and looked?"

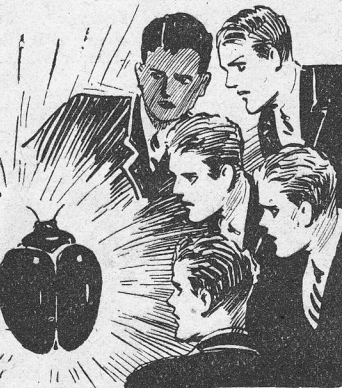
"I dursn't, with a wild beastie scratching and snarling—"

"Rubbish! I will come."

Sammy Sparshott peeled off the gloves, slipped on cap and gown, and followed the school porter.

Outside the porter's lodge at the school gates lay the big hamper that had been landed there by Crabb, the carrier. A crowd of Grimslade fellows had gathered round it, and there was a buzz of surprised

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voices. Among the crowd stood Ginger & Co., who had walked back after the carrier's cart, and Fritz Splitz—still rather eggy about his baggy trousers. Ginger & Co. were grinning, but the other fellows stared at the hamper in astonishment, not unmixed with alarm.

Nobody had ventured to open it. It was addressed to Dr. Sparshott; but as it was supposed to be a returned empty hamper, Sykes would have carried it away to the shed—in ordinary circumstances. Crabb had been surprised by its weight when he tumbled it out of the cart. Sykes had been still more surprised when he came to lift it, and heard strange sounds and movements from within. Fifty fellows at least were staring at the hamper, and listening to the sounds that proceeded from it. Unless a wild-cat was shut up inside, there was no accounting for those sounds. And if a wild-cat was inside, nobody was keen on lifting the lid.

"Here comes Sammy!" murmured Ginger, as the Head came up with long strides.

"What nonsense is this?" barked Dr. Sparshott.

"Mein goodness! There is something alive in tat hamper, sir!" gasped Fritz. "I tink two times before I touch te hamper."

"Nonsense!"
Dr. Sparshott bent over the hamper, frowning impatiently. Then a change came over his face. His ears told him that there was something alive in the hamper. That could not be doubted. A mumbling, snarling sound, as of some half-choked animal—a struggling, wriggling, scratching sound—as of some animal seeking to escape! The Head stared.

What was in the hamper, he could not imagine. Certainly he did not guess that it was a new boy for Grimslade! Jim Dainty had almost succeeded in freeing his hands, by this time, but not quite. The handkerchief was still stuffed in his mouth, but he had chewed it loose. He could not speak—but he could hear voices outside his narrow prison, and he was trying to call out. He was able to utter only a suffocated howl. He thrashed about like a fish in a net, as he struggled for release.

"Upon my word! Someone has shut up some animal in the hamper!" exclaimed Dr. Sparshott. "Probably only a cat—or a dog—"

"A puppy, very likely, sir!" said Ginger.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bacon and Bean. Dr. Sparshott gave them a look. But the muffled howling and frantic struggling drew back his attention to the hamper.

He began to unfasten the straps that secured the lid. The crowd of schoolboys looked on eagerly—some of them getting ready to dodge if it should prove to be a savage animal within. It was at that moment that Jim Dainty, with a final desperate wrench, freed his hands from the whip-cord. He shoved fiercely at the lid of the hamper from below, as the Head of Grimslade unfastened the straps above.

The lid shot up.
"Oh!" roared Sammy Sparshott, as he lid, flying up, caught him under the chin.

He rolled backwards and sat down.
"Oh, crikey!" gasped Ginger.
"Look out!" yelled Dawson of the Fourth, as a wild figure leaped up in the hamper like a jack-in-the-box.

Jim Dainty, his face convulsed with fury, glared round him. Dr. Sparshott jumped up, staring at him blankly.
"What—" he gasped.

Crash!
Jim Dainty hit out. In his excitement and wrath he did not realise that it was a headmaster who was before him. Perhaps, in his present infuriated frame of mind, he would not have cared, anyhow. He hit out at the nearest face, which was Dr. Sparshott's, and it was a hefty blow that landed on the headmaster's nose. Sammy Sparshott went over as if he had been shot.

"Oooooogh!" he spluttered.
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jim Dainty tore the handkerchief from his mouth. Still standing in the hamper, he glared round at the amazed and

laughing faces of the Grimsladers. His clenched hands were up, his eyes flashing over them. He caught sight of Rawlinson in the crowd, sprang from the hamper, and rushed at Ginger.

"You—you rotter!" he panted.
Ginger, laughing like a hyena, dodged behind Fritz Splitz, caught the German junior by his fat shoulders, and spun him in Dainty's way. There was a frantic howl from Fritz, as he caught the drive that was intended for Ginger.

"Ach! Mein nose!" yelled Fritz.
"Mein poko he is spoken!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dr. Sparshott leaped to his feet. His face was like thunder. Another moment and Jim Dainty would have been upon Ginger; but in that moment a grasp of iron fell on his collar. He was swung back in the athletic grasp of Sammy Sparshott.

"Who are you?" thundered the Head.
"What does this mean? How dare you come here in a hamper? Are you mad? Who are you?"

"Let go my collar!" yelled Dainty.
"I'll hack your shins, confound you!"
"Will you?" said Sammy Sparshott, grimly.

With a swing of his sinewy arm, he lifted the new junior into the air, holding him by his collar. Jim Dainty swung there helplessly, his boots a couple of feet from the ground. He struggled and kicked, but the Head held him at arm's length as easily as if he had been a rabbit.

"Now then," barked Sammy, "who are you?"
"Ow! Oooh! I'm Dainty—I'm going to Grimslade—" gasped Jim.

"Mein goodness! Tat is te new poy!" gasped Fritz Splitz. "Tat is Tainty!"
"You are Dainty, the new boy?" roared Sammy Sparshott. "And why have you arrived here in a hamper?"
"Find out!"

"What?" roared Dr. Sparshott.
"Find out! Let me go, confound you!" yelled Jim.

"I am your headmaster, boy!"
"I don't care a rap who you are! Let me go, or I'll kick you."

"Some trick has been played on this boy!" said Dr. Sparshott. "I fancy you know something about it, Rawlinson. Go to my study and wait for me there. Dainty, you belong to White's House. I shall take you where you belong. You will learn manners here, my boy."

Still holding the struggling, wriggling junior at arm's length, as if he had been a featherweight, Sammy Sparshott marched across to White's House, followed by a roar of laughter.

"Will you put me down?" gurgled Jim.

"Not yet!" said Sammy Sparshott. He walked into White's House, to Mr. White's study. The Housemaster, who had been staring from his window, opened the door as he arrived. He stared blankly at his chief. Sammy Sparshott was not in the common run of headmasters, and he had many original ways; but this was the first time he had ever brought a new boy to his House held in the air at arm's length.

"Sir!" stuttered Mr. White.
"What—"

"This is Dainty, the new boy for your House, Mr. White! I hand him over to you!" said the Head of Grimslade.

Bump!
Jim Dainty landed on his Housemaster's study floor, in a panting heap. Dr. Sparshott, with a grim smile, walked away, and left the new boy to his Housemaster.

The Rebel.

"GET out!"
"Mein goodness!" ejaculated Fritz Splitz.

"You cheeky cad!" roared Dawson of the Fourth.

A sulky, savage face glared at the two Fourth-Formers, from No. 10 study. Jim Dainty had been an hour at Grimslade. After a talk with him, his Housemaster had sent him to his study—

having learned from the new boy that he hadn't wanted to come to Grimslade, and that now he was there he didn't want to stay. All of which Mr. White had taken with a rather grim patience. Grimslade was a school celebrated for training troublesome boys in the way in which they should go, and Jim Dainty looked like the most unruly and troublesome fellow who had ever come to the school; but Mr. White had no doubt—so far at least—that Grimslade treatment would cure all that.

The new junior was moving about the study, rather like a wild animal in a cage, when Dawson and Fritz arrived. It was their study, and they were not pleased with their new study-mate. Dainty seemed less pleased. He pointed to the door and told them to get out, and looked as if he was ready to back up that order with his fists—as indeed he was.

"You sulky, scowling tiok!" roared Dick Dawson. "This is our study—"

"Get out!"
"Mein goot poy—" murmured Fritz.

"Are you going?"
"Going?" gasped Dawson. "Not quite! Why, I'll—"

He broke off as the new junior came at him with his hands up. Dick Dawson was rather a fighting man; he was the only fellow in White's House who had a sporting chance against Ginger Rawlinson of Redmayes. He rather prided himself on the way he used his hands. But he did not look like having much chance against the new junior. Spoiled darling Jim Dainty might have been at home but he could use his fists, and he had as much pluck as unruly temper. With right and left he drove Dawson out into the passage, sending him sprawling on the linoleum. Then he turned on the staring, goggling Fritz.

"You going?" he snapped.
"Put, mein goot poy, tis is mein study," gasped Fritz. "I tink two times before I go mit myself—yaroooooooch!"

In the grasp of the new junior the fat German went spinning into the passage, landing on Dawson with a terrific crash. Slam!

The door closed after him. There was a click, as the key turned in the lock. Dawson panted under the sprawling *Deutschlander*.

"Gerroff, you Boche barrel," gasped Dawson.

"Mein goodness!" gurgled Fritz. "I have no more te breff—ach! Tat you punch me not in te pread-pasket."

He rolled off Dawson, spluttering, and the junior leaped up and jumped to the study door. He rattled the door-handle and kicked on the panels. But the door remained locked. The new junior within took no notice of the rattling and banging.

"Will you let a fellow into his own study?" shrieked Dawson, through the keyhole.

"Go and eat coke!"
Bang! bang! bang!

Jim Dainty, restlessly pacing the study within, gave no heed. He was thinking—sulkily, savagely, and rebelliously. He had not wanted to come to Grimslade. He hated the place now that he was there. But there was no help for it!

He had been his mother's spoiled pet, while his father was in Burma—indulged, wilful, headstrong; never realising the trouble he gave, perhaps never wishing to realise it. His father's return home, after several years at the ruby mines in Burma, had changed all that. Mr. Dainty, an old Grimslader himself, had sent him to his old school—which, if Jim had only known it, was exactly what he wanted. But he did not know it, and it might have made little difference if he had. Certainly, his peculiar arrival at Grimslade was not calculated to make a favourable impression on him.

He writhed with rage and humiliation as he recalled how he had been carried at arm's length across the quad by his

(Continued on page 1007.)

breasts of the crew. Langley guessed the reason early on and longed to clash his rapier against the blade of the renegade Frenchman.

The crew broke into murmurs of applause as the Chevalier circled round and round Black Michael, easily evading the wild lunges thrust at him, and occasionally returning a flashing stroke that drew blood. Perspiration oozed down the grimed forehead of Black Michael—the fear of death glimmered crazily in his eyes. The Chevalier's mocking laugh sounded like a death-knell.

Black Michael was backing towards the rail, his breath coming and going in great gasps. The Chevalier's blade darted forward like the tongue of a vicious snake, pinning his wretched opponent clean through the ribs to the rail behind him.

With a gasping cry Black Michael crumpled. His sword glinted as it clattered to the deck.

The Chevalier laughed in such fashion as sent a shiver down the spines of all about him, and withdrew his blade.

"Say farewell, Black Michael!" he taunted. "Take your last look at this world!"

"Mercy!" screamed Black Michael, sprawling on his knees with hands raised in supplication. "Mercy! For the love of heaven!"

For answer the Chevalier laughed cruelly and lunged forward to deal the death stroke; and in that same moment Langley Morgensen rushed forward, seized the Frenchman's shoulder in a grip of steel, and swung him away from his helpless victim.

"Hold, ye traitor!" he cried in ringing tones. "Perhaps my blade will be better steel for ye to practise on."

A blaze of anger shot into the Chevalier's gleaming eyes. It dwindled in the next second to its usual mocking expression. Then, whirling his sword, he turned to meet the youngster he had betrayed.

"Ho! Have ye not seen enough of my skill?" he asked banteringly. "Wouldst desire to taste its quality? An' so ye shall, my gallant young spitfire. On guard!"

The crew cheered. They liked the mettle of this youngster who bore so strange a likeness to their vanquished captain, and, stranger still, to old Josiah Morgenson, whose ship this once had been.

"To the death!" exclaimed Morgensen. "Ye foul thing, I would kill thee as I would grind my heel upon a scorpion. Renegade! Traitor! Ye will find Langley Morgensen a tougher opponent than his uncle!"

"A Morgensen—"

"Langley Morgensen! Shiver my timbers, it's a chip of the old block!"

"Ye speak truly," called back Langley, albeit never taking his eyes off the Chevalier. "Josiah's nephew, my buxks, and the owner of this craft. Will ye follow me an I vanquish this French boaster?"

"Ay, ay!"

Langley's face broke into a fetching smile. He knew the influence the name and reputation of his dead and gone uncle Josiah had with these simple-minded folk. If he could overpower the mocking Chevalier before him the ship was as good as his.

Clash! Clash!

Steel met steel. Laughingly the youngster parried a death thrust from the Chevalier and lunged. Came another clash as the Frenchman parried in turn.

"Bravo, young 'un!"

"A Morgensen!"

It was the grateful Ben Grant who led the cheers, and the enthusiasm behind them made the Chevalier grind his teeth with rage. Added to which he knew from the first three minutes of that encounter that Langley Morgensen was a swordsman of quality. Round and round the two fenced and parried, and lunged, their darting blades describing shimmering arcs of light.

Langley was elated, but cool. He had the

measure of the Frenchman. With care and a few tricks he had yet to play the fight might end in his favour. Similar thoughts roved the mind of the Chevalier. His vanity again had caused him to underestimate the merits of his youthful antagonist. A boy! What had the finest swordsman in France to fear at his hands?

Yet, as the fight dragged on, he began to lose much of that confidence for which he was celebrated. The youngster was his equal. Every feint and trick of the Flemish and French schools of fencing he knew he tried on the smiling youngster to no avail.

Langley's head was cool, his memory keen. He had used a sword from infancy and had learned all the tricks of the business from a master, now resting in the shadows of Stoke Fleming churchyard.

"Finish him, young sir!" Some of the crew were yelling for a "kill." "A Morgensen—a Morgensen!"

"I'll finish him—all in good time," replied Langley, skipping backwards and avoiding a vicious thrust which would have cleft him in half had it landed. "What say ye, Chevalier?"

The Frenchman's face was pale, his eyes were strained. The perspiration was streaming from him. For the first time in his lawless life he was afraid. He tried one last despairing feint, saw it pass without result, and then gasped in dismay.

SATURDAY

IS

"RANGER"

DAY!

"HOORAY!"



Langley had tried an old Italian trick in return. He lunged low purposely, leaving himself open, and awaited the crucial moment when the Chevalier's blade snapped at his unguarded chest, then inclined his rapier upwards, diagonally. A sharp, swift turn of the wrist and his rapier seemed to curl round that of the Chevalier, tearing it from his grasp and sending it spinning high in the air, to fall with a soft splash into the sea.

A cheer went up from the crew, drowning the Chevalier's cry of dismay.

"Now, ye traitor, take your last look at this world," said Langley, "even as ye bade Black Michael take his!"

The Chevalier backed away a step, his breath coming and going in heaving gasps. Then, suddenly, he leapt for the rail of the schooner, steadied himself a moment, and plunged into the depths below.

Langley and the crew rushed after him, watching for the break in the water when he should rise to the surface.

They watched and waited in vain. Search where they would, no glimpse of the beaten Frenchman rewarded them.

He had gone! Vanished in the depths of the blue-green waters, leaving only an ever-widening circle of ripples to mark his passage!

(Has the cunning Chevalier met his doom—or is he still alive to prove a thorn in the side of Langley in his quest of old Josiah's treasure hoard? Make sure you don't miss reading next week's chapters of this thrilling pirate story.)

THE FOURTH FORM AT GRIMSLADE!

(Continued from page 999.)

amazing headmaster, amid yells of laughter. He paced the study with black and bitter thoughts, while Dick Dawson hammered furiously at the door.

The ink squirt on the floor under the window caught his eye. He picked it up, filled it at the inkstand on the study table, and stepped to the door, his eyes gleaming. There were a good many voices in the passage now. The uproar at No. 10 study had drawn attention. Yorke, of the Sixth, the captain of the House, came up the passage with a cane in his hand.

"You young sweep, what's that row?" he demanded.

"Ach! Tat Tainty, he lock te door and ve cannot get into te study mit ourself!" gasped Fritz Splitz.

Yorke rapped on the door.

"You here, Dainty? Unlock this door at once."

"Rats!"

"What!" roared Yorke. "Do you know you're speaking to your House captain?"

"Go and eat coke."

"By gum!" gasped the captain of White's. "If that's a new kid, he's got a lot to learn at Grimslade. Open this door, Dainty."

"Shan't!"

"Mein gootness!" gasped Fritz. "Tat poy he is a gorker! I do not tink that I shall lofe tat poy in mein study."

Bang! bang! bang! Yorke thumped on the door. Dainty's voice was heard again.

"You can thump as long as you like, you silly idiot."

"What? What did you call me?" gasped Yorke.

"Silly idiot!"

"By gum! I—I—I'll—"

"What is it, Yorke?" Mr. White came up the passage. "Has Dainty locked himself in?" He stepped to the door, and tapped. "Dainty!"

"Oh, shut up!"

"What? It is your Housemaster speaking—"

"Well, shut up, you old fool!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Fritz Splitz, greatly tickled by the expression on Mr. White's face. The Housemaster spun round at him.

"Are you laughing, Splitz?" he hooted.

"Ach! Nein! Nein!" exclaimed Fritz, in alarm. "I do not laff mit myself—I cough mit myself—I have vun colossal cough—ach!"

Mr. White turned to the door again. He stooped to address the new junior through the keyhole. Through that narrow aperture he had a glimpse, for a moment, of a handsome, sulky face. But it was only a glimpse—for the next moment there was a swishing, squishing sound, and a stream of ink shot through the keyhole and landed in his face. He staggered back. Eyes and nose and mouth were full of ink, and Mr. White, suddenly transformed into a black man, sat down in the passage and spluttered.

"Oooogh! Hug! Gug-gug-gug! Ooooooocoh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yurrrrrrrgggh! Gurrrrrrgggh! Woooooocoh!"

Mr. White picked himself up, and staggered away, streaming ink.

Outside No. 10 study the crowd still buzzed in great excitement; but for a long time the Housemaster of White's was busy with hot water and soap, and Jim Dainty was left to himself!

(This new series of school-life stories by famous Frank Richards is the real goods. There'll be another topping yarn of Jim Dainty, the rebel at Grimslade, in next Saturday's bumper issue of the RANGER. Order your copy now, buddies!)