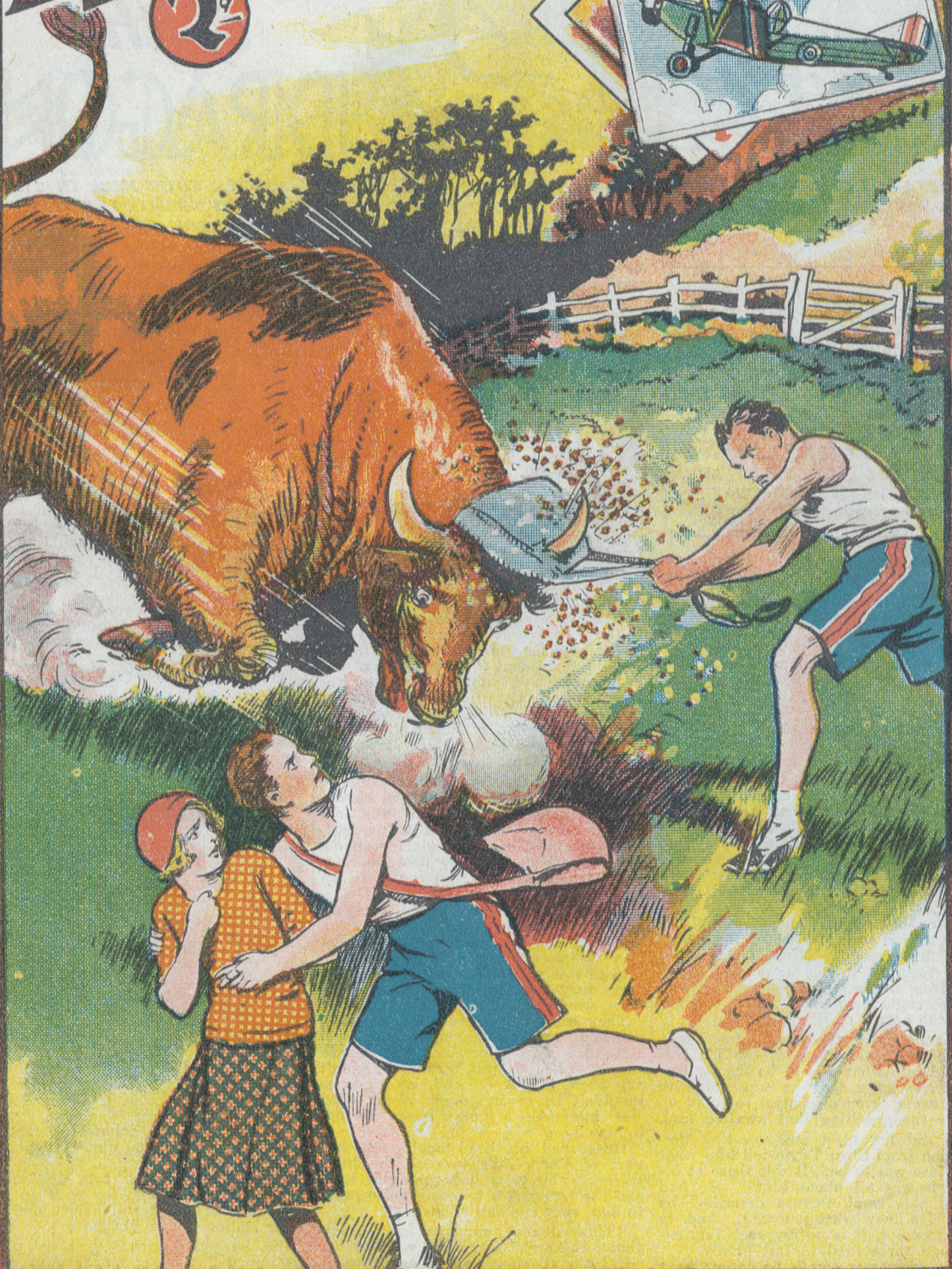
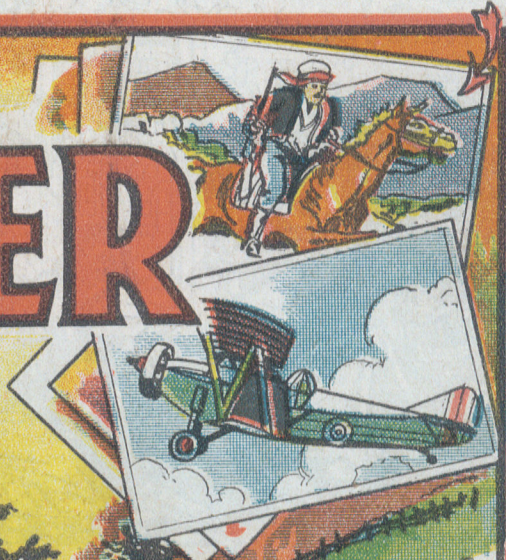


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The RANGER

2^{of}



The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE!



YOU WANT THE BEST SCHOOL STORY—HERE IT IS, FEATURING THE CHEERY CHUMS OF GRIMSLADE. BY POPULAR FRANK RICHARDS.

JIM DAINTY IS ONE OF THE HARES IN THE GRIMSLADE PAPER-CHASE—BUT HE NEARLY GETS CAUGHT BY A MAD BULL!

Hare and Hounds!



ROT!" said Jim Dainty to the fellows in White's House.

"Rubbish!" said Ginger Rawlinson in Redmayes House.

White's agreed with Jim Dainty that it was rot. Redmayes agreed

with Ginger that it was rubbish. But it was for Sammy to decide; and whether it was rot, or whether it was rubbish, Sammy's word was law.

Dr. Samuel Sparshott, headmaster of Grimslade School, was a busy man; but he found time to take keen interest in many matters which most headmasters passed by like the idle wind which they regarded not. It was not very many years since Sammy Sparshott had been a boy himself!

All the Lower School at Grimslade were very keen, at present, on the cross-country run that was fixed for Wednesday afternoon; and for two or three days, juniors in both Houses had been tearing up old newspapers, exercise books, letters from home, and all sorts of things to fill the bags of scent. Sammy picked out the hares for the run; and he picked out a White's man and a Redmayes man—Jim Dainty and Ginger Rawlinson.

White's House agreed that two White's men would have been ever so much better; White's being miles ahead of Redmayes in running and everything else.

Redmayes declared that two Redmayes men would have been ever so much better, Redmayes being miles ahead of White's in running and all other matters of a sporting nature!

But Sammy decided it, and that was that! And on Wednesday afternoon, when the swarm of Grimsladers gathered

at the gates in the clear frosty weather to start, Jim Dainty and Ginger carried the bags of scent slung over their shoulders. Sammy was there to start them with a cheery smile on his boyish face.

"Ten minutes' start for the hares!" said Dr. Sparshott. "Now then, Dainty and Rawlinson! Off!"

Jim and Ginger trotted away down Middlemoor Lane. They vanished through a gap in a hedge, and the frosty moor swallowed them. The pack waited till Sammy gave the word to follow. At the signal they streamed away in pursuit.

Meanwhile, the hares were far afield. Dropping the scent as they trotted, Jim Dainty and Ginger Rawlinson covered the ground fast.

"Put it on, you crawling White's tick!" said Ginger, sniffing.

"I'm afraid of running you off your legs, you Redmayes wreck!" answered Dainty, politely.

Ginger breathed hard, and put on speed. His long legs went almost like lightning. He was the best junior sprinter in his House, and he was determined to leave the White's man standing if he could.

Jim Dainty grinned, and accelerated, keeping step by the red-headed junior's side. He was the only junior at Grimslade who could outpace Ginger, Sammy, as a matter of fact, had known what he was about when he picked them out for the run—as Sammy generally did. They were the pick of the whole bunch; and House rivalry spurred them on to excel themselves.

The torn paper lay in a white streak behind them as they ran. Far behind, the hounds were pressing on the scent. White's pack were specially keen on catching Ginger. Redmayes pack were specially keen on catching Dainty. There was no doubt that every man was going to put his best foot foremost.

Ginger had intended to look round and call to Dainty to buck up. But he did not have to look round to see his fellow-hare. Dainty ran shoulder to shoulder with him for a time—and drew ahead. It was the White's junior who looked round with a grinning face, and called:

"Buck up!"

"You cheeky tick!" gasped Ginger, and he put it on manfully. Jim slowed down a little. It was not good business for the hares to run themselves out in the first lap.

They ran on side by side, scattering the scent. Two miles had been covered, when they came in sight of Grimslade Water, the stream that tumbled down from the slopes of Grimslade Pike, glistening in the wintry sunshine ahead. Across the stream lay a plank bridge—a single plank resting on stones in the bank. It was for the plank that the hares were heading.

Not a living being was to be seen on the wide stretches of the misty moor. Far behind, the pack were not in sight—only the trail of torn paper told them the way the hares had gone. Ahead stretched the wild moor, with the great Pike towering in the distance, and in another direction a blur of smoke on the sky where Blackmoor lay. Neither of the hares guessed, or dreamed, that from the thickets on the other side of the torrent two keen and malicious eyes were watching them as they came.

Fenwick of the Fifth, the black sheep of White's House, grinned as he sighted them. All the school knew that the run lay by Grimslade Water; and Fenwick had taken a short cut to get ahead of the run.

This was his chance for paying off his old score against Jim Dainty, and the rascal of Grimslade was not losing the opportunity. But he was very careful to keep in cover. If it should transpire that a Grimslader had loosened the plank over the stream, to give the hares a ducking, Fenwick knew what he had to expect from Sammy. He hugged cover and watched as the two juniors came trotting down to the steep bank of the moorland torrent.

They reached the plank together. There was room for only one to pass at a time. Ginger gave his companion a shove.

"Redmayes leads!" he remarked.

And as Dainty staggered back from the unexpected shove, Ginger chuckled and ran out on the plank.

A score of times, at least, Ginger had crossed that plank, and it had always been secure. It did not occur to him that it was not secure now—till he was in the middle of it. Then he realised that it was rocking and slipping at the further end.

"Oh, my giddy goloshes!" gasped Ginger.

Jim Dainty would have been on the plank in another moment. But in that moment the further end slid into the

water, and Ginger Rawlinson went tumbling into the stream.

There was a splash and a cry.

"Oh, my hat!" panted Dainty.

Ginger, struggling wildly, was carried down the torrent. For a fraction of a second, Jim stared at him, spellbound; then he raced down the bank. From the thickets on the other side Fenwick's white face stared. He had intended to give the juniors a ducking; but he had not counted on the force of the current.

He stared in terror as Ginger was swept away, realising that the junior's life was in danger. Forgetful of cover, he stood staring, petrified with horror.

Luck and Pluck!

"GINGER!" panted Jim Dainty. He pelted madly down the bank, to keep pace with the struggling junior whirling down the stream. Ginger was a good swimmer—one of the best in his House. But Grimslade Water ran almost like a mill-race. Ginger was fighting hard and bravely, but the whirling current swept him away, and twice his red head had gone under.

Jim glimpsed his white face and staring eyes, and ran as he had never run before. He got ahead of the struggling junior as he whirled down the stream, threw down his bag of scent, and plunged in.

A weeping willow overhung the stream, and Dainty grasped the branch that extended furthest over the water. Hanging on to it with his left hand, tossed and buffeted by the current, he clutched at Ginger with his right, as the Redmayes junior swept by.

His grasp fastened on a shock of red hair.

Ginger swept by him; but Dainty held fast, one hand on the willow branch, the other winding in the very roots of Ginger's red mop. It seemed as if he must be torn away from his hold—he felt as if a giant's hand was plucking at him. But he held on, resolutely, fiercely, and Ginger Rawlinson was dragged back from death. Ginger still had his wits about him, and he grasped and caught at the trailing willow.

"Hold on!" panted Jim.

His voice was lost in the roar of the torrent; but Ginger was holding on. Jim struggled into the willow, still grasping Ginger's hair, dragging the Redmayes junior after him.

A yell came from Ginger.

"Let go, you dummy! You're yanking my hair out by the roots, you blinking idiot! I'll jolly well punch your head, you silly ass!"

Jim Dainty grinned. Ginger had a safe hold on the willow now, and was crawling back to the bank. But Dainty kept hold of his hair, and pulled. Ginger yelled frantically.

They rolled on the bank together. Then Dainty let go, and Ginger rubbed his drenched and dripping head, and glared at him.

"You silly tick!" he bawled.

"All serene!" gasped Jim. "I've burned my fingers, but that doesn't matter."

"Burned your fingers!" stuttered Ginger. "My giddy goloshes!" And he fairly hurled himself at the White's junior.

Ginger was rather sensitive on the subject of his flaming mop. He was proud of it, in a way, for he was a firm believer in the good old adage "Ginger for pluck." But he did not like jokes about it.

Thump, thump, thump!

"Oh, crickey!" gasped Jim Dainty.

He hammered back. Forgetful of the peril they had both been through only a few minutes before, the rivals of Grimslade punched and thumped with terrific vigour. Sammy had foreseen that House rivalry would spur the rivals on to do their very best; but perhaps he had not foreseen this!

As a matter of fact, it was about the best thing the two juniors could have done, for that fierce rough-and-tumble warmed them up after the plunge in the

icy water of the moorland torrent. They punched and thumped, panted and gasped, and were very soon as warm as toast.

On the other side of the stream a white-faced fellow came running. It was Fenwick of the Fifth, frightened almost out of his wits at what he had done. He stared across the stream at the two juniors, and panted with relief at the sight of them. Jim Dainty saw him as he stared across.

"Hold on, Ginger!" he gasped. "Nuff's as good as a feast, old bean. The pack will get us at this rate."

And the combat ceased. Ginger Rawlinson grinned rather sheepishly at the White's junior.

"You're a cheeky tick, and you jolly nearly scalped me," he grunted, "but thanks for pulling me out. Blessed if I didn't think it was all up. What's Fenwick doing here?" he added, staring across the water at the Fifth Form man.

Dainty's eyes gleamed. Fenwick was already turning away—regretting that he had emerged from cover.

"I fancy I can guess," snapped Dainty.

"That plank never got loose on its own!"

"Oh, my giddy goloshes!" gasped Ginger.

"You think that Fenwick—"

"I know he did!"

Fenwick was disappearing in the frosty thickets. Ginger Rawlinson shook a fist after him.

"If I could get across—" he breathed.

"We'll see him again at Grimslade!"

said Dainty, grimly. "The rotter meant to give us a ducking, I suppose, but he might have got us drowned. We can't get across now, Ginger—the plank's gone. We shall have to go back and drop the scent—can't leave a gap in the trail. Then we've got to keep on this side."

"Buck up, then—the pack will get us!"

The two juniors ran up the bank to the spot where the bridge had been and where the paper trail ended. The plank had disappeared in the torrent, and there was no crossing. Far away on the moor

behind, dotted figures appeared; and on the wind came the note of Streaky Bacon's bugle. The delay had given the pack a chance and the hares were sighted. Loud and clear across the moor came the ta-ra-ra of the bugle as Streaky blew.

Dropping the paper scent again, the hares ran down the stream. The inequalities of the moor soon shut them off from the sight of the hounds, but the pursuit was close now. They were drenched from the plunge in Grimslade Water, but they were drying as they ran.

Grimslade Water barred them off from the intended course of the run to the west, and they had to decide on a new trail. Leaving the stream behind, Jim Dainty turned into a lane, and Ginger panted on after him.

"Hold on, you White's duffer!" panted Ginger. "This lane leads to Hawley's farm—we can't get through. You don't know your way about, you ass."

"Who's Hawley?" asked Jim. Jim Dainty was new at Grimslade that term, and he was now in strange country.

"A farmer, fathead—a crusty old blighter, ass—he comes up to the school regularly every other week to complain of somebody. He caught Fritz Splitz once bagging his apples, and laid into him with a blackthorn. He's as mad as a hatter if anybody steps on his land. Look here, we—"

"He can be as mad as a March hare, if he likes," answered Jim Dainty. "We're not going to be caught. Come on."

"It will mean a row with Sammy!"

"Let it!"

"Look here," roared Ginger. "Stop, see?"

"Stop if you funk it—I'm going on!" And Jim Dainty trotted on.

The word "funk" was enough for the Redmayes junior. He raced on after Dainty.

The lane ended at a farm gate. Jim Dainty put one hand on the gate, and vaulted over. After him leaped Ginger, not to be outdone. Two men in smocks were in the yard, and they stared at the



The two men in smocks cut in front of the running schoolboys. Dainty crashed on a stout stomach, and the farmer's man gave a gurgling gasp and sat down. "Rescue!" came a yell from Ginger. "Oooh! Yaroooh! Whoop! Rescue!"

schoolboys, then ran towards them. What they were going to do to the trespassers was quite clear, without questions being asked. They cut in front of the running schoolboys.

The nearest one grabbed at Jim Dainty, who was ahead. Dainty did not pause. It was neck or nothing now. To be turned back meant falling into the hands of the pack. He lowered his head and charged. The top of his head crashed on a stout stomach and the farmer's man gave a gurgling gasp and sat down. Jim wound round him and ran on, leaving him winded.

"Rescue!" came a yell from Ginger. "Oooh! Yaroooh! Whoop! Rescue!"

Jim halted and looked round. The second man was smiting Ginger on his running shorts, and to judge by Ginger's yells, he was getting hurt. Dainty whirled round and charged back. He grabbed at the smock behind, hooked a leg and the farmer's man went sprawling.

"Come on, Ginger!" Jim panted. Ginger sprawled with the man who held him; but he tore himself free, leaped up, and ran on. Behind the juniors came a heavy tramp of feet. One of the farmer's men was in pursuit; the other was still sitting down and struggling for his second wind. The man in pursuit was putting on his best, and the juniors had to sprint—but they left the paper trail behind them as they sprinted.

They scrambled over a gate, and raced up a field-path across a meadow. Their pursuer stopped at the gate, and yelled. Why he gave up the pursuit at that point the schoolboys did not know, but they were glad of it. He was shouting frantically after them; but the wind carried his voice back, and they did not catch the words.

"All clear!" chuckled Jim Dainty, slackening the pace a little. "My hat! We've left the pack some trouble, Ginger."

"There won't be a lot of them get through Hawley's farm," grinned Ginger. "We're lucky to get clear! I hope we shan't run into old Hawley. My giddy goloshes, what's that?"

"That" was a deep bellow that boomed across the meadow. Ginger Rawlinson stopped dead.

"Come on!" panted Dainty. "Stop!" gasped Ginger. "Oh, my giddy goloshes! That's what that man was yelling for! This is the bull's field!"

"Wha-a-at?" "Old Hawley's Durham bull!" groaned Ginger. "As fierce as a tiger—hardly a man on the farm dares to go near him. If he sees us—"

"There he is!" In a far corner of the field, ahead of the hares, a huge form loomed in sight: a magnificent bull. Its back was turned to the schoolboys: it was not at them that the fearful animal was bellowing. Jim Dainty stopped. And as he stopped, there came a cry across the meadow from a bunch of willows close by where the bull was pawing the earth and roaring.

In Deadly Peril!

"GIRL!" gasped Jim Dainty. Ginger Rawlinson had already spun round. The gate was a good distance behind the juniors now, and over it the two men in smocks were staring. And they had been joined by a red-faced man in gaiters—Farmer Hawley himself.

Mr. Hawley was brandishing a big stick, but he did not open the gate or get over it. He shouted to the schoolboys, but they were too far off to hear him, though now that they saw the bull, they knew why he was shouting. Farmer Hawley wanted to thrash the trespassers, but he did not want to see them gored to death by the savage denizen of the meadow.

Jim Dainty caught Ginger by the arm. The colour had drained from his face as he heard that scream from the corner of the meadow ahead.

"Ginger! It's a girl—hark!" It was another scream.

This time Ginger heard it, too, and he stopped.

"Oh, my giddy goloshes!" he gasped. "Dainty—what—you're mad—that brute will kill you."

Dainty was running. Among the willows, on the edge of the meadow, he glimpsed the girl who had screamed—a plump-faced Yorkshire lass of about fifteen, whose pretty face was colourless with terror. Apparently the girl had started to cross the meadow, and the bull had sighted her; and unluckily she was wearing a red bonnet.

The magnificent Durham bull stood pawing the earth only a few yards from her, his eyes glaring red, his broad nostrils steaming, a deep bellow booming from his mighty throat. That he was about to rush down on his victim was plain, and the hapless lass stood rooted to the earth, paralysed with terror.

Ginger panted on after Dainty. Dainty was running for the bull. What he fancied he could do in handling a huge brute almost as powerful as an elephant, Ginger could not guess, and the men at the gate behind were too far off to help.

The girl in the red bonnet had seen the schoolboys, and screamed for help; but what could they do? But Dainty led, and Ginger followed, and they raced down to the corner of the meadow. Another terrible roar pealed from the bull, and the gigantic form was already getting into motion for a charge, when Dainty reached him.

He swung round his bag of scent, and struck the bull fairly in one of the blazing red eyes.

He leaped back the next second as the great animal turned on him. The bull's attention had been fixed on the red bonnet, and he had neither seen nor heard Dainty till he reached him and struck. Now he swung round with a bellow of fury on the daring schoolboy.

"Ginger!" shrieked Dainty. "Get her away!"

He leaped back and leaped again, dodging the rush of the bull by the skin of his teeth. The excited brute had forgotten the girl in the red bonnet now; his fury was turned on the Grimslade schoolboy.

Ginger understood, and he ran on and reached the terrified girl. Dainty was drawing the bull farther and farther away from the spot. With the heavy hoofs of the great animal thundering behind him, he ran for his life.

Fast as he flew, the bellowing brute behind was faster. Jim knew that he had taken his life in his hands, though he had not hesitated for a second. Panting, he ran and ran, heading for a beech that grew at a distance; and closer and closer behind him came the thunder of crashing hoofs. If he reached the tree in time, he had a chance.

The steam from the broad nostrils fanned the back of his neck. The mighty head was lowered; the horns were almost touching him when he twisted round the beech, and the Durham bull went thundering by.

The huge animal's weight and speed carried him a dozen yards before he could turn. Jim Dainty reeled against the tree, breathing in great gasps, almost in sobs, his heart pounding against his ribs. But he knew that he had drawn the savage brute a good hundred yards from the girl and Ginger.

Snorting and bellowing, the bull wheeled round, and came charging back at the schoolboy. Jim Dainty clambered desperately up the beech. There was no branch within reach, but the rough trunk gave some hold—and he climbed like a cat. Had he slipped back, it was death—fearful death without hope or help.

He climbed desperately; his grasp reaching a jutting branch, and he dragged himself out of reach as the bull thundered below. Something brushed his boot as he swung; it was the mighty head of the bull. It sent a thrill through him; but in another second he was sprawling over the branch, his chest resting on it; too

exhausted to drag himself farther, but out of reach of the tossing horns.

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Dainty. Below him the bull pranced in mad rage, roaring with fury. A minute's rest, and Jim was able to drag himself on the branch. He stood there, holding to a higher branch, while the Durham bull roared below; but he hardly looked at the furious animal. His glance swept across the field towards Ginger.

"Thank heaven!" he panted. He had a glimpse of the red bonnet in the distance. Ginger was helping the girl over a fence; and even as Dainty looked, the red bonnet disappeared on the further side. Ginger Rawlinson turned round to see what had become of Dainty now that the girl was safe. Jim waved his hand and shouted.

Ginger waved back as he spotted him in the tree. There was a shout from the distance. Farmer Hawley and his men had seen the chase, and they were over the gate, running across the field, the farmer waving his stick, the two men in smocks with pitchforks in their hands.

"Hook it, Ginger!" yelled Jim. Ginger hesitated a moment; then he ran on, and leaped a stile into the next meadow. Dainty had no chance of getting away if the farmer and his men wanted him, and it was up to Ginger to carry on with the run. He vanished from Jim's sight, dropping the paper trail as he went.

Then Jim turned his eyes rather grimly on the three men coming up. From what he had heard of Farmer Hawley he expected trouble; but at least they were going to drive away the bull. Rather to his relief, they did not heed him; they gave their attention to the Durham bull, driving the great brute away across the field, with stick and pitchforks, into a shed in the distance.

Holding on to the branch, Jim watched them till they reached the shed and drove the bull in; then he dropped lightly to the ground, and started at a run in the direction Ginger had taken.

It was a chance of getting clear; and he did not neglect it. He was halfway to the stile when he heard a shout behind him. A glance over his shoulder showed the ruddy-faced man in gaiters in pursuit. Farmer Hawley was no longer carrying his stick; but he waved his hand to the running schoolboy, and shouted.

"Stop!" Jim grinned breathlessly. He was not likely to stop. He put on a spurt, and the farmer dropped behind in the chase. Jim reached the stile, and cleared it at a bound. Without a pause he raced on after Ginger, who was now visible again far ahead.

He heard shouting behind him, but he was too far now to catch the words. Looking back, he saw the stout farmer at the stile, panting for breath, waving his hand and shouting. Jim laughed, then ran on again.

"Oh, my giddy goloshes!" gasped Ginger, as the White's junior joined him. "What a run! All that rotter Fenwick's fault—we shouldn't have come across Hawley's farm but for him. But I say, it was rather lucky for that kid that we did."

"All clear now, anyhow," panted Jim. "For us!" grinned Ginger. "But the pack will have some trouble, I fancy."

The moorland farm was left behind. The hares trotted on by lane and field-path. They stopped on the summit of a high hillock to look back. Far in the distance, dotted in the fields, were half-a-dozen running figures; all that remained of the pack.

Streaky Bacon and Sandy Bean were in the lead, and after them came Dick Dawson and Tommy Tucker, Paget and Pulley. The rest of the pack had tailed off by this time.

"Lucky they shut that beastly bull up!" said Dainty. "They'd never have got through if he'd been still loose, I fancy."

"Oh, Redmayes would have got through," said Ginger.

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"Fathead! There's four White's men still running, and only two Redmayes," said Dainty, his eyes on the hounds.

"Redmayes are in the lead, though," grinned Ginger. "Those White's ticks will be crawling on their hands and knees—if they get in alive at all!"

"Shut up, and run—if you've got a run left in you, you wreck!" snapped Dainty.

"I'll run you off your legs, and chance it!" retorted Ginger.

Jim Dainty ran on again, down the slope of the hill towards the Grimslade road. It was rough going, as much jumping as running; and Jim went ahead like a deer. Ginger, panting but resolute, followed fast.

It was borne in on his reluctant mind that this White's "tick" could out-run him; and Ginger Rawlinson was not to be out-run by any man in White's if he could help it. But it was a case of more haste and less speed. Ginger came careering down the hillside, slipped, rolled and crashed. Jim Dainty halted and stared round as he heard a crash and a yell behind him.

Hard Pressed!

"Ow!" groaned Ginger. Jim ran back and stooped over the Redmayes junior.

"Hurt?" he panted.

"Ow! No! I'm just howling for fun!" groaned Ginger, with withering sarcasm. "Ow! My ankle! Wow!" Dainty helped him to his feet. Ginger sat on a stone, and felt over his ankle tenderly. It was not a sprain, fortunately; but it was a painful twist, and it hurt. He had to rest; and Jim Dainty waited.

Over the hill appeared four caps—two adorned with the red rose of Redmayes House, two with the white rose of White's. Streaky Bacon's bugle sounded; the hares were sighted again at last. Bacon and Bean, Dawson and Paget, came careering down the hill. Ginger scrambled up desperately.

"Come on!" he panted.

"Let me help you, old chap."

"Go and eat coke; I shall leave you standing anyhow."

But as they ran on, Ginger was glad of a helping hand from his rival after a few minutes. His face was pale with pain; but he ran on with set teeth. They came off the moor at last into the road, and the grey old tower of Grimslade rose against the sky in the distance. The end of the long run was in sight.

Ta-ra-ra-ra! rang Streaky's bugle behind.

The pack—what were left of them—were gaining now. Jim Dainty glanced back. Full in view, Streaky Bacon and Dick Dawson were running hard—farther

back, Sandy Bean and Paget were falling behind. Only two of the pack were still in the running—but they were gaining; and Jim, who could have walked away from them, had to accommodate his pace to Ginger's.

A groan came through Ginger's closed teeth.

"Oh, my giddy goloshes! Cut on, Dainty, and leave me to it."

"Both or neither!" said Dainty briefly. He grasped Ginger's arm firmly, and helped him on.

Ginger, savagely heedless of pain, put on a spurt. Again the hares drew ahead. Sandy Bean and Paget had dropped out of sight; but Streaky and Dawson were keeping pace, Streaky's long legs going tirelessly, and taking him ahead of the White's man. Streaky, at least, seemed likely to be in at the death. Dawson dropped farther and farther behind; but Streaky was going strong.

But home was near now. At the gates of Grimslade, visible in the distance, a crowd of fellows waited—many of them members of the pack who had given it up, and taken short cuts home.

Towering over the Grimsladers was the tall figure of Dr. Samuel Sparshott. Sammy had come down to see the finish of the cross-country run. His eyes were on the two panting hares, and there was a smile on his face.

Ginger Rawlinson staggered, and hung a dead weight on his companion. His ankle had failed him at last, a hundred yards from home.

"I'm done!" he panted. "Cut on, Dainty."

"Sink or swim together!" snapped Jim.

He turned on Rawlinson, grasped him, and swung him to his shoulders like a sack of coke.

"Oh, my giddy goloshes!" yelled Ginger. "You can't carry me, you fathead! You can't carry half of me, you ass!"

"Shut up!" answered Jim.

Head down, with Ginger on his back, he trotted on. Behind sounded the ring of Streaky's bugle; but there was no pack to be called on now. Dawson was out of it, and Streaky ran alone; but he ran fast, his long legs fairly flashing. From the crowd at the school gates came a roar.

"Bravo, Dainty!"

"Put it on!"

"Bravo!" came the deep voice of Sammy Sparshott. "Good man! Bravo!"

That deep roar from Sammy Sparshott spurred on Jim Dainty. With Sammy looking on, he was not going to fail. Ginger clung to his back, and Dainty, bending under his burden, tore on. Behind came the pattering feet of Streaky Bacon—closer and closer.

"Put it on, Dainty!" came in a wild yell from the crowd ahead. Fellows shouted

and yelled, waved their caps. Even old Sykes came out of his lodge and yelled. Sammy yelled like the youngest fag.

It was a wildly exciting finish to the run—and it was still touch and go. Streaky, his teeth set, raced—but Jim Dainty, burdened by his fellow-hare, tore on as if he had the strength of three.

The shouting died down—every eye was fixed on the race with tense keenness. Streaky Bacon's outstretched fingers almost touched his chum on Dainty's back when Jim, with a last desperate spurt, tore ahead and plunged through the opening crowd into the old stone gateway—home!

He reeled and would have gone over, but Sammy Sparshott's strong grasp held him. The Head of Grimslade lifted Ginger from his back. Jim Dainty leaned on his headmaster, gasping for breath. Streaky Bacon came charging in a second too late.

"Well run, Dainty!" barked Sammy. "Hurrah!"

And a roar of cheering followed Jim Dainty to his House.

Something Like a Surprise!

"Oh, my giddy goloshes!" ejaculated Ginger Rawlinson.

"What—" began Jim Dainty.

"It's jolly old Hawley—and there's going to be a row!"

Most of the pack had got in by this time. A bath and a change after the run made Jim Dainty feel a new man, and Ginger, limping a little, came over to White's House for him. Rivalry was dismissed for the present, and there was to be tea in Ginger's study.

But as the two juniors started to cross the quad towards Redmayes House, they sighted a ruddy-faced man in gaiters, who had driven up in a trap and was now stalking into the quad. Jim Dainty recognised him at a glance and he whistled. In the excitement of the close finish he had forgotten Farmer Hawley, but it seemed that the farmer had not forgotten him.

Dr. Sparshott was strolling in the quad with the two Housemasters, Mr. White and Mr. Redmayes. The three "beaks" looked rather curiously at Farmer Hawley as he came striding in, and Sammy frowned. Six or seven times a term, at least, there was a complaint from that irate farmer, who disliked Grimsladers taking short cuts across his land. Dr. Sparshott glanced round, sighted Jim Dainty and Ginger, and beckoned to them.

"Dainty! Rawlinson! Have you trespassed on Mr. Hawley's land during your run this afternoon?"

(Continued on page 285.)

THE FOURTH FORM AT GRIMSLADE.

(Continued from page 275.)

"Sort of, sir!" admitted Jim.
 "We couldn't get across Grimslade Water, sir——" Ginger began to explain, but Sammy cut him short.

"That's no excuse! Grimslade boys must not trespass! I shall excuse the pack, who no doubt considered themselves bound to follow the trail. But the hares are to blame, and I shall inflict any punishment that Mr. Hawley may demand."

Sammy saluted Mr. Hawley politely as the stout gentleman came up. The farmer's eyes were fixed, however, not on Dr. Sparshott, but on Jim Dainty. It was evident that he knew Jim again at a glance.

"That's the boy!" he exclaimed.

Headless of Dr. Sparshott, the farmer made a stride towards Jim Dainty, his big and heavy hand outstretched. But Dr. Sparshott, with a grim face, grasped him by the arm and swung him back. He supposed that Mr. Hawley was bent on administering punishment with his own hands, which was not good enough for Sammy.

"Hands off, please!" barked Sammy.

"Eh, what?" gasped Mr. Hawley.

"Leave it to Sammy, sir!" said Jim Dainty coolly.

"Sammy lays it on hard enough."

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from the gathering crowd of Grimsladers.

A grin flashed over Sammy's face for a second.

"Silence, Dainty!" he barked. "How dare you! Now, Mr. Hawley, if you have a complaint to make of this boy——"

Mr. Hawley jerked his arm away.

A crowd of fellows stared on at the scene, among them Fenwick of the Fifth, who had a grin of anticipation on his face. But there was a surprise and a disappointment in store for the black sheep of White's House.

"That's the boy!" roared Farmer Hawley, pointing to Dainty. "Ain't seen him before to-day—but I know him again! Stand out of the way, Mister Schoolmaster! That's the boy I want to see."

"Punishment, my dear sir, is in my hands here!" said Sammy.

"Punishment be blowed!" said Mr. Hawley. "Who's talking about punishment? I want to shake hands with that lad!"

"Eh?"

"Think I want to punish a lad for saving my lass Alice from my prize bull?" roared Mr. Hawley. "Out of your mind, sir, or what?"

"Wha-a-a-t?" gasped Dr. Sparshott.

He stared blankly at the farmer, who pushed past him, rushed down on Jim, and grasped his hand.

"You're the lad, you are!" said Mr. Hawley. "You're reet Yorkshire, you are. I dunno your name, but I know you're reet Yorkshire! I'm proud to shake your hand, sir! If I'd caught you crossing my land, I'd have laid my stick about you till it cracked! But not after what you've done! Didn't I see you draw the bull away from my lass, and wasn't my heart in my mouth——"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Jim.

"Mister Schoolmaster, that's a lad for you to be proud of," said Mr. Hawley. "My lass Alice went into the bull's field without knowing he was loose—and she would have been killed but for this lad—and if you'd seen him tackle a prize Durham bull, sir, as big as an elephant and as savage as a tiger, sir, your heart would have been in your mouth as mine was. How he got out of it alive I dunno. And when I got the bull shut up and came after him to speak to him, he cleared off!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Jim. "I thought——"

The farmer grinned.

"Yes, I s'pose you did!" he agreed. "So I drove over to the school, sir, to see you and give you a father's thanks. Give me your hand again, sir."

"Ow!" gasped Jim as his fingers cracked in a terrific grip. "Go easy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And after this, sir," said Mr. Hawley, "you and any friends of yours are as free to go on my land as if it was your own." He glanced round at the staring crowd of Grimsladers. "Boys, this lad risked his life to save a lass from danger, and if you think as much of pluck as I do, you'll give him a cheer."

And the Grimslade fellows were not slow to play up, and Sammy's deep voice led the cheering.

"Luck, and no mistake!" said Jim Dainty, at tea in Ginger's study.

"And pluck!" said Ginger.

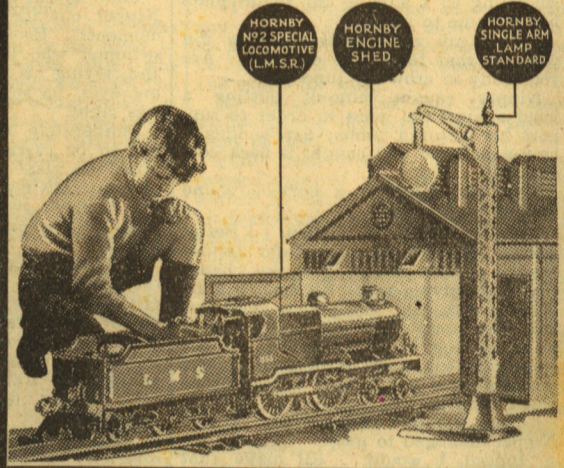
"Hear, hear!" said Sandy Bean and Streaky Bacon and Dick Dawson in chorus. And Fritz Splitz, who had wedged into the merry tea-party, as they were feeling too cheery and good-tempered to kick him out, added:

"Ferry blucky, mein goot Tainty! I have said before, and I say vun more time, that you are almost as prave as a Cherman!"

And after tea, the rivals of Grimslade—temporarily at peace—walked over to White's House together to see Fenwick of the Fifth. And when they were done with him, it was quite a long time before the black sheep of Grimslade felt that life was worth living.

(Fritz Splitz with tons of money—but there's a catch in it! See next week's sparkling story of the Chums of Grimslade. Also look out for six more Free Gifts next Saturday, buddies.)

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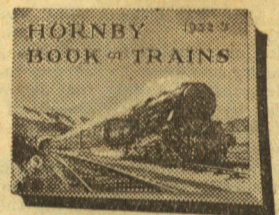
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