

TIP-TOP YARNS BALDY'S ANGELS; WHITE INDIAN; GHOSTS OF THE GUILLOTINE; INSIDE!
"CAT" COLT; TALES OF BIG BEN; FOURTH FORM AT GRIMSLADE;

The RANGER

2d



65, NILES ST. BRIDGE PA. N.Y.
BOOKS BOUGHT, SOLD
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WILLIAM MARTIN
OLD BOOKS BOOK
SPECIALIST
BRIDGE PA. N.Y. PHONE WILLESBORO 10

A FULL-OF-LAUGHS STORY OF SCHOOL LIFE AND ADVENTURE! BY FRANK RICHARDS.

The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE!



FRITZ FOR SPLITS THOUGHT HE WAS ON A GOOD TRIP WHEN HE FOUND A BURGALAR'S HIDDEN JOOT. BUT THE REWARD THAT CAME FRITZ'S WAY WAS BOTH PAINFUL AND UNEXPECTED!

The Hunted Man.

"O. H. look!" exclaimed Jim Dalry.

There was a patter of running feet on the road by the gates of Grimslade School. Jim Dalry and Dick Dawson had whizzed out their bikes after class, and were about to mount. But they paused and stared up the road.

From the road across the moor a man came running—battled, his face streaming with perspiration in the blaze of the summer sun. He panted and gasped as he ran—breathless, fatigued, but keeping up a desperate speed. At a distance behind him on the road appeared three running figures—two looked like a man and a boy, the third a gamekeeper in red breeches, and the third a constable.

"What the dickens—" exclaimed Dawson.

"That keeper's from Grimslade Chase," said Dalry—"one of Squire Gagger's keepers. But what—"

The battled man came up as Jim was speaking. He was about to rush past the starting juncos, but he suddenly paused and rushed at them, instead. Before the schoolboys could guess his intention he had grabbed at Dawson's bicycle, which happened to be nearest, and took it away.

Was a violent chase by seen Dawson staggering to collapse in the dusty road, with lightning swiftness he dragged the bike away, threw a leg over it, and mounted.

Jim Dalry made a jump at him—moment too late. Grinding steadily at the pedals, the battled man flew up the road towards Middlemore.

"O!" gasped Dawson, sitting upright. "What—Oh! One!"

"The cheeky rascal!" roared Jim Dalry. He leaped on his bike and dashed after the fugitive.

The three pursuers were coming on fast. They had been overtaking the battled man, but now it was hopeless. Mounted on Dawson's machine, he flew up the road as if he was on a race track. But Jim Dalry was close behind.

From the fact that a police-constable was among the pursuers, it was easy to guess that the fleeing man was a law-breaker of some sort. Jim had no idea of letting him escape on his own's bike if he could help it. He drove bravely at his pedals, going all out to overtake.

Nearly a dozen yards ahead of him, hunched on Dawson's bike, the battled man fled on. Suddenly he looked back

over his shoulder—and started at the sight of the Grimslade justice close behind him.

"Stop, you thief!" roared Jim Dalry.

Only for an instant the man looked back; then he tore on again. The road ran by the shady copse of Middlemore Wood towards the village, a mile distant. With all his efforts, Jim could not gain on the fleeing man, but he kept pace.

"Stop thief!"

The Grimslade justice was stealing in the lane—Ginger Rawlston, Sorely Bacon, and Sandy Bean of Redmayne House. The while of the rushing bike and the shout from Jim Dalry caused them to turn their heads, and they started back.

"Stop thief!" yelled Dalry again. "My giddy galoshes!" ejaculated Ginger.

"Line up, you rascal!"

The Redmaynes trio lined up across the lane. With set teeth and glancing eyes, the fugitive came riding towards them. Evidently he intended to ride them down if they attempted to stop him. Ginger, who had a stick in his hand, waved it at the oncoming rider.

"Stop!" he roared.

The bike came rushing on. To stop it in full career was impossible, and the three juniors jumped aside.

"Stop! Stop! Stop!" Jim Dalry's bike hit the lot! Stop thief!

Bacon and Bean jumped one side, Ginger to the other. The battled man came whizzing past. But Ginger Rawlston was not letting a thief pass him on a stolen bike if he could help it. He thrust his stick forward as the man flew by, letting it go at once, and jumped back.

"Crash! Grind! Clatter!"

The eye could hardly follow what happened next. The stick was aimed at the spokes of the rear wheel. The bike skidded and whirled over, and the battled man went sprawling in the dust, the bike clanging after him. He rolled over, panted and spluttering, and the bike came to a rest. That bike looked as if it would need a lot of attention before it could be ridden again.

The battled man sat up, gasping—most of the wind knocked out of him by the fall.

Jim Dalry jerked on his brakes.

"Hag him!" he panted. "He's a thief! Catch him!"

The man leaped up. Ginger & Co. were closing on him—Jim Dalry jumping down to help. With a desperate bound the battled man burst through the

juncos and scrambled up the grassy bank beside the road. In a moment he was lost to view in Middlemore Wood.

"Hook, hook!"

A man came racing up the road from Grimslade.

"My giddy galoshes! It's Sammy!" shouted Ginger.

Jim Dalry had started to scramble up the bank after the fugitive. But he stopped and looked back. Up the lane from Grimslade came Dr. Sparshott's car, with Sammy Sparshott himself at the wheel—and parked in the car behind him the three men who had been pursuing the fugitive from the Chase.

"We stopped him, sir?" gasped Ginger. "He cut into the wood?"

The three men in the car leaped out and scrambled up the bank.

"You have caught him?" barked Sammy Sparshott. "The man is a dangerous character—a headbreaker! He has robbed Squire Gagger at Grimslade Chase! Keep clear of him!"

Leaving the car in the lane, the young headmaster of Grimslade School dashed into the wood after the others. Rather reluctantly the juniors stopped their headmaster's command and remained in the road. They would have been glad to help in beating the wood for the man.

But their help was not needed, for half an hour later the pursuers emerged from the wood, and in their midst was the battled man, with the police-constable's grip on his arm, and the headmaster's stick on his wrist.

Rivals!

"IT'S up to White's!" declared Jim Dalry.

"Hear, hear!" said Dawson.

"White's being cock House of Grimslade!"

"Hear, hear!" said all the fellows in the day-room in White's House.

"So!" said Fritz Splits, the fat German junior.

"Shut up, Splits!"

"No," protested Fritz, "but it is good of looking for rat cold mice!"

He tried to get warmer. "I think too thin to better could not let in keep it."

"You Sorely blower!" roared Jim Dalry. "Who wants to keep it?"

His question! "I think too thin to better!" blurted all out double for nothing!" said Fritz Splits.

It was the day following the hot chase in Middlemore Lane. The battled man—who, it seemed, had been identified by

the police as a well-known snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, by name Snag Brown—had been caught.

Grimsdale fellows were proud to know that it was their headmaster, Harry Sparbock, who had bagged him in the wood. Snag was now safe in Blackslide Gash, to go to trial for a daring robbery at Squire Craggs' mansion.

But, though the man was caught, the plunder had not been recovered. Snag had hidden his loot in some secluded spot in Middlemeer Wood before he was captured.

Snag, evidently a thoughtful man with an eye to the future, had three maps sewn on his loak, which was used to be worth over a thousand pounds—gold plate and other valuable things. If it was safely hidden, it was there for Snag to pick up again after he came out of prison.

The local police were now searching Middlemeer Wood for the loot. So far, it had not been found, and Ginger Rawlinson, in Redmayne House at Grimsdale, had declared that on the very next half-holiday the Redmayne Scouts were going in search of it.

Meaning which? His Honor decided that they were going to do the very same thing. If the Grimsdale Scouts succeeded in tracking out the hidden gold plate, it would mean no end of losses, and each of the rival Houses, of course, wanted to bag the loot.

Every junior in White's was keen to Redmayne, except Fritz Spilgrin. Fritz did not see the object of hunting for Squire Craggs' gold plate, unless he could keep it when found. When Wednesday afternoon came round, and the White's Scouts prepared to start after dinner, Fritz did not join up.

Fritz's master-eyes watched them from the window of Study No. 10—the fat German ready to dodge out of sight if he should be seen. But the White's House Scouts marched off without remembering his paddy existence, much to the relief of Friedrich von Spilgrin.

A red head, with a Scout's hat on the back of it, stood in the summer sunshine in Middlemeer Lane. Ginger Rawlinson was already on the scene with a dozen Scouts from Redmayne House.

"The police haven't found it yet," Ginger was saying to Bacon and Bean. "The rogue must have hidden it jolly carefully. I hear they've given up searching the wood for it for the present. Fancy Sammy's face, if we find it and take it back to the school!"

"Here come those White's ticks!" growled Stranky. "If they're going to bag it—"

Ginger looked marble at once. "We can't have those maps by mind. If they're after the square's loot—look here, what do you White's ticks want here?"

"What do you Redmaynes ticks want?" asked Jim Dainty, in his turn.

"We're going to find the loot."

"You're are we? Thanked Dick Dawson."

"You're a jolly good one!" roared Ginger wrathfully. "You're going to keep off the grass—no!"

"Look here, Ginger, you'd better not go into the wood in this hot weather," said Dainty. "The place is as dry as tinder, and if you set it alight with that map—Yarwood!"

Ginger Rawlinson was sensitive on the subject of his red "map." His own belief was that his hat was a rather rich shade in autumn. Before Jim Dainty could finish, Ginger introduced his Scout's staff into the conversation. It jammed just over Jim Dainty's dinner, and Jim set down quite suddenly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Redmayne Scouts.

"Ow! Ooooh!" gurgled Jim.

"Woe! Give those Redmaynes ticks woe! Map 'em up! Whop 'em!"

Jim Dainty scrambled up and jumped at the red-tressed and red-robed Redmaynes.

They clanged one another and walked in the lane. Dawson was pushing Stranky

the next moment. Paget was mixed up with Sandy, and the rest of the Scouts on both sides piled in.

The intended loot for the hidden loot had suddenly developed into a "Home row," wide-brimmed hats and staves were scattered on all sides, and the battle raged in the lane and the grassy slope up to the wood.

"Go it, White's!"

"Back up, Redmayne!"

"Oh! Oh, my case!"

"Take that!"

"Whooey!"

"Give 'em beans!"

Jim Dainty and Ginger rolled into a ditch—fortunately dry. But there were nettles in the ditch, and wild yells came from both of them as they rolled. Before they could scramble out, Dawson and Stranky rolled down on them.

Paget of the Fourth was on his back in the lane, with Sandy Bean sitting astride of him, wildly banging his head on the hard, unempathetic earth, to an accompaniment of "Heads up!" from Paget. Every fellow was loudly engaged, and a car, coming along from Grimsdale School, had to slow down. A horn honked loudly.

"Great gad!" said Sammy Sparbock, starting from the car. "What's all this? Here, boys! What? The Head?"

"Oh, my hat! The Head?"

The combat ceased. The combatants separated. They stood panting and dusty and dishevelled, blinking at the very commencement of Dr. Sparbock.

"Well," barked Sammy, "what's this game?"

"Ow—ow—we're going to scout for the loot, sir," answered Jim Dainty.

"Then Redmayne dofers over in the way."

"Ow're scouting for the loot, sir!" said Ginger breathlessly. "These White's ticks get in the way—"

"You Redmaynes are!"

"You White's fathead!"

"Silence!" roared Sammy. "Scouts have to help one another. Fighting soon isn't scouting! March back to Grimsdale! Every man of you will stay in Grimsdale this afternoon and write out five hundred lines. It is the duty of a Scout to maintain law and order." March!

And the dismayed Scouts marched. The hidden loot was not unshared that afternoon by either party of the rival Scouts of Grimsdale. They spent the afternoon writing lines, and no doubt, by the time they were finished, they had thoroughly impressed on their march that the duty of a Scout was to maintain law and order!

Loak!

GINGER had the big idea.

It was a few days later that Ginger suggested it, in his study in Redmayne House, to the admiring Bacon and Bean. "The hidden loot has not been found yet. If it really was hidden in Middlemeer Wood there was no doubt that it was hidden deep."

That day Jim Dainty & Co. were going to hunt for the missing plunder after tea. Sammy quite approved of the idea; but he had laid down the law that the rival patrols should take the secret-trail in different days. It was the case of White's House to-day, and Ginger, no doubt remembering that it was up to a Scout to do a good turn, was planning a success for them.

Soon after that, Bacon and Bean found him in the study in Redmayne. He had a strong leather bag on the table there, and was packing his plates and maps into it. They stared at his strange occupation.

"What the thump?" asked Stranky. Ginger growled.

"I bought this little lot in Blackslide yesterday," he explained.

"White's House are going to have some loot to-day."

He finished packing the bag, and

looked it. There was a strong lock on the leather bag; Ginger had taken one of that.

"Suppose you spotted this in Middlemeer Wood, what would you think it was?" he asked.

"Oh! I should fancy I'd found the jolly old loot!" said Sandy.

"Exactly! And that's what Dainty and his crew are going to fancy when they find it after tea. Imagine their faces when they bring it home, take it to Sammy, and he opens it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Superstitiously, that locked bag was covered out of Grimsdale, and Ginger trotted to Middlemeer Wood with it. He came back without it, in time for tea. After the dinner G. Co. watched the White's House Scouts start.

Jim Dainty & Co. swung out of the school gates in shabby spirits. They were still hopeful of discovering the hidden loot; and, anyhow, a Scout run in the sunny summer weather was enjoyable. Fritz Spilgrin marched with them, not because he wanted to, but because his study-mates thought that it would do him good.

For a hundred yards from the gates Fritz was suddenly missing from the ranks. Jim Dainty, missing him, looked round the corner of a nearby fern being back to Grimsdale.

"You Boche blaster!" roared Jim. "Come back—or we'll lick you round the study when we come in."

Fritz ran on, and vanished in at the gates. The later prospect of being licked round the study was not as bad as the immediate prospect of flogging about Middlemeer Wood in a hot sun. The White's House Scouts marched on without the fat Rhinelandier.

More than a score of keen-eyed Scouts spread through the dusky shades of the wood, searching for "sign." It was Jim's keen eye that spotted broken twigs in a mass of Hawthorn, quite near the lane. Likely enough, that "sign" had been left by other searchers; but he was there to follow up every possible clue, and he plunged into the Hawthorn in eager quest. A yell of delight brought the other Scouts crowding round him.

"Hurrah!"

"What luck?" shouted Dawson, dashing up in great excitement.

"Oh, my hat! What luck!"

Jim Dainty emerged from the Hawthorn, breathless and excited, with a leather bag in his hands. The Scouts gathered eagerly round. From the interior of the bag came a sound of metallic tinkling. Jim felt over the loot; it was hot and secure. He held up the bag for inspection, its contents tinkling as he did so.

"White's House seem—" posted Dawson. "That's it right enough!"

"Must be!" said Jim. "It was gold plate, silver and gems and things—has been brought from Grimsdale—Chas. Linton!" He shook the bag and there was unmistakable metallic tinkling.

"And it's been there all the time—hidden in those Hawthorn—no fifty yards from the lane."

"Hurrah!"

"Open it!" gasped Paget.

"Can't—it's locked, and a jolly strong lock. But there's no mistake about it—what else can it be? My hat! Sammy will be pleased when we march this in. And those Redmaynes ticks will sing sweet!"

"Fancy Ginger—see when he sees us march in in!" chuckled Dawson.

"Hurrah!" roared the White's House Scouts.

With glowing faces, the successful Scouts marched back to Grimsdale School. Jim Dainty carried the leather bag slung on his back by the handle. They marched in at the school gates in triumph; and Ginger & Co. met them as they headed for their House.

"My giddy goodness! What have you got there?" exclaimed Ginger Hawkins.

"What do you think?" chuckled Jim Dainty.

"Not the best!" exclaimed Ginger, with dramatic surprise.

"Just that, old red-headed bean! White's House wine!"

And Jim Dainty & Co. marched on, Ginger & Co. conspiring to suppress their amusement till they were gone. Then they hesitated:

A hot face watched the returning Scotch from the window of Study No. 11 in White's House.

"Main goodness!" growled Fritz Spitta. "Here goes tom poms and prunes! I will not be kicked on one's trousers!"

And as many footsteps rang in the passage, Fritz Spitta dodged out of sight under the study table.

A minute later Jim Dainty and Dick Dawson came in. Fritz, hardly daring to breathe under the table, heard a loud clump as some heavy object was deposited there, and a clinking of metal. Then he heard Jim Dainty's voice:

"Sweeney's gone out with Billy White! He'll be back for call-er-on, and we'll hand it to him then—before all the fellows in the Hall—what?"

"Good egg!" said Dawson.

Ginger's face will be as green as his hair in real when we load over the square's lot," chuckled Jim. "This is a sure job. White's House, eh, man?"

"Main goodness!" breathed Fritz Spitta to himself.

His nose-eyes bejogged as he realized what had happened.

"There's a reward for the fasher," went on Jim Dainty. "We'll jolly well spend it in a new evening outfit for the House Scotch—what?"

And the two partners quitted the study. From Spitta crawled out from under the table, and his nose-eyes fairly goggled at the sudden light. "Main goodness!" muttered Fritz. "You is to hidden black-and—yes, look here, white ward! You have found it! And now a one reward! I think that it is more I guess it!"

Fritz hastened into Fritz Spitta walked out of White's House with an air of triumph in his hand. Inside the attic-room was the school leather bag. Fritz walked over to his bed, and slipped into his Spanghott's jacket. He set the bag on the table, and set down to the inspection. He rang up Blackshade Police Station. An astonished inspector there took his call.

"Yes is Inspector Rawson: Great! Freshly, the Spitta, speaking from Grimsdale School. I have reward to you! Ja, what! The black-and is lost! No reward for finding the lost! You was after to Grimsdale, took floor, and I hand him also to you! I have found it all by accident—possibly help me. I have a key in it Head's study. You get it out!"

A minute after Fritz had rung off a police-inspector, in a hot car, was taking away from Blackshade. And Fritz van Spitta sat in Sweeney's armchair in a state of happy anticipation.

Fritz's Reward!

DR. SPANGHOTT opened the door of his study. Fritz Spitta jumped on the head case in following the Head came a man in police-inspector's uniform. Sweeney had arrived at the same time as Inspector Rawson, and had been greatly astonished by what Mr. Rawson had told him when they met.

They came into the study, and Fritz Spitta goggled at every eye. It was not yet time for call-er-on, when Jim Dainty had planned to hand over the "lost" to his headmaster in Mr. Hall, under the eyes of all Grimsdale. Fritz van Spitta was first in the field: Dr. Spanghott



The intended hunt for hidden loot suddenly developed into a "house run" between Fritz's and Rawson's White-shirted hands, and almost were mastered on all sides, and the latter caught in the trap and the ground steps up to the ground. "Go it, White!" "Look up, Red-stopper!" "Oh! Oh, my name!" "Sweeney!" "Give 'em some!"

eyed him doubtfully, the Blackshade inspector eagerly.

"What is all this, Spitta?" barked Sweeney. "You say you have found—"

"Ja, what?" growled Fritz. "I told him, sir, all on my own—possibly help me. Tat reward going to me, I think, sir! Tat is to lost!"

He pointed with a sodgy forefinger at the leather bag on the table. Sweeney Spanghott, who sat at an inspector Rawson glanced on it, as he jerked it up, there came a metallic clinking from within.

"Where did you find this, my boy?" explained the inspector.

"I had made him in to road, sir! I was very good found, and I look for him and van's first, and Fritz. I think it to reward going to me, sir, it!"

"Certainly. If this is indeed the plunder taken from Sneyre Craggs' house," said the inspector, "I shall take possession of it, and examine it." He examined the lock on the bag. "If this was hidden in the wood, there can be little doubt what it contains. No boy was found on the case—no doubt he threw it away. I shall leave the lock."

For a few minutes Inspector Rawson was busy on that lock. Dr. Spanghott watched him with keen interest. Fritz with happy anticipation. The lock cracked open all last, and Inspector Rawson opened the leather bag. His hand goggled white.

"This certainly looks like—What?"

The inspector drew a metal plate from the bag. But it was not a gold plate. It was a tin plate!

With a really extraordinary expression on his face, the Blackshade inspector opened the bag, and the contents rattled and clinked out on the Head's table—the plates, dishes, and wares, of the total value of about four or five shillings!

"Main goodness!" gasped Fritz, scarcely able to believe his misadventure. "Oh, goodness! Oh, goodness! Tat is not to good late! Main goodness!"

Dr. Spanghott's brow was like thunder. Inspector Rawson gave him a bitter look.

"This kind of scheming take away from you, sir," said Mr. Rawson. "It does not amuse me! I have wasted my time. I have need over here, and—"

"Fah!" The Blackshade inspector stamped to the door.

"You may be sure, Mr. Rawson," said Dr. Spanghott, quietly, "that the perpetrator of this foolish prank will be punished for his folly!"

"Main goodness!" gasped Fritz Spitta. "What! The inspector was gone! Sweeney Spanghott selected his steamed coat."

"Spitta!"

"Ah! I have nothing of tat! Tat 1-2-3—Main goodness! Main pain is a perfect plank! Tat 1-1-1—"

"Here, over that clock—"

"What! I say! Tat 1-1-1—Main goodness!" snarled Fritz as an iron band on his collar beat him over the chair.

"Ah! Yarocoo! Blasted! Oh, wivky! Whooop!"

Swipe, swipe, swipe, swipe!

The celebrated Hall of Bushes had nothing on Fritz Spitta. For the next five minutes, his voice was heard all over Grimsdale. Fritz was getting his reward—not the one he had expected, but undoubtedly the one he deserved.

(The missing loot has still to be found—and Jim Dainty is determined to find it in extraordinary circumstances. Look out for next week's toppling Grimsdale story—and don't forget that Frank Richards also writes a long school yarn every Saturday in the "Student," price 4d.)