

SUN

3^D

No. 194
October 25, 1952

EVERY
MONDAY

BILLY THE KID AND GOLIATH THE RUSTLER!



THIS IS THE STORY OF
ONE OF BILLY THE KID'S
GREATEST ADVENTURES—

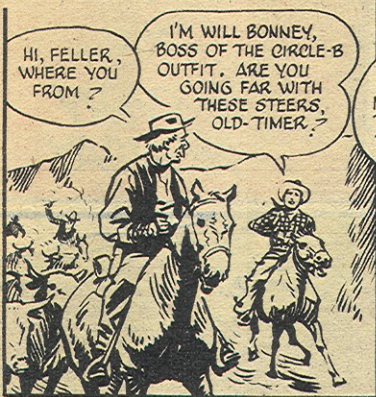
A NEW DESPERADO WAS RIDING THE RANGE. HIS NAME WAS BLACK DAVE GOLIATH AND HIS ENORMOUS STRENGTH AND CUNNING HAD SPREAD A TRAIL OF TERROR THROUGHOUT THE CATTLELANDS.

NOW HE PLANNED TO STEAL A HERD OF STEERS WHICH OLD JED PILLEY AND A HANDFUL OF COWBOYS FROM THE SLASH-K RANCH WERE DUE TO DRIVE THROUGH NARROW PANHANDLE PASS.

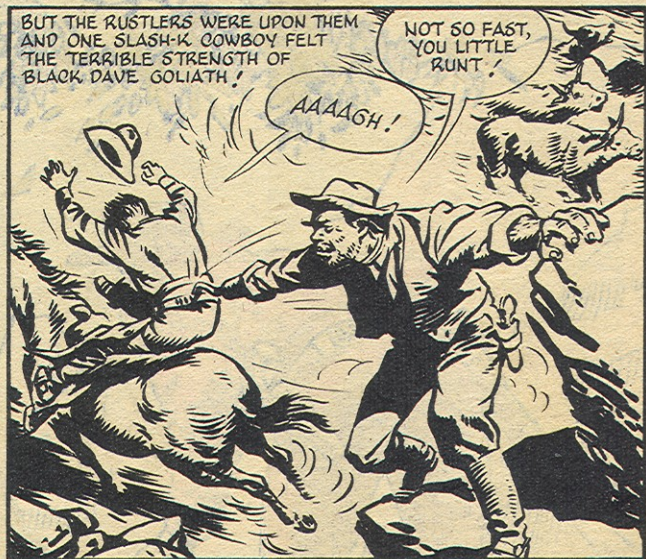
NOW LISTEN, BOYS!
I WANT THAT HERD AND
I WANT IT INTACT, AND NOT
ONE OF THEM SLASH-K
HAYSEEDS IS LEAVING THIS
GULCH TO TELL THE TALE!
SO WHEN I ROLL THIS ROCK
OVER TO BLOCK THE PASS,
LET 'EM HAVE IT!



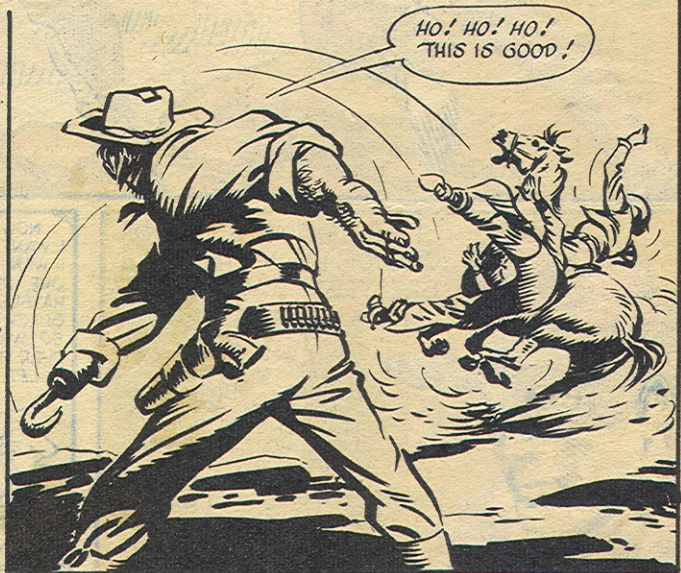
UNAWARE OF THEIR DANGER, JED PILLEY AND THE SLASH-K RIDERS WERE DRIVING THEIR HERD ALONG THE PASS TOWARDS THE AMBUSH -- WHEN A STRANGER GALLOPED UP ALONGSIDE --



THE GREAT BOULDER FELL AMID THE THUNDERING ROAR OF AN AVALANCHE AND THE PASS WAS SEALED AT ONE END. THEN A VOLLEY OF RIFLE FIRE CRASHED FROM THE SIDES OF THE PASS. HORSES REARED IN CONFUSION AND SCATTERED PANIC-STRIKEN.



FLINGING THE TERRIFIED COWBOY BODILY THROUGH THE AIR, GOLIATH PUT PAID TO ANOTHER SLASH-K RIDER --

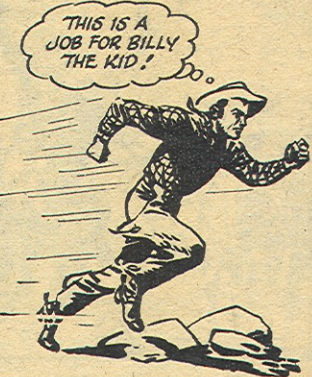


TRAPPED AND HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED THE SLASH-K BOYS HUGGED COVER.



THAT GALOOT, WILL BONNEY! HE'S QUITTING! THE YELLOW DOG I THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT A FELLER RIDING AROUND THESE PARTS AND NOT PACKING GUNS!

BUT WILL BONNEY, WHO WAS ALSO BILLY THE KID, WAS NOT A MAN TO LEAVE HONEST COWPUNCHERS TO THE MERCY OF RUTHLESS RUSTLERS. FLEET OF FOOT AS AN INDIAN, HE TORE ACROSS THE BROKEN COUNTRY IN A DESPERATE RACE AGAINST TIME --

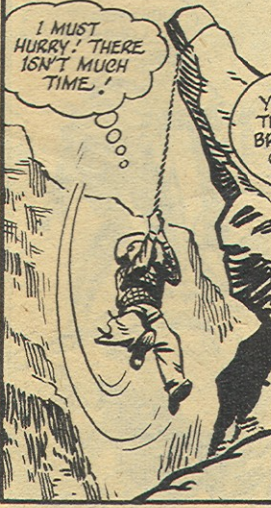


THIS IS A JOB FOR BILLY THE KID!



THE ONLY WAY TO THE SECRET VALLEY WHERE BILLY THE KID KEPT HIS SECRET WAS ACROSS A WIDE RAVINE ---

- A BREATH-TAKING SWING



I MUST HURRY! THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME!

BILLY THE KID UNEARTHED THE BLACK SOMBRERO, BLACK SHIRT AND BREECHES AND THE PEARL-HANDLED SIX-GUNS WHICH STAMPED HIM FAR AND WIDE AS THE TWO-GUN AVENGER OF THE WEST --



YOU AND ME HAVE GOT THE TOUGHEST JOB YET, SATAN. I RECKON THE ODDS ARE ABOUT TEN TO ONE -- AND THAT'S NOT COUNTING THAT BRUTE GOLIATH WHO COULD TAKE ON A SQUADRON OF CAVALRY SINGLE-HANDED! IT'S TOUGH -- BUT WE'LL MAKE OUT!

SADDLED UP, THE BLACK-GARBED AVENGER TOOK HIS HORSE OVER THE AWFUL CHASM.



UP, SATAN!

MEANWHILE -- IN PANHANDLE PASS --



MAYBE IF WE CAN HOLD 'EM OFF TILL NIGHTFALL, WE CAN GET AWAY ONE BY ONE --

NOT WITH THOSE GUYS -- THEY'LL LEAVE NO ONE BEHIND TO TELL THE TALE!

WE HAVEN'T GOT MUCH AMMUNITION LEFT, JED!

BLACK DAVE GOLIATH ROSE TO THE ATTACK!



ON YOUR FEET, DOGS! D'YOU WANT TO LIVE FOR EVER? WE'LL UP AN' TAKE THESE CORN-FED SUCKERS AT THE RUSH!

BUT AS THE RUSTLERS CHARGED ACROSS THE OPEN GROUND ONE OF THEM GLANCED TOWARDS THE HERD --



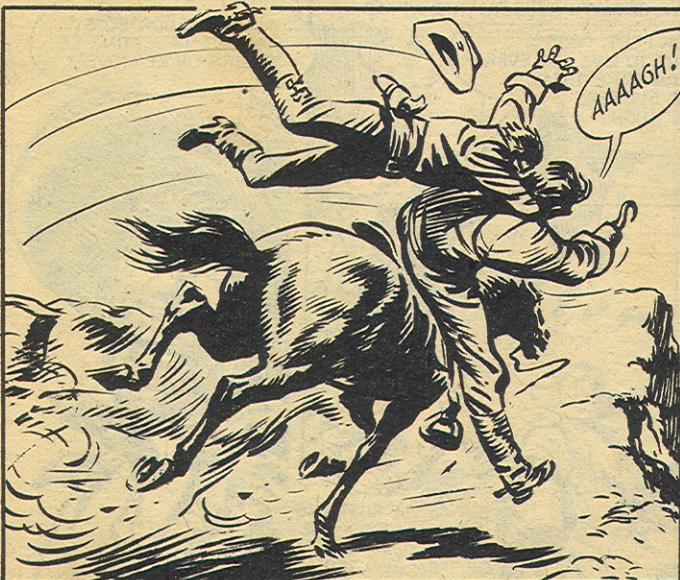
LOOK, SEÑOR BOSS! SOMEONE IS SETTING ZE STEERS ON ZE MOVE!



BILLY'S DARING MOVE DROVE THE STAMPEDING CATTLE DOWN ON TO THE RUSTLERS ~~



MAGNIFICENT RIDER, THAT HE WAS
BILLY MANAGED TO TURN THE STEER
AND SOON ~~



THE GIANT MOVED LIKE LIGHTNING AND A NEEDLE SHARP HOOK MISSED BILLY'S THROAT BY AN INCH.



THE BRUTAL GIANT SEIZED ANOTHER WEAPON



YOU THINK YOU'RE TOUGH, BILLY THE KID, BUT THAT WAS BEFORE YOU MET BLACK DAVE GOLIATH!

BILLY SIDE-STEPPED A MIGHTY SWING ~~



UGH!

THE BEST WAY OF SETTLIN' THIS FELLER IS TO LET HIM WEAR HIMSELF OUT!

GOLIATH THREW THE BROKEN BRANCH AWAY AND THEN, WHIRLING, HE FLUNG HIS GREAT ARMS ABOUT A LARGE TREE ~~ AND TUGGED.



~~ HE TORE THE TREE OUT LIKE A ROTTEN TOOTH AND RAISED IT ALOFT.

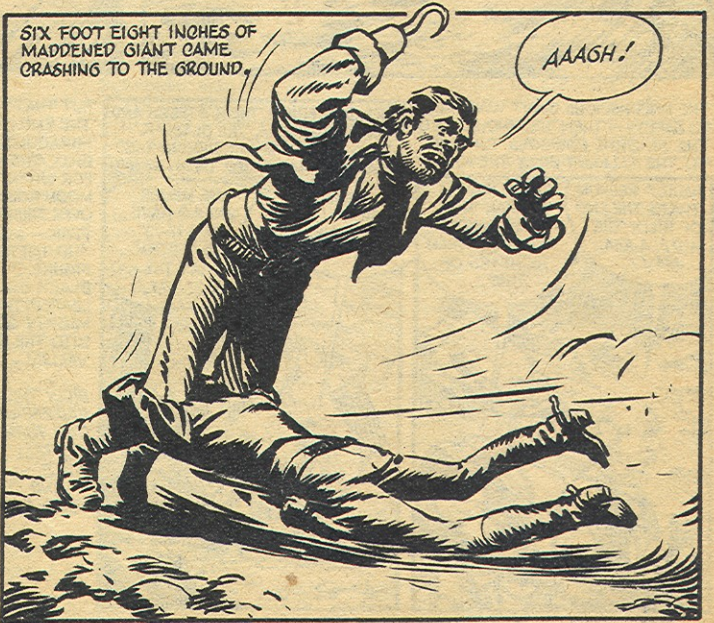


AT THE SAME INSTANT THAT THE TERRIBLE WEAPON LEFT GOLIATH'S HAND, BILLY DIVED LOW FOR THE GIANT'S KNEES.



YIP! YIP! YIP! HI-YO!

SIX FOOT EIGHT INCHES OF MADDENED GIANT CAME CRASHING TO THE GROUND.



AAAGH!

DAZED BY HIS SHATTERING FALL, THE GIANT HEAVED HIMSELF TO HIS FEET -- BUT BILLY THE KID WAS QUICKER! A TERRIFIC UPPER-CUT BACKED UP BY ALL THE POWER IN BILLY'S STEEL-MUSCLED FRAME TOOK BLACK DAVE GOLIATH ON THE POINT OF THE JAW! THE RUSTLER BOSS TOPPLED OVER THE EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE --



THERE'S BILLY THE KID! HE'S GOT THAT HULKING BRUTE!

AND CARRIED FORWARD BY HIS MIGHTY PUNCH BILLY THE KID FELL, TOO --



AAAGH!



JED PILLEY AND HIS BOYS CLAMBERED DOWN THE GORGE IN SEARCH OF THEIR RESCUER AND THE GIANT RUSTLER.

THERE'S ONE OF 'EM! IS IT BILLY THE KID?

NOPE, JED! LOOKS LIKE THAT PESKY RUSTLER!



THE UNCONSCIOUS GIANT WAS HAULED TO SAFETY -- THEN THE THOUGHTS OF THE SLASH-K COWBOYS TURNED TO THE GALLANT BILLY THE KID.



WAAL! RECKON THAT'S THE END OF BILLY THE KID! A REAL MAN!

THERE ISN'T A BADMAN WHO WON'T WHOOP WITH JOY WHEN HE HEARS OF THIS!

SO, GATHERING THEIR STEERS AND THEIR PRISONERS, THE SLASH-K BOYS MOVED ON -- MOURNING THE MAN WHO HAD SAVED THEM.

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D RIDE OUT OF THIS GULCH ALIVE!

WE NEVER WOULD HAVE, JED -- IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR BILLY THE KID. ~ REST HIM!



BUT THAT WAS NOT THE END OF THE MIRACULOUS BILLY THE KID, FOR WHEN THE MOON ROSE HIGH OVER THUNDERBIRD PEAK -- A TORN AND TATTERED FIGURE ON A BLACK STALLION LEAPED THE MIGHTY GORGE INTO THE SECRET VALLEY --

BILLY THE KID HAD ESCAPED THE TORRENT TO TELL THE TALE -- AND TO RIDE AGAIN!



YIP! YIP! YIP! HI-YO!

And he rides again next week, chums, in a zip-roaring action-packed new adventure! Don't miss it!

TOM MERRY'S SCHOOLDAYS.

STARTLING NEWS AT CLAVERING COLLEGE

"TOM MERRY again!" Herr Schneider snapped his teeth over the words. The German-master at Clavering School had just come out of his study with a cane in his hand, and a dark frown upon his face, and he stood for a moment in the passage, listening.

There certainly was a terrific din proceeding from the corridor above, where the studies of the young gentlemen of the Middle School were situated. A peculiar bumping and crashing noise was followed by the stamping of feet and the shouting of voices, and loudest of all was the merry voice of Tom Merry.

"Bravo, Manners! That's a wicket to you!"

"Now let's see what you can do, Tom."

"Right-ho; chuck me the ball!"

"Here it is!"

"Ass! I didn't say chuck it at me. Why couldn't you give me a catch? Never mind, here goes! Stand clear, you chaps!"

Herr Schneider's hair stood on end with wrath. He took a firm grip on the cane and began to ascend the stairs three at a time. It was a rainy day out of doors, but the chums of the Upper Fourth Form, better known as the Shell, were not to be done out of their cricket practice, and they were practising bowling in the top corridor.

It was Tom Merry's way to make the best of everything, and that was what he was doing now, but the German-master, whose study was underneath, was not likely to be pleased by indoor cricket practice just over his head. But, as Tom said, it was impossible to please everybody.

"Jolly close quarters for cricket practice," said Tom Merry as he took hold of the ball. "Never mind, it saves a lot of fielding, anyway. Now I'm going to bowl a lob."

He took a little run. "I say!" exclaimed Manners in alarm. "I think I heard—"

But the ball had already sped. Down the long corridor it went, just as Herr Schneider, crimson with wrath, came bounding up the staircase and rushed into the corridor. The next moment he gave a fiendish yell. The cane went one way, his spectacles went another, and Herr Schneider danced on one leg, clasping the other affectionately with both hands.

"Ach! Mein leg! Mein leg! Mein leg!"

He howled with pain and rage as he hopped frantically.

Tom Merry, Harry Manners and Monty Lowther, known far and wide as the Terrible Three,



"You're out, sir!" grinned Tom Merry. "Leg-before-wicket!" From this grand school yarn by MARTIN CLIFFORD.

gasped with alarm, but the sight of the fat German clasp one leg and hopping on the other was too funny. A shout of laughter rang through the corridor. It added to the fury of Herr Schneider.

"Ach! Mein leg! It is broken! Tom Merry, you did tat on purpose!"

"Did the ball hit you, sir?" asked Tom Merry innocently.

And the boys yelled again at the absurd question. It was pretty plain that the ball had hit the German.

"Ach! Mein leg—it is broken!"

"Then you're out, sir," said Tom demurely.

"Hein? Vat you say?"

"You're out, sir. Leg-before-wicket, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Manners.

Herr Schneider panted with rage. It was only Tom's fun, but to the Herr it seemed like insult added to injury.

"Merry! I—I—vat shall I say? You are te worst poy in te whole school. I do not feel equal to dealing mit you meinself, so you vill go to te Head. You vill say that you have trown ein cricket ball at your master."

"But I didn't, sir. I didn't know you were going to hop in on the pitch like that."

"You will do as I tell you, Merry."

"But—"

Her Schneider hopped towards him and Tom deemed it better to go.

It was hard lines, for although

Mr. Railton, the headmaster, would believe that the German's mishap was an accident, Tom was certain to catch it for bowling cricket balls in the corridor. But there was no help for it, and so Tom marched off to the study of Mr. Railton. He tapped at the Head's door. There was no answer from within. Tom tapped again more loudly. Still no reply. The scamp of the Shell smiled to himself.

"The Head's not here," he murmured, "so I certainly can't report myself. I suppose I'd better look in, in case old Schneider asks me."

He opened the door of the study and carelessly glanced in. The next moment he gave a start. The room was not empty, as he had expected it would be. Mr. Railton was in his accustomed seat at the writing-table. But his attitude was such as Tom Merry had never seen before. Both his elbows rested upon the table and his face was sunk in his hands. Before him on the table lay a letter. His attitude was so plainly expressive of utter despondency that Tom Merry could not help seeing that a heavy blow had fallen upon the popular Head of Clavering.

Mr. Railton was evidently so absorbed in his gloomy reflections that he had not heard Tom's tapping at the door. Tom hesitated, wishing he had not entered, and at the same time wondering what could have happened to cause such a change to come over the usually

strong and cheery Head.

Mr. Railton raised his head. He started at the sight of Tom Merry, but in a moment he seemed himself again.

"I knocked twice, sir," said Tom. "Herr Schneider sent me to you, sir."

Mr. Railton nodded. "You may come in, Merry."

Tom walked into the study. Mr. Railton's handsome face was very pale and he looked worn, but he was quite calm. He took up the letter from the table.

"Herr Schneider sent you to me, Merry? Why?"

"It was an accident, sir."

Mr. Railton smiled slightly. Tom's career at Clavering School had been marked by unusual happenings, and the Head never knew what to expect next.

"Well—well, what was it, Merry?"

"I was bowling a lob in the upper corridor, sir, and Herr Schneider got leg-before-wicket—I mean, he came bolting into the corridor without warning and stopped the ball with his leg, sir," said Tom. "I was awfully sorry."

"I dare say you were. Do you assure me that it was an accident?"

"Certainly, sir—on my word."

"Then I will excuse you, Merry. It is wrong of you to bowl in the corridor—you might hit anybody, and you must never do it again. I do not wish to punish you, however, I do not wish the last act of my

(Continued on next page)

authority here to be one of punishment."

And Mr. Railton sighed. He had spoken the last words more to himself than to Tom Merry, and hardly seemed to be aware that they were uttered aloud. But Tom caught them. And in his amazement he stared at the headmaster.

"Mr. Railton! You are not going away, sir?"

The distress in the boy's face touched the Head. He liked Tom Merry, in spite of his scapegrace ways, and it moved him to see what he did in Tom's look.

"Yes, Merry. I did not mean to mention it, but I may as well tell you now. I intended, in any case, to make an announcement to the school tonight. But it is not I who am going, and probably we shall not part. Clavering School is to be closed."

Tom looked blank. He had been only a few months at Clavering, but he had already felt quite at home there, and quite part of the college.

There had been rumours abroad in the school lately—rumours about a change of some sort, but Tom had never looked for this.

"Clavering to be closed, sir!"

"Yes, Merry," Mr. Railton nodded, "the school is to be closed. It is a heavy blow to me, as you may imagine, but there are reasons. But, as I said, we may yet be together. I am making arrangements for the transfer of the boys to another school; the two schools will be, in fact, amalgamated. That school is the famous St. James's—better known to you as St. Jim's. The school Clavering played a short time ago on the cricket field."

"St. Jim's, sir! We are going to St. Jim's?"

"Yes, Merry. It is a grand old school, older than Clavering, and more famous, and you will be in good hands there, all of you. Dr. Holmes, the Head of St. Jim's, is my oldest and best friend, and we are arranging this matter between us. I shall take a position at St. Jim's, and most of my boys, I think, will accompany me there. Their parents, of course, have all been communicated with and their consent obtained. By the way, I think your governess, Miss Priscilla Fawcett, will be coming down to see you about it. She has written to me and seems a little anxious about the change." The Head smiled slightly. "Now you may go, Merry. I depend upon you to keep the best of order for the last few days that we shall be at Clavering."

"Yes, sir," Tom hesitated. "Don't think it's an awful cheek of me," he broke out, "but—but can't anything be done, sir?"

"Nothing, Merry," said Mr. Railton quietly. "I need not conceal—it will soon be known to everyone—that the land Clavering stands on has been bought by a well-known money-



Tom Merry fell—or rather sat—on top of the man and jammed him right down in the mud.

lender and that he claims his strict rights. A seam of coal has been discovered on the land and it extends right under Clavering College, and the moneylender sees a prospect of immense profit and so he is not likely to change his mind. As a matter of fact, I have here a letter from him, warning me that he is coming down today and that no concession need be expected."

"The—the brute! I beg pardon, sir. But—but it's rotten!"

Tom Merry went slowly to the door. It was not so much himself that he cared about. He liked Clavering, but he was quite ready to go to St. Jim's. He had met the fellows from that school on more than one occasion and he knew that he would have a good time there. But he knew that this was a heavy blow for the Head. And he liked Mr. Railton.

He went out and closed the door and went back to his own quarters looking less cheerful than usual. Monty Lowther and Manners were in the study and they met their chum with glances of sympathy.

"Got it on both hands, Tom?" said Manners. "Hard cheese!"

"Looks more like a flogging," said Lowther. "Did he lay it on awfully hard, old chap?"

"I've not been licked," said Tom.

"You don't mean to say that he let you off?"

"Yes, he did."

"And you come back looking as solemn as an owl and cheating us out of our sympathy!" Manners exclaimed indignantly.

"What do you mean by it?"

"I've had some news."

"Oh, is that it? Something awful going to happen? Is Miss Fawcett coming down to see you?"

Tom laughed.

"Yes, I think so, but that's not the worst. It's all up with Clavering."

"What are you talking about?"

Tom explained the news he had received from the Head. Monty Lowther and Manners gave expressive whistles.

"Phew!" exclaimed Manners. "This is a go! I'm sorry for the Head, but I dare say we shall be able to dig up some fun at St. Jim's."

"It's all right if we all go together," said Monty Lowther. "We must write to our people and give 'em their orders. You know there are two Houses at St. Jim's, and they're always on the warpath against one another and I've heard they squeeze a lot of fun out of that. We must all three go into the same House."

"Rather!" said Tom Merry. "But that's looking ahead. There's a matter in hand that wants attending to."

"What's that?"

"The beast who is going to grab Clavering is coming down today to see the Head. We can't let him go without paying him back for this. Suppose we lay a little trap for the rotter?"

"Bravo! Agreed!"

"Good!" said Tom Merry, his eyes sparkling. "He ought to get something for the bother he's given poor old Railton.

We are the fellows to deal with the matter, and I think we can rig up a surprise for him. Shove your coats on, it's still raining, and we shall have to wait for him at the gate. The Head looked as if he was expecting him soon."

"Right-ho!"

And in a couple of minutes the trio were out in the rain and on the watch.

A TERRIBLE MISTAKE

THE station taxi from High Clavering rolled into the Close and stopped before the steps. The rain was still falling heavily.

A gentleman with somewhat severe features looked out of the window, and three boys in the shadow of the porch caught a glimpse of a face and an expensive hat.

Tom Merry nudged his companions.

"That's the bounder!"

"Come on, then!" said Manners. "Let's go and do the polite."

Tom Merry opened a huge and ancient umbrella and hurried down the steps to the taxi. Manners was with him and he quickly opened the door for the visitor to Clavering to step out.

"Welcome to Clavering, sir!" said Tom demurely. "Will you come underneath the old umbrella, as the poet remarks? I think it was Browning."

The gentleman looked at him in a rather peculiar way.

"Thank you, my lad!" he said.

He stepped from the taxi. Tom was rather surprised at the look of him. He had expected to see a younger man and he had to admit that this gentleman did not look much like a moneylender.

But, there could be no doubt about it, he was the man who had foreclosed upon Clavering and wrought so complete a change in the prospects of the school. And Tom was on the warpath.

He exchanged a quick look with Manners and Monty Lowther. As the gentleman stepped towards the House, Tom slipped and dragged the umbrella down upon the visitor's head, knocking his expensive hat over his eyes.

"Dear me! Whatever—"

Before the victim could get any further, or replace his hat, Monty Lowther's foot somehow got entangled with his, and he slipped and sat down on the steps.

Tom Merry, quite by accident, of course, stumbled over him, and the gentleman rolled off the lowest step to the ground.

As the paving there was much in want of repair a great puddle of rain had collected, and into this the gentleman, with a little assistance from the boys, rolled with a splash. He uttered an exclamation of horror as the cold, dirty water splashed over him.

Then he made a desperate effort to get out of the puddle, but at the same moment, unfortunately, Tom Merry fell

—or rather sat—on top of him and jammed him right down into the mud.

"Help!" gasped the unfortunate man—"help, help!"

Mr. Railton came running out.

The Head of Clavering was looking angry and annoyed.

"Boys! Merry, Manners, Lowther—"

"It's all right, sir!" said Tom Merry. "It's a little accident."

"Merry, I—I—"

"It's only the moneylender, sir!"

"The what?"

"That moneylender, sir, who's coming down to collar the school!" said Tom. "A ducking won't do him any harm, sir!"

"Mr. Railton, help me! I—"

Mr. Railton ran to the side of the fallen man and helped him to rise.

"Boys, you shall be soundly flogged for this! How dare you?"

"It's only the moneylender, sir!" remonstrated Tom.

"Moneylender!" cried Mr. Railton. "This is Dr. Holmes, the Head of St. James's College, and your future headmaster!"

"Oh, crackers!"

"What do you mean by that absurd exclamation, Merry?"

"I mean that we're awfully sorry, sir," said Tom penitently.

"We don't mean any harm, sir!" he went on, addressing Dr. Holmes, who was being assisted up the steps by Mr. Railton. "We took you for the moneylender, sir! I hope you'll forgive us."

The coolness of asking a man he had just drenched with rain-water for forgiveness tickled Manners and Lowther and they could hardly help chuckling.

"You need not ask Dr. Holmes for forgiveness!" exclaimed Mr. Railton. "You will all three be severely punished! Come, my dear sir, and let me get you a change of clothes! You are in a shocking state. How can I possibly apologise for this unspeakable outrage?"

They entered the hall. The three boys followed in, looking very sheepish. Tom Merry had made blunders before, but never such a terrific one as this.

Dr. Holmes squeezed the rain-water out of his eyes. He was truly in a shocking state, wet and muddy from head to foot, and his hat and clothes completely ruined.

Yet there was a twinkle in his kindly grey eyes.

"Don't trouble to apologise, Railton," he replied cordially. "It is evidently a mistake. As to punishing these young rascals, we will talk that over. At present I need a change of attire more than anything else."

"Come up to my room, Dr. Holmes!"

The Head of Clavering led his guest upstairs, and the heroes of the Shell were left alone. They looked at each other in a somewhat sickly way.

"Well, of all the howling asses!" said Manners. "I've come across some silly asses in

my time, Merry, but you do really take the cake!"

"What's the good of going for me?" demanded Tom wrathfully. "How was I to know that any beastly headmasters would come along, passing themselves off as moneylenders?"

As they expected, it was not long before they received a summons to Mr. Railton's presence. But they would have felt more at ease in their minds as they approached the study if they could have heard what the Head of St. Jim's was saying.

"Nonsense, my dear Railton! Boys will be boys!"

"But such an unparalleled outrage, doctor!"

"They mistook me for the moneylender. And between you and me, Railton, it would serve the fellow right to have a ducking!"

Mr. Railton laughed.

"You take it very kindly, doctor; but the young rascals certainly ought to be punished. Not that I wish to speak against them, because it is their attachment to me that is at the bottom of the affair."

"I thought so."

"Then you really wish me to pardon them?"

"Yes, I should be very sorry to commence my acquaintance with them by causing them a flogging; and besides, as I said, boys will be boys."

Tap!

"Come in!" called out Mr. Railton.

The Terrible Three, looking very sorry for themselves, entered the study. Mr. Railton assumed a stern look.

"Merry, Lowther, Manners, you are aware that you have been guilty of a great outrage and have treated Dr. Holmes in an unpardonable manner?"

"Yes, sir," said Tom Merry, stealing a sly glance at Dr. Holmes's face and drawing some encouragement from the twinkle in his kindly grey eyes.

"We are awfully sorry; but we thought Dr. Holmes was the moneylender bounder."

"You mean that you would have treated the other gentleman in this outrageous manner?"

"Yes, sir."

"Indeed! Then had the victim been the moneylender, I presume you would not have been sorry for your conduct? Am I to understand that, Merry?"

"Yes, sir."

Tom made that reply with perfect simplicity and Dr. Holmes smiled. Mr. Railton gave a cough and turned to his friend.

"Dr. Holmes, I leave you to deal with these boys."

"Thank you, Railton!" said Dr. Holmes. "My lads, you did very wrong, but as it seems to have been a mistake, I shall pardon you, and Mr. Railton, at my request, is willing to overlook your offence."

"You—you're going to let us off, sir, after we smothered you with mud?" exclaimed Tom.

"Yes, Merry."

"Thanks awfully, sir!" exclaimed Tom. "We—we're grateful, sir! It's good of you!"

"Very good! I hope we shall see each other again at St. James's College, and that we shall get on well," said Dr. Holmes.

And the chums of the Shell left the room in gleeful mood.

"Of all the jolly old boys," said Manners, "he's the jolliest! St. Jim's will be a decent place, I expect. Good old doctor!"

"I like that lad Merry, Railton," Dr. Holmes remarked when the door had closed.

"He has a fine, frank face."

"I like him, too, Dr. Holmes. By the way, I wished to speak to you about him. He will be coming to St. James's, but he has a sort of old governess or nurse—a Miss Fawcett—who is absurdly anxious and particular about his health and comfort. To do Merry justice, he hates being coddled, but Miss Fawcett refuses to understand that he is a growing boy and not a pretty little infant. From her letter, I fancy it is her intention to visit St. Jim's in order to satisfy herself that the school is in every respect satisfactory. You will try to be patient with her?"

Dr. Holmes smiled.

"Certainly, Railton. I have had to deal with a good many peculiar characters among parents and guardians since I was a headmaster."

There was a sound of a car in the Close and a ring at the bell.

"That is the man who is turning us out of Clavering," said Mr. Railton, a shade crossing his face.

You'll chuckle next week at Tom Merry's startling arrival at St. Jim's!

THE PRINCE OF SWORDSMEN!



Here he comes—D'Artagnan, Captain of the King's Musketeers, the Fighting Cavalier whose lightning sword holds at bay the enemies of France!

Many readers have written to the Editor asking for adventures of The Three Musketeers. Shortly you will see the opening instalment of a magnificent NEW picture-story of THE KING'S MUSKETEERS



1,000 PRIZES ARE WAITING THIS WEEK

SPOTTERS, forward for another big week in the present department . . . two more "bonus runs" for you again. A thousand more members can qualify for our grand club presents.

Here's how: All those of you holding Album numbers between 7,430 and 7,930 inclusive, or between 187,200 and 187,700 inclusive, may send up at once and claim a present.

Of course, you first make sure that one of these numbers appears on the back page of your Album, and then you can select which of the following presents you would prefer: A Fountain-pen, "Tenni-Gun," Pocket Knife, Big Jig-saw, Box of Paints, Box of Wire Puzzles, Binoculars, or a Parse. Write its name in the space in your Album which is marked "For Official Use." At the same time make sure your name and address are filled in on the Membership page. Then on a sheet of paper, write the name of the character or story you like best in SUN—and in a few words why. Post the Album and paper in a 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to:

SUN C.S. CLUB, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.)

All claims for presents for this week's numbers must arrive by Tuesday, November 4. Presents are sent about a week later and Albums are returned at the same time.

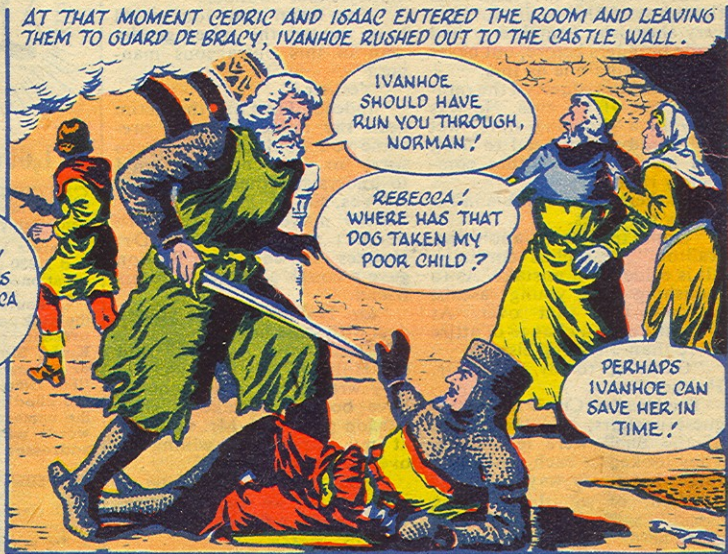


THE NORMAN KNIGHTS, DE BRACY AND BOIS-GILBERT, PLANNED TO MAKE THEIR ESCAPE FROM THE BESIEGED TORQUILSTONE CASTLE BY USING ROWENA AND REBECCA AS THEIR SHIELDS. LEAVING THEIR MEN TO FIGHT THE SAXON BOWMEN, THEY RUSHED TO GET THE TWO GIRLS --



ANGRILY DE BRACY SEIZED ROWENA AND TRIED TO DRAG HER FROM THE ROOM, BUT AT THAT MOMENT IVANHOE RUSHED IN.

DE BRACY RELEASED ROWENA AND SPUN ROUND TO FACE IVANHOE. HE DREW HIS SWORD AND ENGAGED THE SAXON KNIGHT IN A SWORD FIGHT.



Based on the M.G.M. film in Technicolor.

BUT IVANHOE WAS TOO LATE. BOIS-GILBERT, WITH REBECCA SEATED BEFORE HIM, DASHED ACROSS THE DRAWBRIDGE AND GALLOPED AWAY --

TOO LATE!



AND AS BOIS-GILBERT MADE HIS GETAWAY, ROBIN HOOD SHOUTED TO HIS BOWMEN

HOLD YOUR ARROWS -- THE MAID'S WITH HIM!



AND SO BOIS-GILBERT MADE HIS ESCAPE WITH REBECCA WHILE IVANHOE, CEDRIC, ROWENA AND ISAAC STOOD HELPLESSLY BY AND WATCHED THEM RIDE OFF.

I FEAR GREATLY FOR MY DAUGHTER!

WE'LL GET HER BACK, ISAAC, NEVER FEAR!



WE'LL FIND OUT WHERE BOIS-GILBERT HAS TAKEN HER. IN THE MEANTIME WE MUST RETURN TO ROTHERWOOD HALL AND GATHER TOGETHER KING RICHARD'S RANSOM. WE MUST LOSE NO MORE TIME!

BOIS-GILBERT TOOK REBECCA TO PRINCE JOHN.

SO TORQUILSTONE CASTLE IS LOST -- THE GOOD FRONT-DE-BOEUF DEAD -- DE BRACY A PRISONER -- AND IVANHOE RUNNING LOOSE AGAIN GATHERING THAT INFERNAL RANSOM WITH BOTH HANDS! AND YOU, INFIDEL, ARE OUR ONLY PRISONER!



AND WHAT OF MY PRISONER, YOUR HIGHNESS?

OUR PRISONER, BOIS-GILBERT. SHE SHALL REMAIN WITHIN THESE WALLS. AND NOW YOU HAVE OUR LEAVE TO GO. A FINE KNIGHT YOU TURNED OUT TO BE!



AS BOIS-GILBERT LEFT AND REBECCA WAS ESCORTED TO A CELL, FITZURSE TURNED TO HIS PRINCE --

SIRE, I THINK YOU HAVE THE SPADE WITH WHICH TO BURY RICHARD AT LAST. THE PEOPLE MUST BE TOLD THAT REBECCA IS A WITCH. SHE MUST STAND TRIAL AND DIE, UNLESS --



UNLESS THE JEWS ARE WILLING TO PAY A HIGH RANSOM. SAY ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND MARKS OF SILVER -- THE AMOUNT OF RICHARD'S RANSOM! AN EXCELLENT IDEA, FITZURSE, EXCELLENT!



JAK OF THE JAGUARS ON *The* PLANET of PERIL



Jak and Karina, with their two jaguar chums, were trapped in the underground factory beneath the Brane city on Mars. The Troggs, those huge creatures who worked as slaves for the Branes, had befriended them. But they were outnumbered by the Tweens, the Branes' soldiers, and driven into a small room. Then the Tweens had set a gigantic Martian animal to guard the steel door of the room.

Using the acetylene lighting plant, Jak had managed to cut his way through the steel door. But then he had the Martian Mammoth to deal with. Like lightning, Jak directed a white-hot stream of burning gas at the creature. Roaring terribly, it backed away. Then the Troggs came to Jak's assistance. Three of them flung themselves on the mammoth, wrestling desperately with the great beast.



The Troggs were desperate. This was their one chance to regain their freedom and they weren't going to give in easily. They went for the mammoth's weakest point—its throat. At last it fell to the ground unconscious. With Jak and Karina at their head, the Troggs ran on to where more Troggs worked, guarded by the Tweens.

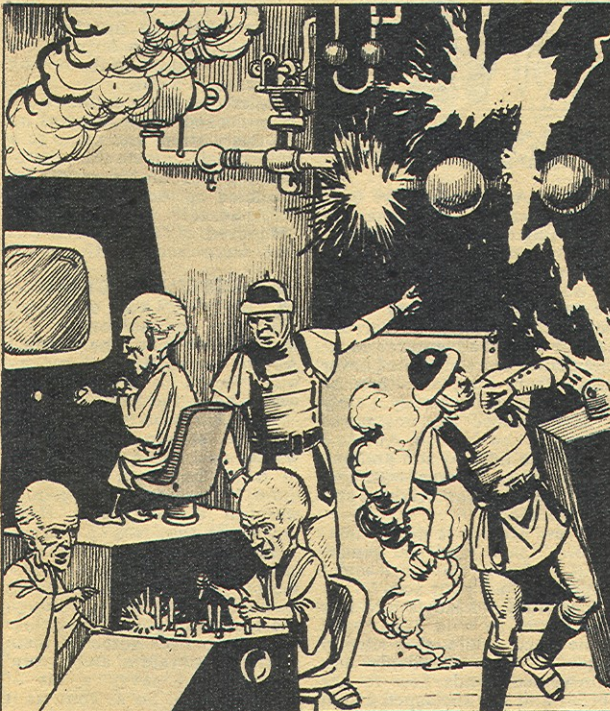


Jak and Karina let fly with the Whip-guns they had captured from the Tweens. Jets of highly-compressed air struck the muscular guards, knocking them in all directions. The Trogg workers threw down their tools and left their machines. Soon, Jak had an army of Troggs turning on their cruel taskmasters. The jaguars joined in, too.



On and on through the various rooms of the factory ran Jak and Karina with their ever-increasing band of Troggs. As each workshop was captured, Jak ordered the Troggs to destroy the machinery. He knew that without the power provided by the machines the Branes would be helpless. The Troggs were enjoying themselves as they had never done before. Snatching up huge crowbars and massive axes, they attacked the power plants and boilers with a will. As they advanced

through the factory they left behind a trail of burning and wrecked equipment. Whenever the Tweens tried to interfere they were confronted by Karina's Whip-gun or the jaguars' snapping teeth. They soon found that resistance was useless. When a single Trogg had turned against them before, they had easily subdued him. But now, with all the Troggs against them at once, even their Whip-guns and their savage fighting qualities were of no avail.



Above ground, in the Brane control-room, nerve centre of the vast city, the Branes were having trouble. These cunning little men were at a loss to account for the sudden failure of all their equipment. Fuses exploded and sparks flew from the instruments. The screen of the telecommunicator went black and no amount of knob-twiddling would produce a picture of the wrecking scene below ground.



"The Troggs must be in revolt!" one of them cried. "Nothing else could cause so much damage. They must be stopped. Guard all the exits to the Underworld." The Tweens hurried to obey, and when Jak and his army reached one of the exits they found their way blocked by a score of grim-faced guards. "Stand aside!" cried Jak. "We have fought our way this far and nothing you can do will stop us now!"

Can Jak and his new allies get past this last barrier? Another exciting instalment next week!

WILD BILL HICKOK

and the
MEXICAN EAGLE

"THE APACHES ARE COMING!"

AS Wild Bill Hickok, the daring two-gun marshal of the Golden West, topped the brow of a high hill in the wild, sun-baked territory of New Mexico, he caught the piercing sound of redskin yells.

Screwing up his eyes against the sun's dazzling glare, he hurriedly scanned the wide, rolling desertland below him. Off to the right he spotted a party of fierce, warlike Indians who were surrounding a stage-coach.

"Apaches!" muttered the marshal. "Get moving, Gypsy!" And as his sorrel mare went into her breakneck gallop, Wild Bill gripped her firmly with his knees and jerked out his two silver and ivory-butted Colts.

The handsome peace officer, his long, yellow hair streaming out behind him, tore up to the Apache raiding party with both guns spurting flame.

The driver of the coach was standing up on the running-board, grappling with a broad-shouldered Apache who held a vicious-looking knife in one bronzed hand. The Indian wrenched himself away from the driver's grasp and was about to plunge his deadly knife into the white man when a bullet from one of Hickok's Colts sent him reeling backwards off the coach. He toppled to the ground, dead.

In wild fury the Apaches turned on the marshal, firing their stolen army rifles and whooping like demons. But Wild Bill was an old hand at Indian fighting. He knew the shrill war-cries were made only to frighten the white man, for when fighting their own race, the Indians fought in silence. And so, to the Apaches' surprise, their blood-curdling yells had no effect on Hickok.

Slipping down over the side of his horse, Indian fashion, he circled round and round the milling Apaches, firing from under Gypsy's stomach. Two—three—four redmen hit the dust, never to rise again.

When their sixth man was downed the remaining Apaches suddenly wheeled their wiry ponies round and dashed off.

"Man - who - shoots - fast!" yelled the leader as he tore off.

An amused grin creased the corners of Wild Bill's generous mouth as he straightened in his saddle. The Apaches had recognized him. They knew that "Man-who-shoots-fast" was a mighty warrior, and when half their number had fallen under the magic of his lightning fire-sticks they wisely fled for their lives.

"Prettiest shootin' I ever saw," commented the driver as he laid down his rifle. "I fired



Suddenly the heads of two Mexican bandits appeared and Wild Bill saw two gun-barrels gleaming in the early morning sun. FROM THIS THRILL-PACKED YARN BY BARRY FORD.

a few shots but I'm durned if I hit any of them red varmints. Thanks, mister. You sure saved my life, and the coach. Who might you be? Don't recollect seein' you round these here parts before."

"Name's Hickok," smiled the marshal as he reloaded his Colts. "Carry any passengers? Don't see signs of any."

"Only one old Mexican lady. I was jest gonna see if she's O.K. The firin' must have scared her some," said the driver as he jumped to the ground. "Say," he added, "I'm right proud to meet you, Marshal. Ain't never seen such mighty slick gunplay as yours!"

Wild Bill gave the driver a friendly grin. "Thanks," he said. "And now let's have a word with your passenger."

The driver opened the door, and looking inside Wild Bill saw a little old white-haired lady huddled in the corner, looking frightened to death.

"Is it over? Are we safe?" she asked quickly in Spanish.

"Yes, senora," smiled the marshal, replying in her own language. "It was a small war-

party of Apaches, but we have driven them off. And what are you doing travelling alone?"

"I'm looking for my son," returned the old lady, leaning forward on her seat. "Years ago he ran away from our home across the Mexican border. He said he wanted adventure and excitement. For a long time I never heard from him, and then he began sending me money. Lately I have noticed the postmarks are from New Mexico. And so I decided to find my son and ask him to return home with me, as my dear husband is dead and I am all alone."

"New Mexico is a big state, senora," said Wild Bill gently. "But I admire your spirit and I hope you find your son."

The little old lady's bird-like eyes darted to Wild Bill's handsome face while she silently regarded him. Suddenly her thin-veined hands flew to her throat and she unclasped a slim golden chain from which a locket hung.

"This is my son, senor," she said simply, handing Hickok the opened locket.

The marshal looked down at

a tiny photograph of a dark-eyed young man with a flashing smile.

"That was taken a few years ago, but I don't expect my boy has changed very much. If you ever meet him, will you tell him that I am looking for him? I shall be in Santa Fe for some time."

"I will keep my eyes open for your son," said the marshal kindly as he handed back the locket. "I'm a United States marshal and I ride about the countryside all the time, so it is possible I may meet your son if he is still in New Mexico. And now, it would be wise if the driver got underway if you want to reach Santa Fe before night-fall. *Adios*, for now, senora," and doffing his off-white, wide-brimmed sombrero, Wild Bill shut the carriage door.

Turning to the driver Wild Bill said, "Better make for Santa Fe pronto. All day I've seen signs of a big war-party of Apaches, and the bunch who attacked the stage was probably a scouting party. I'll ride along with you, for I'm heading for town."

The driver needed no second warning. He whipped up his team of spirited horses, and with Wild Bill riding beside him, set off with all haste for Santa Fe.

They arrived safely, and after the marshal had installed the little old Mexican lady in the hotel, he went off to the nearby saloon for a meal.

Later that night a rider on a foam-flecked horse streaked up the dusty street and came to a sudden halt outside the saloon, vaulting out of his saddle he stumbled up the steps.

"Apaches!" he gasped out. "Hundred of 'em, headin' this way. Geronimo's leadin' 'em!"

A DESPERATE CLIMB!

A SUDDEN hush of fear fell over the saloon at his words. Geronimo, the dreaded Apache war chief whose war-cry was "Death to all palefaces" was headed for Santa Fe!

Wild Bill, who was just leaving the saloon, turned and walked over to the rider. "I rode in from the south this afternoon," he said. "The territory was full of Indian sign. Have you come that way?"

The man nodded. "Yep, I came over the mountains. I saw Geronimo and his band going down into the valley through the mountain pass. I was close enough to hear some of them talkin' about raidin' and burnin' Santa Fe—I savvy a bit of Apache lingo. So as soon as it was safe, I high-tailed it to town as fast as my hoss could travel."

"They won't attack till dawn," said Wild Bill briskly, taking command of the situation. "So we've got till then to fortify the

town. We'll need parties of men to build up barricades, and collect all the guns and ammo.—and dynamite if any.. Are there any more white men in this territory?"

"No, Marshal," replied the barman. "We're the only white folks for miles around. Reckon we've got two hundred fighting men in town, no more."

"There's Juan Montez, the Mexican Eagle, and his bandit gang," broke in the rider. "But we can't count on him, he wouldn't help an American. He hates us too much. He's a kind of Mexican Robin Hood—robs the rich Americans and Mexicans to help his poor, starvin' countrymen—or he says he does. Personally I never believe anything a Mexican says!"

"But surely, being a white man, he'd help us fight off the Apaches," returned Wild Bill quickly. "Why, the Apaches and Mexicans are the deadliest of enemies. Where does he hang out?"

"He has a hide-out in the top of the Dragon Mountains," said the rider. "But it's a regular rock fortress, only the Eagle and his men know the secret entrance. It would be death to anyone to try to scale the rocky mountainside."

"Nevertheless," said the marshal, his face determinedly set, "the Mexican Eagle must be approached. We need his help badly. I will ride off now and see him."

"You'll not reach the Dragon Mountains before dawn, Marshal," called out one of the men, "And the Apaches may have attacked us by then."

"Then it's the job of you men to hold off Geronimo and his warriors until I return with Montez and his men," snapped Hickok. "You've a few hours in which to prepare for the attack. Put all the women and children in the hotel. Post armed guards on the roof, and all round the building. Barricade both ends of town. Shoot to kill, and don't waste your precious ammo. Good luck men. I'll be back as soon as possible."

Men shook their heads doubtfully as Wild Bill sped rapidly away.

The marshal ran round to the stable at the back of the hotel and hurriedly saddled Gypsy.

Five minutes later he was tearing up the darkened street, headed for the lair of the Mexican Eagle.

Dawn was breaking as the marshal reached the foot of the Dragon Mountains. Leaving Gypsy safely tethered, he started to scale the almost perpendicular wall of rock. Inch by inch, foot by foot he began to climb up. Beads of perspiration broke out on his face and trickled down his body as he groped for finger- and foot-holds in the rock. But nothing daunted the fearless marshal, and keeping his eyes always on the ridge above him, he gradually made his way towards the top. He was within a couple of yards of it when suddenly the heads of two Mexican bandits appeared over the boulders that lined the edge of the rim and Hickok saw two gun-barrels gleaming in the early morning sun.

"Keep your hands away from your guns," one ordered in rapid Spanish. "Who are you? We allow no gringo dogs here."

"I wish to see your leader, Juan Montez," panted Hickok. "It is very important. My name is Hickok, I am a United States marshal."

"You speak Spanish well, gringo," said the other bandit. "I have heard of the great Wild Bill Hickok."

"We will take you to the Eagle," snapped the other. "But one false move and you will be shot."

They hauled Wild Bill up the last few feet and dragged him over the ridge.

"Phew! Some climb!" he gasped. "And now, take me to your leader at once, for no time must be lost."

Taking no chances, they ordered the marshal to keep his arms raised, and one led the way while the other prodded Wild Bill in the back with his rifle.

Juan Montez, the notorious Mexican bandit leader, had just finished his breakfast when his sentries told him a "gringo" wanted to see him on an urgent matter. All Americans were called "Gringos" by the Mexicans because many years previously, when Texas was fighting Mexico, a favourite song of the Americans was "Green grow the rushes-O!"

Amazed that any white man would dare to scale his rocky fortress, the Mexican Eagle stepped out of his cave. He was a typical Mexican, short, rather stockily built, with dark glittering eyes and startling white teeth.

Hurriedly Wild Bill explained his mission. When he finished Montez threw back his head and gave a short laugh.

"I hate Americanos as much as I hate Apaches," he said. "I am safe from both up here in my fortress. I will not risk my life, or the lives of my men, to go to the aid of the gringos. They would not bother to save my skin, why should I save theirs?"

Giving him a direct look, the marshal said quietly: "I think

you will change your mind, Montez, when you hear what else I have to say."

GERONIMO ATTACKS

In Santa Fe the white men were fighting for their lives. The Apaches had attacked soon after dawn. They were surprised at the volley of withering fire which greeted their arrival, for they had expected to take the town by surprise.

Hastily withdrawing beyond the range of the white men's rifles, Geronimo changed his plan of attack, for that one charge had cost him twenty men and almost as many ponies.

He sent wave after wave of warriors up to the barricaded town to draw the defenders' fire. His wily Apaches slid over the sides of their ponies and fired from under their necks. Some of them rode two on a pony so that the one behind could drop off and take cover behind the dead mounts that were lying near the barricades. And from there they picked off the white men. They sent flaming arrows into the wooden buildings, hoping to burn out the town. And all the time the savages kept up their horrible, shrill war cries.

In the town the women and older children were frantically putting out fires and tending to the wounded, while the men fired until their rifle barrels became red hot. They caused heavy casualties amongst the

Apaches, but they were outnumbered and their supplies of ammunition were running low. They were in a very critical position and could not hold out much longer, for they had been fighting steadily for four hours.

At last Geronimo called his warriors together and told them the time had come to make the final attack. This time they were to charge in one solid wave and nothing was to stop them breaking through the barricades of the palefaces.

With renewed yells, the Apaches got in line behind their chief. He raised his feathered lance on high. But before he could lower it, his Apaches were suddenly raked with gunfire from the rear.

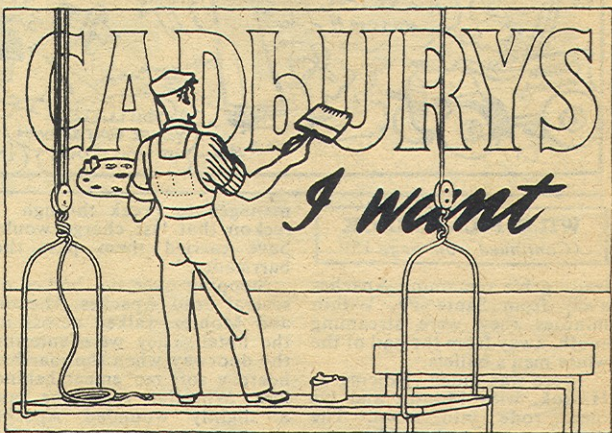
Charging towards them was Wild Bill Hickok, and beside him, Juan Montez, the Mexican Eagle, followed by fifty of his men. With cries of joy, the men in the town opened fire and the Apaches found themselves caught in a deadly cross-fire. Lead poured from the white men's guns in steady, relentless streaks, and the Apaches, unable to defend their front and rear at the same time, were downed like ninepins in spite of their superiority in numbers.

When the Indians fought a battle and found they were losing, they pulled out as rapidly as possible. Retreating was no disgrace to them, and Geronimo lost no time in
(Continued on page 16)

CADBURY'S PUZZLE CORNER No. 16

What's wrong with this signpainter?

Our artist made several mistakes when he drew this picture. See how many you can spot—the 8 most important ones are listed below.



When it comes to cocoa and chocolate, you'll make no mistake when you say "Please

I want Cadburys!

THE MISTAKES—1 Small 'b' in Cadburys instead of capital 2 The sign should read 'I want Cadburys', not 'Cadburys I want' 3 No hand roll round cradle 4 Man is using too big a brush 5 Signpainters do not use an artist's palette 6 Top half of man's dungarees are back to front 7 Man's shirt has one striped sleeve 8 Rope only on one side of right-hand pulley

This is not a competition and no prizes are offered—it's for your amusement only

YOUR CHOICE FOR CHRISTMAS!

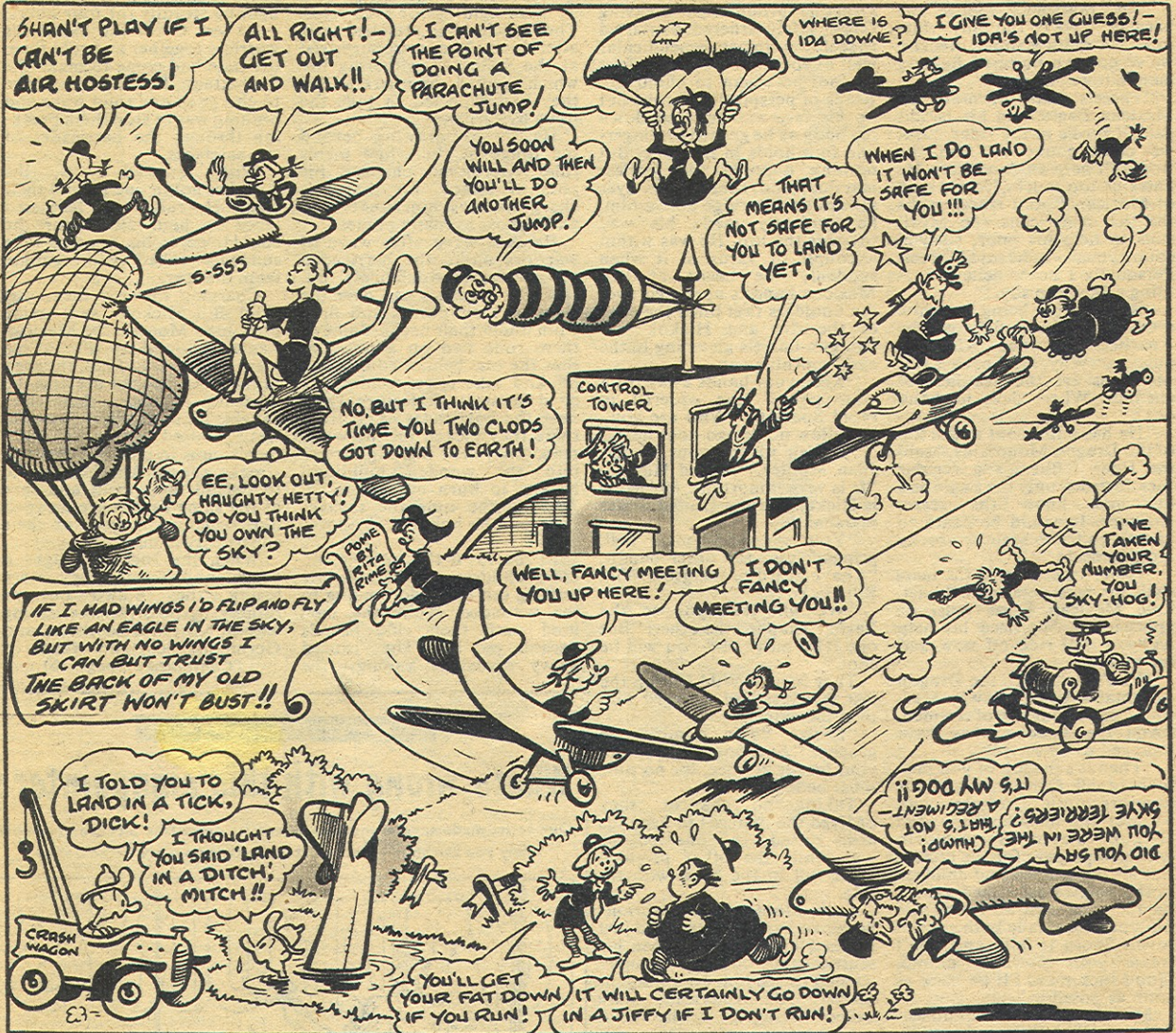
What would you like for Christmas?—is a question every boy or girl is asked by their friends and relatives. And often it is a puzzle to know what to reply each time. Well, here's one safe answer you can give: "I would like a

KNOCKOUT FUN BOOK!

This grand annual will bring you hours of entertainment in fun and thrills! It is obtainable at all booksellers and newsagents. Price 7s. 6d.

THE PENGUIN PATROL

FORM A GLIDING CLUB



WILD BILL HICKOK

(Continued from page 15)

leading his remaining Apaches away from Santa Fe. Within minutes they were streaming south, away from the hail of the white men's bullets.

There was much rejoicing as Hickok, with Montez and his men, rode into town. The Americans greeted the Mexicans with friendly handshakes and the bad feeling between them was quickly smoothed over.

The Eagle, somewhat smoke-grimed, turned to Wild Bill.

"Where?" he asked simply. "In the hotel. I'll take you," replied the marshal. "Looks like we arrived at the right time," he added as they dismounted. "Several Apaches

managed to break through. I reckon that last charge would have carried them past the barricades."

Stepping over the bodies of several dead Apaches, Hickok and Montez walked across to the hotel. They were entering the doorway when the marshal heard a soft movement behind him. Wheeling round he saw a slightly wounded Apache rising from the ground. He held a rifle in his hands which was aimed straight at Montez.

Wild Bill's hand made a rapid downward movement and came up a split second later with a blazing Colt. The Indian rolled over, the rifle slipping from his lifeless grasp.

"Thank you, amigo," said Montez laying his hand on Hickok's arm. "How can I ever

repay you for saving my life? I shall be indebted to you always."

"Forget it, Juan," replied the marshal in Spanish. "There's a debt you owe someone else, you know. You pay that back instead."

"I will," assured the Eagle in a low voice.

Wild Bill led the way into the hotel where the women were tending their wounded men. Over in the corner, rolling bandages, was the little old lady of the stage-coach.

She looked up as Wild Bill approached, and then her eyes shifted to Montez. A look of great joy flooded her wrinkled face as she dropped the bandage and held out her arms.

"Juan, my son, my son!" she cried.

"Little Mother!" exclaimed the Mexican Eagle, kneeling beside her and gathering her in his arms.

The marshal stayed just long enough to hear Juan, his voice husky with emotion, tell his mother that he was going home with her and start a new life in Mexico. His bandit days were over.

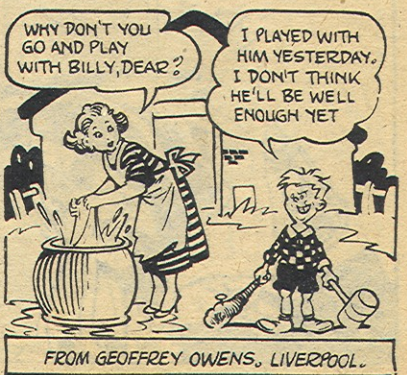
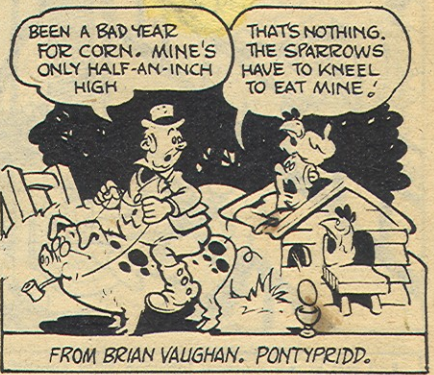
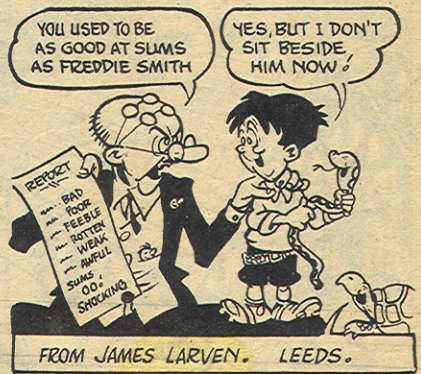
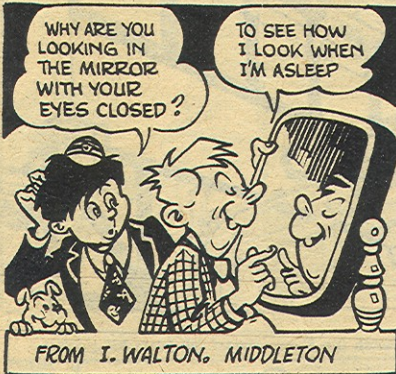
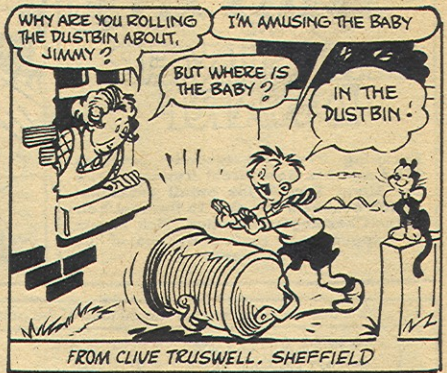
When Wild Bill had met the Mexican Eagle, he had recognized the bandit. It was the same face that had smiled out of the old lady's locket on the previous day—a little older but still the same face.

And so leaving the reformed Juan kneeling beside his mother who was weeping tears of joy, Wild Bill stole quietly away.

Another gripping Wild Bill Hickok adventure next week!

THE JOKER'S FUN FARE

This week's prize-winning jokes from readers! The First Prize is 7s. 6d., the remainder receive 5s. How about a joke from you? Send it to The Joker, 5 Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4. The Editor's decision is final.






DICK TURPIN

AND

THE SILVER DWARF



Escaping from the rascally Jonathan Wild and his Bow Street Runners, with the Silver Dwarf, the small ornament which conceals the clue to the real heir of the Chessington fortunes, Dick Turpin is trapped on a rooftop by two of the Runners.

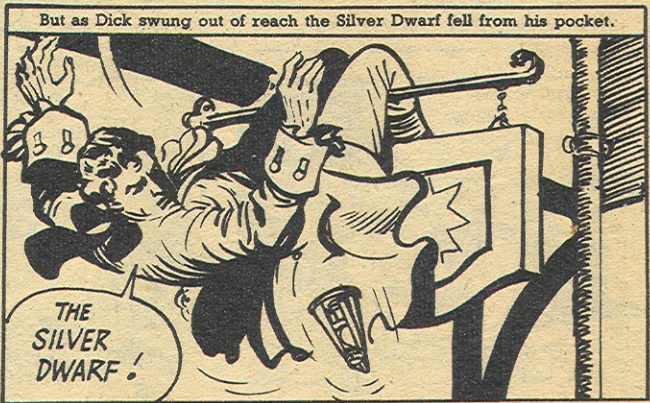
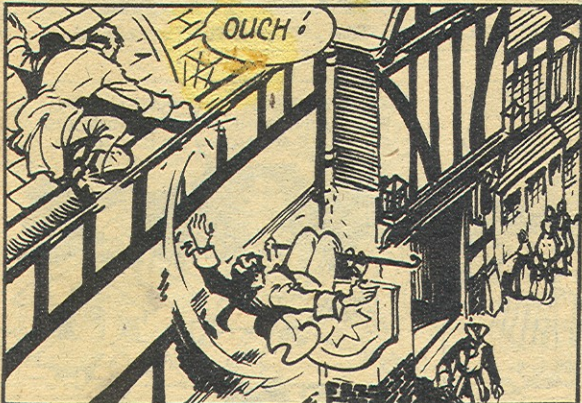
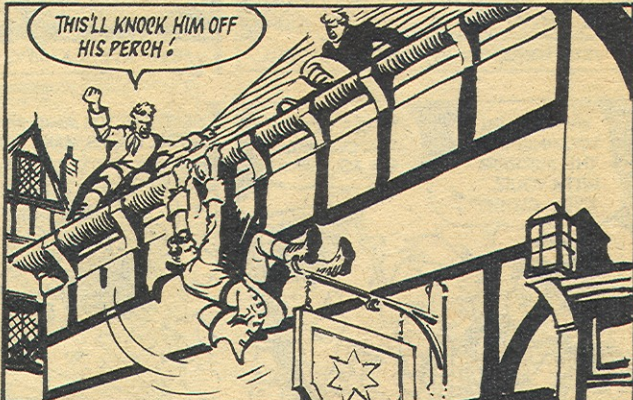
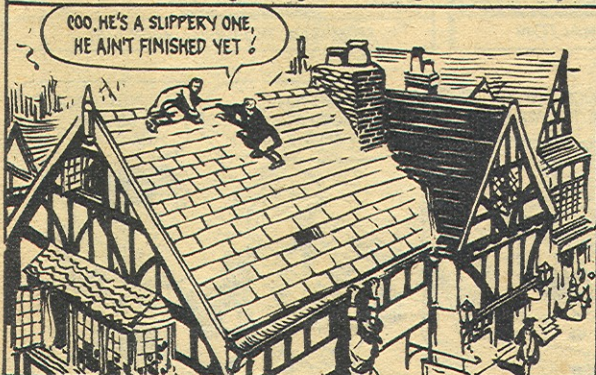
As Dick Turpin struggled madly to free himself from the Runners, his foot slipped on the tiles and he commenced to fall.



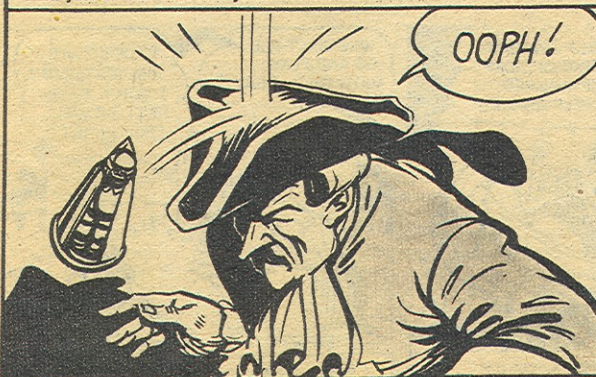
LET HIM FALL. WE CAN PICK UP WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM LATER!



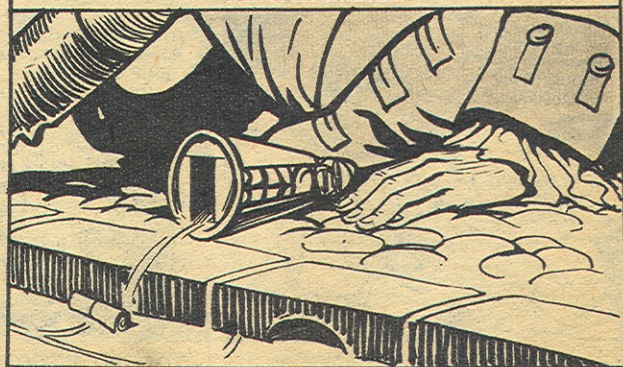
But Dick's outstretched fingers caught hold of the gutter and he hung on.



And just at that moment Jonathan Wild himself came hurrying by.



By some strange chance the shock of the fall opened a hidden spring in the base of the ornament.

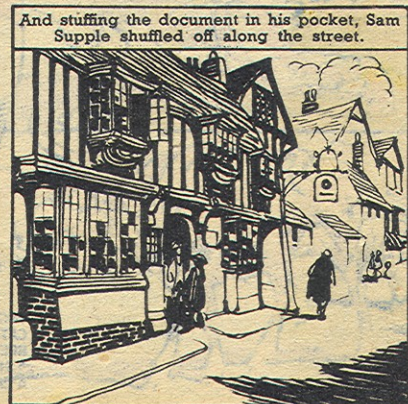
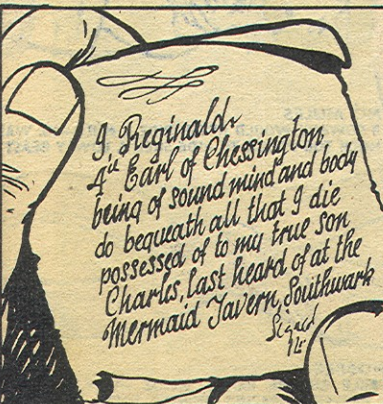
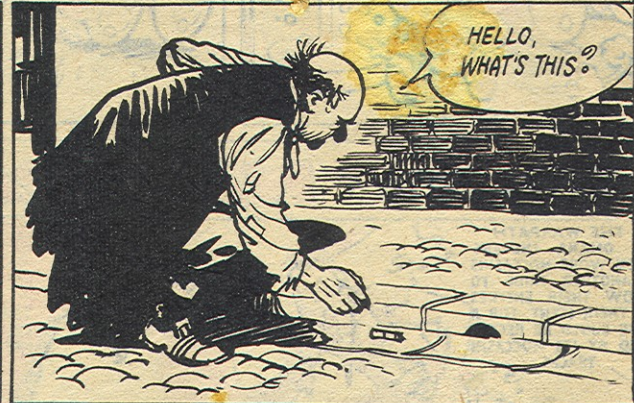




As Jonathan Wild hurried off, Dick's friends, Moll Moonlight, Tom King and Sixteen-String Jack, dashed out of a neighbouring building.



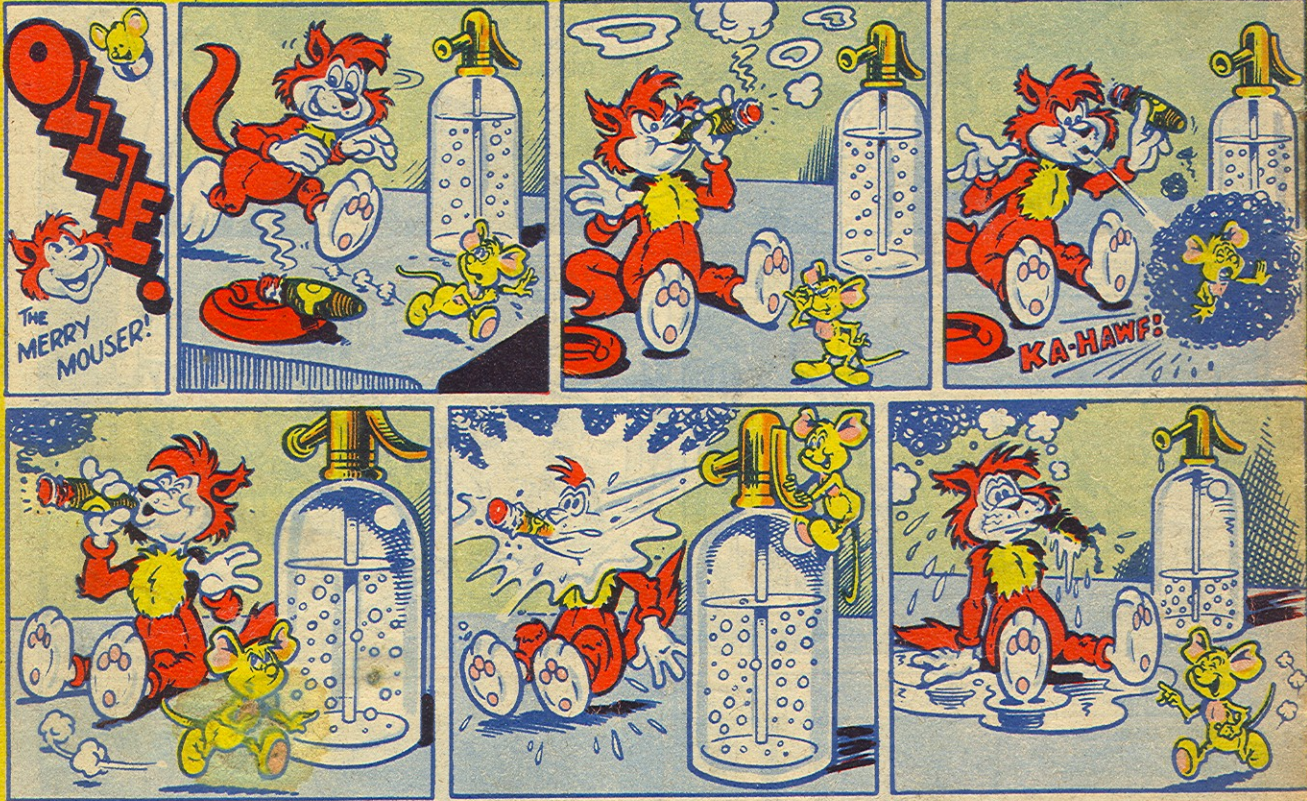
As the chase continued down the street, Sam Supple, an old tramp who had got himself involved in Dick's adventures, stepped out of a doorway.



SUN

EVERY
MONDAY

3^d

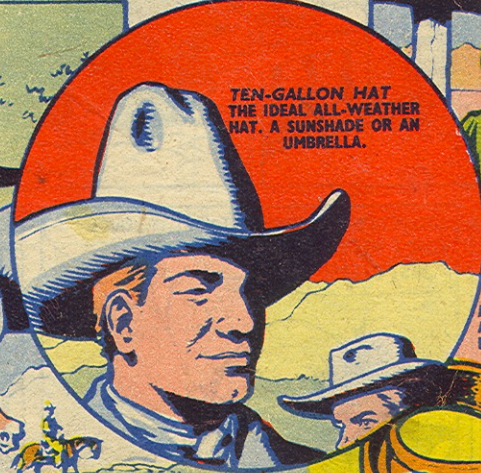


Barry Ford's WESTERN SCRAPBOOK

ON THE WARPATH THE OMAHA INDIANS OFTEN WORE MOCCASINS OF ANOTHER TRIBE TO THROW THEIR ENEMIES OFF THEIR SCENT, FOR A TRIBE COULD BE RECOGNISED BY ITS MOCCASIN TRACKS.



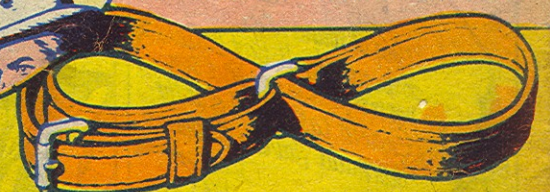
TEN-GALLON HAT THE IDEAL ALL-WEATHER HAT. A SUNSHADE OR AN UMBRELLA.



NÓ MULES A COWBOY WOULD NEVER RIDE A MULE—HE WAS MUCH TOO PROUD TO RIDE SUCH A LOWLY BEAST!



WORRIERS CATTLE ARE BORN WORRIERS AND HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO WORRY OFF AS MUCH AS HUNDRED POUNDS OF FLESH WHILE ON A CATTLE DRIVE. THEY BECOME UPSET OVER THE LEAST UNFAMILIAR SOUND.



HORSE HOBBLE INDISPENSABLE ON THE RANGE, HORSE HOBBLERS WERE USED TO PREVENT GRAZING HORSES FROM STRAYING.