

# SUN



EVERY  
MONDAY

No. 208  
January 31, 1953

3<sup>¢</sup>

## BILLY THE KID *and the Crooked Landlord*



Rip-Roaring  
Picture Strip Adventure  
of the LONE AVENGER - **INSIDE**

WHEN SIMON LANGTON, THE CROOKED BANKER OF GUNSIGHT, LENT MONEY, HE EXPECTED IT TO BE PAID BACK WITHIN THE TIME HE ALLOWED. IF THE UNLUCKY BORROWER COULD NOT MEET THE BANKER'S DEMANDS HE WAS SOON IN TROUBLE. YOUNG ROD REGAN FOUND THIS OUT WHEN HE COULD NOT RAISE THE LAST FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS OF FIVE THOUSAND THAT HE HAD BORROWED FROM LANGTON TO BUY A SMALL RANCH --

AFTER WEEKS OF SENDING THREATENING NOTES, SIMON LANGTON HIMSELF AND TWO OF HIS HENCHMEN ARRIVED AT THE RANCH. BUT YOUNG ROD REGAN HAD MADE ARRANGEMENTS TO PAY BACK THE BANKER --

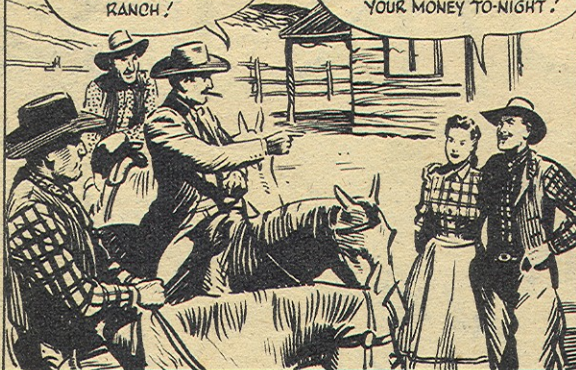
O, K, REGAN! I'LL GIVE YOU UNTIL TO-MORROW MORNING TO PAY UP. IF NOT, I'M THROWING YOU OUT OF YOUR RANCH!

DON'T WORRY, MISTER! YOU'LL GET YOUR MONEY! I'M TAKING MY STEERS TO BRONXVILLE TO-DAY! THEY'LL FETCH A GOOD PRICE! I'LL BE AT THE BANK WITH YOUR MONEY TO-NIGHT!

AS LANGTON AND HIS MEN RODE OFF, ROD REGAN PREPARED TO SET OUT ON THE LONG JOURNEY TO BRONXVILLE --

THERE THEY GO, HONEY! AND I MUST BE GOIN' TOO! IF ALL GOES WELL, THAT'LL BE THE LAST YOU'LL SEE OF THEM!

TO THINK OF IT, ROD! AFTER TO-NIGHT WE'LL HAVE NO MORE DEALINGS WITH SIMON LANGTON AND THE RANCH WILL BE OURS!



HIGH ON A RIDGE, SIMON LANGTON AND HIS MEN WATCHED THE YOUNG RANCHER DRIVING HIS HERD ALONG THE TRAIL --

BUT THE SCHEMING BANKER HAD ANOTHER IDEA --

ALTHOUGH THE FOLKS OF GUNSIGHT SUSPECTED SIMON LANGTON OF BEING CROOKED, THEY COULD NEVER FIND PROOF -- AND AS HIS GUNMEN RODE OFF --

BAH! THAT GUY HAS SPOILED MY PLANS! I WAS HOPING HE COULDN'T PAY UP AND THEN I'D HAVE HAD HIS RANCH AND THE MONEY HE'S PAID ME!

JUST SAY THE WORD, BOSS, AND ME AND WHITTNER HERE WILL STOP HIM FROM GETTING TO BRONXVILLE WITH THOSE STEERS!

I'VE GOT A BETTER NOTION! LET HIM GET TO BRONXVILLE AND SELL HIS STEERS. YOU TWO RIDE OUT TO ROCKY RIDGE AND AMBUSH HIM ON HIS WAY BACK AND TAKE THE CASH!

SAY! THAT'S SMART, BOSS!

I DON'T WANT ANY SUSPICION THROWN ON ME -- SO STAY OUT OF GUNSIGHT WITH THE MONEY UNTIL I SEND FOR YOU!



LATER -- AS THE AFTERNOON SUN BEAT DOWN ON ROCKY RIDGE, THE TWO GUNMEN WAITED FOR ROD REGAN TO PASS ON THE TRAIL BELOW --

AND AS THE UNSUSPECTING RANCHER RODE UP THE RIDGE, WHISTLING MERRILY TO HIMSELF AT THE THOUGHT OF BEING FREE FROM THE CLUTCHES OF SIMON LANGTON --

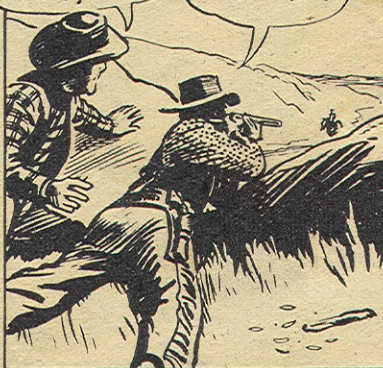
SUDDENLY THE QUIET ROCKS ECHOED WITH THE CRACK OF A RIFLE SHOT --

O, K, WHITTNER! SLING THAT BIT OF WOOD AWAY -- HERE HE COMES!

DON'T WORRY, BUTCH! MY RIFLE'S READY!

MAKE SURE YOU PICK HIM OFF FIRST TIME, WHITTNER -- OR HE MIGHT GET AWAY!

I AIN'T EVER MISSED YET!





QUICKLY THE CROOKS SCRAMBLED DOWN THE ROCKS TO THE STILL FORM OF ROD REGAN --

HERE'S THE MONEY, WHITTLES! I RECKON THERE'S ABOUT SEVEN HUNDRED DOLLARS!

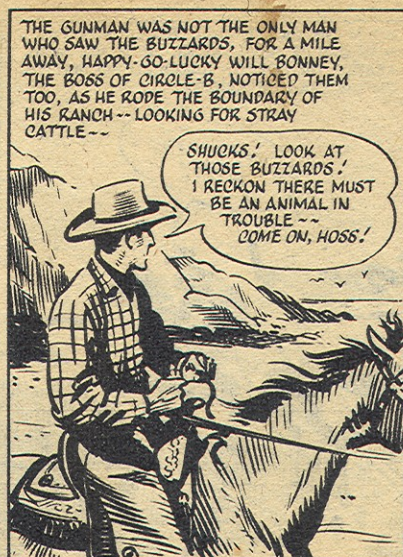
GOOD! LET'S GET GOIN' BEFORE SOMEBODY COMES!



AND LEAVING ROD REGAN SENSELESS AND BADLY WOUNDED, THE BADMEN RODE OFF --

HAW! HAW! IT'LL BE A LONG TIME BEFORE HE REACHES THE BOSS'S OFFICE, NOW!

THAT'S IF THE BUZZARDS DON'T GET AT HIM FIRST! LOOK -- THEY'RE OVER THE RIDGE ALREADY!



THE GUNMAN WAS NOT THE ONLY MAN WHO SAW THE BUZZARDS, FOR A MILE AWAY, HAPPY-GO-LUCKY WILL BONNEY, THE BOSS OF CIRCLE-B, NOTICED THEM TOO, AS HE RODE THE BOUNDARY OF HIS RANCH -- LOOKING FOR STRAY CATTLE --

SHUCKS! LOOK AT THOSE BUZZARDS! I RECKON THERE MUST BE AN ANIMAL IN TROUBLE -- COME ON, HOSS!



AS WILL RODE NEARER HE DISCOVERED IT WAS A MAN -- ROD REGAN.

BY CHRISTOPHER! IT'S A MAN! LOOKS AS THOUGH HE'S HURT BAD TOO!

O-OHW!



WILL BONNEY QUICKLY REVIVED THE YOUNG RANCHER, AND DRESSED HIS WOUNDED SHOULDER --

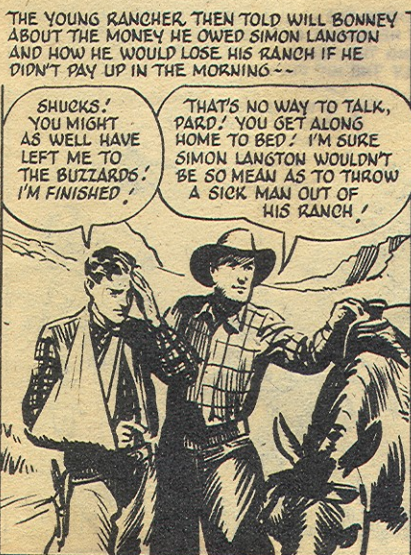
THERE! FEEL BETTER, PARD? HOW COME YOU TO GET INTO THIS MESS?

I DON'T KNOW, MISTER! I WAS JUST RIDING ALONG WHEN SOMETHING STRUCK MY SHOULDER AND KNOCKED ME OFF MY HORSE!



THAT SOMETHING WAS A BULLET, MISTER! YOU BEEN IN ANY TROUBLE LATELY?

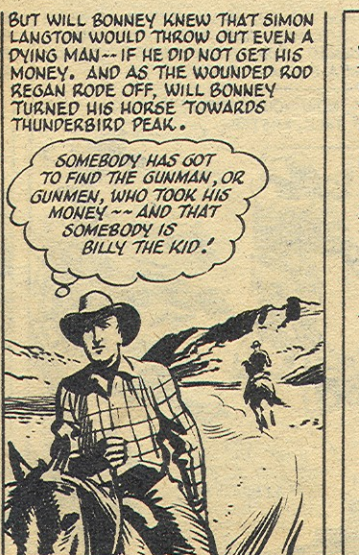
ONLY OVER MONEY! HEY! MY WALLET! MY SEVEN HUNDRED DOLLARS -- THEY'RE GONE!



THE YOUNG RANCHER, THEN TOLD WILL BONNEY ABOUT THE MONEY HE OWED SIMON LANGTON AND HOW HE WOULD LOSE HIS RANCH IF HE DIDN'T PAY UP IN THE MORNING --

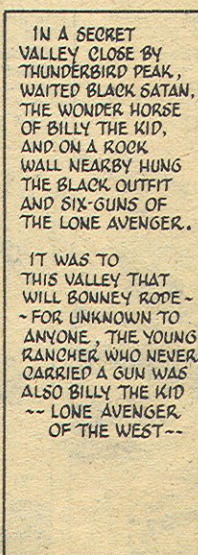
SHUCKS! YOU MIGHT AS WELL HAVE LEFT ME TO THE BUZZARDS! I'M FINISHED!

THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK, PARD! YOU GET ALONG HOME TO BED! I'M SURE SIMON LANGTON WOULDN'T BE SO MEAN AS TO THROW A SICK MAN OUT OF HIS RANCH!



BUT WILL BONNEY KNEW THAT SIMON LANGTON WOULD THROW OUT EVEN A DYING MAN -- IF HE DID NOT GET HIS MONEY. AND AS THE WOUNDED ROD REGAN RODE OFF, WILL BONNEY TURNED HIS HORSE TOWARDS THUNDERBIRD PEAK.

SOMEBODY HAS GOT TO FIND THE GUNMAN, OR GUNMEN, WHO TOOK HIS MONEY -- AND THAT SOMEBODY IS BILLY THE KID!



IN A SECRET VALLEY CLOSE BY THUNDERBIRD PEAK, WAITED BLACK SATAN, THE WONDER HORSE OF BILLY THE KID, AND ON A ROCK WALL NEARBY HUNG THE BLACK OUTFIT AND SIX-GUNS OF THE LONE AVENGER.

IT WAS TO THIS VALLEY THAT WILL BONNEY RODE -- FOR UNKNOWN TO ANYONE, THE YOUNG RANCHER WHO NEVER CARRIED A GUN WAS ALSO BILLY THE KID -- LONE AVENGER OF THE WEST --



QUICKLY WILL BONNEY CHANGED INTO THE BLACK OUTFIT AND DONNED THE BLACK MASK OF BILLY THE KID --

WHOEVER WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR ROBBING THAT YOUNG RANCHER HAS GOT US ON HIS TRAIL, SATAN!

SOON THE GREAT HILLS ECHOED WITH THE WAR-CRY OF BILLY THE KID AS BLACK SATAN LEAPED THE GORGE-- CARRYING HIS MASTER ON THE TRAIL OF JUSTICE --



YIP! YIP! YIP!  
HI-YO!

BILLY THE KID RODE BACK TO ROCKY RIDGE-- HOPING TO PICK UP THE TRAIL --



WHAT'S THIS?  
IT LOOKS AS THOUGH  
SOMEBODY WHITTLED  
A STICK WHILE HE  
WAITED FOR SOMEONE  
TO RIDE UP THE  
TRAIL!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, DOWN ON THE TRAIL, BILLY THE KID PICKED UP THE TRACKS OF TWO HORSES.



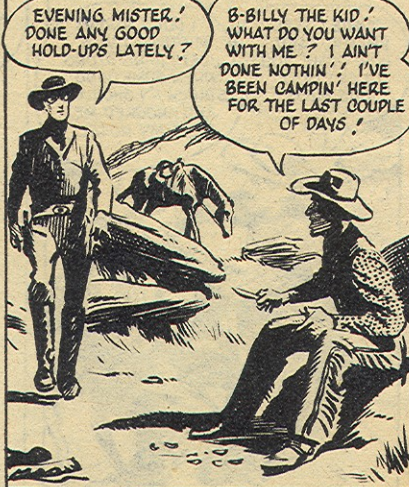
I'VE A FEELING  
OUR WOOD-CARVING  
PAL IS GOING TO  
LEAD US TO  
THAT MONEY,  
SATAN!

BILLY'S KEEN EYES FOLLOWED THE TRAIL UNTIL AT LAST HE CAME UPON A CAMP IN A HOLLOW --



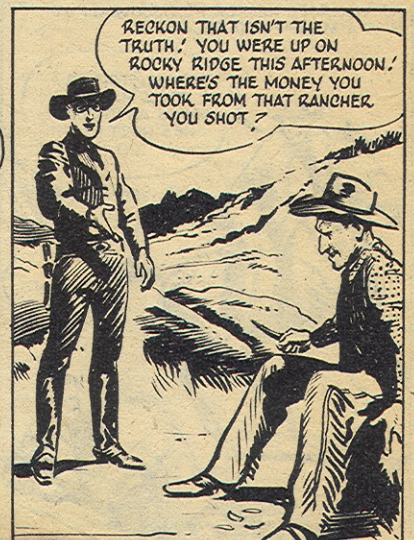
THERE'S OUR  
WHITTILING PAL, SATAN!  
I GUESS HIS PARTNER  
WILL BE AROUND  
SOMEWHERE,  
TOO!

BILLY THE KID DISMOUNTED AND STROLLED INTO THE CAMP --



EVENING MISTER!  
DONE ANY GOOD  
HOLD-UPS LATELY?

B-BILLY THE KID!  
WHAT DO YOU WANT  
WITH ME? I AIN'T  
DONE NOTHIN'! I'VE  
BEEN CAMPIN' HERE  
FOR THE LAST COUPLE  
OF DAYS!



RECKON THAT ISN'T THE  
TRUTH! YOU WERE UP ON  
ROCKY RIDGE THIS AFTERNOON!  
WHERE'S THE MONEY YOU  
TOOK FROM THAT RANCHER  
YOU SHOT?

REALISING THAT THE GAME WAS UP THE WHITTILING GUNMAN RUSHED AT BILLY THE KID WITH HIS KNIFE --



OH NO, YOU DON'T,  
YOU COYOTE!

AS BILLY THE KID WRUNG THE KNIFE FROM THE OUTLAW'S HAND, THE OTHER GUNMAN RETURNED FROM FILLING WATER-BOTTLES FROM A STREAM NEARBY --



O.K., NOW YOU'RE GOING  
TO TALK, MISTER!

BILLY THE KID!  
I'VE GOT TO STOP  
HIM BEFORE HE  
MAKES WHITTILER  
TALK!

SILENTLY THE GUNMAN CREEPT UP ON BILLY THE KID, BUT HE WASN'T QUIET ENOUGH -- AND AS HE FLUNG THE HEAVY WATER-BOTTLE -- BILLY THE KID DUCKED.



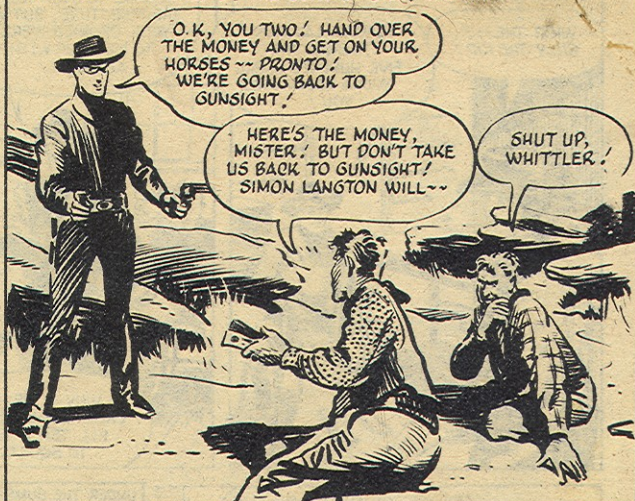
I WAS EXPECTING  
YOU TO SHOW UP  
SOMETIME,  
MISTER!

SWIFTLY BILLY THE KID TURNED ON HIS ASSAILANT--



THANKS FOR KNOCKING YOUR PARTNER OUT! NOW THERE'S ONLY YOU TO DEAL WITH!

WHEN THE GUNMEN REGAINED THEIR SENSES THEY FOUND THEMSELVES COVERED BY THE GUNS OF BILLY THE KID.



O. K., YOU TWO! HAND OVER THE MONEY AND GET ON YOUR HORSES -- PRONTO! WE'RE GOING BACK TO GUNSIGHT!

HERE'S THE MONEY, MISTER, BUT DON'T TAKE US BACK TO GUNSIGHT! SIMON LANGTON WILL--

SHUT UP, WHITTLES!

WHEN THE OUTLAW LET SLIP THE NAME OF SIMON LANGTON-- BILLY THE KID WANTED TO KNOW MORE--



SO-- SIMON LANGTON IS AT THE BACK OF ALL THIS, IS HE, MISTER, WOOD-WHITTLES?

I AIN'T SAYIN' MISTER, I DON'T WANT TO GET SHOT!



YOU'LL SIGN A CONFESSION, PRONTO, MISTER-- OR I'LL WHITTLE YOU DOWN WITH LEAD THE SAME WAY AS YOU WHITTLE DOWN THOSE TWIGS! HOW ABOUT A HAIR-CUT TO START OFF WITH?

O. K., STOP IT! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT!

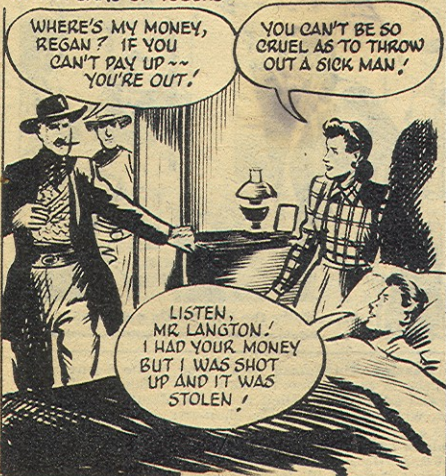
WHEN THE TWO CROOKS HAD TOLD BILLY THE KID OF SIMON LANGTON'S WRETCHED PLOT-- HE MADE THEM MOUNT THEIR HORSES AND HEAD FOR THE ROD REGAN'S RANCH--



KEEP GOING, YOU TWO! WE'VE GOT A DATE WITH YOUR BOSS AT REGAN'S RANCH AT SUN-UP!

DON'T LET HIM SHOOT US, BILLY!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, SIMON LANGTON, CONFIDENT THAT THE REGANS COULDN'T PAY UP, BURST INTO THE RANCH HOUSE WITH A GANG OF TOUGHS--



WHERE'S MY MONEY, REGAN? IF YOU CAN'T PAY UP-- YOU'RE OUT!

YOU CAN'T BE SO CRUEL AS TO THROW OUT A SICK MAN!

LISTEN, MR. LANGTON, I HAD YOUR MONEY BUT I WAS SHOT UP AND IT WAS STOLEN!



IT'S NOT MY FAULT THAT YOUR FOOL HUSBAND LOST HIS MONEY-- O. K., BOYS-- SHIFT THEIR STUFF OUT-- BED AND ALL!

SWIFTLY LANGTON'S MEN GOT TO WORK AND CLEARED THE ROOM--



WHILE YOU GUYS ARE CLEARING THIS ROOM I'LL JUST TAKE A LOOK IN THE KITCHEN AND SEE WHAT ELSE IS TO BE THROWN OUT!



BUT WHEN SIMON LANGTON OPENED THE DOOR --

WHAT THE --? BILLY THE KID!

HOWDY, LANGTON! THERE'S THE FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS YOUNG REGAN OWES YOU!



I'M SORRY I DIDN'T GET HERE IN TIME TO STOP YOU SHIFTING ALL THE FURNITURE, BUT A COUPLE OF YOUR CRONIES WERE RELUCTANT TO MEET UP WITH YOU AGAIN!

WHY -- THE CHEAP CHISELLERS! I'LL TEACH 'EM TO SQUEAL!



THERE'LL BE NO GUN-PLAY HERE, LANGTON! YOU'RE NOT IN YOUR OWN HOME NOW!



YOU GET UP AND HELP YOUR BOYS TO GET THAT STUFF BACK IN. IF ANYTHING'S DAMAGED, LANGTON, I'LL MAKE YOU PAY FOR IT!



UNDER THE GUNS OF BILLY THE KID, SIMON LANGTON AND HIS MEN RETURNED THE FURNITURE INTO THE REGAN RANCH --

GO CAREFUL, YOU FELLERS! I'LL PLUG THE FIRST GUY WHO DROPS ANYTHING!

WHEN ALL THE REGANS' FURNITURE WAS RESTORED TO ITS RIGHT PLACE, BILLY THE KID LINED UP THE CROOKED BANKER AND HIS MEN AND MARCHED THEM OFF THE RANCH AT THE POINT OF HIS GUNS.



THANKS, BILLY THE KID! I HOPE WE'VE SEEN THE LAST OF SIMON LANGTON! WHAT A DIRTY DOG HE IS!

DON'T WORRY, FOLKS! HE WON'T BE AROUND FOR QUITE A LONG TIME! I'VE GOT A SIGNED CONFESSION FROM WHITTIER!

O.K., FORWARD TO LITTLE FALLS -- YOU COYOTES!

AND WHILE THE REGANS SETTLED DOWN IN THEIR OWN HOME -- SIMON LANGTON AND HIS CRONIES HAD TO CONTENT THEMSELVES WITH ONE OWNED BY THE GOVERNMENT -- THE JAIL HOUSE AT LITTLE FALLS --



WE GUYS DON'T STAND A CHANCE WHILE THERE ARE FELLERS LIKE HIM AROUND.

YIP! YIP! YIP! HI-YO!

More Billy the Kid thrills next week!

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SUN C.S. CLUB, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.), to arrive by Tuesday, February 10. Presents will be sent out about a week after this date and Albums returned at the same time.

# WILD BILL HICKOK

and the  
HUNGRY INDIANS

THE steady beat of the Blackfeet war drums sounded across the wide barren land. Chief Big Elk, and his warriors sat round a council fire and smoked the pipe of war.

"The palefaces have betrayed us," shouted the angry chief. "They do not keep the terms of the peace treaty. We have been taken from our rich, fertile lands where the buffalo roamed in plenty and brought to this rocky, barren land to starve. There are no streams in which to fish, no game to hunt, and no buffalo."

Big Elk got to his feet and held the Blackfeet war hatchet high above his head. He was an impressive figure in his magnificent plumed head-dress, his beaded and fringed doeskin leggings and moccasins.

"Many times I have asked the white chief at the fort for more food. By the peace treaty he was to feed us. But no food comes. So, my brothers, we must make war on the palefaces who speak with forked tongues. It is death to the white man!"

The Blackfeet had cause to be angry. They had been promised good hunting grounds and plenty of food. And they had neither. The commanding officer at the nearest fort could do nothing about it. He sympathized with Big Elk, but he got his orders from Washington, and was powerless to help the Indians.

While Big Elk was shouting his wrath, the fort commander was discussing the matter with Wild Bill Hickok who, being in the territory, had stopped off at the fort to see his old friend, Colonel Jarvis.

"Some dunderhead in Washington refuses to help the Blackfeet. He says their reservation is a good one. The Indians have had a raw deal Bill, there's no doubt about that, and they can't be blamed if they do go on the warpath. You should see the supply of buffalo meat the government has sent down for those poor wretches. Half of it is rotten and will last the tribe about a week. It's meant to be six months' supply!"

"It's a shame, Bob," returned the marshal. "Look here, I know Big Elk. I'll go along and have a pow-wow with him. Perhaps I can persuade him not to start any trouble."

"I wish you'd do that, Bill. Anything's worth a try if it means saving unnecessary loss of life."

And so the marshal set off for the Blackfeet reservation. But long before he got there he spotted smoke signals and heard the war drums.

"Guess I'm too late," he muttered. "Big Elk is already on the warpath." And even as he uttered the words, a party of painted warriors suddenly came into view.

On seeing the marshal they let out piercing yells and headed straight for him.

Realizing it would be fatal to stop and try to reason with them, Wild Bill wheeled Gypsy, his sorrel mare, sharply round and streaked off across a wide, flat plateau.

The Indian ponies were swift, but they found their match in the fleet-footed Gypsy.

"Faster old girl, faster!" urged the

marshal, "otherwise we'll both be a couple of dead ducks!"

As Gypsy raced along, hotly pursued by the yelling Blackfeet, Wild Bill found that he was heading straight for the edge of the plateau. His heart skipped a beat. If it was a sheer drop down the side then he and his faithful mare were riding to their deaths.

He slowed Gypsy down as they neared the edge. The yells of the redskins grew louder as they drew nearer and suddenly a hail of bullets whizzed past the marshal, missing him by inches.

The marshal reached the edge of the plateau. Below him lay a deep, dark canyon, the bed of which was a thick forest. The way down was steep, but not impassable for a well-trained horse like Gypsy. And with a sigh of relief Wild Bill urged her over the edge.

As she slithered her way down the side, the Blackfeet reached the edge of the plateau. But there they halted and let out wild cries. Bill caught the words "Black Spirit Canyon," and noted the fear in their voices. He expected them to come sliding down after him, but they remained at the top, howling their hatred of the white man and brandishing their rifles and lances in the air.

And then the marshal remembered that he had heard that the Blackfeet feared the wooded canyon, for they believed an evil Black Spirit dwelt there, and nothing would induce them to go down into it.

Gypsy slid her way safely down to the bottom and Wild Bill guided her through the dense forest. To Hickok's astonishment the forest ended abruptly and before him lay a wide sheltered valley, rich in grassland. And dotted about the valley in their hundreds, were fat healthy buffaloes.

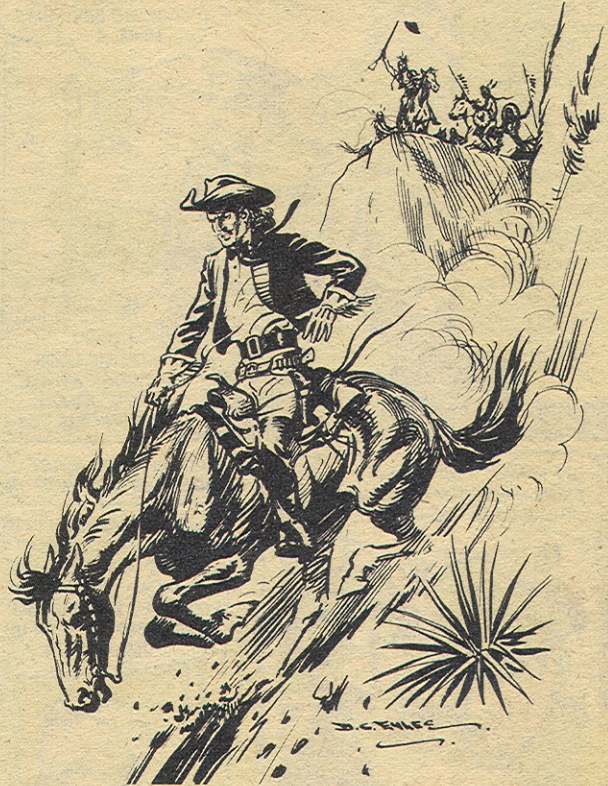
"Well, I'm blessed!" exclaimed the marshal as he gazed at the great herd. "This territory is part of the Blackfeet reservation, and it's teeming with buffalo! The Indians can't see the valley from their plateau, and fear of the wooded canyon has evidently stopped them from discovering it! There's only one thing to do, Gypsy. I've got to get to the Indian camp somehow and tell Big Elk about this valley. All his troubles will be over when he sees that fine healthy herd."

So back the marshal headed, through the forest and up the steep canyon side. When at last, after a hard and difficult climb, Gypsy reached the top, there was no sign of the war party on the plateau.

Wild Bill swiftly made his way in the direction of Big Elk's camp. But before he reached it a second war party rushed at him. But this time the marshal halted and rapidly gave the peace sign.

"Greetings!" he called out in the Blackfeet language. "I come in peace. Take me to your chief, Big Elk. I have good news for him."

The Indians regarded him suspiciously. They crowded round him, muttering savagely. Wild Bill was careful to keep his hands well away from his guns and to keep a friendly smile fixed on his face. The Indians admired courage above all things,



Wild Bill urged his magnificent sorrel mare over the edge . . . with the wild cries of the Blackfeet ringing in his ears! From this exciting complete Western yarn by BARRY FORD.

and the cool courage of the marshal impressed them greatly.

"Come," one of them said. And taking the marshal's reins, led him off to their camp.

"You may have heard of me," said Hickok. "I am called Man-who-shoots-fast."

At his words the Indians murmured excitedly amongst themselves, and looked at him with added interest, for most Indians had heard of the fast-shooting marshal.

"Your name is known to us," replied the warrior holding his reins.

A few minutes later Wild Bill was led up to the lodge of Big Elk, but he was not given a friendly welcome by the chief.

"The Blackfeet are at war with the palefaces," grunted the chief. "Man-who-shoots-fast is not welcome in camp of Big Elk."

"I bring you good news, Big Elk. I have discovered a vast herd of buffalo on your reservation. You and your tribe will never go hungry again."

"What foolish talk is this?" demanded the chief, glaring savagely at Wild Bill. "There are no buffalo on this barren plateau."

"I know that. But listen to me." And the marshal told the chief all about the hidden valley. "I know you are afraid to go down into the Black Spirit Canyon," he added, "but you have nothing to fear. There

is no evil spirit. I will lead you and your warriors safely down into the valley, and you can see the buffaloes for yourself."

At first Big Elk would not hear of going down into the dark canyon, but gradually the marshal persuaded him that it was perfectly safe. And finally the chief called his warriors about him and told them the story. After a long pow-wow it was agreed that a scouting party should go with the marshal, and if they returned safely, bringing a dead buffalo with them, then Big Elk would give the order for the war drums to cease.

Some time later the scouting party dragged a big dead bull buffalo up to the tepee of their chief and joyfully told him about the hidden valley.

"Big Elk is grateful to Man-who-shoots-fast for what he has done," said the chief, solemnly shaking hands with Wild Bill. "Now the tribe can bury the war hatchet and live in peace with the palefaces, for no longer will our stomachs be empty. Now you have shown us that no evil spirit dwells in the canyon we can go down to the valley without fear and kill a buffalo whenever we are in need of one. Thank you, my friend."

And so Wild Bill Hickok set off back to the fort, happy at being able to tell Colonel Jarvis that the brief Indian war was at an end.

Be sure to ride the adventure trail with Wild Bill Hickok next week!

# The Prisoner of Zenda

BUT JOSEF, THE KING'S SERVANT, WAS DEAD. HE LAY IN THE WINE CELLAR IN THE PLACE WHERE THE KIDNAPPED KING HAD LAIN ONLY A SHORT TIME BEFORE.

WHEN THE YOUNG ENGLISHMAN RUDOLF RASSENDYLL, WHO LOOKED SO MUCH LIKE THE KING OF RURITANIA, AND HIS FRIEND, COLONEL ZAPT REACHED THE KING'S HUNTING LODGE THEY FOUND IT DESERTED. UNKNOWN TO THEM THE KING HAD BEEN KIDNAPPED. ANXIOUSLY THE COLONEL MADE FOR THE WINE CELLAR, WHERE THE DRUGGED KING HAD BEEN TAKEN FOR SAFETY --



STRANGE THERE ARE NO SERVANTS HERE!

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THINGS AT ALL! JOSEF! JOSEF! WHERE ARE YOU?



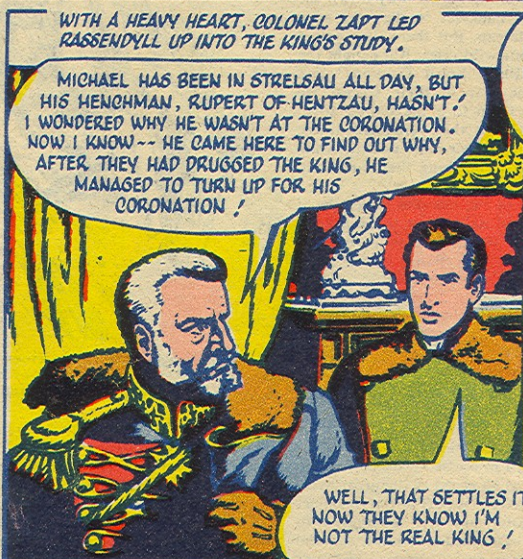
THE KING HAS GONE!

-- AND JOSEF HAS BEEN SHOT! LOOK, COLONEL, THERE'S A NOTE BY HIS BODY!



IT READS "ONE KING IS ENOUGH FOR ANY KINGDOM" THERE IS NO SIGNATURE!

THERE IS NO NEED FOR ONE. THAT'S RUPERT OF HENTZAU'S HANDWRITING. THE KING HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED AND I'D BET A FORTUNE THAT HIS BROTHER, BLACK MICHAEL, IS BEHIND IT ALL!



WITH A HEAVY HEART, COLONEL ZAPT LED RASSENDYLL UP INTO THE KING'S STUDY.

MICHAEL HAS BEEN IN STRELSAU ALL DAY, BUT HIS HENCHMAN, RUPERT OF HENTZAU, HASN'T! I WONDERED WHY HE WASN'T AT THE CORONATION. NOW I KNOW -- HE CAME HERE TO FIND OUT WHY, AFTER THEY HAD DRUGGED THE KING, HE MANAGED TO TURN UP FOR HIS CORONATION!

WELL, THAT SETTLES IT. NOW THEY KNOW I'M NOT THE REAL KING!



YES! MICHAEL AND HENTZAU KNOW EVERYTHING. BUT THEY CAN'T ACCUSE US. THEY CAN'T DISCLOSE THAT IT WASN'T THE KING WHO WAS CROWNED WITHOUT ADMITTING THAT THEY HAVE KIDNAPPED THE REAL KING AND MURDERED HIS SERVANT!

NO, THEY CAN'T VERY WELL ACCUSE US. BUT THAT WON'T PREVENT THEM FROM MURDERING THE KING!



WITH YOU IN STRELSAU THEY WOULDN'T DARE KILL THE KING. THEY WOULDN'T KILL HIM AND LEAVE AN IMPOSTOR ON THE THRONE!

NOW LOOK HERE, COLONEL. I'VE DONE EVERYTHING I CAN TO HELP. NO MAN COULD CARRY ON THIS PLAY-ACTING INDEFINITELY. YOU'RE EXPECTING TOO MUCH!



YOU'RE RIGHT, ENGLISHMAN, YOU'VE DONE MORE THAN COULD BE EXPECTED, AND I'M DEEPLY GRATEFUL FOR YOUR HELP. IT'S JUST THAT YOUR COUSIN IS MY KING. I SERVED HIS FATHER BEFORE HIM, AND I'VE A DEEP LOVE FOR HIM. WELL, LET'S GET YOU SAFELY OVER THE BORDER BEFORE I RETURN TO STRELSAU.

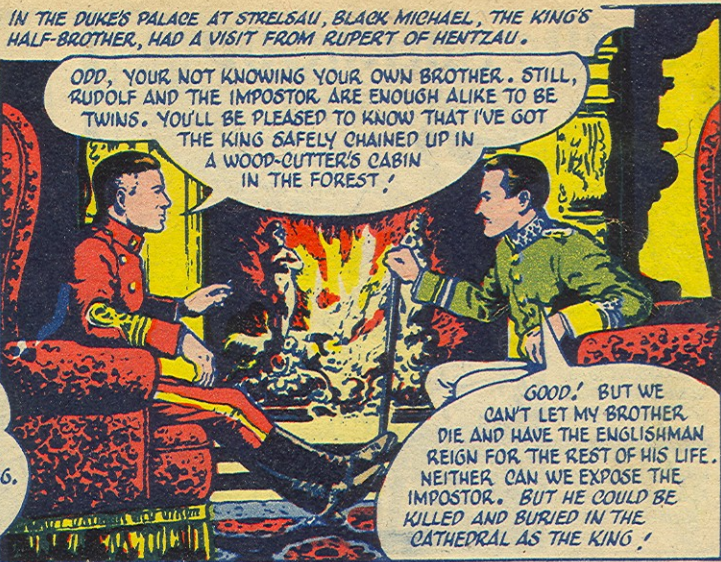
YOU WIN AGAIN COLONEL! I'LL STAY UNTIL YOU CAN FIND YOUR KING. FRANKLY, I'M BEGINNING TO DISLIKE BROTHER MICHAEL NO END, AND I WOULDN'T WANT THE PEOPLE OF RURITANIA TO BE RULED BY SUCH A ROGUE.





THANK YOU, LAD. WITH YOU TO HELP ME, WE'LL SOON HAVE THE KING BACK ON HIS THRONE, AND THEN WE CAN DEAL WITH THAT TREACHEROUS MICHAEL.

LET'S HOPE YOU FIND HIM SOON, FRIEND, FOR I CAN FEEL MY HEAD WOBBLING ON MY SHOULDERS EVERY MOMENT THAT I'M KING. BEING A MAKE-BELIEVE KING ISN'T EXACTLY A SAFE GAME!



IN THE DUKE'S PALACE AT STRELSAU, BLACK MICHAEL, THE KING'S HALF-BROTHER, HAD A VISIT FROM RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

ODD, YOUR NOT KNOWING YOUR OWN BROTHER. STILL, RUDOLF AND THE IMPOSTOR ARE ENOUGH ALIKE TO BE TWINS. YOU'LL BE PLEASED TO KNOW THAT I'VE GOT THE KING SAFELY CHAINED UP IN A WOOD-CUTTER'S CABIN IN THE FOREST!

GOOD! BUT WE CAN'T LET MY BROTHER DIE AND HAVE THE ENGLISHMAN REIGN FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE. NEITHER CAN WE EXPOSE THE IMPOSTOR. BUT HE COULD BE KILLED AND BURIED IN THE CATHEDRAL AS THE KING!



AN EXCELLENT IDEA, YOUR HIGHNESS. WITH THE IMPOSTOR OUT OF THE WAY, WE CAN THEN SAFELY GET RID OF THE KING. AND YOU WILL ASCEND THE THRONE. BUT WHERE DO I FIT IN?

YOU'LL BE THE FIRST MAN IN MY KINGDOM. DON'T WORRY, HENTZAU, YOU'LL BE RICHLY REWARDED. AND NOW LET US THINK UP A PLAN TO GET RID OF THIS ENGLISH PLAY-ACTOR!



A FEW DAYS LATER A LETTER WAS SENT TO RUDOLF RASSENDYLL. WITH RUDOLF AT THE TIME WAS CAPTAIN FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM.

LISTEN TO THIS, FRITZ " IF MR RASSENDYLL DESIRES TO KNOW WHERE THE KING IS, LET HIM COME TO-NIGHT AT TWO O'CLOCK TO THE DESERTED SUMMER-HOUSE BEHIND THE WALL ON THE AVENUE ELPHBERG. HE MUST BE ALONE "

SOUNDS AS THOUGH IT MIGHT BE A TRAP. WE MUST BE CAREFUL, RUDOLF. I'LL COME WITH YOU AND KEEP WATCH WHILE YOU GO TO THE SUMMER-HOUSE!



AT THE APPOINTED TIME, RASSENDYLL AND FRITZ ARRIVED AT THE DESERTED SUMMER-HOUSE --

YOU WAIT HERE, FRITZ!

WATCH OUT, RUDOLF! IF THERE'S ANY SHOOTING, I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU!



RASSENDYLL, GUN IN HAND, WALKED QUIETLY UP TO THE SUMMER-HOUSE. HE WAS ABOUT TO LIFT THE LATCH WHEN TO HIS SURPRISE, THE DOOR, SUDDENLY CREAKED OPEN.

WHO'S THERE?

# LORD of SHERWOOD

KING JOHN IS ABOUT TO EXECUTE IVANHOE AND SOME OF THE MERRIE MEN WHEN ROBIN HOOD STEPS FORWARD TO OFFER HIS LIFE IN EXCHANGE FOR THE OUTLAWS' LIVES. UNBENOWN TO ROBIN OR THE KING, THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD ESCORTING THE PRISONERS IS NONE OTHER THAN LITTLE JOHN --



AAAH! SO I HAVE YOU AT LAST, TRAITOR! SEIZE HIM, CAPTAIN! HANG HIM WITH THE REST--

KING JOHN'S EYES FLASHED IN TRIUMPH --

BUT THE "CAPTAIN" HAD OTHER IDEAS --



OUT SWORDS, MERRIE MEN! FIGHT YOUR WAY TO FREEDOM!

'TIS LITTLE JOHN!

BEFORE THE NORMANS HAD TIME TO COLLECT THEIR SCATTERED WITS, THE OUTLAWS HAD BURST THROUGH THE CORDON OF MEN-AT-ARMS AND WERE RUSHING FOR THE GATEHOUSE --

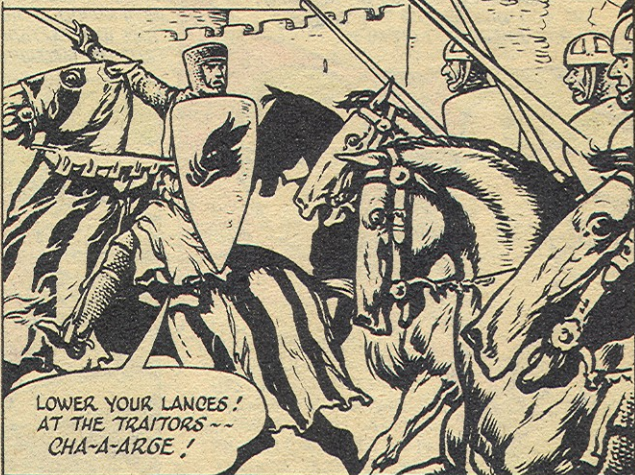


THIS WAY, LADS!

HURRAH FOR BOLD ROBIN! STAND ASIDE, LET THEM PASS!

SEIZE THEM! SEIZE THEM YOU FOOLS!

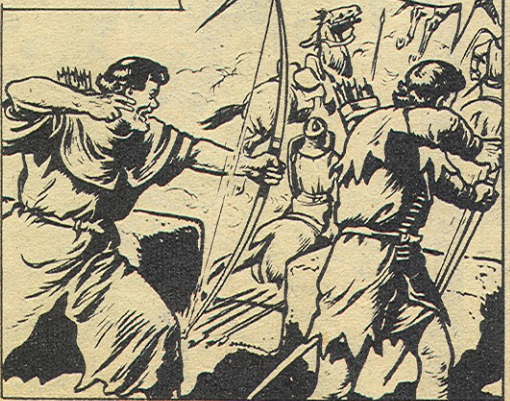
THE GATEHOUSE WAS GUARDED BY A PARTY OF ARMOURD KNIGHTS WHO SPURRED INTO A CHARGE --



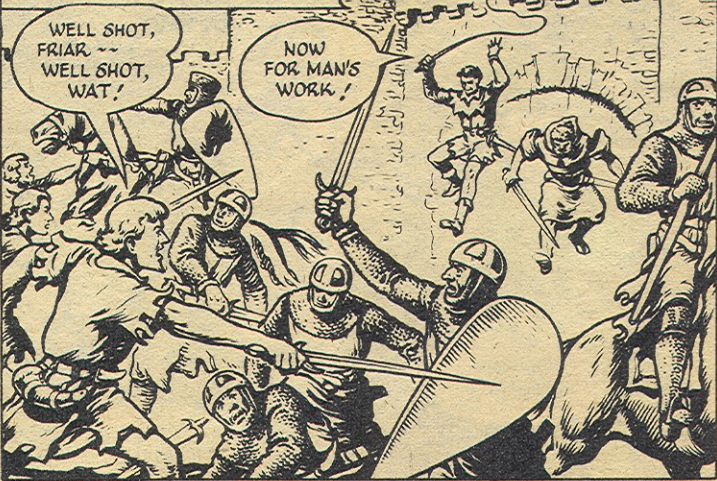
LOWER YOUR LANCES! AT THE TRAITORS -- CHA-A-ARGE!

HARDLY HAD THE TERRIBLE CHARGE BEGUN, WHEN A WITHERING HAIL OF ARROWS ISSUED FROM THE GATEHOUSE AND SENT THE FOREMOST KNIGHTS TUMBLING IN CONFUSION --

ROBIN WAS WISE TO STATION US UP HERE!  
AYE! SEE THOSE KNIGHTS FALLING!



THE OUTLAWS FELL UPON THE DISORGANISED KNIGHTS AND A DESPERATE BATTLE RAGED BY THE GATEHOUSE --

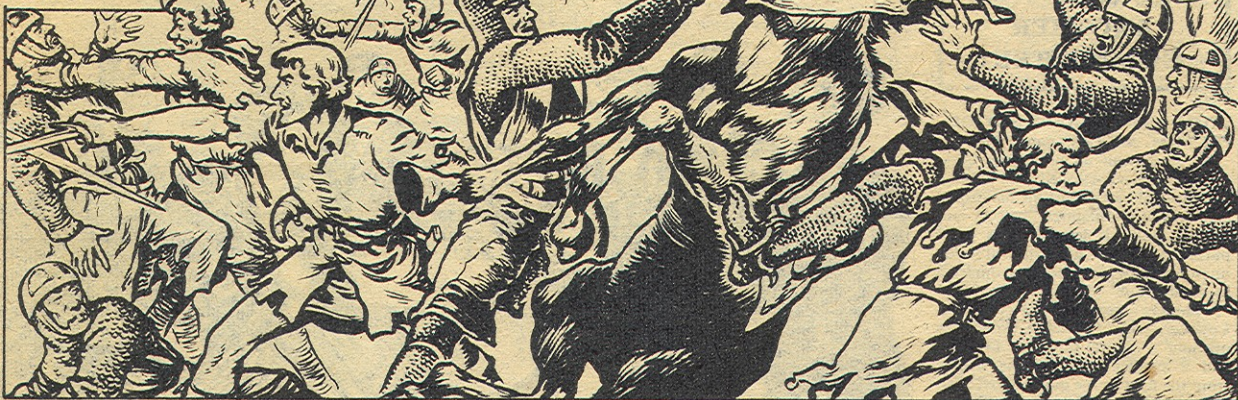


WELL SHOT, FRIAR -- WELL SHOT, WAT!

NOW FOR MAN'S WORK!

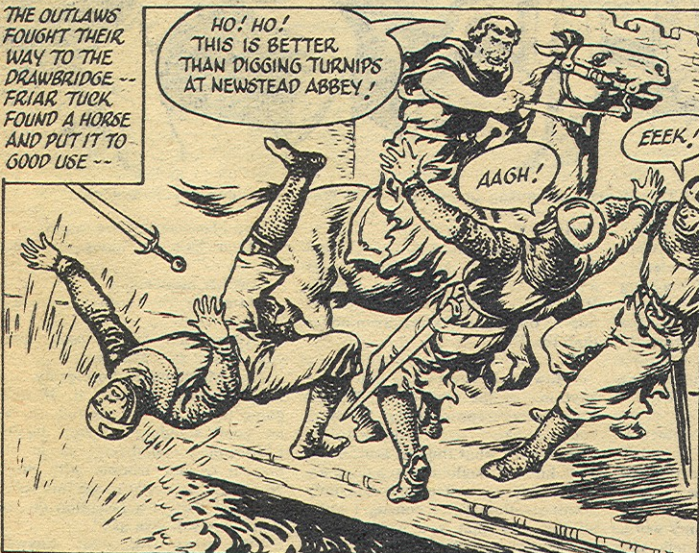
THE FIGHT RAGED ON!  
LITTLE JOHN OVERTURNED A  
KNIGHT AND HIS WARCHORSE  
WITH HIS BARE HANDS--  
NEVER HAD SUCH A  
FEAT BEEN DONE  
BEFORE--

THERE'S FOR YOU,  
NORMAN!



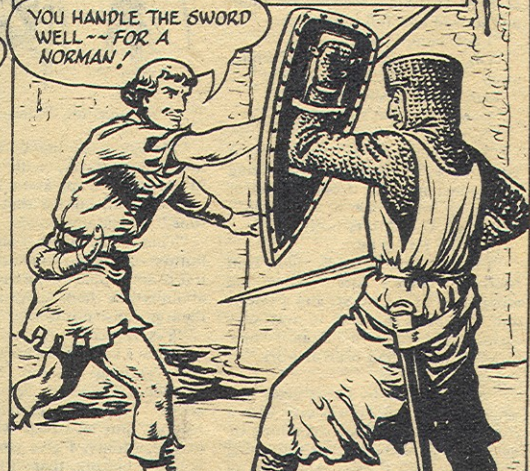
THE OUTLAWS  
FOUGHT THEIR  
WAY TO THE  
DRAWBRIDGE--  
FRIAR TUCK  
FOUND A HORSE  
AND PUT IT TO  
GOOD USE--

HO! HO!  
THIS IS BETTER  
THAN DIGGING TURNIPS  
AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY!



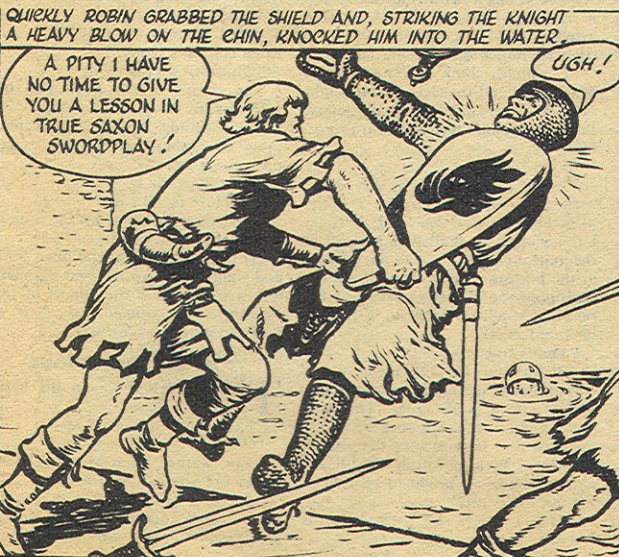
MEANWHILE, ROBIN WAS CROSSING BLADES WITH  
THE KNIGHT OF THE BOAR'S HEAD SHIELD-- A  
POWERFUL FELLOW AND A SKILFUL SWORDSMAN.

YOU HANDLE THE SWORD  
WELL-- FOR A  
NORMAN!

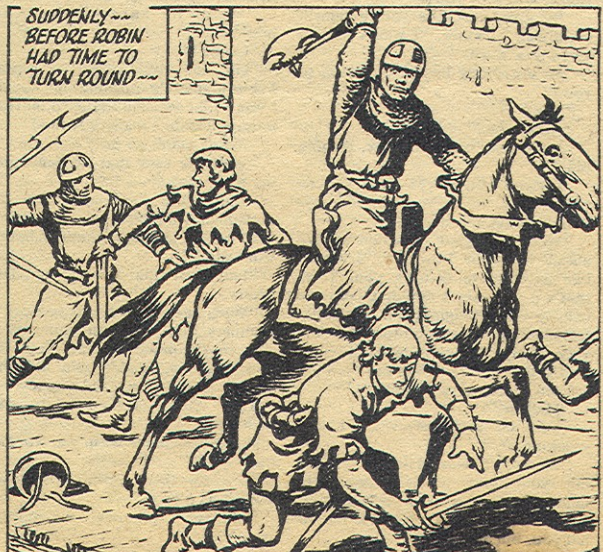


QUICKLY ROBIN GRABBED THE SHIELD AND, STRIKING THE KNIGHT  
A HEAVY BLOW ON THE CHIN, KNOCKED HIM INTO THE WATER.

A PITY I HAVE  
NO TIME TO GIVE  
YOU A LESSON IN  
TRUE SAXON  
SWORDPLAY!



SUDDENLY--  
BEFORE ROBIN  
HAD TIME TO  
TURN ROUND--



Will Robin escape the terrible axe? See next week's thrilling instalment!

# TOM MERRY'S SCHOOL DAYS.

This Week :  
**ANOTHER COMMITTEE!**

## TOM MERRY TAKES ACTION

**T**OM MERRY came into his study half an hour later clean and newly-clothed, and looking a great deal better. But his handsome face was still disfigured by cuts and bruises, and his left eye was quite purple. There was a thoughtful shade upon his brow, as if he were thinking something out.

Manners was making the tea. Lowther, with a clouded brow, was opening a tin of sardines. Lowther had a swollen nose, as his trophy from the fight in the quadrangle. Tom Merry glanced at him inquiringly as he came in.

"Anything wrong, Monty?"

"No," said Lowther, so shortly that Tom Merry stopped and stared at him. He came over to his chum and looked him full in the face.

"Look here, Lowther—"

"Oh, rats!" said Lowther, turning away. "Are you ready for tea?"

Tom Merry flushed red.

"Lowther! What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Yes, something, as I can see from your face! If you've got something up against me, say it out instead of grumping there like a sulky kid!" exclaimed Tom Merry hotly.

Lowther bit his lip.

"I'll tell you what," said Tom Merry. "There's been something altogether wrong at St. Jim's lately, and I've been thinking it over very seriously. It looks to me as if some mischief-maker had been at work."

Lowther started.

"We all seem to be at sixes and sevens," went on Tom Merry with a clouded face. "I've got something up against Figgins, Gussy has something up against me. Figgins complains of Blake, and now you—"

"By jove, I believe you're right!" exclaimed Lowther. "I was a fool to listen to a word—"

"So somebody has been talking to you?"

"Yes."

"About me?"

"Well, yes," said Lowther, turning red.

"I think you might have spoken out, Monty, before you believed anything against an old chum!"

"Well, it seemed so rotten to talk about it," said Lowther. "I didn't like to seem to distrust you, Tom, that's a fact, yet I couldn't help the beastly thing weighing on my mind. It made me feel uncomfortable. Yet very likely that was what Mellish said it for—he's a rotten cad—"

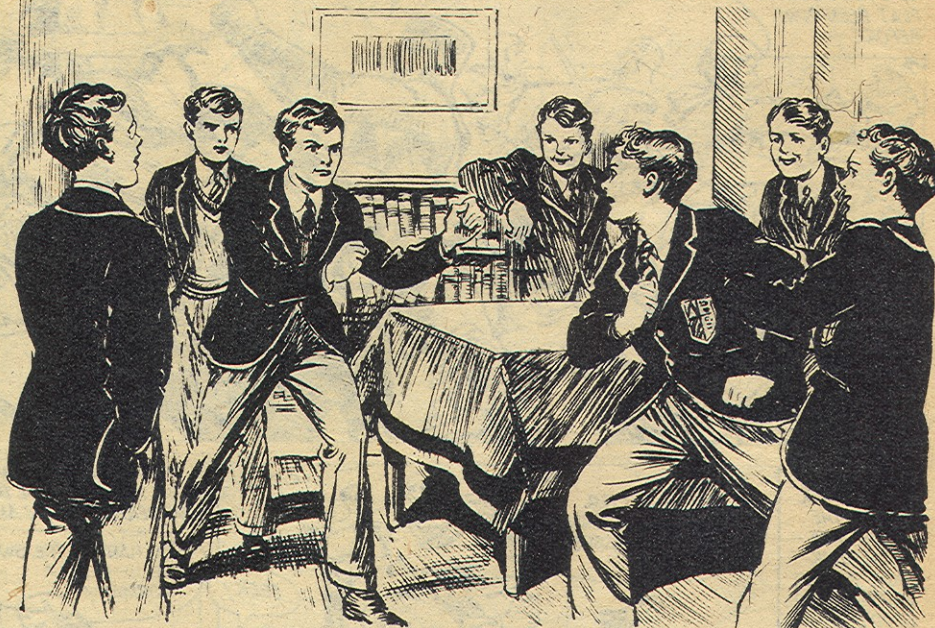
Tom Merry gave a jump.

"Mellish?"

"Yes, he told me—what I was speaking of."

"Mellish! It was Mellish who told me—you know, about Figgins. He made me promise not to tell Figgins."

"He wanted me to promise not to tell you, but I wouldn't."



"Hold on," shouted Tom Merry, dragging Lowther back. "We haven't come here to fight!"

"Mellish is at the bottom of it," said Tom Merry, with conviction. "I know he's a spy and a tell-tale."

"We've all known that for a long time," said Manners.

"That's the truth. He's at the bottom of this and you know how easy it is to set people by the ears, by going about telling them things and making them promise not to tell."

"Yes, rather!"

"Now I know the young rotter has been yarning to you I shouldn't wonder if it was all lies he told me about Figgins!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "But let's hear what he said to you, Monty. I give you my word, honour bright, that I'll tell you whether there's any truth in it or not."

"Well, he said—" Lowther hesitated.

"Go on!"

"Oh, it's too rotten to repeat! I know there's nothing in it, and I was a fool to listen to the rotter for a minute. I didn't really want to."

"Never mind, go on!"

"Well, he said that he heard you say to Manners—"

"Hallo, I'm in it, too, am I?" exclaimed Manners.

"Yes, but mind, I didn't believe a word of it!"

"Let's hear what it was," said Tom Merry.

"Well, he said he heard you say to Manners that I get on your nerves and that sometimes you feel like punching my head," said Lowther with a scarlet face. "Of course—"

Tom Merry turned quite pale with anger.

"Lowther, there wasn't a word of truth in it!"

"I know there wasn't, old chap, and I was a fool—"

"Manners will bear me out, if necessary."

"It's not necessary—"

"Of course I bear you out," said Manners. "Tom Merry never said anything of the kind to me, Monty. If he had I should have punched his nose. You ought to know Tom better than that!"

"Yes, of course I did—"

"How could you believe that I said anything of the sort Monty?" said Tom Merry reproachfully. "I think you might have come straight to me and told me what the cad said."

"I know I ought to have done so, but I felt so rotten and uncomfy about it—though, of course, I knew all the time that you hadn't really said anything of the sort—"

"The young beast!" muttered Tom Merry between his teeth. "After that a fellow would be a fool to take the slightest notice of anything he said."

"I should think so," exclaimed Manners, "and that lets in some light on Gussy's queer conduct lately. Perhaps Mellish has been yarning to him."

"Very likely."

"We're going to look into this!" exclaimed Tom Merry abruptly. "I'm beginning to see light, I think. I fancy that we shall find Mellish at the bottom of it all, and very likely at the bottom of that story about the smallpox, too. There's no end to the mischief a tell-tale can do if he sets his mind to it!"

"That's true enough."

"Blake and his lot made up a committee of inquiry," went on Tom Merry with a faint smile. "That was really a good idea. Suppose we revive the idea and inquire into the matter ourselves? We'll go into it with Blake, and among us we ought to be able to sift out the truth."

"Good wheeze!" exclaimed Lowther heartily.

And Manners nodded assent.

"Then let's go along to Study No. 6—"

Lowther hesitated.

"After my row with D'Arcy and Dig—"

"After what D'Arcy said about you, Tom!" said Manners.

Tom Merry nodded decidedly.

"Yes, chaps. I mean it. If we're going to get all this cleared up, it's no good standing on our dignity. I believe a tale-bearer is at the bottom of our trouble with Study No. 6 and we ought to see into it."

"What sort of a reception do you think they will give us?"

"We must risk that. Anyway, I expect we shall be given a chance to explain."

"Well, have your tea first," said Manners. "It's ready."

"Oh, buck up then!"

The chums of the Shell had tea with record haste. Then they went along to Study No. 6, and as they drew near they heard loud voices proceeding from it.

"Shut up, little boy!"

"I refuse to shut up!"

"Do you want a dot on the nose?"

Tom Merry grinned.

He gave a knock at the open door and walked in. Lowther and Manners followed him, and the chums of the Fourth-Form jumped up to meet them, looking very warlike.

## TOM ASKS QUESTIONS

**T**OM MERRY waved his hand in sign of peace.

"Keep your wool on, kids!"

"Who are you calling kids?"

"Yes, wather, Tom Mewwy! Pway whom are you calling kids?"

"Sorry—I mean goats—that is to say, respected and honoured young gentlemen of the Fourth Form!"

amended Tom Merry. "We have come—"

"I can see that," said Digby. "Now I want to see you go!"

"We want to explain—"  
"Go and do your explaining in your own study, like good fellows," said Blake, with a nod towards the door.

"Yes, wather!"  
The reception could not be called an encouraging one. Lowther and Manners both looked inclined to commit assault and battery on the chums of the Fourth, but Tom Merry remained calm.

"Look here, Blake," exclaimed Tom. "I wish you'd listen seriously! This is really an important matter."  
"Oh, you can go on if you like, I suppose," said Blake, with the sweet and patient resignation of a martyr at the stake. "Fire away!"

"We are a committee of inquiry," Blake jumped up.  
"You're a what?"

"A committee of inquiry."  
"Well, of all the nerve, to steal our idea and come here and tell us about it!" Blake exclaimed wrathfully. "Do you hear the rotter, you chaps?"

"Let me explain."  
"A committee of inquiry, by jove! And what are you going to inquire into, I'd like to know?" ejaculated Blake.

"Into the tales that have been going round the school lately," said Tom Merry. "But we don't want to steal your idea. We're willing to amalgamate with you and form a general committee."

"Well, that's more reasonable."  
"I wufuse to amalgamate with Tom Mewwy!"

"Oh, shut up!" said Lowther, rather roughly.

"I wufuse to shut up, Lowther!"  
"Shut up yourself, Lowther!" exclaimed Digby. "I think it's like your cheek to come here, anyway, after—"

"Perhaps you can shut me up?" suggested Lowther.

"I fancy I could, and without much trouble, either!"

"Then you'd better try."  
"By jove, and I will too!" exclaimed Digby.

"Hold on!" shouted Tom Merry, dragging Lowther back. "Blake, keep that ass quiet! We haven't come here to fight, confound you!"

"Let me go, Tom!"

"I won't! I'll punch your silly head if you don't keep quiet!"

"Look here—"  
"Oh, dry up! Digby, keep your wool on! I tell you we're on the track of the beast who has made all the trouble, and we want you to help to show him up."

"Oh, that alters the case!" said Blake. "Dig, if you don't keep quiet, I'll mop up the floor with you!"

"I'd like to see you do it!" grunted Dig.

"You'll have a chance if you don't shut up!" said Blake warningly.  
"Now, Tom Merry, what have you got to say? We're willing to amalgamate and form a committee of inquiry, if it will do any good."

"I am not willing," cried D'Arcy.

"You shut up!"

"I wufuse to do anything of the sort!"  
"Ring off, I tell you! Chuck the ink at him if he opens his mouth again, Herries. Now then, Tom

Merry, explain yourself."  
"This is how the matter stands. Some rat has been making trouble, telling fellows that other fellows said things about them, which the said fellows probably never did say or thought of saying."

"Very well put," said Blake admiringly. "Somebody said that somebody said that somebody else said that somebody—"

"Oh, give me a chance! I have just found out that a certain rotter in your Form has been telling Lowther a whacking fib about me—"

"I don't think he could have been in our Form."

"Hang it, let me go on! The chap was Mellish!"

"Mellish?" shrieked Arthur Augustus.

"Yes, Mellish of the Fourth!"

"By jove!"

"Mellish yarned to Lowther about me and nearly made us start a row," said Tom Merry. "If I hadn't been a specially calm and reasonable chap—"

"Oh, leave out the piffle!"

"Well, anyway, Lowther and I had a talk, and it came out. Mellish was lying about me behind my back. Then it occurred to me that what he told me about Figgins might be a lie, too."

"Oh! So it was Mellish who set you against Figgins?"

"Yes, and I was fool enough to listen to him, only what he said sounded so—well, as if it had something in it, anyway."  
"But you don't think so now?"

"Well, I don't know, of course, but I think I ought to speak to Figgins and have it out," said Tom Merry.

"Yes, wather!"

"Then there's this ass, Gussy—"

"I distinctly wufuse to be alluded to as an ass, or—"

"He has got something up against me, and won't explain what it is."

"I wufused not to tell you."

"Well, you can tell me this much. Was it Mellish who told you whatever it was?" asked the hero of the Shell.

"Yes, that is quite wight."

"Ah, it was Mellish!" exclaimed Blake.

"Yes, wather!"

"So there's three yarns traced to Mellish," said Tom Merry. "Now I understand that Figgins & Co. have lately been getting their tails up over something or other."

"They've got something up against me," said Blake. "Figgins called me a backbiter, and I'm going to make him take it back, or else smash him up, I can tell you!"

"That was what Gussy called me."

"Yes, wather, but under the circs. I am inclined to think that pewpaws I was a little hasty, Tom Mewwy."

"Thank you! I'm glad you've got a glimmering of common sense, anyway," said Tom Mewwy cordially.

"That is wather a diswepsectful way of putting it."

"You see, Blake, Figgins may have been taken in like the rest of us, and we ought to look into the matter before we start smashing up anybody," said Tom Merry. "It would really have been wiser to look into the matter some time ago, before these black eyes and swollen noses were distributed."

"Yes, wather!"

"But better late than never, you

know. If we amalgamate into a general committee, we can take in Figgins & Co."

"Good idea and I'll tell you what," exclaimed Blake. "Tom Merry first thought of the idea of looking into this matter in the way suggested, and he has hit on the fact that there's a tale-bearer making mischief, so we'll make him chairman."

"I don't know if I can agree to that!" said D'Arcy.

"Don't trouble, the rest of us will settle that!" said Blake kindly.

"Hands up for Tom Merry, chairman of the committee of inquiry."

Seven hands went up, D'Arcy's last, but he soon followed the rest, and gracefully agreed.

So Tom Merry was duly elected chairman of the committee of inquiry.

#### FIGGINS & CO. JOIN THE COMMITTEE

FIGGINS & CO. were in their study finishing their tea. They were looking the reverse of cheerful, and both Figgins and Kerr had black eyes. But the damage to their faces was no nothing compared with the worry on their minds.

"The school is going to pot," said Figgins gloomily. "I don't mind a few hard knocks. I've had harder ones before. But it's a fellow one liked acting meanly that gets over one! I can't stand that!"

"That's it," said Fatty Wynn. "I would never have thought it of Blake."

"Nor I," said Kerr. "Only it looks—"

Tap! came at the door.

"Oh, come in!" said Figgins crossly.

The door opened and Tom Merry walked in. The New House trio looked at him in surprise.

"What the dickens do you want?" said Figgins. "We're not in much of a humour for talking to you School House rotters, I can tell you, so the sooner you get out the better it will be for your health!"

"Keep your whiskers on, Figgyl!"

"Oh, get out, and don't call me Figgyl!"

"Rats! I've got something to say to you. I know you kids don't really want to act like a parcel of silly asses—"

"Eh—what?"

"We're all in this," said Tom Merry. "We're a committee of inquiry, and I'm chairman. We're looking into the tale-bearing and lying that has been going on in the school lately."

"Tale-bearing!" said Figgins thoughtfully.

"Yes, you fellows have got something up against Blake."

"Supposing we have?"

"Well, you ought to speak out plainly."

"Supposing we've promised not to?"

"You shouldn't have made such a promise."

"Perhaps not, but we did."

"I can't quite blame you, for I was caught the same way," said Tom Merry quietly. "Now that we're looking into the affair, we can trace all the trouble to one individual, and one only—a fellow we all know to be a tall-tale. Now somebody has told you something about Blake, I gather?"

"Perhaps."

"Good! Now you've promised not to tell, and that's all right. But if I name correctly the chap who told you and add that we've found him out in spreading yarns in the School House, that will show you that you've judged too hastily, I should think."

Figgins started.

"Do you mean to say that Blake never said—"

"I don't know what he's supposed to have said, but I think it probable he never said it."

"It was a fellow of your own House who told me."

"Yes, and I know who it was."

"His name, then?"

"Mellish, of the Fourth."

Figgins's expression showed that the hero of the Shell had given the correct name.

"Am I right?" demanded Tom Merry.

"Well, I must admit that you are."

"As to what he said—"

"He made us promise not to tell," said Figgins uneasily. "I don't see how we can get the matter threshed out at all."

"I am in the same fix with regard to what he told me you said about me."

Figgins uttered an exclamation.

"I? What do you mean? My hat! Was that what you were so uppish about in the quad the other morning?"

Tom Merry coloured.

"Well, yes, I believed it then."

"What was it, ass?"

"I promised not to tell. It was from Mellish I had it, though. But I've hit on a wheeze for getting at the truth. We can't break promises, even to a cad like that."

"No, I don't see how we could."

"But we can have Mellish up for a trial before the lot of us," said Tom Merry. "We'll put it to him straight, and make him own up."

"Good wheeze!" exclaimed Figgins heartily.

"I'm pretty certain that this yarn about the smallpox breaking out in the school is due to Mellish, too," said Tom Merry. "It may do harm to the school. I know some fellows have written home about it. We'll have Mellish up and make him own up. Do you fellows agree to come into the committee of inquiry on the subject?"

"Certainly, though I really think that the chairman of the committee ought to be a New House fellow."

"Of course, that's mere rot!"

"I don't see it."

"Well, we'll put it to the vote of the whole committee if you like," said Tom Merry blandly.

Figgins grinned. As there were seven School House boys on the committee, and would be only four of the New House, it was easy to predict how the vote would go.

"Never mind," said Figgins magnanimously, "we'll agree to you being chairman."

"Thank you for nothing!" said Tom Merry cheerfully. "The meeting is being held in the club-room in the School House, and I expect Mellish is already there."

And Figgins & Co. accompanied Tom Merry to the rival house for the first general sitting of the committee of inquiry.

It looks as though the tale-teller is going to be brought to justice at last! Read next week's instalment of this grand yarn.

# DICK TURPIN

AND

## The PHANTOM HIGHWAYMAN



Dick discovers the Phantom's disguise, but is struck down from behind. Meanwhile, Moll Moonlight is captured by the Phantom's henchman. . . .

Dick recovered from the blow to find himself locked in a dank, dismal room . . . with the wintry morning sun streaming in through a window . . .

OUCH!—MY HEAD IS THROBBING! WHERE AM I?—I MUST FIND SOME WAY OUT OF HERE!—MOLL MAY BE IN DANGER!



The door was stoutly locked on the outside . . . so Dick examined the bars of the window. . . .

BY JUPITER! THESE BARS ARE NOT SO SOLIDLY FIXED AS THEY LOOK! IF I COULD FIND SOMETHING WITH WHICH TO SCRAPE AWAY THE MASONRY. . . .



Seizing a projecting nail from the crumbling woodwork above the window, Dick set to work. . . .

PROVIDED NOBODY DISTURBS ME I'LL BE OUT OF HERE SOON



But the task was hard. It was nightfall before Dick wrenched the bar clear and clambered out of his prison. . . .

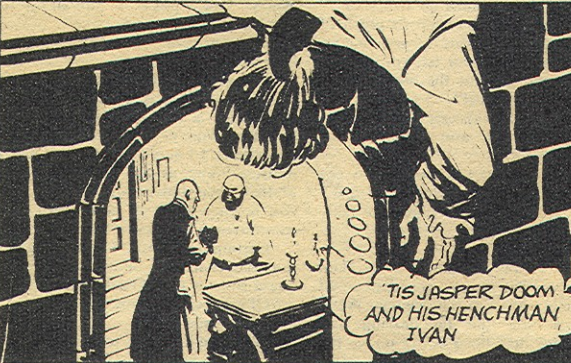
FIRST I MUST FIND MOLL. . . .



A LIGHTED WINDOW! I WONDER WHO IS IN THAT ROOM!—CAN IT BE THE PHANTOM?



Dick Turpin eased himself cautiously along the narrow ledge . . . then he peered into the room. . . .



'TIS JASPER DOOM AND HIS HENCHMAN IVAN

Unaware of the watcher outside, the sinister owner of "The House of Secrets" chuckled evilly and stroked his great black cat. . . .

HEH! HEH! BEFORE WE START OUR NIGHT'S WORK WE'LL GO AND SEE HOW OUR—HEH! HEH!—HONOUR'D GUESTS ARE GETTING ON, EH, JEZEBEL?



Doom knew Dick only as "Captain Palmer." As the door closed on the villainous pair, Dick swung himself into the room. . . .



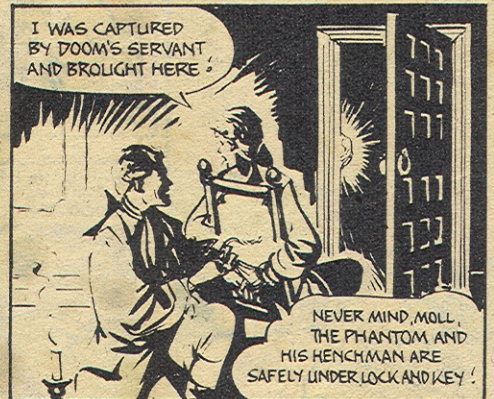
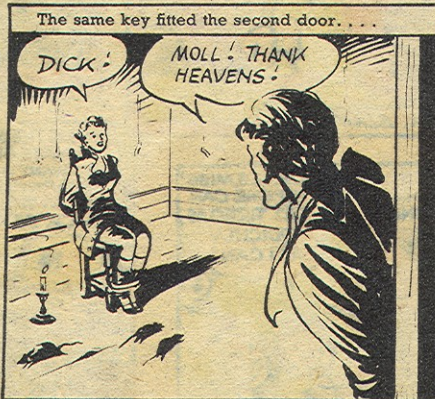
I'LL FOLLOW 'EM—IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THEY HAVE MOLL A PRISONER, TOO!

Keeping well in the shadows, he followed Jasper Doom and Ivan up the grim staircase. . . .

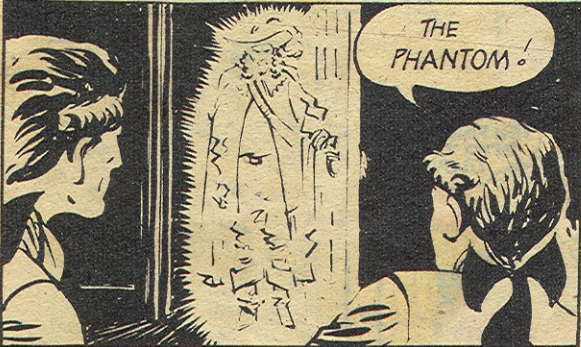


FIRST WE'LL SEE HOW CAPTAIN PALMER IS FARING

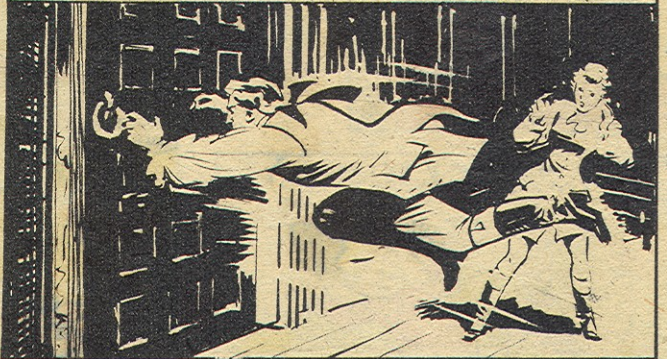




But Dick Turpin was wrong! They looked up with a start of dismay to see the Phantom Highwayman standing in the doorway! His gleaming eyes regarded them menacingly!



Dick hurled himself at the ghostly figure . . . too late! The door slammed in his face and from the passage outside came an unearthly laugh!



They looked upwards to where, with the heavy creaking of hidden machinery, the whole ceiling began slowly to descend upon them! . . .



Who is the Phantom . . . and what will happen now to Dick and Moll? See next week's instalment!

## THE JOKER'S FUN PAGE

This week's prize-winning jokes from readers! The First Prize is 7s. 6d., the remainder 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.

**1<sup>ST</sup> PRIZE**

WHY DON'T YOU KNOW IF IT'S A GOOD STORY? I HEARD YOU READING IT ALOUD!

YES, BUT I WASN'T LISTENING!

FROM JOHN COOK, BLAIRHALL.

YOU WERE TOSSED BY A BULL? WHAT A NASTY ACCIDENT!

IT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT! THE BULL DID IT ON PURPOSE!

FROM TREVOR CRANE, GILLINGHAM.

WHY IS IT UNSAFE TO LEAVE A PAIR OF SHOES IN AN EMPTY ROOM?

BECAUSE WHEN YOU COME BACK YOU'LL FIND THERE'S ONLY ONE LEFT!

FROM RICHARD CURRY, CHESTER-LE-STREET.

YOU'RE THE LAZIEST GIRL I EVER MET! - AREN'T YOU GOOD AT ANYTHING?

OH, YES, MISS! NO-ONE CAN GET TIRED AS QUICKLY AS I CAN!

FROM ROY SMITH, WELWYN-GARDEN-CITY.

THIS IS THE BEST SALOON CAR WE HAVE SIR, BUT WHY DO YOU WANT A GLASS PARTITION SEPARATING YOU FROM THE BACK SEAT?

TO STOP THE SHEEP BREATHING DOWN MY BACK!

FROM JOHN MEEK, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

DID YOU CATCH THAT FISH BY YOURSELF?

NO! I HAD A WORM TO HELP ME!

FROM JOHN MOUNTFORD, NANTWICH.

CAN TEN GO INTO TWO?

YES! - TEN FINGERS INTO TWO GLOVES!

FROM PHILLIP LILLINGTON, ROSYTH.

YOU'D BETTER TAKE A TAXI WITH ALL THOSE PARCELS, SIR!

NO THANKS! - I'VE ENOUGH TO CARRY ALREADY!

FROM N. BALDWIN, LEIGH-ON-SEA.

GIVE ME A SENTENCE CONTAINING THE WORD 'AREA'!

MEN WIV WHISKERS ARE 'AIRIER THAN MEN WIVOUT 'EM!

FROM F. OAKY, QUEENBOROUGH.

WHAT IS TAKEN BEFORE YOU GET IT?

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH!

FROM J. HORRIDGE, MANCHESTER.

MOVE FARTHER DOWN THE BUS PLEASE

HE'S NOT MY FATHER! - HE'S MY GRANDFATHER!

FROM MORRIS JONES, WREXHAM.