

“UP FOR THE JUBILEE!” Harry Wharton & Co. in Another Exciting Schoolboy Adventure | TOPICAL SUPPLEMENT | And Opening Chapters of Thrilling New Serial.



HIS MAJESTY
KING GEORGE V.

The MAGNET

SPECIAL JUBILEE NUMBER

2d



*Bunter the
Basher!*



Come Into the Office, Boys—and Girls!

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Write to him: Editor of the "Magnet," The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. A stamped addressed envelope will ensure a reply.

I SUPPOSE that quite a number of my readers will wonder where the word "jubilee" had its origin, seeing that the principal topic nowadays is

THE SILVER JUBILEE:

The word is derived from a Hebrew word "Yobel" which means the sound of a trumpet of ram's horn. The ancient Jews held a jubilee every fifty years in commemoration of their deliverance from Egypt. So, actually, the word has come to mean any fiftieth anniversary which is kept with great rejoicings. A "silver jubilee," however, means a twenty-fifth anniversary, and the fiftieth anniversary is generally called a "golden jubilee." A sixtieth anniversary is known as a "diamond jubilee." In the case of royalty the silver jubilee is celebrated twenty-five years after the accession to the throne.

His Majesty King George V is the first to celebrate a silver jubilee, for, although many rulers of this country have reigned longer than that, the silver jubilee was not celebrated. Only three English kings have celebrated their golden jubilee. They were Henry III, Edward III, and George III. It's rather curious that the three kings were all the third of their particular names! Talk about luck in threes!

The greatest jubilee ever held in this country, however, was in 1897, when Queen Victoria celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of her reign with a diamond jubilee. This exceeded the reign of any of her predecessors.

Queen Victoria gave her name to a great many places in this world. Do you know how many towns, rivers, bays, lakes, and so on were named after Queen Victoria? There are no fewer than seventy-nine important places which bear the name Victoria, without counting small villages and districts of no great importance.

Our present king's name is also well represented on the map of the world. There are

FIFTY-EIGHT GEORGES

to be found in the gazetteer of the world. The majority are towns—Georgetowns—but others are rivers, bays, islands, etc. Very few of these places were named after our present King, of course, for he had four predecessors of the same name, and they reigned in the days when Great Britain was at the height of her colonial expansion. Thus these Georgetowns carry his name, but actually celebrate a former king with this name.

Places in which the present Queen's name appears in some form or other total forty-six, and the most curious of them all is a place called Mary-Mary. It is in the centre of Brazil.

As I have given you some details about various surnames and their

meanings in previous issues, you may be interested to know

THE MEANING OF GEORGE

as a name. I came across it in a dictionary which was over two hundred years old. Apparently, George is one of the oldest names in the world, and comes originally from a Greek word which means "work." When used as a man's name it meant that he was a worker or a husbandman. The dictionary concludes by saying that it is "a proper Name of Men."

NOW to deal with some of the various queries which readers have propounded to me this week.

WHERE DID GIPSIES ORIGINATE?

is the question which Harry Martin, of Huddersfield, asks me. They are supposed to be descendants of low-caste Hindus expelled from their own country in 1399. When they appeared in England, people imagined that they came from Egypt, and the name "gipsies" was a contraction of the word Egyptians. In France they are called Bohemians, in Italy Zingari, in Spain Gitanos, and in Germany Zigeuner.

In this country it was once a very dangerous business to be friendly with gipsies. In the reign of Charles I thirteen people were executed at one assizes—merely for being guilty of friendship with gipsies for about a month!

Gipsies in this country claim to have their own king and queen, and occasionally gipsy parliaments are held.

Have you ever heard of

LONDON'S ROMAN WALL?

Do you know it still exists? J. K., of Walthamstow, asks me where he can find it. Stretches of the wall are still standing in a dozen places, notably in Vine Street, near Tower Hill, at Cripplegate Church, and at All Hallows Church in London Wall. As a matter of fact, the busy commercial street which is known as London Wall took its name from the old Roman Wall, which ran alongside it. Nowadays, although most of the wall is still there, it has been incorporated into various buildings, and one has to go down into the basements and cellars to see it.

Do you realise that, during the time which has passed since the Romans built the wall, the ground level of London has risen? It is now ten feet higher than it was in Roman times. Consequently, the lower ten feet of the Roman wall is now below street level. Originally, the wall was thirty-five feet high and ten feet thick, and ran in a rough semicircle from the site of the Tower to the river near Blackfriars Bridge.

NOW for a few RAPID-FIRE REPLIES

to shorter questions.

Who were the "Peep-o'-Day" Boys? Insurgents in Ireland, who visited the houses of their antagonists at break of day, to search for arms. For a long time they were the terror of the country.

Who Owns the New Forest? It is a public pleasure ground and cattle farm. It is managed by a court of Verderers.

What is Caoutchouc? Merely the proper name of India-rubber! It is pronounced "kou-chook."

Who Invented Fireworks? The actual inventor is unknown. The Chinese are said to have invented them in remote ages. It is also claimed that they were invented in Europe at Florence in the fourteenth century.

Where did the Hornpipe get its name? It is said to be called after an ancient Welsh instrument, made of horn. Welsh dancers performed the dance to the music of this instrument, and doubtless Welsh sailors introduced the dance to other British seamen.

In response to several requests, I am giving a further selection of

SURNAMES AND THEIR MEANINGS.

Viner meant originally a dealer in wine, or a wine-maker. Other names from the same source are Vine, Vinter, and Vynour.

Brewes is another form of Brewer, Brewster and Breouse. It means that the original bearer was a brewer.

Havercake was once a well-known north country name. It means "oat-cake," and the original owner was probably a baker of these.

Cook is another name which indicates the occupation of the original owner. Le Queux is the French version of this name, and has been Anglicised to Kew. Coke and Coker are names from the same source.

MacArdle means "sons of a mighty man of valour."

Adair is a Gaelic name meaning "dweller at the ford by the oak tree."

Gemmel, a name found principally in Scotland, comes from a French word meaning "Twin." The name "Twin" is also used as an English surname.

You all know what MAGNET means—something attractive. And there is certainly something attractive in store for you next week. The title of the long complete school story is:

"HARRY WHARTON'S DOUBLE!"

By Frank Richards,

and it is calculated to attract any boy—or girl—to their local newsagent's to get a copy. When you start reading this yarn—which, incidentally, is the first of a grand new series—you'll certainly be held by its "magnetic" attraction, and you won't want to put it down until you've read every line. So look out for it, chums. You'll feel like kicking yourself if you miss it.

Next comes the second instalment of our grand new adventure story: "MOOSE CALL!" I guess you're all anxious to learn how Selwyn Gore and his brother fare. This yarn is going to prove a real winner, believe me. Having read this exciting instalment, you'll be able to chuckle at the "Greyfriars Herald" supplement, which, together with another "Interview" by the Greyfriars Rhymester and my chat, will complete a programme that will want some beating.

YOUR EDITOR.

Up for the JUBILEE!



THE FIRST CHAPTER. What's the Joke?

"I THINK—" "Gammon!" "I think—" roared Billy Bunter.

"Sez you!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co., of the Greyfriars Remove, seemed to be feeling merry and bright that sunny May morning. Jack Drake, once of the Greyfriars Remove, now assistant to the famous detective, Ferrers Locke, seemed as merry and bright as the Co.

The six of them were in the garden, at Cherry Place, when Billy Bunter rolled out of the house, and blinked round for them through his big spectacles.

The chums of the Remove were gathered round Drake, who was speaking when Bunter rolled up. He ceased to speak as the Owl of the Remove arrived. Whatever it was that he had been telling the Famous Five, he did not seem to want to tell Billy Bunter. Telling Billy Bunter anything was equivalent to telling the world.

But Billy Bunter was not interested in Drake's remarks, whatever they might have been. Bunter was interested in himself and in the big idea which had germinated in his fat brain.

Bunter had been thinking—though the other fellows seemed to doubt it. They doubted whether Bunter had anything to do it with.

"I say, you fellows, will you listen to a chap?" hooted Bunter. "Look here, we're starting for London this morning, and I think—"

"Bow-wow!"

"I think Drake had better go by train!" Bunter got it out at last. "See? There's plenty of us to pack in the car, without Drake. A fellow wants room to stretch his legs. But, besides

that, I don't think it will be safe for Drake in the car."

Jack Drake grinned, and the Famous Five exchanged smiling glances.

Without being unduly suspicious, they could not help thinking that Billy Bunter's concern was less for the boy detective's safety than for the safety of his own fat and important person.

"How's that?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Well, look at it!" argued Bunter. "There's a gang of blighters after Drake, trying to kidnap him. He's safe

From north, south, east and west jostling crowds gather to cheer his Gracious Majesty King George the Fifth. And among the loudest cheers of all are those from HARRY WHARTON & Co., of the Greyfriars Remove.

here, of course, with me to protect him—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"But you can take it from me," said Bunter impressively, "that they're keeping the place watched!"

"Think so?" asked Bob Cherry gravely.

"You can bank on that!" said Billy Bunter. "And they'll see the car start, and if Drake's with us they'll be after us. Suppose they followed us, and copped us on some lonely road? I can tell you, it's too jolly dangerous—for Drake, I mean, of course!" added Bunter hastily.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! I can tell you I'm jolly well not

going to be dogged by a gang of crooks all the way from Dorset to London!" hooted Bunter. "Let Drake go by train! It will be safer for us—I mean, for him—"

"You fat funk!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Beast!"

"The funkfulness of the esteemed Bunter is terrific!" remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Well, that's what I think!" roared Bunter. "And I can jolly well tell you this—if Drake goes in the car, I don't!"

"That does it!" remarked Frank Nugent. "We simply must have Drake in the car now!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter blinked at the chums of the Remove, his very spectacles gleaming with wrath.

"If you prefer Drake's company to mine—" he hooted.

"Just a few!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"The fewfulness is terrific!"

Bunter turned his spectacles on the grinning face of Jack Drake.

"Look here, Drake, I put it to you!" he snapped. "You jolly well know that those crooks, Jimmy the Fox and the rest, are watching for you—"

"I fancy so!" agreed Drake.

"They'll watch us starting—"

"Sure to!"

"If they see you in the car, they'll follow on—"

"It's a cert!"

"They'll try to bag you, somehow, between here and London—"

"Most likely!"

"Well, then—" hooted Bunter.

"Bunter's right!" said Jack Drake gravely, turning to the Famous Five. "They'd better not see me in the car!"

To Bunter's surprise, that remark caused the chums of the Remove to chuckle! What there was to chuckle at Bunter could not see!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,421.

To his further surprise, all the five juniors assented at once. They seemed all to be struck by the cogency of Bunter's arguments.

"Right!" agreed Harry Wharton.

"The rightfulness is terrific!" declared Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Good idea of Bunter's!" said Frank Nugent.

"Topping!" said Bob Cherry.

"Oh ripping!" said Johnny Bull.

"It's settled, then!" said Jack Drake.

"Bunter's suggestion is adopted, nem. con. Nobody's going to see me in the car!"

Billy Bunter blinked at the juniors, in surprise and suspicion. This general agreement with his views seemed rather too good to be true. He suspected that his fat leg was being pulled.

It was quite true that there might be danger in the run up to London. Jack Drake was spending the Easter holidays with his old friends of Greyfriars, but it was not wholly holiday-making for him. Drake was in danger from the enemies of Ferrers Locke, and even within the walls of Cherry Place he had had two narrow escapes from Jimmy the Fox.

It was only too probable that when the car left for London it might be watched and followed, and that the crooks might make another attempt on Drake during the long trip.

That worried Bunter! But he had not really expected it to worry the Famous Five! It would be like those silly asses, Bunter considered, to stick to Drake all the closer, because danger threatened him!

So it was a surprise, as well as a relief, to find his brilliant suggestion adopted with general approval.

"I say, you fellows, if you mean it—" began Bunter.

"It's settled," said Drake. "Thanks for the tip, Bunter! I'll go and make a few arrangements now, you fellows—as I'm not going to be a passenger in the car!"

He nodded to the Famous Five, and walked away to the house. Billy Bunter blinked after him, and blinked at the chums of the Remove.

Evidently his suggestion was to be acted upon! Jack Drake was not to be seen in the car when it left Cherry Place. That was satisfactory. But why the silly asses were grinning and chuckling was a mystery to Bunter. There was nothing funny in this, so far as Bunter could discern.

"I say, you fellows, what's the joke?" demanded Bunter.

"You are, old bean!" answered Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, what are you cackling at?" hooted Bunter.

"I'm cackling at a silly fat duffer!" said Johnny Bull. "What are you cackling at, Wharton?"

"A blithering fat idiot!" answered Wharton. "What are you cackling at, Franky?"

"A pernicious podgy porpoise!" answered Nugent. "What are you cackling at, Bob?"

"A fat, fozzling, frabjous frump!" said Bob. "What are you cackling at, Luky?"

"A terrific and preposterous footling fathead!" answered Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Beasts!"

Billy Bunter snorted and rolled away. He knew now what the Famous Five were cackling at!

And they were still cackling as he departed. Evidently there was something amusing on, somewhere; though Billy Bunter could not begin to guess what it was.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The New Chauffeur!

BILLY BUNTER packed himself into the car and settled down with a grunt of satisfaction.

It was a large, handsome, comfortable car. Billy Bunter had remarked that it was a good car; though not, as he was careful to point out, quite up to the Rolls at Bunter Court.

Ferrers Locke had sent it down to Dorset to convey Drake and the Greyfriars party to London—it was Locke's own car, and it had been driven by his own chauffeur. It had arrived during the night, while the juniors were fast asleep. Billy Bunter had not seen the chauffeur—and neither did he see him now. The car stood on the drive ready to start; but the man who was to drive it had not yet put in an appearance, and Bunter wondered where he was.

Harry Wharton & Co. were in the hall saying good-bye to Major and Mrs. Cherry. Bunter's farewells had been brief, and he was first in the car. If any of the servants expected tipping when Bunter left, they were hooked for a disappointment. Bunter did not believe in tipping servants. Moreover, his supply of cash was limited to a threepenny-piece, which would not have gone very far. At Cherry Place the Owl of the Remove had had the same experience as at Greyfriars School; he had been disappointed about some postal orders he expected.

"I say, you fellows, buck up!" called out Bunter impatiently.

Bunter was anxious to get started. He had a lingering doubt that, at the last moment, Drake might decide to travel in the car. Drake in the car might spell danger for the whole party. This did not matter much, so far as the Famous Five were concerned. But so far as Billy Bunter was concerned it mattered very much indeed. Bunter could not feel quite easy in his fat mind till they were off—without Drake.

Harry Wharton & Co. came out to the car. They packed in after Bunter. Roomy as it was it was fairly well-filled by half a dozen fellows. To Billy Bunter's great relief Jack Drake was not to be seen.

"I say, you fellows, don't shove!" said Bunter peevishly. "You might give a fellow room! If you jam your elbow in my ribs, Bull, I'll—Yow-ow-ow!"

"No objection to your yow-ow-wowing if you're keen on it!" said Johnny Bull cheerfully.

"Beast! I say, where's the shover?" demanded Bunter.

"Coming!" answered Bob, with a grin. And the other fellows chuckled, just as if they saw something amusing in Bunter's question. It was clear to Bunter that there was some sort of a jest on, though he had no inkling to it.

"Well, look here, don't let the fellow keep us waiting!" he snapped. "I want to get off, see? I don't want that chap Drake barging in at the last minute."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at?" yelled Bunter. "Can't a fellow open his mouth without a lot of silly idiots cackling and grinning like a lot of Cheshire cheeses—I mean cats!"

"Here comes the jolly old shover!" grinned Bob.

Billy Bunter blinked out of the window at the chauffeur as he appeared. Under the peak of his cap little could be seen of his face, but a rather prominent beaky nose, and a thick, dark moustache.

"That's not Ferrers Locke's chauffeur!" said Bunter. "I've seen him—he's a tall chap. That fellow's no taller

than you, Wharton—hardly as tall as I am, in fact—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Perhaps Mr. Locke's got a new chauffeur?" suggested Bob Cherry. He grinned from the window at the driver, who, though he looked rather bulky in a large coat, was certainly no taller than most of the juniors. "Here, my man, are you a new chauffeur?"

The man with the beaky nose touched his cap.

"Yes, sir!" he answered, in a rather husky, nasal voice. "Specially engaged for this drive, sir."

"I hope you're a good driver!" grunted Billy Bunter.

"I hope so, sir!"

"What's your name?" asked Bunter.

"Jackson, sir!"

"Well, get along, Jackson!" said Bunter, with a wave of a fat hand. "The sooner you get started the better. But you needn't hurry, once you're on the road; I don't want to drive too fast."

Whereat the other fellows grinned. Billy Bunter was giving orders, as if he were monarch of all he surveyed; but it was probable that Bunter's lofty commands would not be very much regarded.

The car rolled out of the gateway of Cherry Place. Jackson, though he certainly seemed a small size in chauffeurs, appeared to be able to handle it well. Billy Bunter breathed freely when they were gliding along the road. It was too late now for Jack Drake to join up, if he changed his mind. It was all serene now!

"I say, you fellows, has Drake gone by train?" asked Bunter.

"No; I don't think he's gone by train," answered Harry Wharton.

"Is he staying at Cherry Place, then?"

"No; I don't think he's staying at Cherry Place."

"Going by car?" asked Bunter.

"Yes, I fancy he's going by car."

"Well, all right, so long as it's not this car!" said Bunter. "For goodness' sake don't cackle at everything a fellow says. Blessed if I ever saw such a set of cackling geese! Ow! Don't tread on my feet, Bob Cherry, you clumsy ass!"

Bob, heedless of Bunter's feet, stood up, and looked through the pane at the back of the car.

In the bright May sunshine there were several cars to be seen on the road; among them a dark green Napier.

Perhaps in obedience to Bunter's orders, or perhaps for reasons of his own, Jackson was going at a very moderate pace, though Ferrers Locke's car was easily able to do sixty.

In consequence, the other cars going in the same direction speedily dropped it behind, with one exception.

That exception was the dark green Napier.

The Napier was a high-powered car, and could certainly have passed the Greyfriars party with ease had the driver been so inclined.

Instead of which it hung behind the Greyfriars car, keeping a regular distance for five or six miles from Cherry Place.

The other fellows hunched at the window and looked back.

They were keenly interested in the car that did not seem to want to pass them.

It was driven by a rather slight man, with a curly moustache and a beard. Inside sat a single passenger, of whom the juniors could only glimpse that he was a man of burly and powerful build.

Bunter blinked impatiently at the Famous Five.

"I say, you fellows, what are you staring at?" he demanded peevishly.

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"They're after us, Bunt, old bean! Like to get out and walk?"
 Bunter jumped.
 "Who's after us?" he gasped. "Mean to say those crooks—"
 "I fancy so!"
 "Rot!" snapped Bunter. "If they were watching, they jolly well know that Drake isn't in the car!"
 "Might think we've got him hidden here!" grinned Bob. "I fancy Jimmy the Fox isn't the man to take things on trust."
 "Oh lor'!" gasped Bunter in dismay. "Why, at that rate, we might just as well have that beast Drake in the car with us!"
 "Just!" chuckled Bob.
 "I—I say, tell that man Jackson to put it on a bit!" Bunter yelled to the

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Ow! Wow! I say, you fellows— Yarooooh!" roared Bunter, struggling on the floor of the car, mixed up with Bob and Johnny. "I say— Whoop! I say— Yaroo! I say— Oh, crikey!"
 "You clumsy, blithering ass!" roared Johnny Bull.
 "Ow! Beast! Wow!"
 "You footling fathead!" gasped Bob. "Urrgh! Beast! Gurrgh!"
 Johnny Bull scrambled up, planting a knee on a fat waistcoat. There was a horrible gurgle from Bunter.
 "Yurrrgggh!"
 The car was racing now. Cars that had looked like passing it on the road were dropping in the rear. Bob and Johnny scrambled up and joined the

that made the fat Owl dizzy. How many m.p.h. it was doing Bunter did not know, but it seemed to him something like hundreds. Trees and hedge-rows, vehicles, and buildings, flashed by. Still from behind came the deep-throated roar of the pursuing Napier. Billy Bunter lurched from side to side, and occasionally banged the back of his head. This was not the sort of joy ride that William George Bunter wanted!
 "Stop!" he yelled. "I say, you fellows, stop! Jackson, you beast, I order you to stop! Do you hear?"
 If Jackson heard, he understudied the ancient gladiator, who heard, but heeded not. He roared on.
 "Tell that cheeky beast to stop!" yelled Bunter.



Billy Bunter groped in the lapel of his jacket, and drew therefrom a pin. Leaning over, he jabbed it into Jackson's shoulder. There was a wild howl from Jackson. "Whooooop!" "I've had enough cheek from that chauffeur!" said Bunter, firmly. "I've ordered him to stop, and he's going to stop!"

driver: "Here! Jackson! Buck up! Stamp on the gas! Do you hear?"
 Perhaps, as before, it was from obedience to the lordly command of Bunter, or perhaps for reasons of his own, Jackson stamped on the gas.
 The car leaped into such sudden speed that Billy Bunter, leaning forward to yell to Jackson, was taken by surprise. He pitched headlong out of his seat.
 "Yaroo!" roared Bunter.
 His fat arms were flung wildly out, and his podgy paws clutched for a hold. One hand fastened on Bob Cherry's neck, one on Johnny Bull's ear. They rolled over with Bunter, and three separate and distinct fiendish yells rang loud above the buzz of the car.
 "Whoooo-hoop!" yelled Bunter.
 "Wow!" yelled Bob.
 "Urrgh!" yelled Johnny.
 "Oh, my hat!" gasped Wharton.
 "Bunter, you howling ass—"

other fellows again, bunched at the back window, staring out. Behind them the green Napier had roared into active life. Fast as the Greyfriars car was going, the Napier was keeping at the same distance behind.
 "Ow! Wow! Wow!" came spluttering from Bunter. "Ow! I say, you fellows, help a fellow up! I say— groogh!"
 But nobody heeded Bunter. The car roared on, and behind it roared the green Napier, evidently in pursuit. There was no doubt about it now. Jimmy the Fox was in the chase.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.
 Sandwiches for Bunter!**

"STOP!" howled Billy Bunter.
 He was in his seat again now, but he found some difficulty in continuing there. Ferrers Locke's car roared on at a speed

"Fathead!" said Bob Cherry. "We're hardly doing fifty—"
 "Fifty!" gasped Bunter. "Ninety, more like! I'm jolly well not going to be smashed up and killed to please you! Stop!"
 "The stopfulness will not be terrific!" chuckled Hurrec Jamset Ram Singh.
 "Beast! Stop!"
 "You silly ass!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "We're being chased by that Napier, and ten to one that villain who's called Jimmy the Fox is the man driving it."
 "Well, what does that matter?" asked Bunter. "Drake's not with us, and if you let that brute come up he will see that Drake's not here, and leave us alone."
 That seemed unanswerable to Billy Bunter. It was certain that the Dandy's gang only wanted Drake. They
 THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,421.

were not in the least interested in the Greyfriars fellows. Drake, if they got him, was to be held a prisoner, his life threatened, to force Ferrers Locke to give up his case against the Dandy—the master-crook now in prison on remand. But Drake was not in the car—or, if he was, Billy Bunter could not see him there, even with the aid of his big spectacles.

But the Famous Five gave no heed. The car rocked and roared on, Jackson like a stone statue at the wheel. In his mirror he had a view of the Napier coming on behind, and he kept his distance ahead.

But suddenly—so suddenly that the juniors in the car rocked and whirled, and Bob Cherry was pitched over on Bunter's fat knees—Jackson took a corner.

The high-road vanished behind, and the car rocked and roared along a lane, turned in to another, and another, and then another—and still another.

In the lanes the going was by no means so smooth as on the high road, and it seemed to Billy Bunter that the car was performing a series of hops and jumps, like a kangaroo.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Yaroo!" roared Bunter. "Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The turning off the high road had been so sharp that the Napier had shot by it.

If Jimmy the Fox was shadowing the Greyfriars car, it seemed that he had lost the track in the winding lanes. Once off the road, he had some dozens of turnings to choose from, any of which might have been taken by the Greyfriars car.

In a narrow, shady lane, shut in by oaks and beeches, Jackson slowed down.

Billy Bunter gasped with relief.

Jackson glanced at the juniors with a grin.

"We've dropped them!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"The dropfulness is terrific!"

"Looks like it," said Jackson.

"But Jimmy the Fox is a sticker, and I shouldn't be surprised to see him again."

"Keep off the main roads for a bit and run across country," suggested Harry Wharton. "We've lots of time on hand, and it's a ripping day for joy-riding."

"That's what I was thinking."

"That's all very well!" said Billy Bunter. "But where are we stopping for lunch?"

"Never mind lunch!"

"You silly ass!" roared Bunter.

"I'm getting hungry already."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Poor old Bunter!" said Bob. "He was a bit worried this morning, about Drake, and he forgot to have more than seven brekkers, one after another."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I think you might have put a lunch-basket in the car, in case of accidents," said Bunter warmly. "If we're going wandering all over the country, goodness knows where we shall be at lunch-time! May be miles from any decent place where we can get a decent meal. I suppose you fellows hadn't thought of that," added Bunter, with crushing sarcasm.

"Guilty, my lord!" grinned Bob.

"We hadn't!"

"I have to think of everything!" said Bunter crossly. "But for me taking things in hand, Drake would be in the car now—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors.

"Oh, stop cackling!" yelled Bunter.

"Look here, if we're going to risk being

late for lunch we'd better stop at the first hotel and get a lunch-basket."

"We're keeping off the main roads," said Bob. "But look out for a first-class hotel among the haystacks, Jackson."

"Yes, sir!" grinned Jackson.

"Look here, I'm not going to starve because you fellows are funky of that foxy faced beast!" roared Bunter. "We can get some sandwiches, at least, from an inn, or somewhere. Stop at the first inn, Jackson!"

The car glided on by shady lanes.

It seemed that the Napier had been thrown off the track, for nothing more was seen of it—for the present, at least.

Harry Wharton & Co. watched for it, while Billy Bunter, his fat mind occupied by more important matters, watched for a wayside inn.

It was nowhere near midday yet, and Bunter had parked quite a substantial breakfast at Cherry Place. Even Bunter was not hungry, so far. But there existed the awful possibility of getting hungry while far from food!

Billy Bunter was not greatly gifted in the way of foresight. But in urgent matters like this Bunter could look ahead.

"I say, you fellows," he exclaimed suddenly. "There it is!"

"The Napier?" exclaimed Bob, with a start.

"Eh? No. The Cart and Horses," answered Bunter.

"Cart and Horses!" repeated Bob.

"You howling ass, do you think those crooks are after us in a cart?"

"I mean that inn, you silly ass!" hooted Bunter. "There it is!"

He pointed with a fat forefinger.

The juniors looked round. It was a little wayside inn, and Billy Bunter had spotted the sign which swung from an oak-tree before the building—the Cart and Horses.

"Stop!" snapped Bunter. "Do you hear, Jackson? Stop at that inn, and go in and get a bundle of sandwiches."

"Fathead!" answered Jackson, over his shoulder.

"Why, you cheeky beast!" gasped Bunter. "I'll jolly well report you, to Mr. Locke, and get you sacked."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Stop! I order you to stop!" roared Bunter. "You cheeky rotter, stop at once!"

Jackson drew the car to a halt.

"Oh, all right!" he said. "I'll cut in and get the sandwiches there."

"You'd better!" snapped Bunter darkly.

Jackson descended, and went to the inn. He disappeared into the building and Billy Bunter blinked triumphantly at the Famous Five.

"Leave it to me to keep cheeky menials in order!" he said. "I've never seen a chauffeur so cheeky as that fellow. But I'll make him toe the line!"

Whereat the chums of the Remove chuckled.

In a few minutes Jackson came back from the Cart and Horses. He had a bundle, wrapped in brown paper, in his hand, and tied with string. He handed it into the car to Bunter.

"Good!" said Bunter.

The package was very heavy. If it contained sandwiches, the weight indicated that it contained a good supply. Billy Bunter blinked at it with satisfaction. Danger of famine, if lunch were late, was averted now!

"You can get on now, Jackson!" he said.

"Thank you, sir!" said Jackson meekly.

Jackson got on.

*'A goodly tale,' the spectre said,
As on his hand he held his head.
'I've never been so breathless since
The headsman's chopper made me wince!'*



.. and
this
is
the
yarn—

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THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Hold-Up!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"
 "Great pip!"
 "The Napier!"
 Jackson braked.

It was sheer ill-luck.

Dodging the pursuer in country roads and lanes, the Greyfriars follows were assured that it was ten to one, or a hundred to one, that Jimmy the Fox would not pick up the trail again.

They had no doubt that the Dandy's right-hand man was still hunting them; but all the chances were against his sighting them. Only by luck could Jimmy the Fox hope to pick up the Greyfriars car once more.

But luck had befriended him.

The Greyfriars car was gliding up a solitary lane, too narrow for a car to turn in it, between high banks of earth crowned by hedges. There was a buzz of a motor ahead.

Another car was coming down the lane, and every eye turned on it with anxious inquiry.

It was the Napier.

Obviously Jimmy the Fox had hopelessly lost the track, for he was ahead of the Greyfriars car, and coming from the direction in which they were going! Obviously he had been scudding about, almost at random in the hope of picking them up again.

His luck was in; for he could not have picked up the Greyfriars party at a spot more convenient to himself.

In the narrow lane it was impossible for two vehicles to pass one another. Meeting, one had to back till it reached an opening in the hedge, into which it could retreat while the other passed.

With the Napier directly ahead, Jackson had to stop; and it was evident that he was not going to be given time to back the car away.

He glanced round at the juniors.

"It's a fair catch!" he remarked.

"What rotten luck!" grunted Johnny Bull.

Billy Bunter stood up and blinked at the Napier through his big spectacles. It halted and the driver and the passenger both jumped down.

"I say, you fellows, jolly lucky you took my tip, and left Drake behind!" said Bunter. "They'd have had him now!"

"The luckfulness was terrific, my esteemed and idiotic Bunter!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

The two men from the Napier came running towards the Greyfriars car. The juniors watched them, their hearts beating rather fast.

The slightly built man, who had driven the Napier, in spite of his curly moustache and beard, they guessed to be Jimmy the Fox. The burly man was not disguised, and they knew the Biter at once.

That the crooks were not merely shadowing them to London, the juniors were quite well aware. Jimmy the Fox had followed them, in the hope of running them down in some solitary spot where he could handle them. It would not have been Jimmy's first experience as a motor-bandit. He had "held-up" cars on the road before now.

"Stop!" rapped out the fox-featured man to Jackson, who was backing the car, and apparently thinking of nothing else.

Ferrers Locke's chauffeur glanced at

him, along his beaky nose, under the low peak of his cap.

"Eh, what?" he said, in his nasal voice. "I'm giving you room to pass. I shall have to back a quarter of a mile."

"You won't back a quarter of a yard, if you know what's good for your health, my man!" said Jimmy the Fox. "Stop where you are!"

"Look here—"

"Nuff said! Knock him over if he gives any trouble, Biter!" snapped the man with the foxy face.

"Leave it to me, Jimmy!" answered the burly man.

He stepped close to the Greyfriars car, with a short, thick life-preserver in his hand.

Jackson blinked.

"Motor-bandits?" he asked, shrugging his shoulders.

"Oh, no, matey!" said the Biter pleasantly. "Jest stopped for a little chat! Nice weather, ain't it?"

Jackson took his hands from the wheel.

"That's right," said the Biter approvingly. "Don't you give any trouble, matey, and you won't get hurt!"

"I'm paid to drive this car!" said Jackson, philosophically. "I'm not paid to scrap with motor-bandits."

The Biter grinned. At the same time he kept an eye on Jackson, and the life-preserver ready for use if it was wanted.

Jimmy the Fox stepped to the side of the car, and threw the door open. His foxy eyes were gleaming with satisfaction.

It was as solitary a spot as he could have wished. There was no habitation within miles. Trees and hedges shut off the deep lane from view. Only a chance passer-by could have witnessed, or interrupted, the hold-up; and that chance the crook was willing to take.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at him rather grimly as he stared into the car. Billy Bunter eyed him very uneasily through his big spectacles.

Bunter had been thinking of beginning on the packet of sandwiches. Now he quite forgot the sandwiches.

"Good-morning, gentlemen!" said Jimmy the Fox, with sarcastic politeness. "Bit of luck meeting you like this!"

"The luckfulness is terrific, my esteemed and absurd scoundrel!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

Jimmy stared at him for a moment. Then he stared round the interior of the car. It was plain that he had expected to see Jack Drake there.

"Well, what do you want?" asked Harry Wharton quietly.

Jimmy's eyes gleamed.

"I fancy you know what I want!" he answered. "Where's Drake?"

"You can see whether he's in the car or not, I suppose?" said the captain of the Greyfriars Remove.

Jimmy the Fox set his teeth.

His hand slipped to his hip pocket, and came back with an automatic in it. There was a squeak of alarm from Bunter.

"Get out of the car!" snapped the crook.

Quietly the Famous Five got out—after Bunter, who rolled out in a great hurry.

"Stand there and don't shift!" said Jimmy the Fox. "Give me any trouble, and you'll be sorry for it!"

"I—I say, Drake's not with us!" gasped Bunter. "Can't you see that he's not with us?"

"Hold your tongue!"

Jimmy the Fox made a careful survey of the interior of the roomy car. He seemed to have a suspicion that Jack Drake might be hidden under the seats. But there was no room under the seats for anyone to hide, as he very soon ascertained.

He breathed fury as he turned back towards the juniors, quietly waiting by the hawthorn hedge beside the lane. It was evident that the Dandy's follower had counted, as a certainty, on finding Ferrers Locke's boy assistant in the car. Drake's absence was a surprise and a bitter disappointment to him.

The bluish barrel of the automatic was half-raised. Billy Bunter's little round eyes fairly goggled behind his big spectacles in terror. The crook looked fiercely enraged enough to use the weapon. His foxy eyes glittered at the chains of the Remove.

"Where's Drake?" he asked, in a low tone of menace. "He left Cherry Place with you in this car! Answer me!"

"He didn't!" squeaked Bunter. "He's gone up by train! He never came in the car! Oh lor'!"

"Has he left the car while it was out of my sight?" asked Jimmy the Fox.

"Nobody's left the car!" gasped Bunter. "I tell you Drake never came—"

"Hold your tongue, you fat fool! Answer me—you, Wharton!" said Jimmy the Fox between his teeth.

"I shall tell you nothing!" answered Harry Wharton, coolly and contemptuously. "Go and eat coke!"

The crook gritted his teeth. His automatic swayed towards the captain of the Remove, who shrugged his shoulders scornfully.

Savagely enraged and disappointed as the crook was, the automatic was only a threat, and the juniors knew it. Had they piled on him, as they were strongly tempted to do, he would certainly have used the weapon in defence. But he was not likely to put his neck in a rope unless he was driven to it.

Jimmy the Fox stood savagely nonplussed. He had taken it for granted that Drake was in the car, travelling with his friends. Failing to spot him, he had concluded that the boy detective was keeping out of sight in the big car. Now he was driven to the conclusion that Drake had left the car while it was winding through the lanes dodging the Napier. Or had he started in it at all? Had the Greyfriars party led him on a false scent while Jack Drake was taking the train to London or remaining at Cherry Place? The Famous Five had no intention whatever of enlightening him.

The crook fixed his attention on Bunter, at last. From the fat Owl at least he could frighten anything that he knew.

Bunter gave a squeak as the bluish barrel swayed towards him.

"I—I say, turn that some other way!" squeaked Bunter. "I—I say, it—it might go off, you know."

"Don't be a funky ass!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Beast! I say—"

"Where's Drake?" snarled Jimmy the Fox.

"We left him behind!" gasped Bunter. "We jolly well knew you'd be watching, and getting after us, and we left him at Cherry Place! Ask any of these fellows! Ask the chauffeur!"

Jimmy the Fox turned to Jackson, who sat carelessly in the driving-seat.

his hands in the pockets of his coat. Jackson, apparently, was taking no interest in the proceedings.

"Here, you!" snarled Jimmy the Fox. "How many passengers did you pick up at Cherry Place?"

"That's the lot!" answered Jackson, with a nod towards the group of juniors standing at the roadside.

"Nobody's left the car since you started?"

"Nobody."

The Biter slipped his life-preserver back into his pocket. He made a grimace at the foxy-faced man.

"We've had our run for nothing!" he grunted. "That young hound Drake stayed behind at the house."

Jimmy the Fox ground his teeth.

"I don't get it!" he muttered. "The placed is watched. If he goes by train they'll get him! If he stays there—" Jimmy the Fox broke off. He was quite at a loss.

He turned to the juniors again.

"What did you dodge me for, if Drake wasn't in the car?" he snarled.

Bob Cherry grinned cheerfully.

"You're not nice company!" he explained. "Not the sort of man our people would like us to meet."

"Your face rather worries us!" added Johnny Bull.

"The worryfulness of your esteemed and ridiculous countenance is terrific," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh solemnly.

The crook eyed the juniors savagely. Whether Drake had remained behind at Cherry Place or whether he had dropped out during the run, he could not tell. But in either case, there was nothing doing; and, as the Biter remarked, the crooks had had their run for nothing.

Jimmy shoved the automatic back into his pocket. With a black and bitter look at the juniors, he turned away, and signed to the Biter to follow him back to the Napier.

Billy Bunter gasped with relief when their backs were turned.

"Thank goodness they're going!" breathed Bunter. "I say, you fellows, they'd have had Drake if he'd been here! What are you grinning at, you silly idiots? Oh dear!"

Jimmy the Fox paid no further heed to the Greyfriars party. The Napier backed to the first open space for turning, turned, and roared away. The juniors grinned as the roar died away over woodland and meadow. From its direction they knew that Jimmy the Fox was heading back to Cherry Place—which, so far as they were concerned, he was more than welcome to do. He was not likely to find Jack Drake there!

The Greyfriars fellows packed into the car again, and Jackson started up. They rolled cheerfully on their way, and saw nothing more of the Napier or Jimmy the Fox.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Sand Which was There!

"THANK goodness!" breathed Harry Wharton, in deep relief, as the car ate up the miles on the London road.

"The thankfulness is terrific!" remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

Billy Bunter had taken the package of sandwiches on his fat knees to open it. But he paused, and blinked at the juniors through his big spectacles.

Billy Bunter was thankful, so far as that went, to see the last of the crooks. He did not like automatics at close quarters.

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But he could not quite understand the evident relief of the Famous Five. They had not been scared by the automatic. But they seemed even more relieved than Bunter to be clear of Jimmy the Fox.

"Pulled through all right!" said Johnny Bull. "But if they'd spotted Drake—"

Bunter gave quite a jump.

"How could they have spotted Drake when he isn't here?" he ejaculated.

"Echo answers how!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"The howfulness is terrific."

"Well, they didn't, so it's all serene!" said Harry Wharton, laughing.

Billy Bunter blinked at them blankly. From the remarks of the Famous Five he might have supposed that Jack Drake was hidden in the car, and had narrowly escaped the searching eyes of Jimmy the Fox.

But it was absolutely certain that nobody was hidden in the car. There was nobody in the car except the Famous Five, Billy Bunter, and Jackson.

"I suppose you're trying to pull my leg!" said Bunter, with a sniff, as he untied the package Jackson had handed him.

"I say, you fellows, where are we stopping for lunch?" he asked.

"We're leaving that to Jackson!" answered Harry.

Another sniff from Bunter.

"What utter rot! I suppose you can give orders to a dashed chauffeur? I'm going to complain to Mr. Locke about his cheek, when I see him! I don't like cheeky chauffeurs!"

Bunter unrolled the wrapping paper of the bundle.

To his surprise there was more wrapping paper within. Those sandwiches seemed to be very carefully wrapped up.

The fat junior unrolled the second layer, and then a howl of amazement sounded above the hum of the engine.

From the interior of the bundle a stream of sand shot out, scattering over Bunter's fat knees and the floor of the car.

Bunter blinked at it, his eyes almost popping through his spectacles. The Famous Five stared at it.

They had been rather surprised when Jackson so meekly obeyed the lofty commands of Billy Bunter and went into the Cart and Horses for sandwiches for the fat Owl. But they had no suspicion of what the bundle contained when he handed it in to Bunter.

"Sand!" yelled Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The sandfulness is terrific!" chuckled Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"The—the silly beast—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter tore the wrapping paper wide open. More sand streamed out and flooded his fat knees. There was sand in the parcel—plenty of sand! But there was nothing else! It was sand—merely that, and nothing more!

Bunter's fat face was red with wrath. Not only was that chauffeur cheeky; but evidently he had the unparalleled nerve to play practical jokes on William George Bunter!

The Owl of the Remove glared round at Jackson. With his beaky nose bent over the wheel, Jackson drove steadily on, regardless of Bunter.

"Jackson!" roared Bunter.

"Sir!" said Jackson, over his shoulder.

"What do you mean by it?" roared Bunter. "I told you to get me sandwiches at that inn!"

"That's right, sir, I did!"

"You blithering idiot!" shrieked Bunter. "There's no sandwiches here! There's only sand!"

Jackson looked round.

"But I can see the sand which is there, sir!" he remonstrated.

"Wha-a-t?"

There was a roar from the Famous Five.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There aren't any sandwiches here!" yelled Bunter. "If there are any, where are they?"

Jackson released one hand from the wheel and pointed to the streaming sand.

"Can't you see the sand which is there, sir?" he asked.

"No, I can't!" howled Bunter.

"Must be blind!" said Jackson. "I appeal to you young gentlemen! Can't you see the sand which is there?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "Certainly!"

"Yes, rather!" chuckled Nugent.

"The ratherfulness is preposterous!"

Billy Bunter blinked at Jackson, blinked at the Famous Five, and blinked at the scattering sand. Bunter's fat brain was not quick on the uptake. Jackson's playful pun had not yet dawned on him.

"I say, you fellows! Are you potty?" he bawled. "There's no sandwiches here—only a lot of rotten sand!"

"Which is there!" chuckled Harry Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The whichfulness is terrific!"

"Go ahead and scoff it, old fat man!" chortled Bob. "You've got the sand which is there!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The—the—the sand which is there!" gasped Bunter. He got it at last. "Why, the cheeky beast, pulling my leg!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll ask Locke to sack him for this!" roared Bunter. "I'm not standing cheek like this from a shover, I can tell you! Jackson, you rotter—"

"Same to you, sir!"

"Wha-at!"

"And many of them!" said Jackson imperturbably.

"You—you—you cheeky beast! Look here! I'm hungry!" roared Bunter. "Stop at the next inn—see?"

"I don't think!" answered Jackson.

"I want something to eat!" yelled Bunter. "Do you think I'm going to sit here without anything to eat to please you?"

"Exactly!"

"Why, you—you—you—" gurgled the exasperated Owl of the Remove. "You cheeky rotter! I tell you I want something to eat!"

"You've got the sand which is there!"

"I don't want any of your rotten puns!" shrieked Bunter.

"Not at all, sir. Quite a good pun, sir," said Jackson cheerfully.

"I order you to stop at the first inn!" hooted Bunter. "Do you hear? That's an order!"

"Bow-wow!"

"I say, you fellows, make the beast stop!" howled Bunter, as that undoubtedly cheeky chauffeur drove steadily on. "I never heard of such dashed cheek! Will you tell him to stop, Wharton?"

"Not a lot," answered the captain of the Remove, laughing. "What are you grousing about, old fat bean? You've got the sand which is there!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly idiot! Make him stop, Bob!"

"What for?" asked Bob Cherry. "You've got the sand which is there!"

"Beast!" roared Bunter.



"Do you think I can take ginger-beer from the bottle, you ass?" hooted Bunter. "I'm going to help you, sir!" "What— Oh! Ow! Oooooogh Gurrgrgh!" roared the fat junior, as Jackson opened the bottle of ginger-beer. **Fzzzzzzzz!** Swillish! Swoooooosh! Bunter had the ginger-beer—from the bottle. He roared and gurgled as it was distributed over his fat face.

He gave it up. There was no grub for Bunter till the Greyfriars party stopped for lunch, which they did not think of doing until they were assured that pursuit was no longer on their track.

Mile after mile raced under the whizzing wheels.

Billy Bunter, with knitted fat brows, glared at his companions—with a glare that almost cracked his spectacles. But even Bunter, fearfully hungry as he was getting, did not think of scoffing the sand which was there.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Haunted!

SNORE! Billy Bunter was not asleep. But that snore was intended to give the impression that he was.

Bunter had lunched at last. So far as that important function was concerned, all was calm and bright.

The Greyfriars party had stopped at an inn, a few miles from Basingstoke. The grub at that inn was all that even Bunter could desire. He proceeded to show his appreciation of the same by parking it in great quantities. After which, naturally, Bunter wanted a rest and a nap. He did not want to go jolting in a car immediately after that Gargantuan repast. It might have disturbed some of the many helpings. A comfortable garden chair, under a shady tree, in a garden rich with flowers and pleasant scents, suited Bunter.

Stretched in that comfortable chair, with his little fat legs extended in an attitude that a novelist might have described as one of unstudied grace, Bunter closed his eyes behind his big spectacles.

Then he heard the Greyfriars fellows coming down the garden path, among the hawthorns and shrubberies.

It would be just like those beasts, of course, to expect him to pack into the car again, and start, before his lunch had had time to settle. So he snored emphatically, to show that he was asleep.

He heard a chuckle. "The jolly old sleeping beauty!" said a voice that was not the voice of any of the Famous Five, but quite as familiar to the ears of Billy Bunter. It was the voice of Jack Drake.

In amazement Bunter opened his eyes behind his spectacles.

He had not doubted that Drake had been left behind at Cherry Place, back in Dorset. It was simply amazing to hear his voice. How on earth had Jack Drake turned up at an inn near Basingstoke?

Bunter was amazed to hear that familiar voice; but he was still more amazed when he blinked through his big spectacles.

He could see the Famous Five on the path; and Jackson, the chauffeur, was with them. But there was no sign of Jack Drake.

"I say, you fellows!" gasped Bunter. "Hallo, hallo, hallo! The jolly old sleeping beauty's not asleep!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Where's Drake?" exclaimed Bunter. "Drake!" repeated Bob. "I wonder!"

"O where and O where can he be?" sang Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! I say, you fellows, I heard Drake's voice! He's here!" Billy Bunter sat up, blinking at the juniors, and the beaky-nosed chauffeur. "How did he get here?"

"The howfulness is terrific!"

Billy Bunter blinked to the right and blinked to the left, and blinked all round. But he could see nothing of Drake, which was really surprising as he had certainly heard Jack Drake's voice only a few feet away, and had opened his eyes the next moment.

"Has he dodged behind a tree, or what?" demanded Bunter.

"Can't see him behind any tree," grinned Bob. "Can you see him, Jackson?"

Jackson looked round. "Can't see anybody hiding, sir," he answered, in his nasal voice. "Nobody but us here, sir."

"I jolly well heard his voice—I know that!" snapped Bunter. "I know he's here somewhere. Is he coming on in the car with us?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Time to get off now, Bunter, anyhow."

"I'm not starting yet," said Bunter. "I'm asleep—I mean, I was asleep. I'm going to have a nap. You can call me in an hour."

Bunter closed his eyes behind his spectacles again.

"Look here, Bunter—"

Snore!

"What about rolling him out of that chair?" asked the same voice that had startled Bunter before—the voice of Jack Drake.

Bunter's eyes flew open.

He gave the juniors a startled, almost alarmed blink. They were there, and Jackson was there, but Drake was not to be seen.

It was quite uncanny.

"I—I—I say, you fellows, did—did you hear Drake speak just then?" stammered Bunter. "I—I heard his voice distinctly."

"Looks as if Drake must be somewhere around, then," remarked Bob Cherry. "His voice could hardly get here on its own."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I say, you fellows, where is he?"

"Nobody here but us, sir," said Jackson.

"I tell you, I heard him!" snapped Bunter. "Don't you be cheeky, Jackson! I say, you fellows, I can't make this out! I distinctly heard Drake's voice, but—but he's not here."

"Ghost, perhaps," suggested Nugent.

"Oh, don't be a silly ass!" grunted Bunter. "Just shut up, and let a fellow get forty winks!"

Once more Bunter closed his little round eyes behind his big round spectacles.

"Roll him out, you men!" said Jack Drake's voice.

Bunter bounded up.

He fairly glared round him in search of the speaker. But there was no one to be seen in the garden, who even remotely resembled Jack Drake. The fat Owl gave the chums of the Remove quite a scared blink. It was mysterious; it was uncanny; it was ghostly to hear that bodiless voice in the inn garden.

"I—I say, you fellows, where's that beast Drake?" gasped Bunter. "What's he playing these silly tricks for? Where is he?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors.

"What are you cackling at?" yelled Bunter. "I tell you I heard the beast speak! Of course, I know he's hiding somewhere! Rotten silly joke. I call it! Pulling a fellow's leg! I'll jolly well punch his silly nose! Now, shut up and let a fellow snooze!"

The juniors and Jackson watched the fat Owl settle down again with grinning faces. Bunter gave them a suspicious blink and closed his eyes; having closed his eyes, he opened his mouth and snored. He was gliding into happy slumber, when that old familiar voice sounded in his ears again:

"Wake up, Bunter!"

It was Jack Drake's voice again, fairly shouting in his ear. Bunter gave a yelp and jumped up. He was fed-up with this. He glared at Jackson and at the Famous Five, who were almost doubled up with merriment.

"Where's that beast?" roared Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cackling dummies! Jackson, find that rotter at once!" hooted the fat Owl. "Do you hear? Find that fellow Drake; he's dodging out of sight, but he can't be far away—"

"What's he like, sir?" asked Jackson—a question that for some mysterious reason made the Famous Five yell more loudly than before.

"Ugly brute," said Bunter, "about your height—rather a snipe—"

"Why, you silly ass!" ejaculated Jackson. "You blithering fat frog—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Famous Five.

"Don't be cheeky!" roared Bunter. "Look for that tricky beast! I'll jolly well teach him to play tricks on me! Help me look for him, you cheeky rotter, or I'll jolly well kick you! See?"

"Oh, certainly, sir!"

Jackson helped Bunter look for Jack Drake among the trees and shrubberies. Harry Wharton & Co. did not help in the search; they seemed almost in hysterics. For some reason unknown to Billy Bunter the sight of Jackson searching for Jack Drake struck them as extremely funny. They yelled.

But even with Jackson's help Bunter

failed to find the fellow whose voice he had heard. All he discovered was that there was nobody hiding anywhere near at hand in the garden. Yet, whether Jack Drake was there or not, it was absolutely certain that his voice was, for it spoke almost in Bunter's fat ear as he blinked among the hawthorns.

"You fat Owl!"

Bunter spun round.

Jackson was almost at his podgy elbow, but Drake was invisible if he was there.

Bunter's fat jaw dropped.

"I—I say, Jackson, did—did you see him?" he gasped.

"Who, sir?" asked Jackson innocently in his nasal voice.

"That beast Drake! He just spoke!" gasped Bunter.

"I saw nobody here but you, sir."

"But—but—but he spoke!" gasped Bunter. "I—I say, it—it's uncanny! I—I believe this garden's haunted! I—I can't make it out! I say, you fellows, I wish you'd stop cackling! D-d-d-do you fellows know what it means?"

"It means that it's time to get into the car," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Come on, Fatty! Come on, Jackson!"

"Yes, sir."

Jackson followed the Famous Five. Billy Bunter blinked after them and blinked at the garden chair. He was not feeling disposed for a nap now. The mystery of that mysterious voice was beyond Bunter's fat intellect. The Owl of the Remove did not want to be left alone in the haunted garden; he rolled after the juniors, and the Greyfriars party packed in the car again.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Amazing!

"JACKSON!"

"Sir?"

"Stop!"

"Rats!"

Billy Bunter's eyes gleamed behind his spectacles.

The cheek of that chauffeur was really quite intolerable—to Bunter. True, Bunter was not, as he seemed to suppose, in command. Jackson was taking the party to London, under orders from Ferrers Locke, and Harry Wharton & Co. cheerfully left the lead to Jackson. They did not seem to find him cheeky—indeed, they seemed very friendly with him, treating him quite as one of themselves.

That did not suit Bunter. Bunter liked giving orders; and a man who was paid to drive a car was bound to obey orders—especially Bunter's orders. Such a reply as "Rats!" from a common person was more than sufficient to rouse Billy Bunter's deepest ire.

"Did you hear that, you fellows?" gasped Bunter. "Did you hear that cheeky rotter say rats to me?"

"The hearfulness was terrific, my esteemed and idiotic Bunter!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"This is what the lower classes are coming to!" said Bunter. "When a chauffeur says rats to a gentleman—"

"But he only said it to you!" pointed out Johnny Bull.

"Beast! I've told you to stop, Jackson! I say, you fellows, make that cheeky beast stop—or I jolly well will!"

"What on earth do you want to stop for now?" demanded Bob Cherry. "Want to get out and walk?"

"I'm thirsty," said Bunter with dignity.

"Oh, my hat! Not hungry?" asked Johnny Bull sarcastically.

Even Bunter was not hungry after

the lunch he had parked at Basingstoke. But he was thirsty. It was a warm afternoon, and no doubt Bunter's lunch had helped to make him thirsty. Anyhow, thirsty he was; and whenever Bunter's fat inside claimed attention, all other matters in the wide universe faded into insignificance.

"We're going to stop at the next place where we can get lemonade or ginger-beer!" said Bunter. "We were passing a place when I told that low cheeky brute to stop. Now we've passed it! Stop at the next, Jackson!"

"Bow-wow!"

"That's cheek!" roared Bunter.

"Go hon!"

Bunter breathed hard and deep. He wanted ginger-beer—and he was going to have ginger-beer. He watched through his big spectacles for the next place of refreshment to appear on the sunny Surrey road; and as it showed up in the distance ahead he hooted to Jackson:

"Stop!"

"More rats!" said Jackson.

Billy Bunter groped in the lapel of his jacket and drew therefrom a pin. Leaning over, he jabbed Jackson in the shoulder.

There was a wild howl from Jackson.

"Whoop!"

"You howling ass!" roared Bob Cherry. "What the dickens—"

"I've had enough cheek from that chauffeur!" said Bunter firmly. "I've ordered him to stop—and he's going to stop! I'm going to keep on sticking this pin into him till he does!"

"Ow!" gasped Jackson. "Wow!"

He slowed down the car.

"Keep on, old bean!" said Bob Cherry. "We're leaving it to you! We'll put Bunter on the floor and sit on him!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"All right, sir!" gasped Jackson. He drew the car to a halt by the roadside, where a sign announced that teas and light refreshments were to be had from the adjacent building. He stepped down.

"Ginger-beer, sir?" he asked.

Bunter grinned complacently. One jab of the pin in Jackson's back had done it! He was teaching this fellow manners!

"That's it—and buck up!" he said.

Jackson left the car and went into the building. Harry Wharton & Co. looked expressively at Bunter. The fat junior grinned back at them cheerfully.

"That cheeky rotter knows now that I won't stand any more of his dashed impudence!" he remarked. "What?"

"You fat chump!"

"Yah!"

Jackson came back with a bottle of ginger-beer. Billy Bunter blinked at him angrily.

"Haven't you brought a glass?" he demanded.

"No, sir," said Jackson.

"Do you think I can take ginger-beer from the bottle, you ass?" hooted Bunter.

"I'm going to help you, sir."

"What— Oh! Ow! Ooooooogh!" roared Bunter, as Jackson opened the bottle of ginger-beer.

Fizzzzzzzz! Swjiiish! Swoooooosh!

Bunter had the ginger-beer—from the bottle! He had it all—or nearly all—at once! He roared and gurgled as it was distributed over his fat face.

"Gurrrrrgh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wurrrgh! Beast! Yurrrgh!"

Billy Bunter grabbed out a handkerchief and dabbed. He streamed with ginger-beer. Bunter wanted ginger-

beer, but he wanted it internally. Internally it was grateful and comforting. Externally, it was horrid.

"You—you—ooogh!—you cheeky beast!" gurgled Bunter. "You did that on purpose! I jolly well know you did! Urrgh!"

"I don't like pins stuck in my back, sir!" Jackson pointed out politely. "Shall I get you another bottle, sir—to be taken in the same way?"

"Urrgh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter spluttered with ginger-beer and wrath. Jackson, grinning, stepped back into the car. Billy Bunter made a sudden plunge forward. He was wet, he was sticky, he was fearfully enraged. He was going to punch the chauffeur—and punch him hard!

So sudden was the fat Owl's movement that no fellow in the car had time to grab him and stop him. Jackson's beaky nose, as he stepped back, was tempting to a punch, and Bunter landed a fat fist fairly on it before the chauffeur knew what was happening.

Crash!

A punch with Bunter's weight behind it was no joke. His fat fist crashed on that beaky nose, and Jackson staggered back and sat down.

The next moment Bunter gave a yell of amazement and consternation.

He had punched the chauffeur's nose! He had punched it hard! He had meant to punch it hard! But he had not meant to knock it off!

But that, amazing as it was, was what he had done! He could hardly believe his eyes and his spectacles, as he saw it! But there it was!

Jackson, staggering back, sat down with a bump! His beaky nose, knocked off by Bunter's hefty punch, dropped at his feet!

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Light at Last!

"H!" gasped Bunter.

His eyes almost popped through his spectacles at that astounding sight.

Jackson sat on the roadside, gasping. His hand flew to his nose—or to the place where his nose had been.

He had been taken by surprise by Bunter's sudden punch. But he recovered immediately. Keeping his right hand over the place where his nose had been, he grabbed up the fallen nose with his left, and scrambled to his feet.

Billy Bunter wondered whether he was dreaming! He fairly goggled at that extraordinary chauffeur. It was astounding that a punch had knocked his nose off. It was still more astounding that he did not seem much hurt by such a very remarkable and unusual damage. He gave Bunter no attention, but leaned over the driving-seat with his hands before his face.

"I—I—I say, you fellows!" gasped Bunter. "Did—did—did you see that?"

"You howling ass!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"I—I—I say, his—his—his nose fell off!" stuttered Bunter. "I—I say, I—I knocked his nose off!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, it's nothing to laugh at!" gasped Bunter. "I say, he will have to see a doctor! I—I never meant to knock his nose off, of course!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.

Awful as the catastrophe was, Harry Wharton & Co. did not seem alarmed or disturbed by it. They roared.

Bunter blinked at them, and blinked at the chauffeur. Jackson was busy for a few moments with his hands over his

face. When he raised his head again Bunter simply could not believe his eyes or his spectacles! For the beaky nose was in place again, just as if it had never been knocked off! Bunter gazed at him dizzily. Jackson seemed to be a rather unusual sort of chauffeur in many ways; but this was the limit! A chauffeur with a semi-detached nose was an unheard-of phenomenon.

Jackson, however, seemed very little perturbed by that episode, extraordinary and amazing as it was. With his beaky nose once more in its usual place, he sat at the wheel and drove on.

Bunter collapsed into his seat, gasping. He forgot even the ginger-beer. He wondered whether he was dreaming.

"I—I—I say, you fellows, he—he—he's stuck his nose on again!" gurgled Bunter. "I—I say, d-d-did you see him stick his nose on again?"

"Sort of!" agreed Bob Cherry.

"The stickfulness was terrific, my esteemed, idiotic Bunter."

Billy Bunter blinked at the grinning juniors. In the presence of that astounding phenomenon he expected them to be astonished, if not alarmed. But they only seemed hilarious.

But Billy Bunter's fat brain, though it worked slowly, did work! The explanation of that amazing mystery dawned on him.

"I say, you fellows, it's a false nose!" he ejaculated.

"Go hon!"

"It must be a false nose, or it wouldn't have come off when I punched it!" gasped Bunter. "He's got his own nose underneath it, of course! I—I never knocked off his real nose!"

"Probably not!" agreed Bob Cherry. "I think he might have made a little more fuss if you had, old fat bean."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But—but what's he doing in a false nose?" gasped Bunter.

"Driving us to London!" answered Bob.

"You silly ass! I mean, what's he up to?"

"Snuff!" answered Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly fathead!" roared Bunter. "I say, he's in disguise! That's what it means! That man Jackson is in disguise!"

"What a brain!" gasped Nugent. "Bunter's spotted that Jackson is in disguise, you men!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I shouldn't wonder if his moustache is false, too!" went on Bunter. Billy Bunter could see things, once his eyes were opened. "I say, you fellows, do you think his moustache is a false one, too?"

"Very likely, I think!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ten to one!" said Nugent.

"Then—who is he?" gasped Bunter.

"I knew he wasn't Ferrers Locke's chauffeur—I've seen that chauffeur. He said he was a new chauffeur! I say, you fellows, who can he be?"

"The who-fulness is terrific!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter blinked at the chauffeur, steadily driving.

If he was not a man with a moustache and a beaky nose, it was difficult to guess what he was like at all. His real looks, whatever they were, were completely concealed by the beaky

nose, the moustache, and the peak of the cap.

"I say, you fellows, do you think he's one of that gang?" asked Bunter. "He must be a crook—"

"Fathead!"

"Did you fellows know he was in disguise?" exclaimed Bunter, that further fact dawning on his fat intelligence.

"Sort of!" chuckled Bob.

"You—you—you knew?" gasped Bunter.

"The knowfulness was terrific!"

Bunter blinked at the grinning Co. in amazement. The discovery that the chauffeur was in disguise—a deep disguise, absolutely impenetrable till Bunter knocked the false nose off—was alarming enough to the Owl of the Remove. But the Famous Five did not seem alarmed.

"But—but we ain't safe in this car, with a crook in disguise driving it!" stuttered Bunter. "Goodness knows who he is, and what he's going to do! What do you fellows think he's going to do?"

"I think very likely he's going to kick you, when we get out, for damaging an expensive nose!" said Bob Cherry.

"The kickfulness will probably be terrific!"

"Look here!" roared Bunter. "I'm not stopping—"

"Not at all! You're going on!"

"You silly ass! I mean, I'm not stopping in this car! I'm not going to be robbed and murdered by a gang of crooks to please you!" howled Bunter. "Make that villain stop, and let's get out. We'll hire another car to get to London! I'll pay for it! One of you fellows can lend me the money till—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here! I'm going to make him stop!"

"Careful!" grinned Bob Cherry. "I shouldn't wonder if he's got an automatic."

Bunter jumped.

"Oh crikey! I—I say, you fellows, if—if he's got an automatic, I—I—I think we—we'd better wait till he stops."

"Much better!" said Harry Wharton, laughing.

The car ran on swiftly. It was nearing London now, and, with plenty of traffic on the roads, Jackson gave all his attention to driving.

Bunter gave all his attention to Jackson.

He was deeply alarmed.

It was all very well for the Famous Five to chortle as if the matter was a joke! Being driven in a fast car by some unknown man whose identity was completely hidden under a deep disguise did not seem a joke to Bunter. It seemed to him alarming—indeed, terrifying.

Where was the villain driving them? If he was a desperate crook, possibly some member of the Dandy's gang, he could not be driving them to Ferrers Locke's house in Baker Street, as the Famous Five believed. Billy Bunter envisaged the party driven to some

(Continued on next page.)



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deep, dark haunt of crime, and he shuddered at the prospect.

But he did not think of ordering Jackson to stop. He did not feel like giving Jackson any more orders at all. The bare possibility of an automatic was enough for Bunter. He quaked, but he sat it out.

Utterly unperturbed, the Famous Five looked from the windows of the car as it glided into London streets. Joyful signs of the Jubilee were to be seen on all sides, and the Jubilee spirit seemed to be abroad. The metropolis looked very merry and bright in the May sunshine.

Billy Bunter had no eye for flags and hunting. Bunter had only eyes for that disguised and desperate character, Jackson. Every moment he dreaded to see some alarming movement on the part of that disguised desperado.

But Jackson, whoever and whatever he was, seemed to be thinking of nothing but his driving, of the thronging traffic, of Belisha beacons, and unwary foot passengers. Undoubtedly he was a good driver. And Bunter, to his astonishment, suddenly discovered that they were in Baker Street.

"I—I—I say, you fellows," stammered Bunter, "this is Baker Street!"

"Not really?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Yes, really! I—I say, do you think he's really taking us to Ferrers Locke's place?" gasped Bunter.

"Ha, ha! Just a few!"

Bunter could only blink. The car came to a halt at last, and Jackson stepped down and opened the door. The Greyfriars fellows alighted, Bunter keeping as far as he could from Jackson. A man appeared from nowhere, to take the car away to the garage. Jackson followed the juniors up to the door, which was opened as they reached it by a little Chinese. They entered, and the door was immediately shut.

"I am glad to see you, my boys!"

A rather tall man, with clear-cut features and pleasant, keen eyes, greeted the juniors.

"Here we are, sir, safe and sound, this side up with care!" said Bob cheerfully, as he shook hands with Ferrers Locke.

"Jackson drove you up safely from Dorset, I see!" remarked Ferrers Locke, with a smile.

"The safefulness was terrific, my esteemed and absurd, Mr. Locke!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

Billy Bunter grabbed Ferrers Locke by the sleeve. The detective glanced down at the fat junior in surprise.

"What—" he began.

"That man!" gasped Bunter, pointing at Jackson with his disengaged hand. "I say, look out, Mr. Locke! That man's in disguise! You'd better get the handcuffs on him—quick! I—I think he's got an automatic!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.

"Dear me!" said Ferrers Locke, joining in the laugh. "Have Bunter's keen eyes penetrated your disguise, Jackson?"

"The howling ass punched my nose and knocked it off!" answered Jackson.

But he did not answer in the nasal tones he had hitherto used. His voice came clear and pleasant; and it was the voice of the inn garden at Basingstoke—a voice that Bunter knew.

The Owl of the Remove blinked at him, spellbound.

Jackson removed his cap; he removed his nose; he removed his moustache. Then, in spite of traces of make-up on his face, he was recognisable.

"Dud-Dud-Dud-Drake!" stammered Bunter.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,421.

Jack Drake laughed.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter. "Then—then—then you came in the car, after all!"

"Sort of!" agreed Drake. "You see, all this was arranged ahead, and I was telling the fellows about it at Cherry Place this morning when you barged in and suggested that I shouldn't be seen in the car. That's why your jolly old suggestion was adopted nem. con., old fat bean!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

"Did you have any trouble on the road, Drake?" asked Ferrers Locke quietly.

"Only a hold-up by Jimmy the Fox, sir. He did not find the fellow he expected in the car, and I fancy he went back to Cherry Place at about sixty miles per hour to pick up the trail there."

Ferrers Locke laughed.

Billy Bunter stood blinking at Jack Drake.

Even yet he seemed hardly able to believe his eyes or his spectacles.

That disguise had been designed to see Drake through if the Dandy's gang succeeded in holding up the car on its way to London—and it had seen him through. The other fellows, of course, had been in the secret from the start, and had known that "Jackson" was Jack Drake. But to the Owl of the Remove it came as an astounding surprise. Even the mysterious voice in the inn garden at Basingstoke had not enlightened him. He blinked—and blinked—and blinked!

"Beast!" he gasped at last.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Taking a fellow in!" hooted Bunter indignantly. "Pulling a fellow's leg! Not—not that you took me in, you know—"

"Eh?"

"The fact is, I spotted you from the very first—"

Bunter evidently was recovering himself.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Drake.

"I knew it all along—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors.

"Oh, don't cackle!" snorted Bunter.

"Not so jolly easy to take me in, I can tell you! I jolly well knew—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, you beasts—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You have arrived," remarked Ferrers Locke, smiling, "in excellent time for tea! Are you ready for tea, Bunter?"

"Oh!" Bunter's fat, frowning brow cleared. "Yes, rather!"

And all was calm and bright!

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Up for the Jubilee!

"JUBILEES," said Bob Cherry,

"are jolly!"

"Hear, hear!" agreed his comrades.

"The jubileefulness of this esteemed and ridiculous city appears to be terrific!" remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

London was looking very merry and bright in the May sunshine. Jubilee decorations gave the streets an air of unwanted gaiety.

Jostling crowds were everywhere, innumerable sightseers from all corners of the kingdom and the Empire having gathered to help celebrate the Jubilee of his Gracious Majesty King George the Fifth.

Everybody seemed good-tempered and

cheerful—as if the Jubilee spirit was in the air.

The chums of the Remove were glad to be in London during the Jubilee celebrations. They were more than willing to add their cheery voices to the cheering for his gracious Majesty when occasion arose. The great day was near at hand, and they were to stay with Drake in Ferrers Locke's house in Baker Street till the end of the holidays.

They found themselves in very comfortable quarters.

Of Ferrers Locke they saw little. Whether he was still busy on his case against the Dandy, or whether other matters occupied him, they did not know; but their glimpses of him were few and far between.

But the famous detective made them very welcome, and made every arrangement for their comfort, and even Billy Bunter found little to grouse about.

"The grub's all right!" Bunter told the Famous Five, on the second day in Baker Street.

Whereat the Famous Five chuckled.

"Grub," certainly, was one of the essentials of existence; but it did not fill the first place in their thoughts as it did in William George Bunter's.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" grunted Bunter. "I tell you the grub's all right! And if the grub's all right, everything's all right!"

Everything, therefore, being all right, from Bunter's point of view, the fat Owl of the Remove was prepared to be satisfied.

During the first two or three days in Baker Street, while the juniors took their walks abroad or drove in Mr. Locke's car, Jack Drake remained within walls.

By that time there was no doubt Jimmy the Fox had discovered that Ferrers Locke's boy assistant had left Cherry Place, and there could be little doubt that he knew where Drake was.

The juniors had rather expected that his return to Baker Street would be kept a secret, though they realised that it was not probable that it could have remained a secret long from the wary eyes of Jimmy the Fox.

But there seemed no idea of keeping it a secret. Although Drake did not go out, he showed himself carelessly at the windows; and, if the house was watched, it was certain that he was seen.

Which puzzled the chums of the Remove a little.

That Ferrers Locke had been uneasy about Drake's safety they knew. He had been sent to Wharton Lodge for that reason, with the idea of combining safety with a holiday along with his old friends of Greyfriars. But Jimmy the Fox had tracked him there.

Later, at Cherry Place, the crooks had almost succeeded in getting him into their hands. After that narrow escape, the juniors were not surprised that Locke had sent for him to return to London, to keep him under his own eye.

Every precaution had been taken on the journey to London. So they had rather taken it for granted that he would keep "doggo" once he was safe again in the house in Baker Street.

Instead of which, he showed himself carelessly at the windows, almost as if he wanted the enemy to know that he was there.

That his danger was as great as ever was certain. The "Dandy" had been remanded again; but the date of his trial was now near. Jimmy the Fox had little time to lose, if he was to carry out his plan.

That plan was well known to Ferrers



Billy Bunter's little round eyes almost burst through his big round spectacles at the sight of a silent figure that appeared behind the burly Biter. Next moment there was a metallic click as the handcuffs were locked on the crook's wrists. "My win, I think!" remarked Ferrers Locke, tranquilly.

Locke—to get Drake into his hands, and, by threatening his life, to force Locke to abandon the case against the Dandy. Whether Locke would have been influenced by that threat the juniors did not know; but they knew that Jimmy the Fox was banking on it.

The juniors were standing at the window, looking out into Baker Street, discussing the Jubilee and the celebration thereof, when Drake joined them.

He sat carelessly in the open window, glancing at the people passing and re-passing below.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Asking for it, old bean?"

Drake smiled. "You're not keeping it dark that you're here, Drake?" asked Harry.

"Not much use if I did," answered Drake. "Jimmy the Fox would soon nose it out, I fancy."

"Well, I suppose he would!" admitted Wharton. "But you're not taking the trouble to leave him in any doubt."

"I say, you fellows! Drake's all right so long as I'm with him!" remarked Billy Bunter. "The fact is, that's why I'm here—to protect him!"

"Fathead!"

"I've had a letter from Mauly, asking me to go down to Mauleverer Towers for the rest of the holidays," said Bunter. "But—"

"Don't let me stop you!" said Drake.

"That's all right, old chap!" said Bunter. "I'm sticking to you!"

"The stickfulness of the esteemed Bunter is terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"You're awfully good, Bunter!" said Jack Drake gravely. "With a fellow like you to protect me, I needn't feel uneasy."

Whereat the Famous Five chuckled.

Billy Bunter gave them a disdainful blink.

"You can cackle!" he sneered. "But I fancy Drake knows who's the pluckiest man here. You played a rotten trick on me the other day, Drake—not that you took me in, you know. But you rely on me! I'll protect you!"

"Thanks!" said Drake. "Dash it all, with a plucky man like Bunter to defend me, there's no need to stick indoors. I'll chance it to-day."

"That's right!" said Bunter approvingly.

Harry Wharton & Co. gazed at Drake. He closed one eye at them, unobserved by the fat Owl of the Remove, and they smiled. Why Drake was pulling Bunter's leg they did not know; but they could only conclude that he was.

"You fellows are going to the Zoo to-day?" went on Drake.

"Think you can come?" asked Nugent. "I suppose you'd be safe with the crowd of us?"

Drake shook his head.

"I'm relying chiefly on Bunter, if you fellows don't mind my saying so," he answered.

"Not at all!" said Harry, laughing.

Billy Bunter grinned complacently. This was rather an unexpected tribute! But the fat and fatuous Owl swallowed it whole. Billy Bunter knew that he was the bravest of the brave, if nobody else did; and now it appeared Drake had made the discovery!

"They're making preparations for a Jubilee bonfire on Hampstead Heath," said Drake. "That's where I'm going, while you fellows are trotting about the Zoo. So long as Bunter's with me I shall be all right!"

"Right as rain!" grinned Bob.

It was clear to the Famous Five, if not to Billy Bunter, that Drake had some reason for going up to Hampstead,

and some reason for desiring the company of Billy Bunter on the excursion and not that of the other fellows.

What his reason could possibly be they could not begin to imagine. Certainly, in case of danger Billy Bunter would be of no use.

Indeed, if Jimmy the Fox was watching for an opportunity, this looked like offering him one! The Fox might have hesitated to make any attempt on Drake in company of the Famous Five. But the presence of William George Bunter was certainly not likely to deter him.

Perhaps some glimmering of that dawned even on Billy Bunter's fat brain. His podgy face became serious.

"I say, you fellows, perhaps we'd better all keep together!" he remarked. "I don't mean that you'd be much use in a scrap! You wouldn't be! Still, I think—"

"My dear man," said Bob Cherry. "You're here to protect Drake! You've turned down invitations from the nobility for that very job! All you've got to do is to get on with it."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"I suppose you're serious, Drake?" asked Harry Wharton, a little uneasily.

"Quite!" answered Drake. "Bunter's all the guard I want! In fact, I'm acting under instructions from Mr. Locke."

"Well, that settles it!" said Johnny Bull. "All serene then!"

And the Famous Five started for the Zoo in cheery spirits, leaving Jack Drake under the protection of Billy Bunter! And Billy Bunter, though undoubtedly feeling rather flattered and bucked, blinked after them as they went, as if not wholly easy in his fat mind. But the die was cast now—and if there was danger for Ferrers Locke's assistant on the famous heath at Hampstead, Bunter was for it!

(Continued on page 16.)



(Continued from page 13.)

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Shadowed!

"TAKING the car?"

"No!"

"Taxi?"

"No!"

"Look here, Drake—" said Billy Bunter restively.

"Come on!" said Drake cheerily; and Bunter came on.

He grunted expressively as he walked along Baker Street with Drake.

There were plenty of people about. Crowds and crowds seemed to be in London for the Jubilee. Billy Bunter was jostled several times. Bunter required more space than the average pedestrian. And Bunter did not like walking. True, it was not a very long walk to the Tube, but the fat Owl of the Remove did not want to walk at all.

He grabbed Drake by the arm.

"I say, old chap, better take a taxi!" he urged. "I'm not thinking of myself, of course—you know I never do!—but if there's anybody about watching for you, the sooner we get clear the better. I'll pay for the taxi!" added Bunter, with dignity. "You needn't bother about that! Lend me a ten-shilling note—"

"Shanks' pony, old fat man—"

"Rot!" said Bunter. "Look here, Drake, I'm willing to protect you, and all that—what are you grinning at, I'd like to know?—but I'm not going to be walked off my legs! If you want to go on a rotten Tube, you can go on a rotten Tube—I'm taking a taxi!"

And as a disengaged taxi was passing at the moment Bunter signed to the driver, who drew towards the kerb.

"Seen that man before, Bunter?" asked Drake, glancing at the taxi-driver.

"Eh! No! Why?"

"Think he looks a bit like Jimmy the Fox?"

"Eh! What? Oh crikey! I—I—I'll say we—we'll walk! Come on!" said Bunter hastily, and he grabbed Drake's arm again, and led him on.

The taxi-driver, prepared to pick up a fare, stared. He also said something, which it was, perhaps, just as well that they did not hear as they hurried on.

The taxi-driver, as a matter of fact, looked as much like Jimmy the Fox as like Julius Cæsar. But the mere suggestion was enough for Bunter. He had been in Jimmy the Fox's hands once, and he did not want to risk repeating that experience.

Bunter was not thinking of taxicabs now! The possibility that a crook, got up as a taximan, might be driving about Baker Street, like a lion seeking what he might devour, reconciled Bunter to taking the Tube.

And the Tube was taken.

A burly man, with a thick beard and a slouched hat, followed them into the train among many other passengers. He had followed them down Baker Street, too, as Drake had observed, though Bunter had not.

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He sat down a few seats away and opened a newspaper. Billy Bunter gave him a casual blink; Drake did not seem to see him at all.

The train buzzed and hummed on to Hampstead.

At that station Drake rose, as if to leave, and Billy Bunter rose also. So did the burly man in the slouched hat; and a rather more slightly built man, with a curly moustache, who sported a straw boater; and several other passengers.

Drake, as if changing his mind, sat down again.

Bunter blinked at him.

"I say, this is Hampstead!" he said.

"Ain't we getting out?"

"Not yet," answered Drake.

"What did you get up for, then, fathead?" grunted Bunter. "Making a fellow get up for nothing!"

And Bunter plumped down again with an injured expression. Bunter did not like getting on his feet for nothing. He had too much weight to lift.

It was not, if the Owl of the Remove had known it, for nothing! Drake's eyes were on the passengers leaving the car.

Six or seven had risen to get out—and they got out, with two exceptions. Those exceptions were the burly man in the slouched hat, and the curly moustached young man in the boater.

These two sat down again, apparently having changed their minds about getting out when Drake changed his.

Drake was not looking at them. But he observed them, all the same. And he knew now what he wanted to know.

Two of the Dandy's gang were on his track—and were sitting in the same car with him.

The two exchanged no word or sign, and seemed strangers to one another. But both of them had fallen to Drake's simple trick of pretending to leave the train at Hampstead. He knew now whom to watch for.

At Golder's Green they alighted.

Billy Bunter grunted as they started to walk up the North End Road.

"You ought to know your way about London better than this, Drake!" he said.

"How's that, Bunty?"

"Well, we could have got nearer the Heath! Lot of walking for nothing!" said Bunter.

"Jolly day for a walk!" remarked Drake.

"Rot!" said Bunter.

No day was jolly enough to make Billy Bunter use his fat legs, if he could help it.

"Look here, this is jolly steep!" grunted Bunter. "What about taking a motor-bus up the hill, if you're nervous of taking a taxi?"

"Look in this shop window," suggested Drake, stopping.

"What for?"

"Well, you can see your reflection in it!" remarked Drake. "That's worth looking at, isn't it?"

Snort from Bunter! He knew, of course, that his reflection was worth looking at—well worth looking at! Often and often, indeed, he had regarded that reflection in a mirror with great admiration. Still, he did not believe that Drake was speaking seriously.

"Oh, don't be a silly ass!" he grunted.

Jack Drake was looking into the shop window, as if keenly interested in the goods displayed there. In point of fact, he was interested in the

reflections of two pedestrians who had followed up the North End Road from Golder's Green Station—one a burly man in a slouched hat, the other a young man in a straw boater.

Drake's expression revealed nothing. He walked on with his elastic step, Billy Bunter rolling after him and grunting. It was rather a steep tramp up to the Spaniards, but Bunter did not "see" it. A tramp uphill for nothing seemed to Bunter simply idiotic.

He was happily unaware of the two shadowers on the trail. Drake gave no sign of being aware of them. After that survey of their reflections in the shop window he was satisfied, and did not look round once.

However, they were on the heath at last.

Preparations for the bonfire that was to be lighted on Jubilee night were already going on, and a good many people had come along to see them; and Drake and Bunter found themselves in a crowd.

Twice or thrice, as they strolled about, Drake caught sight of the burly man in the slouched hat, and the young man in the boater. Neither of them was easily recognisable; but Drake had little doubt that the burly man was the Biter, and the other the man who had called himself Jenkins when he had been seen at Cherry Place a week or two ago. Both, he was certain were confederates of Jimmy the Fox.

"Let's have a stroll across the heath, old chap!" Drake suggested.

Bunter shook his head.

"I'm tired," he answered. "I mean, it would be hardly safe for you to walk about in lonely places, Drake. Some parts of Hampstead Heath are jolly lonely, I can tell you. Suppose we were watched—"

"Watched?" repeated Drake.

"And followed—" said Bunter.

"My dear chap, if we were watched and followed, you'd have spotted the watchers and followers!" said Drake blandly.

"Well, yes; I'm pretty keen," agreed Bunter. "Still, it's not safe for you to go walking about in lonely places. Let's sit down."

"Oh, all right! I know a jolly place for getting a rest; and I've got a box of chocolates—"

"Oh, good!" said Bunter. "Is it far?"

"A mere step, for a jolly good walker like you."

"Right-ho, then!"

Although it was a "mere step," they seemed rather a long time to Bunter reaching the spot where they were going to have a rest. And Bunter noted, with some uneasiness, that they were making for a lonely tract of the heath.

Drake stopped at last, however.

It was a lonely and shady spot, a little dingle among bushes and trees, and but for the sounds of the great city, wafted on the wind from the distance, they might have supposed themselves in the heart of rural regions.

Bunter threw himself down in the grass, at the foot of a tree, with a grunt of relief.

"Where's those chocs?" he demanded.

Drake produced a box of chocolates. Billy Bunter opened it, on his fat knees, and was soon hard at work on its contents. Green grass, and trees and bushes bursting with green, sunlight flickering on green leaves, had no special attraction for Bunter. But

Jack Drake stood looking about him, while Bunter devoured chocolates.

In a cheery mood, he began to whistle "The Young Man on the Flying Trapeze." From the thick mass of bushes on the edge of the dingle came the whistling note of a bird, thrice repeated.

Drake whistled a few more bars, and then threw himself in the grass beside Bunter. There was a faint grin on his face.

"Jolly here, isn't it?" he remarked.

"Oh, topping!" said Bunter, without looking round. "I say, these chocs are all right! If you don't want any, I'll finish them."

"Do!" said Drake.

"I will, old chap!" said Bunter, happy and sticky. "There's only a pound or two of them, so they won't queer my lunch. I say, though, you're rather an ass to pick a lonely spot like this! Suppose—"

Bunter broke off, and blinked round through his big spectacles. Footsteps sounded close at hand, and through an opening of the bushes two figures appeared in sight.

Billy Bunter blinked at a burly man in a slouched hat, and a slighter man in a boater. Both of them were looking about them, watchfully, as they came; and at the sight of Drake and Bunter they came on at a run. The fat Owl of the Remove blinked at them in some alarm.

But they did not heed Bunter! They fixed their eyes on Jack Drake, Ferrers Locke's assistant, leaning on his elbow, glanced up at them carelessly.

"Want anything?" he asked.

"I fancy so!" grinned the Biter. "We want you, Mr. Jack Drake, and by gum, I fancy we've got you!"

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Asking For It!

"Oll lor'!" gasped Billy Bunter.

A sticky chocolate, in Bunter's fat hand, was arrested half-way to his capacious mouth. He blinked through his big spectacles, with a terrified blink. It appeared to have escaped Bunter's recollection, at the moment, that he had taken the boy detective under his protection.

Judging by his looks, the Owl of the Remove was more in need of protection than Jack Drake.

Drake was perfectly cool.

Leaning on his elbow on the sloping, grassy bank of the little dingle, he looked up at the two crooks with no sign of alarm.

"I—I say—" gasped Bunter.

The Biter gave him a grinning glance.

"You can it!" he remarked. "Don't you butt in, Fatty! Jest 'old your row!"

"Oh erikoy!" gasped Bunter.

"We got him, Jenk!" said the Biter.

"Looks like it!" agreed Jenkins.

Bunter blinked at them in horror. Both the crooks were in disguise, but he knew their voices. He had been in contact with both of them at Cherry Place.

Drake made a movement as if to rise. The grin faded from the Biter's face, and was replaced by a look of cold ferocity that sent cold chills down Billy Bunter's spine. The ruffian whipped an automatic from his hip pocket. The bluish barrel was turned towards Drake,

but it was from Bunter that a squeak of terror came.

"Keep where you are, Jack Drake!" said the Biter, in a low tone of menace. "Don't shift! We got you, and we been arter you long enough! You got away before; you ain't getting away this time."

Drake shrugged his shoulders, but he remained where he was.


"What's the game?" he drawled.

"You don't fancy that you can kidnap a fellow in the middle of Hampstead Heath, do you?"

"I fancy so!" said the Biter, with a nod. "And you've given us the chance by coming here. Mebbe you'll be interested to 'ear that you've been shadowed from Baker Street."

"Every step of the way!" grinned Jenkins.

(Continued on next page.)




GREYFRIARS INTERVIEWS

Our clever Greyfriars Rhymester's got to interview 'em all! This week, with many misgivings, he calls upon

PERCY BOLSOVER

(The Bully of the Remove.)



(1)

I choked back a sigh, I smothered my fear,
I wiped from my eye the trace of a tear,
I muttered: "I'm for it, without any doubt;
No use to ignore it—there's trouble about!
This job's not all clover; it's quite the reverse.
With Percy Bolsover, it's bound to be worse;
He's strong and he's hefty, a bully at that;
If he gives me his left he will roll me out flat!"


(3)

"I understand fully and cannot dispute
That you are a bully, a beast, and a brute!
You fight like a he-man until you are stopped,
And scowl like a demon whenever you're whopped.
It's 'Prizefighting Percy' they call you, I've heard,
For showing no mercy to fags in the Third;
And your face—that, of course, is a nasty mishap,
Was it trod on by horses when younger, old chap?"

(5)

Said he: "Let me tell you about my last scrap.
I will not compel you to write it, old chap!
My foe was a bruiser named Gatty—my hat!
I gave him a snoozer to start with—like that!"
(The "snoozer" he mentioned arrived on my jaw,
And stars unintentioned I suddenly saw).
"He pleaded for quarter! No fight would I miss,
I gave him a snorter, right-handed—like this!"

(7)



I lay on the floor and had beautiful dreams
Of pastries galore and of chocolate creams;
Then woke up again in a feeling of dread,
With an ache and a pain in my chin and my head.
If Gatty's young face stopped the punches I caught,
He's a hospital case—and I suddenly thought
Of places more healthy than Greyfriars in Kent,
So I rose with a stealthy look round me—and went!

(2)

I felt rather scared as I murmured: "Good-day!"
He looked up and glared. Then he answered, "What say?"
"Good-day," I repeated, "and how do you do?
If you'll remain seated, I'll interview you.
The Editor sent me (now keep in your chair)
To see you, and lent me a bob for my fare.
So take my suggestions with meekness and grace,
And answer my questions (and keep in your place).


(4)

I think you will rightly acknowledge the fact,
That this was politely explained, and with tact!
Yet, after I'd said it, he grunted as though
He couldn't quite credit I spoke to him so.
I thought I'd continue, "Don't let us be foes;
Perhaps there is in you some goodness—who knows?
Remember, my lad, that you do not write verse,
So no one's so bad that he cannot be worse!"

(6)

"I then waded in and disfigured my foe
With a right to the chin, and another—like so!
He said he was fouled; he was white as a sheet!
I stood back and growled as he rose to his feet."
(At this, I decided that Gatty was tough
If he felt like I did, he'd had quite enough!)
"I gave him one more! What a beauty! He fell
At my feet on the floor!" (And so I did, as well!)

(8)



"Pin him, Jenk!" muttered the burly ruffian. "If he lifts so much as a finger I'll crack his nut fast enough."

Jenkins bent in the grass beside the boy detective.

Drake made no resistance.

It was not likely that the Biter would use his firearm; it was the game of Jimmy the Fox to make Drake a prisoner. But it was plain that he was ready to crash the butt on Drake's head and stun him if he ventured to resist. As for Bunter, he sat petrified with terror, and the crooks had no intervention to look for from him. Certainly matters would have been rather different if the Famous Five had been with Drake. But he had had his own reasons for choosing the fat Owl of the Remove as his companion in that ramble on Hampstead Heath. It was impossible to resist, if Drake had thought of it; and apparently he was not thinking of it.

Evidently the crooks had come prepared. They had shadowed Drake in the hope of cornering him in some quiet spot where they could deal with him. Jenkins drew a cord from his pocket, uncoiled it, and proceeded to bind the boy detective hand and foot.

He knotted the cord carefully, and in a few minutes Drake was helpless. Then a pear-shaped gag was put into his mouth, and fastened in place with a string.

The Biter, grinning, restored the automatic to his hip pocket. Jenkins stepped up on the high bank above the dingle, and took a survey of the adjacent heath. No one was to be seen at hand.

He rejoined the Biter. They muttered together, glancing at Billy Bunter as they muttered.

Bunter, evidently, they did not want; but he was there, and he had to be taken care of. After a few muttered words Jenkins stepped towards him with the cord.

"I—I say!" gasped Bunter.

"Shut it!" said Jenkins tersely.

He proceeded to bind and gag Bunter. In a few minutes the Owl of the Remove lay as helpless as Jack Drake.

Then the two crooks consulted together again in low tones. They had made a capture. The assistant of Ferrers Locke was powerless in their hands. For the time, at least, they had him safe, secure from observation. But getting him away from the open heath was another matter. Drake watched them with cool interest.

"We'll get them out of sight in these here bushes!" muttered the Biter, with a gesture towards the mass of dense undergrowth at the side of the dingle. "I'll stick with them while you get the car as near as you can. That's 'arf a mile."

Jenkins nodded.

"Leave the car there and bring the big sack," went on the Biter. "Nobody won't ask what we're carrying in a sack. You'll be back 'ere in half an hour, and until then I'll keep his nibs out of sight. We can leave that fat fool here to be found. I dessay somebody'll pick him up afore night."

Billy Bunter could not groan aloud with the gag in his mouth. He groaned silently.

He was to be left in the bushes on the loneliest part of the great heath when the kidnapers carried Drake off. How long was he likely to remain there before he was found? It was not an exhilarating prospect to the Owl of the Remove. From the bottom of his fat heart he wished that he had gone to the Zoo with Harry Wharton & Co., or, alternatively, as the lawyers say, that he

had remained in Ferrers Locke's house in Baker Street. This was awful!

It was not, perhaps, so awful for Bunter as for Drake. But the fat Owl was not thinking of that. As usual, his podgy thoughts were concentrated on his fat self.

What had that silly idiot Drake landed him in this for? He might have known that they would be shadowed and followed. The Famous Five would willingly have come if Drake had wanted them. And the presence of five fellows would have made it scarcely possible for the Biter and his confederates to carry out this scheme. Really it looked to Bunter as if Drake had asked for it—deliberately asked for it. Certainly if Drake had been relying on Bunter's support, he had been leaning on a very frail reed. The fat Owl's presence, it was certain, had not caused the crooks to hesitate for a moment.

After a few more muttered words Jenkins left his companion and disappeared from the dingle. Obviously the two rascals had a car at their disposal, and it was not far away.

The Biter stood up, looking after Jenkins till he disappeared among the trees and furze. Then he turned to Jack Drake, with the evident intention of rolling him deep out of sight among the undergrowth, and Bunter after him, to wait for the other rascal's return.

But as he stooped he suddenly straightened up again with a start, and listened intently.

A sound came from the direction Jenkins had taken—a choked shout and a scuffling.

"By hokey!" breathed the Biter.

Jack Drake's eyes glistened. The Biter stood listening intently. It seemed as if Jenkins had struck trouble on his way from the dingle to the road, out of sight among the trees. Listening, with a knitted, anxious brow, for another sound, the Biter did not hear a light rustle in the thick undergrowths behind him, or a soft footfall on the grass.

Billy Bunter's little round eyes almost bulged through his big round spectacles at the sight of a silent figure that appeared behind the burly Biter. But the gag in his mouth kept back his squeak of amazement.

The Biter gave a sudden, convulsive bound. Hands gripped his shoulders from behind, and before he knew what was happening he was down on his back in the grass. There was a metallic click. The Biter, dazed, realised that the handcuffs were locked on his wrists, and he stared up in amazement and frantic rage at the cool, clear-cut face looking down at him.

"My win, I think!" remarked Ferrers Locket tranquilly.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Two in the Toils!

FERRERS LOCKE turned to Drake.

He smiled as he released his boy assistant from the gag and the cords.

"Well played, my boy!" he said.

Drake chuckled as he rose to his feet. The Biter staggered up, his wrists held together by the steel, his face convulsed with fury.

"You!" he panted. "Ferrers Locke—you!"

"Quite!" assented the Baker Street detective.

The Biter stared round him. He knew that the detective could not have approached the spot unseen while the crooks were there—they had been too

watchful for that. He had been there before them. He had been hidden in the thick undergrowths on the slope of the dingle before they came, before Drake and Bunter came. He began to understand.

"It's a trap!" he muttered hoarsely.

Locke nodded.

"Exactly!" he assented.

The Biter wrenched wildly at the handcuffs. But, strong as he was, almost as strong as a bull, he was powerless in the grip of the steel. He panted with rage.

Jack Drake, smiling, stepped towards Bunter. The Owl of the Remove, in such a state of astonishment that he hardly knew whether he was on his head or his heels, staggered up as the boy detective released him.

"Grooogh!" That was Bunter's first remark when he had got rid of the gag. "Ooooooogh!"

"All serene, old fat man!" grinned Drake.

"Oh crikey! I—I say, how did Mr. Locke get here?" gasped Bunter. "I—I never saw him!"

"Neither did those scoundrels!" chuckled Drake. "If he had been seen, old fat pippin, it would rather have spoiled the programme."

"Well, it's jolly lucky he turned up!" gasped Bunter. "You were a silly fool to come here, Drake!"

"Think so?" grinned Drake.

"Well, you might have known those beasts would be watching for you," gasped Bunter. "In fact, I warned you—What are you cackling at, you silly ass? I did warn you, didn't I? If we had had the other fellows with us, those beasts wouldn't have tackled us, I can tell you."

"Hardly!" agreed Drake. "But you see, old fat porpoise, that was the little game! Got it now?"

Bunter blinked at him.

"Mean to say you knew they were after you?" he gasped.

"Just a few!"

"Oh crikey!"

"It's a plant!" the Biter muttered hoarsely. There was a rustling in the bushes, as someone unseen approached the spot. The Biter knew that Jenkins had been seized—Ferrers Locke was not alone there. The prisoner was being led back to the dingle.

The man in the straw boater emerged from the thickets. His wrists were handcuffed, and he walked between two men who, though in plain clothes, were evidently officers of the law.

Jenkins gave the Biter a black look.

"They got us, Biter!" he snarled. "It was a plant—they was here all ready for us."

The Biter glared at Jack Drake.

"And that kid led us into it!" he breathed. "Led us into it, while they was waiting for us here!" He wrenched at the handcuffs again. "By hokey, if I had my hands loose, Jack Drake—"

"Your prisoners, Inspector Pickford!" said Ferrers Locke.

The inspector smiled.

"Thanks to you, Mr. Locke, and your assistant," he answered. "It was very neatly done. I am sorry that Jimmy the Fox did not join in this little excursion—I should have been very pleased to add him to the bag."

"You won't get Jimmy in a hurry!" snarled the Biter. "And now you've got me, Mister Inspector, I'd be glad to hear what the charge is!"

The inspector smiled again.

"Kidnapping, under the threat of a deadly weapon!" he answered. "I think you are safe for a time, my man! I must warn you that anything you say



Harry Wharton & Co. left the tea-table and crossed to the window. "Look, you fellows!" said Drake, nodding towards a tall glass that stood between the windows. Reflected in the glass, his chums had a clear and entertaining view of Bunter. Taking a bottle of ink from under his jacket, the fat Owl removed the cork and then filled up Drake's tea-cup with the fluid.

will be taken down, to be used in evidence—"

"Oh, cut that out!" snarled the Biter. "This ain't the first time I've been copped!"

"There will be other charges," remarked Ferrers Locke. "Burglarious entry at Wharton Lodge, kidnapping at Cherry Place—I think we have a very good case, my friend. But I share Inspector Pickford's regret that Jimmy did not take a hand in this game."

Jenkins stood silent, with the constable's grasp on his arm. The Biter gave a savage, scoffing laugh.

"You won't find Jimmy so easy!" he said. "And you ain't made matters any better for young Drake! If we don't get him afore the Dandy comes up for trial, Jimmy's got another card up his sleeve. And you can put that in your pipe and smoke it, Mister Ferrers Locke!"

"I hope," said Ferrers Locke tranquilly, "that Drake and I may prove a match for Jimmy! I leave these rascals in your hands, inspector."

"Grateful thanks for the same, Mr. Locke!" said the Scotland Yard man, with a smile.

Jenkins was still silent, but the Biter's savage voice could be heard snarling oaths as Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake left the dingle, Billy Bunter rolling after them.

Locke's face wore a smile as he walked across the sunny heath towards the North End Road. Drake was grinning cheerfully. Billy Bunter wore a perplexed expression—and a frown was gathering on his fat brow.

"Pulling my leg!" he ejaculated suddenly.

Drake glanced at him.

"Beast!" added Bunter.

The facts were slowly but surely dawning on Billy Bunter's fat brain.

He realised why he had been selected as Drake's companion for that ramble on the heath. It was not because Drake relied on him for protection in the hour of danger, it was because Drake wanted to draw the crooks on, and make them show their hand. It was because Billy Bunter could be relied upon, not to put up a fight, but to fall into a state of helpless funk! Had the Famous Five been on the scene, the Biter and his associate could hardly have made the venture. With Bunter on the scene, they had not hesitated to do so! And that beast Drake had known that all along—pulling Bunter's leg!

Wrath gleamed through Bunter's big spectacles. He had not quite forgiven "Jackson" for having pulled his fat leg so egregiously on the motor drive to London. Now that fat leg had been pulled again.

"Beast!" repeated Bunter.

"My dear chap—" murmured Drake.

"Beast!"

Drake laughed.

"Beast!"

And Bunter, in a state of wrath and indignation, refused to say another word on the way back to Baker Street.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Inky!

CRASH!

"What—"

"Oh!" gasped Billy Bunter. Six pairs of eyes fixed on William George Bunter in astonishment.

Harry Wharton & Co. and Jack Drake had started tea. Billy Bunter, for once, was a few minutes late for a meal.

He came hurrying into the room, and as he came something slipped from

under his jacket and crashed on the floor.

Bunter made a dive for it.

He grabbed it up and shoved it hastily under his jacket again. But six pairs of eyes had seen what it was.

It was a small stone bottle of ink!

Billy Bunter blinked at the astonished juniors through his big spectacles as he sat down at the table. It was evident that Bunter had not intended that peculiar article to meet the eyes of the other fellows. Why the fat and fatuous Owl had brought a half-pint bottle of ink in to tea with him was a deep mystery. No doubt he had some reason. Billy Bunter's mental processes were often a puzzle to less gifted fellows.

"What on earth's the game?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Oh! Nothing!" said Bunter. "I say, I'll have some of those poached eggs."

"What are you up to?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Nothing, old chap! Pass the toast!"

"Off your rocker?" inquired Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"Is he ever on it?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Beast!"

"Here you are, old bean," said Jack Drake, helping the fat Owl liberally to poached eggs and toast. "Feeling peckish after your walk on Hampstead Heath, what?"

"Yah!" retorted Bunter.

Drake chuckled, and the other fellows laughed. In the absence of Ferrers Locke, Drake played host to the Greyfriars party. In the best circles, doubtless, guests did not reply "Yah" to their hosts, and add a snort of scorn.

But Billy Bunter, as a guest, had manners and customs of his own.

Bunter's fat back was still up. Bunter's leg had been pulled. He was deeply and intensely exasperated. Bunter's manners, at the best of times, were not highly polished. Now they were horrid.

However, Drake did not seem to mind. In his old days, in the Remove at Greyfriars School, he had got used to Bunter. He did not, perhaps, thoroughly enjoy the fascinating society of the Owl of the Remove. But no doubt he found him entertaining.

"My esteemed and absurd Bunter——" murmured Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh.

"Pulling a fellow's leg!" said Bunter. "Well, perhaps I can pull a fellow's leg, too! You'll see!"

Drake stared at him.

"You're going to pull my leg?" he asked.

"That's telling!" answered Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! You wait a bit!" said Bunter. "I say, you fellows, I'll pour out the tea. Leave it to me."

Bunter was surprising the chums of the Remove more than ever. He had been late for a meal, which was one surprise. Now he was offering to make himself useful, which was another.

Sing-Sing, Locke's Chinese servant, was waiting on the tea-party. Bunter took the tea-pot from him.

"You can cut!" he said. "I say, you fellows, let's wait on ourselves—like a spread in the study at Greyfriars, what? Send that chap away, Drake."

"Well, my hat!" said Drake. "All right!" He signed to the Chinese to go, and Sing-Sing went, with his noiseless footsteps.

Bunter poured out the tea. The juniors watched him, wondering. That Billy Bunter was up to something, was perfectly clear.

The bottle of ink hidden under his jacket evidently had something to do with it. What he was going to do with that bottle of ink was an entertaining mystery. His offer to pour out the tea looked as if he meant to introduce that

useful, but unpalatable fluid into the tea: and getting rid of the servant from the room added to that probability. Still, there were six pairs of eyes on him, and even the fatuous Owl could hardly carry out such a trick under the very eyes and noses of his victims. So, in a state of suppressed hilarity, the juniors waited for Bunter's next astute move.

They noted, with an exchange of smiling glances, that he left Drake's cup only half-filled. Drake, it seemed was going to be the object of Bunter's special attention—plus the ink!

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, you haven't filled Drake's cup!" remarked Bob.

Bunter grinned.

"That's all right! I'll fill it in a minute!" he said. "I say, you fellows, did you know there was a procession in Baker Street this afternoon?"

"A procession!" repeated Bob.

"Royal Jubilee procession!" said Bunter. "It's just about due! Look out and see if it's coming."

They gazed at Bunter.

The tall windows of the room overlooked Baker Street. The view would have been excellent for a Jubilee procession passing below. But this was the first the juniors had heard of such a procession.

"It's worth seeing," said Bunter, blinking at them through his big spectacles. "Just take a peep! All the Royal Family, and so on—the fact is, I had a tip from a friend at Buckingham Palace this morning! See if it's coming along."

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Let's look, you men!" said Jack Drake, gravely. "We don't want to miss it, especially after Bunter's pal at the Palace has given him the tip."

The juniors left the tea-table and crossed to the window. They suppressed their emotions as they did so, with difficulty.

This was Bunter's next move—a very astute move, in the fat Owl's opinion. Obviously his game was to get them to turn their backs while he poured the ink into Drake's tea!

Obligingly, they turned their backs!

Drake, with a suppressed gurgle, gave a nod towards a tall glass that stood

between the windows. The reflections in the mirror were out of effective range of Bunter's limited vision. But they were quite clear to the six fellows looking at them.

Reflected in the glass, they had a clear and entertaining view of the fat Owl, taking the bottle of ink from under his jacket.

Removing the cork, he filled up Drake's tea-cup with the fluid. Then he dropped the ink-bottle under the table.

Having carried out that masterly scheme, Bunter blinked at the backs of the six fellows standing by the window.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Can't see anything of the jolly old Royal procession, Bunter," said Bob Cherry.

"He, he, he! Only pulling your leg, old fellow!" chuckled Bunter. "It's all right—one of my little jokes! He, he, he!"

"The jokefulness of the esteemed Bunter is terrific!" declared Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh. "The deepfulness of the ludicrous ass is also preposterous."

The juniors sat down to tea again.

It was probable—very probable—that Drake's keen eyes would have detected that his tea was not exactly as tea should have been, even if he had not observed all Bunter's astute manoeuvres from beginning to end. He did not, however, seem to observe it. And the other fellows, leaving it to Drake, said nothing. Bunter grinned at him across the table, in happy anticipation of seeing him swallow tea that was half ink! This, Bunter considered, was what the beast deserved for pulling his leg! It would show him that he was not the only leg-puller present.

"Did you drop that half-crown, Bunter?" asked Drake casually.

"Eh, what? Yes!" answered Bunter, promptly. "Where is it? It's mine—I heard it drop! Where is it?"

Bunter blinked round for the half-crown.

Drake pointed to the end of the table.

"If you're sure it's yours——" he said.

"Of course it's mine," snapped Bunter. "I tell you, I distinctly heard it drop. I remember now there's a hole in my pocket."

Bunter jumped up, rolled round the end of the table, and stooped to spot the half-crown on the floor.

As his fat head disappeared below the level of the table, Drake reached across with his right hand, and lifted Bunter's tea-cup from the saucer.

With his left, he lifted his own. In a twinkling of an eye, the two tea-cups had changed places.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bob Cherry. The inked cup of tea now reposed in Bunter's saucer. Bunter's innocuous cup of tea stood before Drake.

"I say!" Bunter lifted a fat irritated face into view again. "I say, I can't see that half-crown, Drake."

"What half-crown?" asked Drake.

"Eh! The one you saw——"

"I never saw one, old top!"

"You silly ass!" roared Bunter.

"You said——"

"I asked you if you'd dropped one! I never said I saw one. There isn't any half-crown—any more than there's a procession in Baker Street!" said Drake cheerfully.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast!" roared Bunter. "Pulling a fellow's leg again! Yah!" And Bunter rolled back to his chair, and sat down.

He frowned over his eggs and toast. But the frown vanished, and was replaced by a joyous grin of anticipation as Drake picked up his tea-cup—or rather Bunter's! Happily unaware of

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but—you'll feel sorry for him!

★
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the exchange of tea-cups, Bunter watched him gleefully.

Amazement dawned in his fat face as Drake drank the tea without a sign of distaste.

"Oh crikey!" ejaculated Bunter, as Drake set the tea-cup down. "I—I—I say, Drake, did—did you like your tea?"

"Fine!" answered Drake. "Sing-Sing makes topping tea."

"D-d-d-didn't it have a taste?" gasped Bunter.

"Eh! Same as usual."

"N-n-not inky?" stuttered the amazed Owl.

"Inky! I didn't notice it if it was!" answered Drake, with a puzzled look. "Why should it taste inky?"

"Oh! Nothing!"

Bunter grunted with annoyance. How a fellow could swallow half a cup of ink, along with half a cup of tea, without feeling any disagreeable results was a mystery to Bunter. He was not yet aware that Drake hadn't done so.

He picked up the tea-cup before him. The Famous Five watched him, as if fascinated.

Bunter took a gulp!

He only took one gulp!

And he did not swallow it! The next second Bunter was on his feet, spluttering and gurgling frantically.

"Urrggh! Ow! Grooogh! Oooch! I'm pi-pip-poisoned! Wurrghh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Famous Five.

"Urrggh! Urrggh! Ow! Oooch!" spluttered Bunter. "I say, you fellows—ooogh!—there was something—woogh—in—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Did it taste inky?" asked Drake innocently.

"Urrgh! Yes! Gurrghh!"

"Perhaps you put the ink in the wrong cup!" suggested Drake.

"Urrgh! I didn't—I put it in your cup! I mean I never put any ink in any cup at all! There wasn't any—groog—ink! Urrggh! Grooogh! Oooch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Urrggh!" Bunter dabbed his mouth frantically with his handkerchief. "Oooogh! My mouth's all inky—ooogh! What are you cackling at, you beasts? Wurrghh! Oh, you rotter!" yelled Bunter, as the truth dawned on his fat brain, "You jolly well changed the cups!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Urrggh!"

Billy Bunter rushed away in search of a tap! The flavour of the ink was altogether too unpleasant. He left the juniors yelling. For quite a long time Bunter was busy with his mouth under a tap. When he returned, the tea-party greeted him with smiling faces. But Billy Bunter did not smile! He seemed to be understudying that monarch of ancient times who never smiled again!

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Jimmy the Fox's Last Word!

"FERRERS LOCKE?"

"Speaking!"

The hour was late.

Harry Wharton & Co. had long been in bed. Billy Bunter's deep snore awoke the echoes in the upper regions of the house. Locke was sitting up late, with a number of papers spread on the writing-table before him. A faint smile crossed his clear-cut face, as he heard the ring of the telephone bell. Before he picked up the receiver, he guessed whose voice he was about to hear.

"Jimmy speaking!" came the hard voice.

"Jimmy the Fox!" assented Ferrers Locke. "Quite! From a call-office, I presume. You would hardly risk giving away your private number!"

"You've beaten me, Locke! You've got two of us—and the game's up. There won't be any more kidnapping stunts. Take that from me."

"Indeed!"

"There were three of us sticking to the Dandy—and you've got two of the three," went on Jimmy the Fox. "If we'd got Drake we'd have brought you to terms—brought you to your knees, I reckon. But—"

"But you have failed," said Ferrers Locke tranquilly. "And in making the attempt you put yourselves where I wanted you. So long as you did not break the law I was powerless, but as soon as you overstepped it—"

"You gave us rope, and we hanged ourselves properly," came the bitter voice of the Fox. "You've got two of us safe on a charge you can hold them on; and you've got enough against me to put me away till the Dandy's got his sentence. But this isn't the finish!"

"Not at all—not till you have the handcuffs on your wrists, my friend!" said the Baker Street detective. "Kidnapping in Dorsetshire and holding up a car on the road will be quite sufficient to hold you upon and keep you out of mischief—as soon as a hand can be laid upon your shoulder."

"You want to find me first, Ferrers Locke! You've saved your boy from kidnapping—that game's up. Can you save him from a bullet through the head?"

Locke's jaw shut hard.

"That's what I'm telling you!" went on Jimmy the Fox. "I'm giving you a last chance, Ferrers Locke. Let up on the Dandy and call it a day. Without your evidence, without your meddling, the Dandy will get off. You know that."

"Possibly!"

"You're a man of your word. Give me your word to let up on the Dandy, and Drake's safe. Are you giving me that word?"

"No."

"Mind, I mean it!" came the bitter tones. "Think it over, Ferrers Locke!"

"Unnecessary!" answered Locke quietly. "I have my duty to do, and my duty will be done. I have been threatened before, Jimmy—and you are wasting your breath!"

"I will give you time to think it over. The boy's life will pay, if you refuse—even if they get me the next minute!" added Jimmy the Fox savagely. "I mean business, Ferrers Locke! I give you till the sixth—that's the limit! If you're going to toe the line put a red light in your window on Jubilee night at nine o'clock."

Ferrers Locke did not speak. His face had hardened, and there was a glint in his eyes.

He knew only too well that the desperate rascal meant every word he said. Crook and rascal as he was, Jimmy the Fox was devoted to his leader, and this was the last desperate throw of the dice to save the Dandy.

The attempts to kidnap Drake had failed, and those attempts had enabled the Baker Street detective to strike back. Of the three crooks who had been working for the imprisoned Dandy, two were in custody now, and Jimmy the Fox was a hunted man. And the Fox had changed his plan—for a more deadly and desperate one. It was Drake's life that was aimed at now, and so long as Jimmy the Fox was a free man the shadow of deadly danger

was on the boy assistant of Ferrers Locke.

"If I see the red light in your window, Ferrers Locke, I'll know that you're giving your word," went on the hard, bitter voice.

"If I make the signal and give my word, I shall keep it," said Ferrers Locke. "You know that. I shall, therefore, make no signal. You will not see a red light in my window on Jubilee night, Jimmy."

"Think it over, Ferrers Locke. The boy's life is at stake. That's my last word!"

The crook rang off.

Ferrers Locke put up the receiver.

For a long minute he stood in deep thought, his face hard, his eyes glinting. Then, with a shrug of his shoulders, he returned to the papers on his table. Jimmy the Fox had uttered his last threat—but he had uttered it in vain!

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Awful!

"BEASTS!" murmured Billy Bunter.

Bunter was peeved.

On the great day of the Silver Jubilee of his Majesty King George the Fifth a fellow should not have looked peeved.

All the world seemed merry and bright.

London swarmed with innumerable, jostling crowds, and blazed with unaccustomed decorative effects. Harry Wharton & Co. were enjoying life, like most of the loyal subjects of King George on that happy day. But Bunter was peeved.

After lunch Bunter had told the Famous Five, clearly and distinctly, that he would be ready to go out when he had had his nap. Having walked about a great deal that morning, and having parked a lunch that might almost have lasted him till King George's Golden Jubilee, Bunter was in need of repose. And Bunter only wanted an hour's sleep—which was surely reasonable! But those beasts, regardless of the claims of gratitude, after all Bunter had done for them, had hardly scooped their lunch when they were out of doors again! Billy Bunter woke up from his nap on his lonely own.

Bunter was a gregarious animal; and he did not like being left on his own. Jack Drake was in. Since that message on the telephone from Jimmy the Fox he had not crossed the threshold. But Billy Bunter still had his podgy back up against Ferrers Locke's assistant, and he was feeling more disposed to punch Drake's nose than to enjoy his company.

However, he rolled along to Drake's room at length. Any company was better than none, and he was not inclined to sally forth until the Famous Five came back for him. Drake was not to be seen downstairs, so Bunter expected to find him in his sitting-room, which adjoined his bed-room on an upper floor.

He opened the door. But the apartment was silent as he entered.

He blinked round it through his big spectacles. Drake was not to be seen.

Bunter frowned.

"I know you're here, you beast!" he grunted. "I say, where are you, Drake, you beast?"

The fat Owl's eyes gleamed through his big spectacles. Drake was neither to be seen nor heard. Apparently he was not, after all, in the room. A

tall Japanese screen stood between the windows, and unless Drake was behind it, he was not there. The bright idea came into Billy Bunter's mind of perpetrating a "rag" while he had Drake's quarters to himself.

He shut the door and rolled further into the room. That brought the space behind the screen into his line of vision.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter, and he jumped. "Beast!"

In a chair, close by the screen, which hid it from anyone glancing into the room, was a seated figure. If it was not Jack Drake it was his twin. Bunter blinked at him in great wrath.

"You silly ass!" he hooted. "What are you hiding behind that screen for, you fathead?"

Drake did not reply.

He sat in an easy attitude in the chair, looking straight at Billy Bunter. Bunter might have supposed that he had fallen asleep in the chair, so still was he; but his eyes were wide open.

"Can't you speak?" hooted Bunter.

No answer.

"Dumb?" yapped Bunter.

Apparently the seated figure in the chair was dumb. At all events, no word came in reply to Billy Bunter. Only the eyes stared straight at him.

Bunter's fat voice reddened with wrath.

It had given him quite a jump to find Ferrers Locke's assistant there, when he had supposed the room to be empty. And that cool, contemptuous disregard of his presence added to his ire. He glared at the seated figure with a glare that might have damaged his big spectacles.

"You cheeky beast, what are you sitting there like a waxwork for?" he roared. "Want me to punch your silly nose?"

Nothing but a steady stare answered.

"Cheeky rotter!" howled Bunter.

Silence!

"For two pins I'd jolly well knock you spinning off that chair!" bawled Bunter. "Do you hear me, you staring dummy?"

If Drake heard, he heeded not.

Bunter clenched his fat fists.

He was peeved already. Now he was exasperated and enraged. He was not going to stand this sort of thing.

With his eyes, and spectacles, fixed on the silent figure, with a deadly blink, Bunter approached nearer to him.

"Now, you cheeky cad!" he said. "What's this game? Gone deaf and dumb, or trying to pull my leg, or what? Can't you answer, blow you?"

Dead silence! Bunter might not have been there, for all the notice Ferrers Locke's assistant took of him.

It was the limit! Billy Bunter's fat fist shot out and he punched.

Crash!

Over went the figure in the chair, landing on the carpet with a crash. Bunter made a bolt for the door, knocking over the screen in his rush.

If ever a fellow deserved to be knocked down for his cheek Drake did. There was no doubt about that. But the drawback to knocking a fellow down, even when he richly deserved it, was the possibility of something unpleasant happening when he got up again. A prompt retreat, before Drake could get on his feet, was the next item on the programme.

Bunter reached the door.

But at the door he paused.

Drake was making no movement to get up. He lay still, without the slightest motion, where he had fallen. Something in that strange stillness struck Bunter, and he stopped at the door and blinked back.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,421.

The screen was down, and he could see the fallen figure where it lay—strangely, terribly still. Bunter's fat heart quaked.

He had hit hard—very hard. But surely he could not have knocked Drake senseless. Besides, he had punched the beast on his chest, and how could you stun a fellow by punching him on the chest? Yet Drake did not stir.

"I—I—I say!" gasped Bunter. "I say, you boast, I know you're only gammoning. Get up, you silly idiot!"

Drake neither stirred nor spoke.

"Oh crikey!" breathed Bunter.

If the fellow was shamming he was doing it remarkably well. Not the slightest movement was perceptible; only the open eyes stared, with a fixed, stony stare.

Bunter hesitated at the door. Then, at last, he went back to the fallen figure. It lay apparently lifeless, and the fat junior was scared almost out of his fat wits.

"I—I say, Drake!" he gasped. "I—I say, old chap, I—I—I never meant to thump you so hard! I—I say, it was only a j-j-joke! I say, gerrup!"

No word or movement answered that appeal. It was clear that the fallen figure was quite unconscious.

Bunter, quaking, dropped on his fat knees by its side. He bent his head and blinked at the still face. A yelp of horror escaped him. Drake was not breathing. Now that he blinked close at the still face, he could see that there was no sign of respiration.

"Oh lor!" squeaked Bunter.

He was unwilling to touch the fallen figure. But he made an effort, and placed a fat hand over the heart. There was not the faintest beat.

Bunter gave a fearful yell and jumped away. Frightened out of his wits at what he had done, he tore the door open and rushed out of the room.

Bump!

"What the dickens——" Bunter did not see Ferrers Locke crossing the landing till he crashed.

"Yaroooh!" roared Bunter.

The Baker Street detective staggered from the shock. He recovered in a moment, however, and grasped Bunter by a fat shoulder.

"What?" he exclaimed.

"Ow! He's dead! I never did it!" yelled Bunter. "I never touched him! Oh crikey! Yoop!"

"You stupid boy!" exclaimed Ferrers Locke. "What can you mean?"

"I never touched him! Besides, how could a punch on the bread-basket hurt a chap? I never did it! You're not going to run me in? Yaroooh!"

"Bunter——"

"Oh crikey!"

Billy Bunter wrenched himself from the detective's grasp and bolted for the stairs. Ferrers Locke stared after him blankly for a moment, then he glanced in at Drake's open door. A faint smile crossed his face and he went into the room and closed the door after him. Billy Bunter went spluttering wildly down the stairs.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Not So Awful!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"Bunter——"

"My esteemed idiotic Bunter——"

"What on earth's happened?"

Harry Wharton & Co. were in the hall below, when the Owl of the Remove came barging wildly down the stairs. They had come back for Bunter, expecting that he had finished his nap by this

time. But they had not expected to find him in this alarming state.

"I say, you fellows, save me!" spluttered Bunter.

"What the jolly old thump——" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"I never did it!" gasped Bunter. "Mind, I never went into Drake's room at all. Besides, I shouldn't have gone if you fellows hadn't cleared off and left me on my own. It was all your fault."

"Mad?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Beast! I—I say, you fellows, I didn't touch him!"

"Whom?" roared Wharton.

"That beast Drake—I—I mean, he's not a beast—he was a jolly good chap, really——"

"Was?" gasped Wharton.

"Sitting there staring at a chap, and sneering!" said Bunter. "I gave him just a tap—not what you'd call a punch really, you know. A mere tap. Not that I touched him. I—I never went into his room at all——"

"Has that blithering idiot been scrapping with Drake?" asked Bob Cherry, in utter wonder.

"Can't have damaged Drake much, if he has!" grinned Johnny Bull. "What is he burbling about?"

"Has anything happened to Drake, you potty owl?" exclaimed Nugent.

"Oh lor! I say, Locke may make out that he saw me coming away from Drake's room!" groaned Bunter. "I—I think all you fellows had better be witnesses that I—I was out with you at the time, you know. How was I to know that it would knock him out?"

"You've knocked Drake out?" shrieked Bob Cherry.

"Ow! Yes! Wow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Famous Five. Bunter's alarm, evidently, was genuine; but they could not quite "see" the fat Owl knocking Drake out. They could only conclude that Drake was pulling Bunter's fat leg again somehow.

"Blessed if I see anything to cack'le at!" howled Bunter. "I never meant to kill him——"

"To which?" shrieked Bob.

"I—I suppose I hit him rather hard, without meaning to. You fellows know what an athlete I am——"

"Great pip!"

"I—I just gave him a tap, and he fell—dead!" groaned Bunter. "I say, you fellows, ain't it awful?"

Harry Wharton & Co. did not seem to realise that it was awful. The bare idea of Drake falling down dead at a punch from Bunter seemed to strike them rather as comic than as tragic. They roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, will you be serious?" shrieked Bunter. "I tell you I knocked him out of his chair, and he never moved again——"

"Pulling your silly leg, you fat ass!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"But he wasn't breathing, and I felt his heart, and it wasn't beating!" groaned Bunter. "Dead as a door-nail!"

"We'd better go up and see Drake," said Harry Wharton. "If Bunter killed him with a hefty punch, it's time he came to life again."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five crowded up the stairs. Billy Bunter blinked after them with terrified and horrified eyes.

They arrived at Drake's door. It opened as they reached it, and Ferrers Locke appeared. The screen was standing in its place again now, and they could not see Drake in the room.

"Anything happened, sir?" asked Harry. "That blithering idiot Bunter has some idiotic idea——"



"Now, you cheeky cad!" said Bunter. "What's this game? Gone deaf and dumb, or trying to pull my leg? Can't you answer, blow you?" Dead silence! Billy Bunter's fat fist shot out, and he punched. Biff! The figure on the chair went crashin' back with the force of Bunter's blow.

"Nothing happened to Drake?" asked Nugent, at the same moment.

Ferrers Locke shook his head and smiled.

"Nothing!" he answered. "Bunter should not have gone into his room. However, there is no harm done, and you may tell Bunter so."

"Is Drake here?" asked Bob.

"No; he is in the library, if you wish to see him."

The chums of the Remove went downstairs again. They heard the detective lock Drake's door on the outside as they went. Apparently he was taking precautions against Bunter barging into that apartment again.

"You howling ass!" said Bob, as Bunter's dismayed blink met the Famous Five at the foot of the stairs. "Nothing's happened—"

"Have—have you seen it?" gasped Bunter.

"It! You blithering idiot, there isn't any 'it!'"

"I tell you I punched him, and he fell down dead!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He never moved again!"

"Well, he must have moved a bit. Mr. Locke says he's in the library now," grinned Bob.

"He isn't!" yelled Bunter. "He can't be! How could he go to the library, when he was as dead as a door-nail?"

"Well, let's go and see," chuckled Bob.

The Famous Five went down a passage to the library. Sitting at a desk under a window, sorting over documents and filing them, was Jack Drake. He glanced round with a smile as the Greyfriars fellows came in.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here you are!" roared Bob.

"Here I am!" said Drake cheerfully.

"You've recovered?" grinned Nugent.

"Recovered!" repeated Drake,

puzzled. "Nothing's been the matter with me that I know of."

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter blinked in at the door. "Drake can't be here, when he's— Oh crikey! Oh jiminy! I—I—I say, is—is—is that Drake?"

Bunter's eyes almost popped through his spectacles at the sight of Jack Drake standing at the desk, evidently very much alive.

"Dud-dud-did-did-Drake!" he stut-tered.

"Adsum!" said Drake, as if he were answering to his name at the Greyfriars call-over.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you—you beast!" yelled Bunter. Alarm gave place to wrath. "You—you rotter, pulling my leg again!"

Drake looked astonished.

"What the thump?" he ejaculated.

"You're not dead!" roared Bunter.

Drake jumped.

"Eh—no! Not quite!" he gasped.

"Never been dead in my life, old bean!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter shook a fat fist at him.

"I've a jolly good mind to give you another!" he roared.

"Another which?" asked Drake.

"You jolly well know, you beast! I punched you in your room, and you fell down, and pretended to be dead."

Drake started. Then he burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can cackle!" howled Bunter. "Taking a fellow in! Pulling a chap's leg! Beast!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Drake.

"I've a jolly good mind—" gasped Bunter, doubling his fat fists.

"You haven't!" gurgled Bob Cherry.

"You haven't a mind at all, old fat bean, let alone a jolly good one! Come on!"

"I'm going to punch that cheeky beast's cheeky head!"

"We're going out to tea! Come on!"

"Oh, all right!"

Going out to tea was more attractive than punching Drake's cheeky head. Billy Bunter went. And Jack Drake chuckled as he sat down at his desk again.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Jubilee Night!

"JOLLY!" said Bob Cherry.

"Terrific!" agreed Hurreo Janset Ram Singh.

"Jubilees," said Bob Cherry, "are a jolly good idea! I like jubilees better than Latin with Quelch in the Form-room."

"Hear, hear!"

It was Jubilee night. The chums of the Remove had had a busy and exciting day. There was so much to be seen, and they wanted to see it all, or as much as they could, and they had been "on the go" from early morn till dewy eve. Now the hour was growing late; but the joy-makers were turning night into day. The chums of the Remove were snatching a hasty supper before they started for Hyde Park to see the beacon there fired by his Majesty. That was a sight they were not going to miss.

"I suppose Locke's letting us have the car," said Bunter.

Bunter's fat little legs were feeling the effects of unaccustomed exertion.

"My dear fathead, cars to-night will simply crawl," said Bob Cherry. "Better walk it."

"I'm not going to walk!" roared Bunter. "We can have the car as far as the Marble Arch, at least."

"You coming, Drake?" asked Bob.

Drake nodded and smiled.

"I suppose Mr. Locke thinks it's safe, or he wouldn't let you go," said Harry Wharton. "But in such a terrific crowd, Drake—"

"I shall be all right," said Jack Drake cheerfully. "You can depend on it that Mr. Locke's taken his measures."

"Well, we shall be all together," said Harry.

"Not exactly," said Drake. "It's possible that something may happen to-night, and I shall not be with you. Bullets are no respecters of persons, you know."

"Oh, my hat! But—"

"But," said Drake quietly, "I shall be safe—safe as houses, and whatever you may see happen, don't be alarmed for me. I've as many lives as a cat, you know. Bunter finished me off this afternoon, and here I am."

"Beast!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The stars were shining in the May sky when the chums of the Remove prepared to start for Hyde Park. Much to Bunter's satisfaction, the car came round for them. Jack Drake had left Harry Wharton & Co., and they did not see him as they went out to the car.

Neither did they see a slightly built man, with eyes very closely set together, on the opposite side of the road.

But Jimmy the Fox saw them.

It was past the hour he had given as the limit for Ferrers Locke's surrender. But no signal light gleamed red in the window of the house in Baker Street.

And Jimmy the Fox, as he watched, had his hand on an automatic under his coat. If Drake appeared that night—

A second car rolled round from the garage, and stopped behind the first, now packing with the Greyfriars fellows.

Ferrers Locke's chauffeur sat at the wheel.

But it was not upon the chauffeur that Jimmy the Fox fixed his foxy eyes.

Those eyes fixed on the figure in the car, seated alone there. And they glittered at the sight of Jack Drake's well-known features.

The crook's hand closed almost convulsively on the butt of his automatic. Drake, it seemed, was not missing the merry-making on Jubilee Night. Ferrers Locke was disregarding the crook's deadly threat.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's Drake!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, glancing back at the second car, and he waved his hand.

The cars started.

As Bob Cherry had remarked, cars had to crawl that night. The streets were crowded, or rather swarmed. Enormous crowds thronged everywhere, and cars were innumerable. But nobody was in a hurry, and everybody was in a good temper. Several times as they moved slowly along, Harry Wharton & Co. glanced back at the following car, with the figure of Jack Drake in full and clear view. But he did not seem to observe them, for he made no sign.

It was easy enough for Jimmy the Fox to keep pace with the crawling cars, watching for an opportunity. Easy enough to carry out his terrible purpose, and—he hoped, at least—to escape in the surging crowd afterwards. They had turned into Oxford Street, where the pace was slower than ever, when Jimmy the Fox, sidling through the crowd, reached the side of Drake's car.

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"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry suddenly as he stared back. "What's that fellow up to? Oh, good heavens! Look!"

"Drake!" shrieked Wharton.

An active figure, detaching itself suddenly from the crowd, leaped on the running-board of Drake's car.

Holding on with one hand, Jimmy the Fox aimed the automatic with the other, and there was a sudden roar of fire.

Crack, crack, crack!

Three reports were blended into one, and three bullets, in lightning succession, struck the seated figure in the car. The Greyfriars fellows could not intervene. They could only stand and stare in horror as the automatic poured its deadly hail full at the figure of Jack Drake; and they saw that figure crumple and roll off the seat to the floor of the car.

It occupied hardly more than a second, and then the desperate rascal leaped down, to dodge into the throng and flee.

And as he did so two pairs of hands grasped him from behind by either arm.

"Not so fast!" said Ferrers Locke's quiet voice.

Jimmy the Fox made a fierce effort to lift the automatic. But a grasp of iron forced his arm down, and a twist of his wrist made him drop the weapon, which clattered in the road.

He struggled madly. Round him the

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crowd surged and shouted in wild excitement. Jimmy the Fox spun round, struggling, and glared at the two who had seized him, and who, he knew now, had been following him from Baker Street.

One of them—tall, athletic—he knew was Ferrers Locke, though the detective was disguised in beard and moustache. The other, no taller than a boy, had a cap slouched low over horn-rimmed glasses, and a thick moustache. Jimmy the Fox did not know who he was. Whoever he was, he held one of the crook's arms in a vice-like grip, while Locke gripped the other. Constables were forcing their way to the spot through a surging, gasping throng.

"You've got me, Ferrers Locke!" panted Jimmy the Fox. "But I've kept my word! Look at Drake! Look at him! Look at him, Ferrers Locke!"

Locke glanced at the crumpled figure in the car, and smiled. Then he spoke quietly to his companion.

"Put the handcuffs on, Drake!"

The handcuffs snapped on the Fox's wrists. He hardly heeded them in his amazement at the name uttered by the Baker Street detective.

"Drake!" he gasped. "Drake! Drake lies dead in that car!"

"Hardly!" said Ferrers Locke's companion, with a chuckle.

And he jerked off the horn-rimmed glasses and the moustache, and pushed up his cap.

Jimmy the Fox gazed at him, his eyes starting from his head. Harry Wharton & Co., in the other car, gazed at him, scarcely able to believe their eyesight.

The crook found his voice.

"Drake!"

"Little me!" smiled Drake.

The crook stared into the car. The crumpled figure lay there, where it had fallen under the crash of the bullets.

"You have damaged the waxwork dummy, Jimmy!" said Ferrers Locke tranquilly. "Fortunately for your neck, you have done no worse!"

He spoke a few words to a constable. Jimmy the Fox, white with rage as he realised how he had been tricked, was led away, with the constable on one side of him, Ferrers Locke on the other.

Jack Drake came up to the juniors' car.

"Room for one more?" he asked.

"All serene now—if you'd like my jolly old company!"

"You—you—you—you ass!" gasped Bob Cherry. "We—we thought—"

"I told you I should be safe, and not to be alarmed at anything that happened, old bean!"

"Yes; but—"

"Squeeze in, old chap!" said Harry Wharton. "Thank goodness, you're safe!"

"The thankfulness is terrific!"

Drake squeezed in. Policemen were moving on the excited crowd, and the car crawled on its way.

"So—so it was a waxwork figure!" gasped Bob. "Blessed if I didn't think it was you sitting in that car!"

Jack Drake chuckled.

"So did Jimmy the Fox!" he said. "It had to be kept dark till that villain took the bait, though Bunter very nearly tumbled to it this afternoon."

"Oh!" exclaimed Wharton. "Then it was that figure that Bunter knocked over in your room?"

"Just that!" grinned Drake.

"Beast!" snorted Bunter. "Always pulling a fellow's leg! Not that I was taken in! I knew it was only a waxwork all the time—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I jolly well knew—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! I tell you I knew—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors.

"Yah!" snorted Bunter.

At the Marble Arch the Greyfriars party left the car and joined the swarming crowd thronging into Hyde Park.

Jack Drake's danger was over; the Dandy's gang had struck their last blow. As merry and bright as the chums of Greyfriars, he watched the firing of the beacon—the signal for the lighting of countless beacons all over the kingdom—and joined his voice to the deep roar of cheering for the King. And even Billy Bunter, though sorely squeezed and breathless, added a loyal squeak!

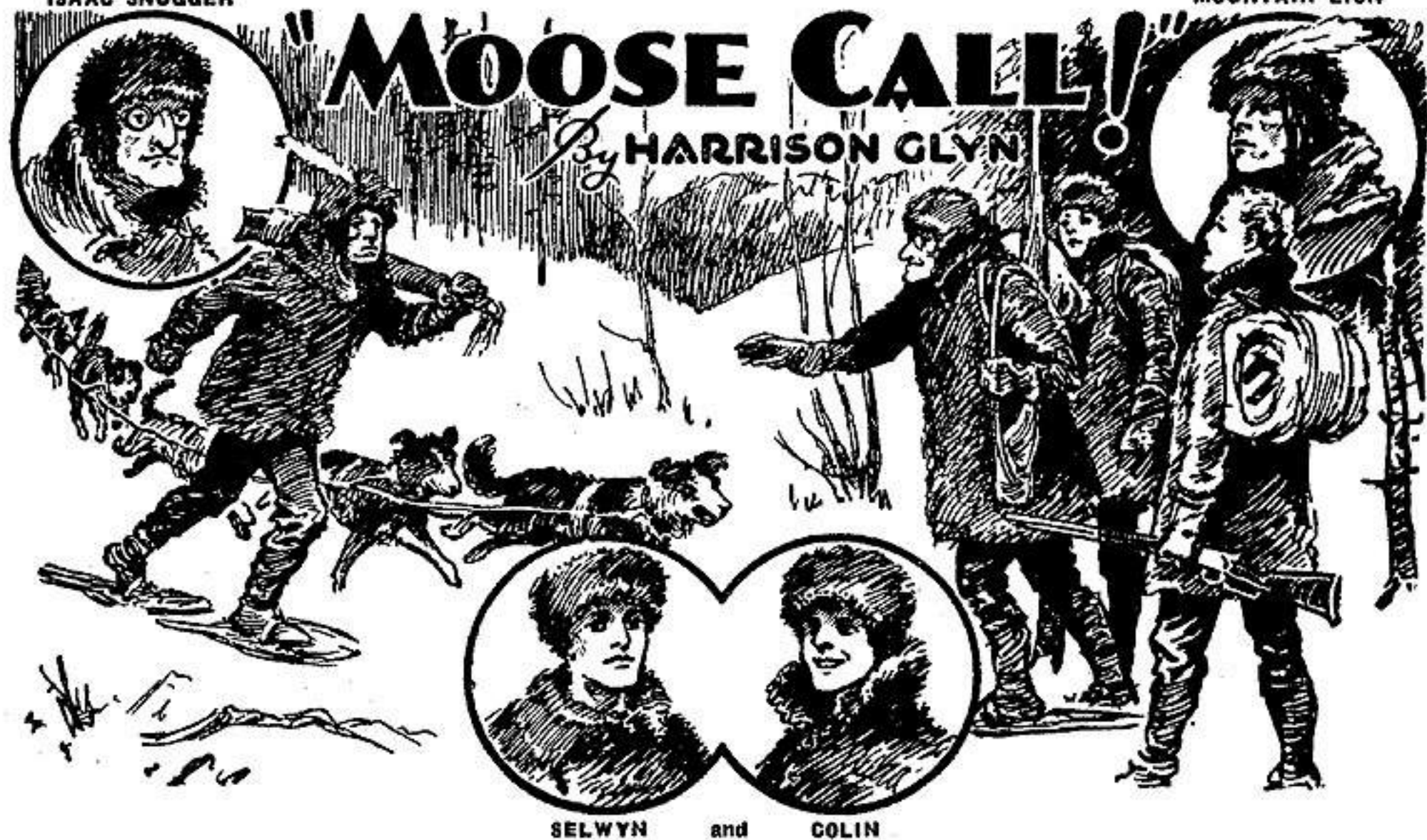
And when, a few days later, Harry Wharton & Co. were back at the old school, they had many joyful recollections of the time when they were Up for the Jubilee!

THE END.

(Next Saturday's MAGNET will contain the first of another grand series of yarns featuring your old favourites—Harry Wharton & Co. The title alone: "HARRY WHARTON'S DOUBLE!" is sufficient to give you an idea of the splendid treat in store for you. Make a point of ordering your copy early.)

ISAAC SNUGGER

MOUNTAIN LION



SELWYN and COLIN

—TELLING OF THE EXCITING EXPERIENCES OF TWO BROTHERS WHO SET OUT TO
AVENGE THE MURDER OF THEIR UNCLE.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Visitor from Canada!

SELWYN GORE was fed up. The air in the iron-roofed garage was stifling, and the second-hand cars he had for sale had never looked so shabby as now. Even the faded wrappings of spare tyres discounted the newness of the unused goods.

Selwyn Gore and his younger brother Colin had given the ramshackle building a fresh coat of paint, but the paint reeked, and in spite of gallant attempts to tidy up, the workshop, garage, and show-rooms of Selwyn Gore & Company, Ltd., the said limited company consisting wholly, dually and completely of Selwyn and his brother Colin, looked down and out. Once this had been the best and smartest garage in the town.

Selwyn gave up the task of trying to impart a lustre to the enamel of a derelict Roamer which he had bought for £5 and hoped to sell for £10, and sat, with a sigh, upon its frayed running-board.

His boyish face was glum and his blue eyes wandered wistfully past the open door of the garage to the sunlit street and along it to where the fine spacious newly built premises of the Devon Motor Transport and Car Mart Co., Ltd., flaunted an arrogant magnificence.

Cars were parked outside its doors, and the whole place seemed to ooze prosperity.

Selwyn threw down his polishing cloth as he looked at the rival garage. He and Colin had sunk all their money in the business when they had bought it two years ago, but the then proprietor had not informed them that the Transport and Car Mart Company had already bought a freehold site along the street and were going to build a big garage there.

"Hi, Colin!" Selwyn called out.

"Yes, Sel?"

Colin came out of the tiny office wherein he had been balancing the books and trying in vain to juggle the figures so that they might represent something more than abject failure.

"How long is it since we had a caller for juice, Col?" asked Selwyn.

"The last one came yesterday," replied Colin.

"All we get are two or three customers a day," said Selwyn. "Soon we'll get none at all. We never get a repair job unless it's from a man who doesn't mean to pay inside a year. All the business in this sleepy old hole is done by the Transport Company. Nothing ever happens here. Colin, old scout, we'll soon have to shut down."

"Why not sell to the Transport Company?" said Colin, taking a seat beside his brother on the step of the car. "They offered, you know."

Selwyn's handsome face coloured up.

"Col," he answered, "unless we were starving, I'd rather put a match to the petrol tank and burn this old show up, than sell it to the Transport Company."

Colin's blue eyes kindled, and he smiled at his brother. That was the spirit he liked, the spirit which had made most of the Gores prospectors, or travellers, or pioneers, since the first Selwyn Gore had sailed with Drake and helped to sweep the Spanish Main.

"O.K., Sel!" he said, voicing a popular Americanism.

Selwyn offered Colin a cigarette, lit one himself, took a few puffs, then tossed the lighted weed away. He found smoking pretty tame, though he could not resist the temptation.

He bent forward, holding his sun-tanned face, his elbows resting on his knees, running his fingers through his curly hair.

"If only we could get out of this and roam the world as our forefathers did, Colin!" he moaned. "I've always wanted to do something exciting. So have you. So did dad."

"He did too much," sighed Colin,

"trying to beat the air record to Australia in a wonky old bus that wasn't fit to fly the Channel. Sel, if we hadn't the mater to look after, I'd take a chance and start off right now, roaming anywhere, and like it."

Selwyn nodded, and then frowned.

"Me, too, Col," he answered. "But there's nothing much left for anyone to do these days. The whole world's mapped and explored. The last roamer of the Gores was Uncle Amyas, who went to South America twenty years ago. I wonder what's happened to him, or whether he's still alive? And I wonder what was the meaning of that reply-paid cable we had from that man Snugger, at Tomahawk, Canada?"

Selwyn roused himself as he spoke, and drew a pocket-book from his breast pocket. He withdrew from it a cablegram which he unfolded.

Bending forward, Colin looked at it and read this message:

"Selwyn Gore, Gore's Garage, Dunstall, Devon. Are you nephew Amyas Gore, prospector? Stop. Cable reply. Stop. Snugger."

And the reply had been sent to Snugger, Tomahawk, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

That was two months ago, when the weather was cold and the present glowing warmth of spring nothing but a dream. Selwyn and Colin had both felt excited about it, had expected developments. But nothing had happened—nothing ever did happen in the sleepy old Devon town which, maybe, had not even responded with a thrill to Drake's marvellous exploits, though Drake had been a neighbour.

Colin took the crumpled message from his brother and scanned it for the hundredth time.

"Shall we risk some of the petty cash in another wire, Sel?" he asked. "This man Snugger, whoever he is, must have

meant something when he sent that cable."

"O.K., if there's any spare cash left in the jolly old till," answered Selwyn.

The cable to Snugger was never sent, however, for at that moment a shabby motor-car, the engine of which was misfiring badly, came jerkily along the street, halted for a moment outside the Transport Company's doors, then came on again, to stop with a jolt against the kerb.

"Now," said Selwyn, in disgust, "isn't that just our luck? We would get a break like this. Look at the old guy. I suppose he'll want us to tune up that old bit of scrap; a whole week's work for two hours' pay, and a chance of the flivver falling to bits while we're on the job."

Colin grinned.

The car was certainly the shabbiest and dirtiest he had ever seen. Its paint was scaling off, the tread had been worn off all the tyres, and the spare wheel was as bald as an egg. A crack ran across the glass of the wind-screen, and blue smoke ringed away from the exhaust. The hood, too, was torn and patched.

As for the owner of the car! To put it bluntly, he matched the car both in age and decrepitude, for his clothes were shabby, his cheap boots were as dusty as the road, and he wore glasses. His felt hat was pulled down almost over his nose. And what a hat it was, discoloured, greasy, and shapeless.

The man stepped out of the car as if he were scared to set foot on the ground, and when he jerked himself on to both feet, he advanced to the garage door with his rounded shoulders bent.

Two hawk-like eyes peered through the glasses, and as the man caught sight of the boys, he stuck his chin out so that with his beak of a nose it resembled a pair of nutcrackers.

His feet were large, and his hands enormous and gnarled, with very long, bony fingers.

Selwyn winked at Colin, and they both grinned.

"Want to buy a new car, sir?" Colin asked cheekily.

"No! Mine's good enough," came the snappy reply, in a voice that was as young as the man looked old. "This here Selwyn Gore's gerridge?"

"Yes," answered Selwyn, his grin fading.

The stranger peered round, jerking his long, stuck-out chin up and down.

"H'm!" he growled. "Don't think much of it. Thought it wuz the one along the street. Howsomever—" His eyes strayed to Selwyn critically, then to Colin. "You Selwyn Gore?"

"I am Selwyn Gore, sir," answered Selwyn, rising from the running-board of the second-hand car on which he had been seated.

"That your brother Colin?"

"Yes; you seem to know us, sir."

"Heard of ye." In his method of speech the stranger was snappy and surprisingly alert. "Kem a long way to see ye. My name's Snugger—Isaac Snugger—S-n-u-g-g-e-r. I'm from Tomahawk, Canada. Sent ye a wire. Got your answer quick. Didn't write. Thought I'd better kem over and see ye. Talkin's better'n letter-writin'. Safer, and takes much less time."

He reeled off the sentences in a string, with Selwyn and Colin too surprised to put in a word.

Snugger pushed his chin up till it nearly met his nose, thrust out his underlip aggressively, and then let his face relax. His smile was very human,

and when he removed his horn-rimmed glasses, Selwyn saw that his eyes were twinkling.

"Reckon you've been puzzlin' out about that wire," he said. "Well, it consarned your Uncle Amyas, who used to talk a lot about you two boys when we met odd times. I wuz his solicitor."

"Was?" Selwyn stepped closer to the strange old man. "Does that mean, then, that my Uncle Amyas is dead?"

"Ay. He's dead, Mr. Gore."

"When did he die?"

Selwyn felt sorry, for he had liked his Uncle Amyas, though he was only ten years old when his uncle had come to Dunstall and romped with him on his shoulder.

"Just before the winter snows kem," answered Snugger gravely, as he began nervously to polish his glasses. "He was killed, Mr. Gore. Murdered out at Moose Call. Leastways, that's how I figger it."

"Murdered?" Colin repeated the sinister word, aghast.

"Your Uncle Amyas," Snugger pronounced, "was about the toughest, hardest, healthiest man I ever met. He was coming in to see me before the snows cut him off from Tomahawk. But he never kem. An Injun brought the news. But it's a story. Figured you'd be interested, and so I kem over the pond and rid this flivver out hyar."

"You've come a long way to find us, Mr. Snugger," said Selwyn. "Why didn't you let us know you were coming to England? We'd have come and met the boat."

Isaac Snugger shook his head.

"Didn't want. Waste of time writing once I'd landed. Didn't want to scare ye on the telephone. Bought this old kyar for three pund. Reckon I was did?"

Selwyn set his head sideways and smiled grimly as he looked out of the garage door.

"Well, three pounds is three pounds; still, a car's a car," he said non-committally.

And Isaac Snugger grinned, showing a double row of perfect teeth that betokened health.

"Guess you think I wuz robbed, young feller," he said. "But let me tell you that car brung me hyar better'n the old flivver I've got at home. It got hyar. A Rolls-Roycey cu'd do no more."

He took out a great turnip of a watch, silver, and looked at the rounded dial.

"Time I had a bite," he said; "then I'll kem back and we'll have a talk."

"Mr Snugger," rejoined Selwyn indignantly, "you've come a long way to see us, for it's a mighty far cry to Alberta, Canada. Colin will run along to the fishmonger's and get some lobsters. How about lobster salad, brown bread-and-butter cut thin, some Devonshire ale, and a tin of sliced apricots with cream, and cheese, upstairs in our snugger?"

Isaac Snugger smacked his lips and screwed up his leathern face.

"Can ye afford it?" he asked.

"We're nearly broke, but I guess we can easily run to that for you, sir."

And Colin made a bee-line for the door.

A Strange Story!

ISAAC SNUGGER, minus his hat, looked of uncertain age. He might have been anything between forty-five and sixty-five. His bones were big and loosely hung together.

His appetite was enormous. But, luckily, the lobsters were large, the salad plentiful, and the cheese in quantity.

The meal disposed of, Snugger, with a sigh, filled a corn-cob pipe.

"Mind if I smoke?" he asked.

"O.K. Then we'll talk!"

Selwyn had shut up the garage and the show-rooms.

He drew three armchairs up to the open, sunlit window.

"Ain't we going to talk in the shop?" asked Snugger.

"No, sir," answered Selwyn. "I've shut up shop for the day."

"That ain't good business."

"Business wouldn't be any better if we kept open," Selwyn rejoined. "A gallon of petrol one way or the other don't count. This is a special occasion. We want to listen to you, Mr. Snugger."

The strange old man thrust his head out of the window, puffing furiously at his pipe, and seemed relieved when he saw his battered old Roamer still there.

"Ought to hev brought her into the gerridge!" he growled.

"I wouldn't worry if I were you, sir," said Colin. "Your old bus is safe even if she's not insured."

The subtlety of the remark was lost on Snugger who flopped into a chair, crossed his legs, and showed a pair of white socks above his heavy leather boot tops.

"Hope yo're right," he grunted. "And now let me tell you about yore Uncle Amyas Gore and the reason why I kem over hyar to see you two boys."

He pulled his pipe into a red-hot glow, and began his story.

"I first met Amyas Gore twelve years ago," he said. "He'd bin roaming South Ameriky, had hiked right through the States. He kem bust into Edmonton, and wuz arrested for not payin' his hotel bill. He'd lost all he'd got at poker, cheated out of it, I reckon. They locked him up, and I wuz in court when they brung him in. He was remanded, an' likin' the look of him, I went and offered to defend him."

Snugger's face lit up, and he took a long pull at his pipe.

"I got him off, and as he wuz broke, took him along to home at Tomahawk. He stayed with me a month, then hiked on. From that time, at long intervals, he turned up, and mostly he was broke. But sometimes he found gold, or located a mass of pitch-blende and made money. He paid me all he owed, and once, it must have bin more'n ten years ago, he kem over to England. That was the first time I heard about you boys."

Selwyn and Colin exchanged glances. Uncle Amyas had come from Canada to Dunstall, Devon, on purpose to see them and his brother and sister-in-law, their mother. The boys could see him now, sun-tanned, freckled, with a leonine head topped with a mass of reddish-brown hair, and a straggling beard. A giant of a man with fearless blue eyes and the air of a conqueror. A true Gore, in fact. He had stayed a week in the town and then had left Dunstall, promising the two boys that he would send for them when they were grown up. He had been vague as to

his destination, and they heard no more of him until Snugger had sent that pre-paid cable from Tomahawk.

"Amyas told me all about ye," Snugger went on. "He seemed fond of ye. But he took to roamin' again, and I didn't see him for six years. Then he turned up as hard as ever, and said he had heard from some Sioux Injuns, with whom he had been livin' a while, that there wuz gold up in the Sunrise Mountains.

"Amyas had made a bit of money, and he bought a lot of things—a team o' dogs, a sledge, and lots of provisions—and left Tomahawk with the whole outfit just when the winter snows began to melt."

Selwyn's eyes were shining. Colin tossed his cigarette butt out of the window. The room seemed cramped, confined. They longed for the wide open spaces. It was in their blood. But Isaac Snugger was talking on, briskly, easily.

"Amyas built a shack out at a place he named Moose Call. Sometimes I'd join him there in summer and help in the gold hunt. An' thar was a friendly Sioux Injun, Mountain Lion, who jined us at times. He was a great pal of Amyas Gore, and was positive that there was heaps of gold to be found up in the mountains."

Snugger leant forward, his pipe held out, pointing the stem at Selwyn.

"For four years Amyas hunted that gold, havin' a bit of luck hyar and thar, comin' into Tomahawk and goin' on to Edmonton to turn the dust into dollars. He did fairly well, and when the winter snows set in he'd shut up his cabin, kem to Tomahawk, stay a bit with me, then roam on south, whar it wuz warmer. When the snows melted, back he'd kem again, and then go on with the search. An' that brings us to the end of last summer—when your Uncle Amyas died."

Snugger's face hardened, his lips set, and he stuck his underjaw out savagely.

"The snows were due," he continued. "I was expectin' every day to see Amyas kem in at my door. Then one evening the door opened, the bell tinkled. Flakes were swirlin' in the street. But it wasn't Amyas who stood thar, it was a feather-headed Injun chief. It was Mountain Lion, the Sioux, and he kem to me lookin' long-faced and glum."

Snugger's voice shook.

"I knew 'fore ever he spoke, that something had happened to Amyas. 'Bad news, Lion?' I asked. He nodded his head. 'Haw,' he said, 'my white brother is dead.' 'How come, Mountain Lion?' I asked. And this is what he told me: Amyas had been unusually lucky findin' gold. He showed Mountain Lion a big store of dust, and together they went up the mountains to get more. Then Mountain Lion remembered a place he'd bin to years ago when the Mounted Police wuz after him because he'd knifed a white tough in a street fight, though the Injun had only s't for his life. It was a pocket off the beaten track folks seldom went to. And thar they found gold lyin' about to be trodden on. Amyas loaded bags and bags of it, and took the dust down to the shack. The Injun, who didn't care two hoots for the dust, only took one bag as 'is share, leavin' Amyas the rest. I remember Mountain Lion coming through Tomahawk on his way to Edmonton, whar he sold the dust and enjoyed himself on the proceeds. As soon's he'd spent his dollars, the Injun went back to help Amyas pack and get ready for the winter. Mountain Lion looked in as usual on his way through Tomahawk to have a say with me."



"You offered to buy my garage, Mr Lee!" panted Selwyn. "You can have it. I want the money quick!"

Snugger refilled his pipe and lit it, eyeing the boys solemnly.

"The next I knew the Sioux kem back tellin' me that yore uncle was dead, as I said. He'd got Amyas' sledge and dog team outside and he bogged me to go back with him to Moose Call. Amyas, he said, had been murdered.

"I went, boys. There warn't hardly enough snow round Tomahawk to make fast travellin', but out in the wilds it lay a yard thick, and we went along fine, the dogs pullin' like champeens. All through the moonlit night we travelled, and all next day, and in the grey of evenin' we kem in sight of Amyas' shack.

"We went in, to find the place still warm, for the Injun had lit the stove and piled the fuel high before startin' for Tomahawk. Amyas lay in his bunk whar the Injun had set him, with a rug over him. He was all broken up. The Sioux said he had found him lyin' at the foot of a high cliff with half the bones in his body broke. But it wasn't any fall that killed yore uncle. Boys, there was a bullet hole drilled right through his heart."

"And the Indian killed him?" said Selwyn fiercely.

"No, lad. Amyas was his friend. Thar was a lot tried to make out that the Sioux murdered your uncle for the dust. But why? He knew whar it kem from. He could have got loads and loads of it simply fer the takin'. Amyas was his pardner. No, Mountain Lion never killed Amyas Gore."

"Who did, then?" asked Colin.

"Mebbe, boys, that's what we're going ter find out," continued Snugger. "Now let me tell you the rest of the story. Yore Uncle Amyas wasn't dead when the Sioux found him. The Injun carried him back to the shack and guv him brandy. Amyas was delirious and dyin' fast. But in between he had bouts of sanity. He made out a will, boys, leavin' his shack at Moose Call and all it

contained, the bit of money he had in the bank at Edmonton, his claim up in the Sunrise Mountains, and all else he had, to be divided equally between you two boys. Before Amyas Gore died, he signed the paper and the Injun witnessed it.

"The Sioux gave me the paper. In the morning we put on snow-shoes and went up the mountains. Mountain Lion showed me the spot whar he found Amyas Gore. Fresh snow had fallen, but we raked it away, and, buried deep we found a bag chock full of gold dust. It must have kem down the cliff with Amyas when he fell. Further, Amyas' pockets were full of gold dust. We clumb to the top of the cliff, and when we raked the snow away, thar we found the rock sprinkled with more gold dust. But the fall had washed all the tracks away."

"How wonderful!" said Colin, his face aglow with excitement. "But didn't my uncle say who his enemy was?"

"In his ramblings he raved about some men who attacked him and wore after his claim and his dust, the Sioux said, but yore uncle was weak and set on makin' his will, and when he'd writ it out thar wasn't time for any more. He just faded out."

"And that is why you cabled to us?" said Selwyn. "Mr. Snugger, what do you want us to do?"

The solicitor from Tomahawk, Alberta, Canada, drew a packet from his pocket and gave it to Selwyn Gore.

"That's really up to you, boy," he said. "But hyar's a copy of yore uncle's will, crudely writ out and witnessed by a wanderin' Sioux Injun, who's hyar to-day and gorn to-morrow, and mebbe will never be seen again. All the same, I reckon we ken make it valid in any court of law."

Selwyn opened out the will and read it through, then gave it to Colin. For minutes silence reigned in the sunlit parlour, broken only by the hooting of klaxons and the scraping of gears along

the street at the Transport Company's garage.

"I'm! I see!" said Selwyn. "Where's the original of this, Mr. Snugger?"

"Locked up in my safe over to Tomahawk," answered the solicitor.

"Is there any gold—for us?"

"A whole claim, if you ken find it and prove yore rights. The Sioux Injun knows whar it is, but no claim was ever filed by yore uncle, boys."

"You say my uncle was murdered, and that you don't think the Sioux Indian did it," said Selwyn. "Have you or he any idea who did kill him?"

"No, boy. All sorts of toughs roam around lookin' for gold an' prospectin'. It might hev bin any of a hundred or a thousand who tramped through Tomahawk. The Injun hadn't any idea."

Selwyn got up, his lips tight set and his eyes ablaze.

"Do you know what my brother and I intend to do, Mr. Snugger?" he said.

The solicitor pushed the hot tobacco down in the pipe-bowl, brought his nose and his chin together, and then screwed up his eyes.

"I'm wonderin'," he answered.

"We're going to sell this garage," said Selwyn, "and we are going out to Moose Call to hunt down the villains who killed my Uncle Amyas."

"What about the gold?" asked Saugger calculatingly.

"Oh, hang the gold!" said Colin hotly. "Uncle Amyas was a grand man, and we want to settle accounts with the men who murdered him."

Snugger's chin dropped and his face relaxed.

"Like to know what yore uncle said to me once about you two boys?" he asked.

"What did he say, Mr. Snugger?"

"Snugger," he said to me, "I've got two nephews over in Dunstall, England, who are as true Gores as any who sailed with Drake or scaled the heights of Quebec under General Wolfe. If anything happens to me, I want you to see that everything I possess is theirs. I love those boys, though I've scarcely ever seen them. And do you know—that's what he said—they've got so much of the royer blood in them, I reckon they'd come hopping out here to me," he said, "if only I said the word."

Selwyn smiled grimly, a trifle sadly.

"He was right," he said, "and we're going to hop out there now just as fast as boat and train and car can take us, as soon as I've sold this garage and provided for the mater."

He leapt to the door and wrenched it open.

"Bless the boy, whar's he goin' to?" asked Isaac Snugger.

"Look after Snugger, Colin!" called out Selwyn, as he dashed down the stairs. "I'll soon be back!"

A Quick Sale!

SELWYN GORE raced out of the garage and along the street, turned in at the Transport Company's offices, flew past the clerks, who stared at him in surprise, and, wrenching open the door of an inner office marked "Private," burst in unannounced upon the middle-aged man who was there busy writing.

"Hallo, Gore!" said Mr. Lee, the managing-director, who was seated at his desk. "You look hot, and in a hurry. What do you want?"

"You offered to buy my garage," panted Selwyn. "You can have it!"

The managing-director pushed his letter aside and leant back in his chair.

"I don't want it now," he said, with a mocking smile. "When I offered to buy, you said you'd rather burn the place down than let me have it. Now you want to sell, I don't want to buy."

Selwyn slid on to the desk.

"Yes, you do," he said. "And I haven't any time for smart bargaining. You offered one thousand pounds for the lease and goodwill, stock and fittings. I want the money quick. You needn't worry about fixing up the transfer of the lease. I'll see to that. There are a few debts. You can have those, too. I'll run along and see the estate agents now, and the landlord's solicitors. There won't be any hitches. I'm going to give my mother most of the money. My brother and I are going to Canada with the rest."

"May I ask what for?" asked the managing-director.

"Oh, we've just been left a gold-mine over there, but we've got to find it!" said Selwyn Gore. "Also, we are out to avenge a murder."

"You tell me this, and they allow you to be at large," said Mr. Lee.

"Let me explain, Mr. Lee," said Selwyn earnestly, and briefly and graphically he told the story as he had heard it from Isaac Snugger.

"Now you know why I want to sell," said Selwyn, the story ended. "You know you'd pay a good deal more than I ask, really, to wipe out our garage from competition. But I'm no red-hot

bargainer. When can I have the cheque?"

"Young man," said Mr. Lee, with a grim smile. "I had made up my mind that I would not buy your garage, after the way you treated me, but there's something about you I like, and I'll have it. Go and fix things up, and the cheque will be waiting for you the moment my solicitors are satisfied."

"Tell them I don't want them sitting on my head," said Selwyn. "I want them to hustle. Besides, it will help to keep their charges down."

"Don't worry, Gore," said Mr. Lee. "I'll see they hustle."

And the managing-director of the Devon Motor Transport and Car Mart Co., Ltd., made his solicitors hustle to such a tune that the deed of transfer was completed in less than a fortnight, and the money paid.

Selwyn at once made provision for his mother, and were soon on their way.

They began their amazing adventures in Isaac Snugger's old flivver, and in spite of three passengers and a pile of heavy luggage, eventually arrived safely in Liverpool. There Snugger tried to sell the car for £5, but no dealer would look at it.

Selwyn, however, succeeded in selling it for him for £2.

"And I reckon," he said, when he reported the sale to the Tomahawk solicitor, "the dealer's been had."

The trio boarded the liner that night and sought the cabins they had reserved for the voyage. In the morning the liner sailed.

The voyage was uneventful and smooth, the weather fine, apart from heavy fog in the St. Lawrence, which delayed the ship in her passage up the famous river.

A night's stay in Quebec, and they were off again, speeding westward over the Canadian Pacific Railway, through Ontario, Manitoba, Assiniboia, and along the foot of the Rocky Mountains to Edmonton, where the railway ended.

(Here's a grand start to one of the most thrilling adventure yarns ever written. Selwyn and Colin are the finest lads you could wish to meet in a day's march. And the more you read of their exciting adventures the more you'll like them. Be sure, then, and read next week's exciting chapters. Meanwhile, introduce Selwyn and Colin to your pals—they'll just love to join up in their exciting adventures.)

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ST. SAM'S ON THE SPREE!

By DICKY NUGENT

"To-day," remarked Dr. Alfred Birchmall, the Head of St. Sam's, "is egg examination day for the candid dates for the Gouty Greybeard Skollarship. I hoap you remember all I have taught you, Fearless?"

He glarnsed inkwiringly at Frank Fearless, egg-specting that junior to nod viggerously and say: "Yes, sir!" But, grately to his serprize, Fearless shook his head instead.

"To tell you the trewth, sir, I've forgotten nearly all of it!" he grinned.

The Head recoiled, as from a blow.

"Forgotten it, Fearless? Surely not! Let me put you to the test and see. What's twice two?"

"Four, sir!"

A spasm of fury seem to pass across Dr. Birchmall's face. His eyes dilated and a grate nottd vain stood out from his forrid.

"Four?" he hooted. "Do I really understand you to say that twice two is four? Why, you'll be telling me next that William the Conkorer landed in 1066 or that Paris stands on the River Sane!"

"Quite trew, sir!"

"Trew?" shrieked the Head. "But I've been teaching you that twice two is five—that William the Conkorer landed in 1914—and that Paris stands on the River Potty!"

"Eggsactly! But I haven't taken it in, sir. I've taken you in instead!" larfed Frank Fearless. "You see, sir, I knew all along that you wanted Swotter minor to win the Gouty Greybeard Skol., so when you offered to coach me I felt suspishus and got Mr. Lickham to check up the lessons you gave me!"

"I'll chew him to rags, bust him!" muttered the Head sulfurously.

"What did you say, sir?"

"I said I could do with my bags dusting!" growled the Head, with a glarnse down at his grimy nether garments. Then a cunning eggspresion came into his fizz, and he added: "You had better go now, Fearless. Why not take a walk round the Cloisters before the eggsum? The atmosphere there will steady your nerves!"

"Thanks, sir. It's a jolly good idea," said Frank Fearless meekly.

And he dewtifully went off to carry out the Head's suggestion.

Dr. Birchmall's tactix immejetely after that were very strange. First he unlocked a drawer in his desk and produced a hideous mask and a length of stout cord. Then he went downstairs and took a short cut to the Cloisters. Finally, in a dark corner of that quiet spot, he tucked his venerable beard into his waistcoat, donned the mask, and lay in wait!

Five minnits later, when Frank Fearless was stroling round the Cloisters, a weerd figger pounced out on him like a wolf on its prey. Before Fearless could say "Nife!" he was lying on the ground, trussed up like a fowl. A couple of jiffies after that he was lying in the gloomy depths of the St. Sam's cript!

"Worked like a charm!" mermered Dr. Birchmall, with a sigh of relief, as he trotted back to the Skool House, pocketing his mask and pulling out his beard again as he went. "Now Fearless won't be able to sit for the eggsum, after all, and the skollarship will be won by my prottigy, Swotter minor—

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WILLIAM GOSLING TELLS OF— 25 YEARS at the GATES

What I says is this 'ere: it's a long time to look back on!

Things was very different then, I can give you MY word!

Instead of moty-cars, it was stage-coaches. As for airypplanes, well, nobody had ever heard tell of them!

What I says is this 'ere: it's a long time to look back on, but my memory's good, and I can remember 25 years ago liko it was yesterday.

I suppose that would be about the time when Queen Anne paid her visit to Greyfriars. A fine lady she was, too—gave me half-a-crown when she left.

Stirring times they was, I can tell you. It wasn't safe to go out a-nights. Highwaymen infested the roads, and there was bandits galore in the Friardale Woods. I recollect Dick Turpin—a spirited lad I always thought him! Used to wave to me and shout, "What cheer, Bill?" when he galloped by on Black Beas! Then there was a whole crowd of outlaws in the woods. Robin Hood and his Merry Men, they used to call them, I fancy!

Yes, I've seen some changes, one way and another. Generation after generation of young rips coming and going. Thousands of 'em!

Twenty-five years! Ay, a lot's happened. I suppose it was afore that when the Duke of Wellington stopp'd at the gates and had a word with me, and made that historical remark of his'n. "Gosling," he says to me, he says, "What I says is this here—that there Battle of Waterloo I fought the other week was won on the playing-fields of this 'ere school!"

The more I think back on them 25 years, the more I remember. Come to think of it, there was the time when Oliver Cromwell drove up to the gates and says to me—

(Sorry, Gossey, but we really can't let this go on. You seem to think we wanted an article on "2,500 Years at the Gates" —Ed.)

Quite So!

Dick Penfold spent a whole day writing Jubilee verses in a little lumber-room at the top of his house. Being "patriotic" in a "poetry attic"!

which means that the fifteen shillings Swotter's pater promised me is already as good as mine! Ha, ha, ha!"

But the Head was larfing too soon. When the time came for the eggsum he received the shock of his natcheral to see Frank Fearless walk in as though nothing had happened!

"Hoap I'm not late, sir!" said Fearless, grinning all over his dial. "I was attacked by some awful ruffian in the Cloisters, and it delayed me. Forchunntly, I'd had an idea something like that was going to happen, and asked Jolly to look for me in the cript after an interval. So I wasn't there long."

"M-m-my hat!" gasped the Head.

And that was all he could say. Somehow he seemed too full for words—possibly because his mouth was full of toffy, but more probably for quite another reason!

The result of the eggsum for the Sir Gouty Greybeard Skollarship was dew to be announced on the day before the Jubilee Hollerday, and there was grate eggitement when the skool assembull'd to hear it. Everyone knew that Mr. Ferdinand Fearless had lost all his munny in a gambol in stocks and shares, and that yung Frank would have to leave St. Sam's unless he won the prize.

Promminent among the visitors were Mr. Fearless and Mr. Swotter. Considering he was supposed to be now nothing more than a pawper, Mr. Fearless was looking eggstremely cheerful. He was grinning from here to here, and was puffing contentedly at a Flor de Dustbin. Mr. Swotter, too, was looking happy and he fumbled with some silver from his pocket as he entered the Hall. He had no doubt whatever that his yung hoapful had won the coveted prize, and that Dr. Birchmall would be eggsppecting his promised reward.

But a serprize was in store for him. When the Head mounted the rostrum it was to make quite a different announcement. There was rather a gloomy look in Dr. Birchmall's greenish eyes as he raised his hand for silence.

"Gentlemen, chaps, and fellows!" eride the Head. "It gives me grate plezzure to announce the result of the Sir Gouty Greybeard Skollarship Eggsum."

"Hear, hear!"

"On the bawl, sir!"

"I had quite eggspected," said the Head, "that the winner would be Swotter minor. Fate and the

judges, however, have decreed otherwise. The winner is Frank Fearless!"

For a moment there was a stunn'd silence. Then a defening cheer arose.

"Hooray!"

"Good old Fearless!"

The Head sighed as he saw Mr. Swotter hurriedly pocket the reward he had hooped would be his. Then his better natcher assot'ed I itself, and he grinned.

"I am sure we all join in Nertly congratulating Fearless on his grate effort," he said. "But for the fakt that domestic circumstances threatened to end his career at St. Sam's, he m'ize have continued to be one of the biggest dunces in his Form. He is now the Fourth's most brilliant skollar, and I am sure it's a consolation to his dad in his prazent troubles to know he has such a son. Grattera to both!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Good for you, sir!"

"Now let me say a word!"

All eyes were turned on Mr. Fearless as he jumped up beside the Head.

"Gentlemen," said the skollarship winner's pater, "now that my son has brought honner to his skool and fambly, I have a confession to make. I haven't lost my munny, after all!"

"Eh?" eggscleimed Dr. Birchmall, while a gasp of disturnishment went up from the skool.

"It was only a ruse," eggsp'ined Mr. Fearless. "A ruse to get yung Frank to pull up his sox. I knew he was slacking, and I thought I'd put him on his metal by telling him I'd lost all my tin. Gentlemen, the ruse has been entirely

successful!"

"My hat!" mermered the Head.

"And now that this successful end has been reached," said Mr. Fearless, "I am going to suggest, Dr. Birchmall, that we sellybrate in a fitting manner. I ask you to grant the skool thy rest of the day as a hollerday and give St. Sam's t'n biggest spree in all history!"

"Why, yes!" gasped the Head. "But—"

"You are thinking of the eggspense?" larfed Mr. Fearless. "Tut-tut! Here's fifty pounds! Lay it out just as you like—on feods, frolics, and fireworks! Let's have a Jubilee that St. Sam's will remember for jenerations!"

"Hooray!"

And St. Sam's echoed to the sounds of revelry for the rest of that day. It was the jolliest Jubilee possibul.

LOOKING BACKWARDS

By the Friardale Station Cabby

Things ain't what they used to be for me 25 years ago. The youngsters mowadays prefer buses and motors and such-like. But I still earn a crust for myself and a feed of oats for the old mare!

They all know me at Greyfriars School—masters and boys alike. Most on 'em got their first glimpse of the place from the inside of my old growler—and some their last glimpse, too!

I remember carrying Master Wingate and Master Loder and a lot of them mighty seniors up to the school for the



first time when they were only scared little boys in knicker-bockers.

A rum 'un, that Master Loder—always had a nasty look in his eye, right from the very start!

Master Wharton was another I kind of took to, though he wasn't everyone's fancy when he first arrived. What you

might call a head-strong youngster; things had to go his way or someone had to set up for it!

"Mark my words," I told the porter at the station, afterwards, "Greyfriars'll soon tame him—and make a man of him, too!"

Wasn't I right? Course I was! I could tell you a lot of stories if they gave me the space. But they ain't given me the space, so you'll have to do without 'em.

Would Jubilee-Vit?

Talking of Jubilees, Mr. Quelch is just celebrating one of his own.

He has been writing his "History of Greyfriars" for 25 years—and it's still only in its infancy!

Then, of course, there's Bunter's Jubilee. He has been waiting 25 years—or is it 250?—for his famous postal-order; and it hasn't turned up yet!

CHANGES I HAVE SEEN

By H. S. QUELCH, M.A.

I have seen many changes during 25 years at Greyfriars. The most obvious, of course, have been external changes. The school buildings have been altered, added to, and improved. Electric lighting has replaced the gas which was our sole means of illumination in my earlier days here. The neighbourhood, too, has changed considerably. Friardale was just a rural backwater then, without buses or street lamps. Now, though still, thank goodness, comparatively quiet, it is

much larger, well-lighted at night and, at times, quite busy with motor traffic.

Another change, less easily seen, but none the less real on that account, has been a change in the boys themselves. There is a kindlier spirit among them than exiated formerly. Bullying, which was rife, has now almost disappeared; scholarship boys, who were snubbed and looked down on in the old days, are now treated as equals, if not superiors!

The modern boy does seem, I must admit, more difficult to handle than his predecessor; but on the whole he has distinctly improved.

Many of the boys I taught 25 years ago are now famous in many different walks of life. Others, alas! never had the chance to achieve fame—I refer to those who went forth to defend their country in the Great War and never returned.

As I let my mind stray back to the past, I begin to see more and more differences between Greyfriars then and now. Yet, for all that, the old school with its centuries-old traditions, remains essentially unchanged. The boys are still taught, as others have been taught at the same desks for hundreds of years, in a broad and liberal way calculated to make them tolerant and friendly to all humanity, as well as loyal and zealous in the service of their own country.

Let us hope that those fine traditions of service and sacrifice which Greyfriars has displayed during the reign of the present Sovereign may continue to flourish for many years to come under the same gracious rule!

See the Royal Procession One Shilling Only

My amazing Jubileo Telescopic Periscope will enable you to stand at the back of the crowd in comfort and get a front-rank view. Send in your bobs right away! (It doesn't quite work yet, but I'm doing my best!)—H. SKINNER, Box No. 321, GREYFRIARS HERALD.

Music For Your Jubilee

Write Box No. 123 to hire Bolsover's Comb-and-paper Band for your celebration. Terms per day: First-class Fares and Four Free Feeds!

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?



When Coker skidded right across the Courtfield High Street on his motor-bike, P.-c. Tozer asked him if he were hurt. Coker called Tozer a "fat busybody"—which, when Tozer was hoping for a tip, seemed a "fat" reward. A mere skid was nothing to Coker, though—Potter says he has already had 37 crashes!

The story that Tom Redwing saved a boy from drowning at Pegg-by-the-Sea was discredited by Skinner & Co.—but Vernon-Smith, Redwing's chum, has discovered that it is true. Pressed for details, Redwing coloured crimson, and said it was only what any fellow would have done. Not Skinner & Co., though!

Harry Wharton & Co. enjoyed a merry tea-party with Marjorie Hazeldene & Co. on the cliffs near Cliff House School the other afternoon. All went well till the arrival of Billy Bunter—uninvited, as usual! Johnny Bull said he was tempted to push Bunter over the cliff! Bunter looked "chalky" at that!

Flour and soot "bombs" flew freely during a pitched battle between Remove and Upper Fourth over the right to use Little Side for Form matches. A "bull's-eye" by Harry Wharton on Temple's nose was the signal for a retreat by the Upper Fourth. Temple & Co. are "looking black"—but saying "nuffin."

When Billy Bunter offered to give lessons in ventriloquism, a number of fags paid sixpence for instruction. Bunter certainly has the gift of "throwing" his voice—but he failed to impart the knack to his pupils, with the result that they piled on him and "threw" him out of the Second Form-room.

Though Mr. Quelch and Vernon-Smith are often at variance, Mr. Quelch has found that the "Bouncer" will not be driven. He can work well enough when he likes, though. After giving much trouble in class, he came through with flying colours in the exam! Smithy is aptly called the "Bouncer."

Fashion Expert Wanted

Bunter wants his new suit to be completely a la mode. Assistance asked from anyone who is able to help a tame hog over a style!