

CAPTAIN HANDYMAN.

(See page 23.)

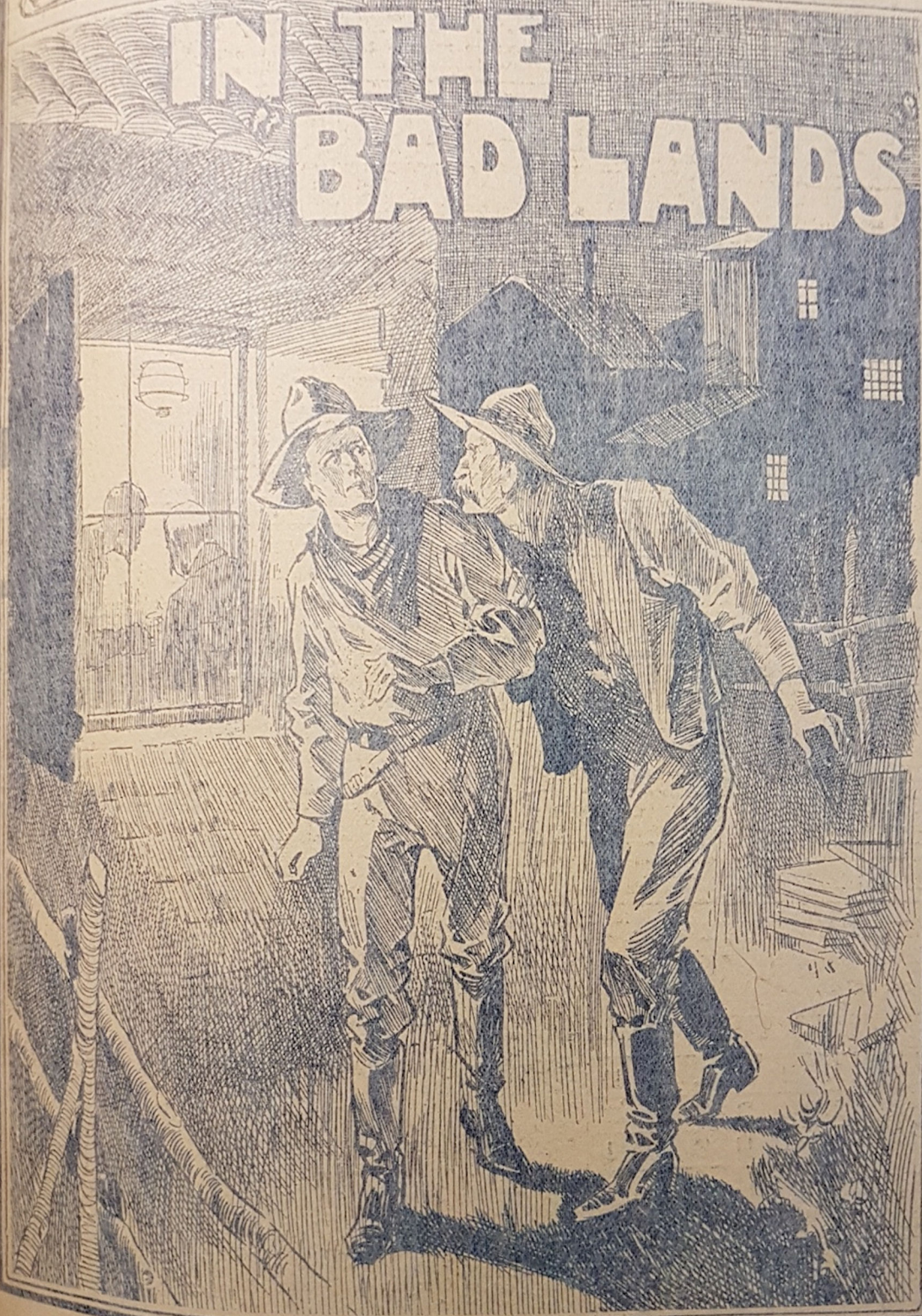
PLUCK

1d

A THRILLING WILD WEST YARN.
By CLABON GLOVER.

A GRAND STORY OF BRITISH CRIT.
"LEFT ALONE."

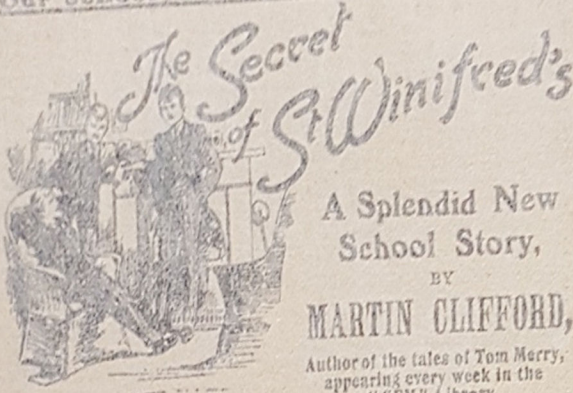
IN THE BAD LANDS



FRESNO JACK WARNS TALBOT OF DANGER!

NO. 201. NEW SERIES.

Our School Serial Story.



A Splendid New
School Story,
BY
MARTIN CLIFFORD,

Author of the tales of Tom Merry,
appearing every week in the
"GEN" Library.

Exit Franz Stossel.

Twelve boomed out from the clock tower of St. Winifred's.

"Here's the window!"

Franz Stossel muttered the words as he stopped at the diamond-paned window under the shadow of the ivy. Mr. Napper crossed the starlight of the Close quickly, and joined him in the shadow.

"It's time," he muttered nervously.

"Yes, if he opens the window at all."

"I'm pretty certain of it. He knows I can ruin him if I like."

"Ach! He is late!"

The German peered uneasily at the window. All was dark and silent within, and there was no sign of the window opening. He gritted his teeth.

"Ach, he is not here!"

"But I am here!" said a voice in the gloom.

The two rascals started violently, and swung round. Half a dozen figures loomed up in the shadows, and even in the dark they recognised Trelawny, Baker, and several other Sixth Form fellows.

Franz Stossel set his teeth. He knew that his scheme had failed utterly, and now his only hope lay in escaping from St. Winifred's, and from England.

"You here!"

"Yes, I am here," said Trelawny.

"Courtney has betrayed us."

"Courtney has acquainted us with your plans, as he was bound to do," said Trelawny, "and you cannot harm him for it. The Head knows everything, and has forgiven him. You are powerless."

"Ach! A thousand maledictions—"

"As for you, Franz Stossel, you are a prisoner."

"Never! Stand aside!"

"Seize him!"

The stalwart Sixth-Formers rushed upon the two rascals. There was a brief and desperate struggle. Then Stossel, with a herculean effort, tore himself away and fled. Mr. Napper was lying on the ground.

"He's gone!" panted Baker.

Trelawny gasped for breath.

"Well, let him go. As for this rascal—"

"Please let me go, young gentlemen!" whined Mr. Napper. "I'm a honest sporting gent, I am, and don't mean no 'arm. I've got some papers 'ere that would be werry valuable to Master Courtney—"

Trelawny hesitated.

"May as well let the brute go," said Baker, in a whisper. "He has had a licking, and it's just as well to save a scandal."

"Very well. Where are Courtney's papers, you worm?"

"Ere they are, young gentlemen. If you'll—"

Trelawny crushed them in his hand.

"Now go!"

Mr. Napper staggered joyfully to his feet.

"Thank you kindly, young gentlemen. If ever bany of you wants to lay anythin' on a 'oss, you've only got to let me know, and I'll get you favourable terms. I—"

"Get out!"

And Mr. Napper got out.

"We sha'n't see either of them near St. Winifred's again, I expect," said Trelawny.

And the captain of St. Winifred's was right. Neither Franz Stossel nor Mr. Napper was ever seen after that night in the vicinity of the old school. And no one could say that their absence was much of a loss.

Trelawny's Treasure Trove.

A lantern gleamed in the deep darkness of the passage, as they went on, the outer cavern to the inner one. On the second cave Oswald Trelawny halted, and placed his foot on a ledge of rock.

"This is the place," he said.

"What-ho!" said Clive Lawrence cheerily.

Trelawny and Baker carried picks, and Clive Lawrence had been admitted to the expedition: Trelawny felt that they were also there, carrying lanterns and spades. The parchment of the parchment was about to be put to the test.

The lanterns were placed on the ground, and then the digging commenced. It was easy enough at first in the sand; but presently they came to a hard, rocky earth, and then they laboured hard. In turns they sweated with pick and spade, till the excavation reached a considerable depth, and piles of displaced earth rose on either hand. Clive Lawrence had relieved Trelawny with the pick, and was hacking away manfully, when there was a sudden clang of metal on metal.

"Got it!" roared Fisher.

There was no doubt about it.

The iron pick had struck an iron band, and a few minutes of scraping revealed the rusty iron so long concealed beneath the earth.

The excitement of the treasure-seekers was now intense. They dug away almost feverishly, and slowly the top of an ancient sea-chest was disclosed to view.

The wood was rotten, and the iron rusted, and the blows of the pick had dented in the lid. From within came a glimmer in the lantern light.

"Gold!"

The lid was hacked off the chest.

Then there was a general exclamation.

"My hat!"

"The treasure!"

"The Spanish gold!"

It was true enough.

There lay the treasure—the ancient store won from the Spanish galleon by a dead and gone Trelawny, and hidden in the depths of the cave to keep it secure for his descendants, in those troublous times.

There it lay—glimmering in the lantern light!

Ingots of gold, and roll on roll of heavy Spanish coins, by the hundred, by the thousand!

Gold that was to have aided the invaders of England in the days of Queen Bess, if the Armada had not been shattered and scattered by gallant English seamen.

Buried during long centuries, and now brought to light at last to restore the fortunes of the last of the Trelawny.

Oswald Trelawny's eyes gleamed.

"At last!"

"My hat!" said Clive Lawrence. "We've found it! Our giddy captain will be rolling in wealth now, and we shall expect him to stand a ripping feed to the whole school."

"Yes, rather!" said Kendal heartily.

The captain of St. Winifred's laughed.

"And you may be sure I shall, Lawrence," he exclaimed. And he did!

The Government claimed a part of the recovered gold, but enough remained to enrich Trelawny, and to fully restore the fallen fortunes of his ancient race. The affair was more than a nine days' wonder at St. Winifred's. Even the finding of the Spanish gold was cast into the shade by the feed which Trelawny, on Lawrence's suggestion, stood to the whole school. On that occasion St. Winifred's rejoiced; and for once the hatchet was buried between the Fourth and the Fifth. Lawrence, Fisher, Locke, Kendal, and Keene chummed up for the day, and had a good time, and there were no rows between Fourth and Fifth for a couple of days afterwards, which was a record for St. Winifred's.

THE END.

NEXT WEEK!
The Stirring Adventures of
CAPTAIN HANDYMAN.
PLUCK - - - One Penny.