

"THE GREAT CAMP MYSTERY!" A Thrilling Double-length Story of Tom Merry & Co. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

The GEM 2^d

LIBRARY OF
SCHOOL AND SPORTING STORIES

No. 881.
Vol. XXVI.
August 9th,
1924.

EVERY WEDNESDAY.



RATTY ON THE RACER!

As the car hurtled down a steep incline Tom Merry & Co.'s happy, excited shouts drowned the wallings of the terrified Housemaster! (An exciting incident from the grand extra-long complete story of Tom Merry & Co. at Wembley contained in this issue.)



Your Editor Chats With His Readers.

Address all letters: The Editor, The "Gem" Library, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Write me, you can be sure of an answer in return.

OUR COMPANION PAPERS.

"THE BOYS' FRIEND" Every Monday
"THE MAGNET" Every Monday
"THE POPULAR" Every Tuesday
"JUNGLE JUNKS" Every Thursday
"THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL" Published Yearly

MY DEAR CHUMS.—All readers of the Companion Papers will be delighted with the great news I have to impart this week. The first week of September will see the publication of the new volume of the "Holiday Annual," and the forthcoming book is the finest ever!

THE "HOLIDAY ANNUAL."

That magic title means no end to every faithful Gemite, as to everybody else, for the famous "Annual" is the most magnificent and all-round interesting volume ever printed. This season the issue of the "Holiday Annual" goes much further than before in points of general excellence and thorough-going interest. It will have stories of St. Jim's, Greyfriars, and Rookwood, all the best work the authors have ever turned out, and each yarn profusely illustrated. The "Holiday Annual" has an ever-widening interest, and it is the book which is looked for and appreciated enormously in every home, both here in the Old Country and overseas. It has no equal for grip, for the tremendous appeal of its stories, for its wit and humour, its pictures and articles on hobbies of all kinds. Fellows of a mechanical turn of mind can take to it with the assurance that they will find within its pages just the hints they are looking for. Then the new volume of the "Holiday Annual" has a big pull as a picture-gallery, as well as a prime budget of yarns. The coloured plates are grand. Book your orders now, at once, lest there should be any disappointment, for there is bound to be a boom rush.

"GRUNDY'S CHANCE!"

By Martin Clifford.

George Alfred Grundy finds his great opportunity in next week's wonderful yarn of St. Jim's, and you will read with extraordinary interest the account of what came of this particular chance. The yarn deals with cricket. As regards his prowess at the game, Grundy might be well advised to cut out all reference to same, for his abilities in this direction are nil, and he gives no promise of ever coming forward as a second Grace, or even making a figure of the respectable average sort. They are pretty well tickled to death at St. Jim's when George Alfred talks cricket. But there is a funny side to everything nearly. If you look for it, and even if Grundy is what the Americans call a munt at cricket—his ignorance is colossal—he is clever enough in some matters. Sometimes he gets hold of an idea which is a regular brain-wave. On the present occasion he befriends him of a brother of his who can play cricket. Grundy fancies this brother might come in useful, and give him

a lift up the cricketing ladder of fame. He acts on this notion, and gets—well, just what is coming to him will appear in our next number of the "Gem". The story will raise a record laugh. It is written in Mr. Martin Clifford's best style, and not a point is missed. And at the end you will like dear old Grundy just as much as of yore, for, with all his faults, one likes the quaint, loud-voiced fellow with the mighty understandings.

THE "ST. JIM'S NEWS."

Now that so many readers of the "Gem" are camping out, enjoying all the delights of life in the open, it is time to have a special camping-out issue of the ever-welcome Supplement. Next week's number of the "St. Jim's News" deals with the whole fascinating subject of camping, with straight tips from those who know about taking pot luck under canvas, and bivouacking far away from the hurly-burly.

THE TUCK HAMPER.

Hampers for campers! I happen to know that a good few readers of the "Gem" have taken a companionable Tuck Hamper along with them on their excursions this summer. If you have not had a try for a Tuck Hamper, do so now. Send in your merriest joke to the Editor, The "Gem", Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.4.

"THE SECRET OF THE GALLEONS!"

By Roland Spencer.

Our great serial swings along in grand fashion, and you will be specially pleased with next week's instalment. Morvemo's treachery has been something to marvel at, but he has found his match.

"THE FADED FILM!"

By Geoffrey Prout.

There are few romances quite so appealing as those which deal with the road. Mr. Prout gives another of his grand Knights A-wheel stories next week, and it is a really dashing, high-spirited narrative, with a pleasant touch of mystery to boot.

Your Editor.

Have you got YOUR
Copy yet?

ALL SPORTS
FOOTBALL
ANNUAL

1924-25

Accurate
and
Up-to-Date

3 BUY IT NOW

"MY READERS' OWN CORNER!"

OUR TUCK HAMPER IS PRIME!

Remember, boys and girls, we award a delicious Tuck Hamper for the best storytelling us each week—also half-a-crown is paid for each other contribution accepted. Cut out the coupon on this page, and send it, together with your joke, to me:

TUCK FOR SOUTHEAD!

QUITE CORRECT!

Two lads went to the river to see what they could catch. After a time one shouted to the other: "Ere, Bill, give me a hand; I've caught an otter." Hauling in the line, they found an old kettle attached to the end. "Crunch, Joe," said Bill, "you're right, too; it's a water 'otter!" A Tuck Hamper, filled with delicious Tuck, has been awarded to Alfred E. Banfield, Warrendale, 118, Southchurch Avenue, Southend-on-Sea, Essex.

EGGS-ACTLY!

An Irishman received a bad egg while dining at his lodgings, and asked his landlady for an explanation. The landlady seemed to enjoy her boarder's misfortune, and said: "Well, what is a fresh egg?" "A fresh egg," answered the Irishman, "is an eggcellent egg—one that does not eggplode and eggshale eggstrenuously egggsperating odours, and eggscite egggspressive eggscalamations when the interior is eggsposed for egggs-amination and eggstraction by an eggscision of the eggstrior." But the landlady had remembered an eggstra special appointment and had made her eggst! Half-a-crown has been awarded to W. R. Collier, 9, Wynyard Grove, Durham.

READY FOR THEM!

A tramp went up to a farm and asked for a job. "Job!" said the farmer. "I can't even keep my own men going!" No amount of pleading made any difference, and the tramp turned sadly away. Then he stopped. "Any rats on your farm?" he asked. "Hundreds," said the farmer. "Well," said the tramp. "I'll kill them for you." "That's a different matter. How much do you want?" The tramp's demands were modest. "A good meal, and a good drink afterwards," he answered. Full of good food and drink, he lay back and put his feet on the table. "What about killing the rats?" asked the farmer. "Right-ho!" was the answer. "Bring them out!"—Half-a-crown has been awarded to Fred Swaby, 5, Ridgway Road, Brixton, S.W.9.

TUCK HAMPER COUPON.

THE GEM LIBRARY.
No attempt will be considered unless accompanied by one of these Coupons.

BUY THE

MERRY MAG. 7d

THE GEM LIBRARY, No. 561.

In this splendid school yarn, the Winchelgate campers visit the gigantic Exhibition at Wembley, where Arthur Augustus D'Arcy makes a discovery which is indeed amazing! And many and various are the consequences!

THE GREAT CAMP MYSTERY!



A Grand Long Complete School Story of
the Popular Tom Merry & Co., of St. Jim's.
By Famous MARTIN CLIFFORD

CHAPTER 1.

Refugees of the Storm!

"RAIN!" said Jack Blake of the Fourth Form at St. Jim's glumly.

"Wotten!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Just as we were goin' out to waid those Gwammawian boundahs! We shall have to stay in the camp now, deah boys."

Scouts and cadets looked decidedly gloomy.

Standing in a large glade in the wood four miles from Winchelgate-on-Sea was the schoolboy camp "run" by Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's, and Dick Rawlings & Co., a party of Council School cadets in whom Lord Conway, Gussy's noble brother, had taken an interest.

Tom Merry & Co. were thoroughly enjoying their summer vac under canvas with the cadets, with whom they had chummed from the very first. Lord Conway's great idea had turned out to be a complete success.

Tom Merry and Dick Rawlings had planned a morning raid on Gordon Gay & Co., who were holidaymaking at a large house near Winchelgate, owned by Frank Monk's uncle.

It had been quite a stroke of chance that Tom Merry & Co.'s time-honoured rivals had chosen Winchelgate for the scene of their summer vac. They had not wasted much time in "finding" the camp, and the result had been some exciting rags, in which Dick Rawlings & Co. had joined with relish.

"Yes, it looks as though we shall have to put off the rag," said Tom Merry, looking up at the lowering heavens, from which rain was now pouring steadily. "I reckon we're going to have a storm."

Barely had he spoken than a dull rumble of thunder sounded, and a vivid flash of lightning cut through the dark clouds overhead.

"Rotten luck!" said Dick Rawlings. "Come on, chaps—we'd better clear these things in, away from the storm."

Scouts and cadets busied themselves in putting under cover all the camp equipment that was likely to suffer damage if left exposed to the storm.

The rain was now sweeping down in sheets, wind beat through the tree branches like a giant thrasher at work, and now and then the thunder rolled menacingly, accompanied by lightning.

Tom Merry & Co. and Dick Rawlings & Co. took cover, only three remaining out in the open. They were Figgins, Redfern, and Jack O'Donnell, who were on sentry duty that morning. Wrapped up in oilskins, they patrolled up and down, whistling, taking the sudden change in the weather with cheerful philosophy.

"Bai Jove! Hark at the thundah, deah boys!" said D'Arcy, wiping his monocle and jamming it into his eye, the better to gaze out of the tent at the desolate, rain-drenched wood. "How jollay forch we hadn't already started! I—Hullo! Theah's somebody comin'!"

A crashing in the trees sounded, and a heavy tramping of horses' hoofs, and next minute two horsemen rode into view. They were drenched to the skin, and were keeping their saddles only with great difficulty. The thunder and lightning evidently terrified the animals, for at every rumble of thunder or vivid flash from above they would rear and plunge wildly.

Figgins and O'Donnell threw open the gate that gave entrance to the camp. Tom Merry & Co. and Dick Rawlings & Co. ran out into the rain, caring nothing for themselves.

They could see that the horsemen needed shelter—that the horses must be relieved of their burdens and tethered somewhere at the earliest possible moment.

"This way, sir!" cried Figgins to the first horseman. "If you can get the horse through the gateway, it will be all right."

The rider managed to get the horse inside, but directly he was in a terrific clap of thunder, more deafening than any before, seemed to rend the heavens in twain, and the horse, its eyes distended and muscles quivering, commenced to dash round the camp enclosure.

"Oh, good heavens!" cried Tom Merry. "There will be a serious accident unless the horse is stopped—Oh, good man, Lumley!"

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley sprang out of his tent and darted to the terrified horse. He grasped the bridle and jerked at it. The plucky junior was dragged along for some distance and narrowly escaped being kicked, but he succeeded at last in bringing the animal to a standstill.

"Steady, now—steady!" he panted.

The horse stood still, trembling and frightened.

Lumley-Lumley patted the horse reassuringly, whilst many willing hands assisted the rider from the saddle.

He was an elderly man, and was on the verge of exhaustion from his ordeal.

The other horse was also giving trouble, and was prancing and cantering recklessly. Arthur Augustus had hold of the bridle, however, and he, like Lumley-Lumley, had a way with horses. He soon quieted the beast, and the two horses were later tethered to a tree.

"Thanks very much!" gasped the tall, middle-aged man who had been riding the second horse, when he was safely inside a tent. "The storm came on so suddenly, we were taken by surprise. The horses are very sensitive, and the thunder and lightning frightened them. There are others of our hunt party near at hand, and two ladies are with them. This looks like being a bad storm, and unless they find shelter they might be driven out on to the cliffs—"

"Bai Jove! We must go out and find the othah horses, then, deah boys!" said D'Arcy. "The sheltah of our camp is at your service, sir. Pway make yourselves at home, while we go out in search of your fwiends."

"Yes, rather!" said Tom Merry. "They must come in out of the storm. Your clothes will dry over the fire—when the rain has stopped."

There were many willing volunteers for the task of going out into the storm to call in the rest of the hunting party to shelter.

Tom Merry, D'Arcy, Blake, Lowther, Talbot, Kangaroo, and Levison and a party of cadets, headed by Dick Rawlings, left the camp in the full teeth of the storm.

The rain was falling in heavy, blinding sheets, and the thunder and lightning were more incessant. The party plunged through the wood, and at length came to where two huntsmen were battling with their horses.

The animals, terrified by the storm, were rearing and plunging wildly, and were quite out of control. The boys surrounded the horses, and at last subdued them. The riders dismounted, and then Tom Merry & Co. and Dick Rawlings & Co. recognised one of them as Major Rumbold, whose large estate adjoined the wood where the camp was pitched and with whom they had been at loggerheads, until recently.

"Thank goodness you came, boys!" exclaimed the major.

THE GEN LIBRARY.—No. 861.

"I expected the horses to bolt any minute—what? By thunder, this is a terrible storm! We're soaked to the skin!"

"Some of us will help you lead the horses to the camp, sir," said Tom Merry. "Two of your friends are already taking shelter there. You can stay at the camp till the storm is over and dry your clothes."

"By thunder, that's what we will do!" exclaimed the major, turning to his companion. "These lads have a camp in the wood, Westgarth, not far from here. But I am worrying about the others. Their horses ran off towards the cliffs—"

"We'll fetch them, sir," said Tom. "You go on to the camp with one or two of these chaps."

Monty Lowther and three of the cadets remained to assist the major and his companion with the horses, whilst the others dashed on through the wood.

As they came to the cliffs they heard a woman's shrieks of terror.

"Help—help—"

The cry was drowned by a deafening peal of thunder.

Next minute lightning dazzled the boys' eyes, but they afterwards saw three horses galloping on the cliffs, their hoofs rattling over the rocks and stones.

Even as they looked one of the horses lost its footing on a slippery boulder and came plunging over, throwing its rider—a lady—to the ground, where she lay as if stunned. The horse lay on its side, its legs kicking out in all directions.

"Oh, my hat!" muttered Tom Merry. "The lady will be kicked to death if one of those hoofs catches her! And she can't move—"

Tom darted forward, leaping across the rocks, whilst the others ran after the two horses that, with their helpless riders on their backs, were plunging hither and thither on the rocks, gradually nearing the edge of the terrible cliffs.

Tom dragged the insensible horsewoman away from danger just in time. As he did so, her eyes opened, and Tom saw, with a gasp of relief, that she was able to get up without assistance.

"I am very little hurt—it was only a knock on the head that caused me to become insensible," she said, with a plucky smile. "Can you hold the horse?"

"I'll try, ma'am."

Tom grasped the bridle of the fallen horse, and then Lumley-Lumley came running to his assistance. The horse, with a little expert help from Lumley, jumped up. It made as if to run away, but the two juniors held on tight to its bridle. Lumley-Lumley soon had the beast in a state of submission.

"Good!" said Tom, looking round. "The other horses are caught."

The Scouts and cadets had managed to head off the horses from the cliff-edge, and had caught them, thus enabling the riders to dismount.

They had no little difficulty in getting the animals back to the camp, however. The storm was still heavy, and the thunder made the horses prance and struggle. But at last the camp was reached. All the horses were tethered and the drenched riders taken into shelter.

"Bai Jove! We're awfully wet, deah boys!" gasped Arthur Augustus.

"Well, we'd hardly expect to keep dry going out in the giddy rain, you know, Gussy!" grinned Monty Lowther.

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"The magnitude of Gussy's brain is really marvellous!" said Lowther, with a solemn shake of the head. "How he thinks of these things beats me!"

Gussy polished his eyeglass and jammed it into his eye.

"Lowthah, you wotter' ass, I should considah it my painful duty to administrah a feahful thwashin'!" he said. "Howevah, as we have visitahs at the camp, includin' ladies, I will westvahn myself and defer the feahful thwashin', undah the cires."

"Oh, what a relief! Hold me up, Tommy!" said Lowther, falling against Tom Merry for support. "Gussy's merciful kindness is—Yaroooooop!"

Tom Merry did not hold Monty up, and the humorist of the Shell fell heavily into a puddle of water just outside the tent opening. He collapsed with a yell and a splash.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom Merry & Co. and the cadets.

"Weally, that serves you wight, Lowthah!" said Arthur Augustus. "I weghah that mishap as distinctly funnay, bai Jove! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Grooogh! Yow! Cackling asses!" growled Monty, arising. "I'm blest if I can see any reason to make a row like a barnyard of hens!"

Major Rumbold and his companions came up, laughing.

"Well, my lads, the horses are safe, and we are much obliged for your hospitality and good work—what!" said the major. "I and my guests were out hunting, you see, when the storm overtook us. It won't last much longer now. Blowing inland—what!"

THE GEM LIB. RV.—No. 661.

"We'll light a fire as soon as the rain stops, and you can dry your things, sir," said Tom Merry. "What about some hot coffee and buns?"

"Splendid idea—what!" said the major.

The other members of the bedraggled hunting party nodded appreciatively.

Fatty Wynn and Baggy Trimble were equal to the occasion. Soon the boy campers and the refugees were chatting merrily over piping hot coffee and cakes.

The storm gradually blew inland, and the rain and thunder ceased.

"Hurrah! The sun's coming out!" chirruped Jack Blake.

"No more rain or storms. We'll light that giddy fire now."

Tom Merry & Co. and Dick Rawlings & Co. fortunately had a change of clothing, but not so the major and his friends. The huge fire which the Scouts and cadets lit was a boon indeed, and while the clothing was being dried D'Arcy and a number of the other juniors went to attend to the horses.

Arthur Augustus was a lover of horses, and what he didn't know about them was not worth knowing. The beautiful lines of a large chestnut hunter made his eyes sparkle.

"Bai Jove, isn't she wippin'!" he murmured. "I wish I could get permish to wide her—"

"I say, kids"—Tom Merry ran up, giving this exclamation in tones of great excitement—"Major Rumbold and his friends have consented to us giving the horses a run—only those chaps who can ride, of course!"

"Gweat Scott! How wippin'!"

"Good egg!" roared Blake, who was an expert horseman, having learnt that art on his native Yorkshire moors. "That's what I call real sporting of the major. These are first-rate horses, too!"

"Rather!"

The horses were soon untethered.

CHAPTER 2.

Caught by the Grammarians!

"I SAY, you chaps, what about me?"

Baggy Trimble came rolling out of the centre tent, an eager look on his podgy face. Tom Merry, Blake, D'Arcy, Lumley-Lumley, Rawlings, O'Donnell, and Simms had elected to ride the horses, being the ones most fitted to do so.

Baggy evidently thought differently, for he blinked quite indignantly when the seven lucky ones vaulted into the saddles.

"Oh, really, you know, I don't call that fair!" he expostulated. "You chaps have bagged the horses—"

"Bai Jove! You surely don't expect us to let you wide a horse, Twimble?" demanded Arthur Augustus.

"Why not?" said Baggy, glowering. "I can ride a horse, I suppose—"

"My dear kid, you might be able to manage a clothes-horse, but a real live horse is much above your weight!" said Tom Merry. "I—Whoa! Steady, boy!"

Tom was on a particularly frisky steed, which persisted in rearing and prancing in a most alarming manner. It was only by skilful handling of the animal that Tom managed to retain his seat in the saddle.

"My word! Some broncho you've got there, Tommy!" remarked Blake. "He's a fine buckjumper, isn't he?"

"Look out, Merry, you'll be off in a minute!" said Baggy. "Can't you ride a horse better than that? You're awkward on the saddle. That's why the horse is restless. You don't know how to handle it."

Tom dismounted and quieted the frisky creature with a pat.

"I don't know how to handle a horse—eh, Baggy?" he said. "Well, you're welcome to ride this giddy creature, if you can."

"Right-ho!" said Baggy. "I'll show you."

Baggy Trimble was quite confident that he could ride the horse. Baggy had ridden before, but his mounts had been quiet, easy-going farm horses at Rylcombe, which were not capable of much exertion at the best, or worst, of times.

Baggy placed a fat foot in a stirrup, grasped the saddle, and swung himself upward.

But at that precise moment the horse kicked, and Baggy turned a complete somersault in the air, landing with a crash next minute on the cold, hard, unsympathetic ground.

Bump!

"Ow-wow-wow-wow!"

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

Baggy sat up dazedly and rubbed his head.

"Yow! Groogh! Wh-where's the rotten horse?" he gurgled.

"Ha, ha! Here he is, Baggy!" said Tom, leading the horse by the bridle. "Going to try him again?"

"Wow-wow! Ye-es," gasped Baggy, rising rather painfully to his feet. "I—I say, you chaps might give me a lift



Baggy placed a foot in the stirrup, grasped the saddle and swung himself upward. But at that precise moment the horse kicked, and Baggy turned a complete somersault in the air, landing with a crash next minute on the cold, hard, unsympathetic ground. Bump! "Ow-wow-wow!" he gasped. (See page 4).

into the saddle. I'm rather short for a tall horse, you know."

"Fetch over that ladder, Monty!" cried Blake, and there was a laugh.

Baggy did not mount the horse by means of a ladder, but was thrust into the saddle by many willing and by no means gentle hands.

"Grooooooh!" he gasped. "You rotters needn't be so rough. I— Yarooooop! Hold the beast!"

The horse, rolling its eyes back at Baggy, had commenced to prance and plunge. Baggy roared, and, after nearly losing his balance, he bent forward and grasped the animal round the neck.

"Bai Jove! Let go, you sillay young idiot, Baggy!" exclaimed D'Arcy. "You are fwettin' the horse."

"Yaroooooh! I—I can't l-let go!" wailed Baggy, hanging on for dear life, while the fiery steed reared on its haunches and bucked in protest of having such an ungainly and extraordinary rider. "Woooooop! I'm fit-fif-falling! Help!"

Clatter, clatter, clatter!

The horse's hoofs beat loudly on the ground as it reared and plunged about the camp enclosure.

Baggy, clutching tight to the horse's neck, was bumped up and down violently, and the spectators yelled with laughter. The sight of Baggy on a "buckjumper" was really too funny for words. Baggy himself—and, of course, the horse—could not see the funny side of the affair at all.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom Merry. "Go it, Baggy! Ride him, cowboy! This must be better than the Rodeo. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yarooooop! Yah! Help! Murder! Gemme off! Yow-ow-ow!" howled Baggy.

Whiz!

The horse unseated its bellowing rider at last. Baggy went off the animal's back like a very fat rocket, and he landed in a thick bush just inside the camp enclosure. Baggy's plump form disappeared in the midst of the branches and foliage, until only his fat little legs, wildly kicking, were visible. His mellifluous voice bellowed unto the heavens a loud anthem of lamentation.

"Yaroooooh! Yah! Oh dear! Help! Ow-ow-ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom Merry & Co. and the cadets, roaring with laughter, dragged Baggy out of the bush—not without some difficulty, for he was firmly embedded. When at last he was free, Baggy looked scratched and very dishevelled, but was otherwise little the worse for his upsetting experience.

"Take my tip, Baggy, and stick to a rocking-horse in future. You'll find it safer!" laughed Tom Merry, vaulting into the saddle once more and gathering up the reins.

"Cheerio, old fruit!"

"Grooooooh!"

Tom Merry led the way out of camp, and the other riders followed him.

All were chuckling at Baggy Trimble's luckless attempt to ride the major's horse.

"Let's go for a canter over the cliffs," said Tom. "We've seen the last of the storm, and the ground is drying quickly now. My word, it's grand to be on a horse's back again!"

"Yaas, wathah!" said D'Arcy. "I'll give you a wun for your monay, Tom Mewwy."

"Right-ho, Gussy!"

Both juniors urged their steeds to a gallop, and they moved like the wind across the open heath that stretched between the wood and the cliffs by Winchelgate.

Blake, Rawlings, and the others galloped on behind, but Tom Merry and D'Arcy, on the fastest horses, forged well ahead.

D'Arcy kept the lead, riding magnificently, with Tom riding close behind.

"We'll see how they jump, deah boy!" cried the swell of the Fourth, setting his steed at a tall fence on the left.

Both horses cleared the fence, then took a ditch and finally reached the road again over a hedge.

The juniors' faces were flushed with the joy and thrill of riding. Blake, Rawlings, and the others were now quite lost to view.

"Not far to Winchelgate now," said Tom. "We'll ease the pace a bit, Gussy, and let the others catch up."

"Wight-ho, deah boy!"

They set the horses to a steady trot along the narrow country lane which they were now traversing.

A party of schoolboys, crossing an adjacent field, gazed upon the young horsemen in astonishment.

They were Gordon Gay & Co. and were out on a ramble that morning. Having been caught in the storm, they had had to take shelter on a farm. They were now making their way back to Winchelgate.

"My word!" said Gordon Gay. "Merry and D'Arcy on horseback! What a pity they've gone past! We might have stopped them."

Frank Monk, climbing the fence, looked back along the lane, and he gave a swift exclamation.

"There are some others coming along behind! Look here, you chaps!"

The Grammarians mounted the fence, and, gazing in the direction indicated by Monk, saw Blake, Lumley-Lumley, Rawlings, O'Donnell, and Simms riding towards them.

"Good egg!" chuckled Gordon Gay. "We'll catch the dear boys on the hop as they come along. Let me see! How can we stop them? Oh, I know! Let's drag that giddy cart into the road."

There was an old, decrepit farm wagon standing idle in the field near by, and this the Grammarians seized upon. They trundled it through the gate and into the lane, where they set it right across the roadway. Then they hid themselves on either side in the bushes.

The five schoolboy horsemen from the camp rode round the bend quite unsuspectingly. They reined in their mounts when they beheld the obstruction.

"Great pip! What silly ass has left that mouldy cart lying in the road?" exclaimed Blake. "It's a danger to traffic! I suppose Tom Merry and Gussy jumped over it."

"Our horses won't take the jump now. We're too close," said Dick Rawlings. "We'd better dismount and wheel the cart to the side of the road. If we spot the owner we'll tell him what we think about it."

"What ho!"

The boys dismounted, tethered their horses to the hedge, and grasped the cart, making ready to push it out of the way. At that moment Gordon Gay gave his signal, and on the word all seven Grammarians sprang from ambush and hurled themselves upon the startled fellows by the cart.

"Wh-wh-what the—?" gasped Blake, wheeling round. "Oh crumbs!" "Ware Grammarians! I— Ow! Yow! Yarooooop!"

Frank Monk made a rush at Blake, grasped him round the middle, and waltzed him round. Blake struggled, but lost his balance, and he crashed into a bed of stinging-nettles at the side of the lane. Monk landed on top of him.

"Yarooooop! Yah! I'm stung! Wooooop!"

"Sock it to 'em, my sons!" trilled Gordon Gay.

The Grammarians proceeded to "sock it" to their rivals. Blake, Lumley-Lumley, Rawlings, and the two other cadets put up a good fight, but the surprise and the odds told. They quickly found themselves down and out, each with a laughing Grammarian seated across his chest.

"You didn't expect little us to be knocking around these quarters, dear boys, did you?" grinned Gordon Gay. "Well, we've got you again, you see, and we've got the giddy horses, too."

"You leave those horses alone!" roared Blake furiously. "They're not ours. They belong to Major Rumbold and his friends—"

"Really!" said the Grammarian leader. "How careless of them to trust their horses to such frazzled, scatter-brained idiots as you! Indeed, it is most surprising! We must take the horses back and impress upon the major how rash he was."

"You—you—you—" spluttered Blake sulphurously.

"Anybody got any cord?" inquired Gordon Gay. "We'll send these chaps back to the camp walking hobble-legged. Good old Tadpole!"

Tadpole produced a useful length of cord and some of the other Grammarians had string and cord on them.

Blake and Rawlings were dragged up and placed side by side. Blake's right foot was tied to Rawlings' left, and their hands were secured behind them. Thus they were able to walk; but their walk was a pitiful hobble, and it evoked roars of laughter from Gordon Gay & Co.

"Yow!" moaned Blake. "You wait, you rotters—"

"Now we'll deal with the other three!" chuckled Gordon Gay.

Lumley-Lumley, O'Donnell, and Simms were placed in a row, and each had a leg tied to his companion's. Simms, in the centre, had his right leg tied to Lumley-Lumley's, and his left to O'Donnell's. The Grammarians pushed them along the lane, and they staggered forward, gasping and protesting, and saying lurid things concerning their tormentors.

"Yow! Hold me up! I'm falling!" gurgled O'Donnell. "Tare an' hounds! Yah! Oooooop!"

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 861.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Gordon Gay. "The hobble-legged race will now commence! Go it, dear lads! Do try to keep in step. You'll find it ever so much easier!"

The hapless trio struggled to the side of the lane and then lost their footing. They floundered into the stinging-nettles with wild yells.

Gordon Gay dragged them out, set them on their feet again, and gave them a start in the homeward direction.

"Right away for the camp!" said the Grammarian leader. "Mind how you go! You won't be able to get up if you fall over again!"

"You—you rotters!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gordon Gay, Frank Monk, the two Woottons, and Carboy mounted the horses, leaving Tadpole and Mont Blong to walk into Winchelgate on their own.

"We'll take these giddy horses back to the major and tell him that we rescued them from the hands of irresponsible boys," grinned Gay. "So long, you chaps!"

"Leave those horses alone!" roared Blake. "We'll scrag you, you rotters! We'll spicate you! We'll—"

But Gordon Gay & Co. were gone. Tadpole and Mont Blong walked off, laughing, and the five hapless boys were left alone to stagger, hobble-legged, back to the camp.

CHAPTER 3.

D'Arcy's Daring!

TOM MERRY glanced over his shoulder.

"The others aren't in sight yet," he exclaimed. "I wonder where the bouncers have got to?"

"Pewwaps the pace was wathah too much for them, deah boy, and they've gone in anothah diwection," said D'Arcy. "I suggest we take this woad to the left. It leads through Sandcombe and on to the wood. The majah will be expectin' us back soon."

"All serene, Gussy!"

They took the left-hand road and cantered through the pretty village of Sandcombe at a good pace.

They were the only ones about. The countryside was beautifully fresh and fragrant after the rain, and Tom Merry glanced appreciatively round and upward.

Suddenly his gaze became riveted on an object that was travelling towards them through the air from the direction of the sea.

"My hat!" he exclaimed. "Look there, Gussy! An aeroplane!"

D'Arcy adjusted his monocle and regarded the oncoming aeroplane with great interest.

The drone of the engine could now be heard, and it grew louder every second.

"Bai Jove! It's comin' in our diwection, deah boy!" said D'Arcy. "It's flyin' wathah low, too, isn't it?"

Tom Merry was watching and listening, a peculiar expression on his face.

"The engine sounds very irregular," he muttered. "Just watch the aeroplane, Gussy. Do you notice how it keeps swerving? It seems to me that it's in trouble."

"Oh crumbs!"

The juniors reined in their horses and watched the aeroplane with growing interest and anxiety.

The machine was very close, now. It was flying perilously low—Tom Merry judged it to be well below the legal limit for flying machines. Its course was erratic and unsteady, and several times the engine crackled and back-fired loudly.

Tom's face was drawn with deep concern as he watched the machine.

"There's something the matter with the engine, Gussy," he said.

"Bai Jove! So theah is, deah boy. I hope the pilot manages to land safely."

"He's trying to land," said Tom, watching the pilot keenly. "Oh, the engine's stopped altogether now!"

The hum of the aeroplane engine ceased abruptly, and the two juniors on horseback saw the disabled craft reel drunkenly in the air. Next minute it plunged headlong downward, to be lost to view a moment later behind a distant clump of trees. A dull, ominous crash sounded from far away.

Tom Merry and D'Arcy exchanged dismayed looks.

"He's down!" muttered Tom. "We've got to find where he is and see what has happened. This way, Gussy!"

Tom drove his horse forward at a gallop, and with one leap it cleared the hedge that skirted the lane. D'Arcy followed, and they drew abreast in the field on the other side.

"We shall be able to reach him, I think, if we can get behind those trees," said Tom, indicating a small stretch of woodland in front of them. "There's a tall fence on the other side, by the look of it, but we'll manage somehow."

The horses did not take long to reach the trees, and there, as Tom had surmised, a tall fence confronted them, barring further progress.

From the other side a man's voice came faintly.

"Help! Help!"

Tom set his teeth and dismounted.

"I'll see if I can find out what's on the other side of this fence."

He discovered a tiny opening through which he was able to see. A low whistle escaped Tom's lips as he peered through.

On the other side was the railway—the main line from Winchelgate. And, almost in front of him, Tom saw the aeroplane lying wrecked on the line. The machine was in the centre of the permanent way, and Tom could just discern the pilot's head among the tumbled mass of wreckage.

"Oh, good heavens!" he muttered. "He can't get free! And if a train comes—"

Tom wasted no more time.

He dashed back to where D'Arcy was waiting, and leaped into his horse's saddle.

"The railway runs on the other side of this fence, Gussy, and the aeroplane has fallen right on the lines!" he exclaimed. "The pilot is caught in the wreckage, and can't get loose. I'm game to risk the leap over to the other side. Are you?"

"Twist me!" said D'Arcy grimly.

The two magnificent hunters rose in the air together when their riders set them to the fence, and they cleared it with room to spare.

Tom Merry and D'Arcy gritted their teeth as they descended to the other side. Now came the danger—the risk of landing. Would the horses slip on the hard flints at the side of the railway, or catch their hoofs in the metals?

Tom's heart went in his mouth as his steed's hoofs rattled on the stones. The animal seemed to stumble, but regained its poise. Tom slowed its pace and brought it to a standstill on the line.

Looking round, he drew a deep breath of relief.

D'Arcy had made a safe landing.

"Good old boy!" muttered Tom, patting this horse's mane as he dismounted. "You did that splendidly!"

D'Arcy had also dismounted.

The two juniors ran together to the wrecked aeroplane.

A low moan came from underneath the wreckage.

"It's all serene, sir! We'll soon get you out!" cried Tom, springing forward and thrusting aside some of the broken woodwork. "Are you hurt?"

"Yes—a little. But I cannot move." The words came in gasping breaths. "The weight of the engine is across my back—it is not actually resting on top of me, but the crankcase and cylinders have wedged me in. The whole engine will have to be lifted before I can be set free."

"Oh cwumps!"

The pilot, who seemed to be quite a young fellow, was a prisoner beneath the ruins of his aeroplane. His bronzed, handsome face was twitching with pain as he made vain attempts to wrest himself free.

Tom Merry and D'Arcy exerted all their strength in trying to lift the massive aero-engine, but found this task impossible. "It will take a number of men to move that," muttered the pilot. "Can you lads get help from anywhere?"

Tom Merry looked up and down the deserted railway line. Not a soul was in sight.

At a short distance farther up, the line bent sharply to the left, and a signal showed just on the bend.

A low cry of horror escaped Tom's lips when he saw that the signal was down. It was the signal controlling the line on which the aeroplane was lying. Then a train was due to pass over there soon! It would come from round the bend, and probably would not be able to pull up in time to avoid crashing into the wreckage—with its helpless prisoner pinned underneath. Even as Tom looked at the signal he heard the distant shriek of a train whistle.

"Good heavens!" he muttered. "There's a train coming—"

"Stay here, Tom Merry! I'm goin' up the line to stop the twain!"

D'Arcy shouted those words as he sprang towards his horse.

With one leap he gained the saddle, then he grasped the reins, turned the horse's head in the direction of the bend, and urged it to a gallop.

The magnificent animal seemed to understand. It bounded forward, its hoofs pounding on the sleepers and on the loose flints between them.

"Go on, old gal!" muttered D'Arcy, as they swept round the bend. "Steady!"

The train was coming—a long, thundering express. Rider and horse saw the oncoming monster tearing nearer, belching forth its cloud of white smoke and steam.

D'Arcy did not hesitate. He did not take the horse off the line. The mare gave a short, terrified toss of her head, and D'Arcy bent down and patted her as she reared and pranced about on the line. The express engine shrieked a

deafening warning note. This added to the sensitive animal's fear, and she almost threw D'Arcy.

The swell of St. Jim's kept his saddle by a masterly piece of horsemanship. He also kept the horse on the line. Once she was off the permanent way the ruse would not work. The train would pass on—to crash into the wrecked aeroplane round the bend.

D'Arcy gritted his teeth and determined that the horse should keep to the line.

Shriek! Shriek!

The driver of the express was trying to scare the horse off the line, little dreaming of the rider's real purpose. The train was thundering near now, and the piercing blasts of the whistle struck terror to the mare. With one wild plunge she sprang from the line.

The way was now clear—the express would pass on!

But even as the horse jumped D'Arcy himself jumped. He leaped from the saddle on to the line.

It was a desperate but magnificently plucky ruse. D'Arcy fell heavily in the middle of the permanent way, and as he did so his right ankle crashed on to the steel rail, and a cry of pain escaped the junior's lips.

The whistle of the express shrieked again, and D'Arcy's face turned deathly white.

The line was trembling with the weight of the oncoming express.

D'Arcy knelt on a sleeper and waved desperately, facing the express.

Again and again the whistle shrieked, but above its siren notes he heard the grinding of brakes and the fierce hissing of escaping steam.

The express was stopping!

He watched it fascinated as it came closer, brakes screaming and whistle blowing. The great iron monster drew up close to him; it stopped within a few feet of the junior. D'Arcy could have stretched out his arm and touched the front buffer of the locomotive.

"Oh! Thank goodness!" he gasped fervently. "I thought it wouldn't stop in time, bai Jove!"

The engine-driver and fireman jumped down from the footplate and ran to where D'Arcy was lying.

"You young idiot!" exclaimed the driver angrily. "You ought to thank your lucky stars you weren't killed! What do you mean by trespassing on this line—on horseback!"

D'Arcy looked round before replying. The horse had turned and bolted out of sight round the bend. His injured foot was still painful, but the swell gave a grin.

"It's all wight, deah boy, I wasn't skylarkin', I assuah you," he said. "I meahly wanted to stop the twain—"

"Stop the train! What for?"

"Because theah's an aeroplane fallen across the line just round the bend, and the pilot is a pwiseonah inside it," replied D'Arcy. "I should nevah have stopped you in time without that horse."

"By hokey!"

Passengers were descending from the coaches and hurrying forward to ascertain the cause of the stoppage. The shrilling of the whistle had told them that something was amiss.

Among the first arrivals was a tall, handsome young officer of the Air Force. His look registered blank, unbelieving amazement when he saw Arthur Augustus D'Arcy on the permanent way talking to the engine-driver and fireman.

"My goodness!" he ejaculated. "Arthur!"

The swell of the Fourth looked up and he gave a smile.

"Bai Jove! Is that weally you, Con, deah boy?" he said. "Fancay you bein' on the twain!"

Lord Conway looked down at his younger brother in astonishment.

"Arthur! How came you to be here? What has happened?"

The junior explained simply what had taken place, and how he had managed to stop the express.

Lord Conway and the others listened wonderingly.

"Well, if that doesn't beat everything!" ejaculated the guard. "That kid's a rare plucked 'un—"

"Bust me if I didn't think as 'ow I saw him throw himself off the horse's back on to the line!" said the fireman. "By heck, I wouldn't 'ave cared to do that—not for a million! We were doing nearly fifty at the time, and it was touch and go whether we'd be able to pull up in time!"

Lord Conway bent down and assisted Arthur Augustus to his feet.

"Good kid, Arthur!" he muttered. "You've saved the pilot of the aeroplane—and averted a nasty accident, too. Let's go along and look at that aeroplane."

A crowd of people from the express ran along the permanent way and round the bend to where the wrecked aeroplane was lying. Tom Merry was there, holding the runaway horse, which he had captured.

"Bravo, Gussy!" he exclaimed when he saw his chum. "You— Why, my only hat! Lord Conway!"

"Yes, Tom—as large as life and twice as natural!" laughed Lord Conway. "Arthur has done splendidly, hasn't he?"

"Yes, rather!"

Many willing hands were already busy in freeing the unfortunate pilot from his situation.

The heavy aero engine was slowly lifted, and the pilot was drawn through the shattered fuselage.

Lord Conway gave a glad cry when he saw the pilot.

"Why, if it isn't Jack Melville, of all people!" he exclaimed. "I never dreamed that it was you, Melville!"

The handsome young pilot shook hands warmly with Lord Conway.

"This is Captain Jack Melville, an old colleague of mine," explained Lord Conway to Arthur Augustus and Tom Merry. "Really this is a period of surprises!"

Captain Melville gave each of the juniors a fervent handclasp.

"I owe my life to you," he said a little huskily. "I am more than grateful, and if I ever get a chance to repay you I will do so, you may be sure!"

"Oh, that's all right, sir!" said Tom Merry. "The question is—are you hurt?"

"Only very slightly," came the reply. "My shoulder is certainly injured, and my back feels ready to break; but I am quite intact, I believe. This is a very unfortunate affair. I am on my way to London, you know, from Brussels. My machine was damaged in the storm when I was some distance out at sea, and I thought I should never reach land. But I did so, and tried to make a decent landing. It was a miserable failure, as you can see. Results would have been far more disastrous had not these two brave lads come on the scene."

Tom Merry and D'Arcy were praised by all. The train, when the wreckage of the aeroplane had been cleared away, resumed its journey to Winchgate, leaving Lord Conway with Captain Melville, Tom Merry, and D'Arcy.

"I suppose you are coming to the camp, sir?" asked Tom, turning to Lord Conway.

"Yes, rather!" was the laughing response. "I was on my way to Winchgate to pay the camp a visit just now, as it happens. You'll come along, too, Melville?"

"I'd love to!" said Captain Melville.

Tom Merry mounted his horse, and, finding a dip in the fence higher up the line, he drove the horse over it. Then he went in search of a telephone. He found one at a farmhouse near by, and he telephoned a garage at Winchgate for a large car to be sent immediately.

When Tom returned he saw that Lord Conway had discovered a gate, and that he and Captain Melville, D'Arcy, and the other horse had left the railway-line.

"The car won't be long, sir," said Tom. "It will meet us at the railway-bridge a little higher up the road."

"Good!"

They walked to the bridge, D'Arcy limping a little, and within a very short space of time a large, handsome open touring-car drove up.

Lord Conway and Captain Melville got in. The swell of St. Jim's would have ridden the horse; but the jolting of the stirrup would have aggravated the pain in his foot, so he took his brother's advice and joined him in the car.

Tom Merry mounted his horse, took the bridle of the other horse, and led the way to the camp, the motor-car following.

CHAPTER 4. The Tables Turned!

"BAI JOVE! Who's that in fwont, deah boy?"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy asked that question a little later from the car, calling to Tom Merry, who was cantering ahead across the heath.

Far ahead a party of five figures appeared on the road. Two were Boy Scouts, and the other three were in cadet uniform. The manner in which they were walking caused Tom Merry and D'Arcy to stare.

"My only hat! Those are some of our chaps. But what the dickens are they playing at?" said Tom Merry, knitting his brows in perplexity. "They're having a dance or a jig together, by the look of things. I'm going on, Gussy, to find out what the silly jossers are up to."

They increased the pace, and as they drew nearer to the five staggering, stumbling fellows ahead they saw that they were walking hobble-legged.

"Gweat Scott! The sillay asses!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "I considah that fwightfully infwna dig, you know!"

"Hi! Hold on, you chaps!" shouted Tom.

The five in front turned round, and they gave glad gasps when they beheld Tom Merry and D'Arcy.

Lord Conway greeted them with a cheery wave of the hand.

Tom Merry and D'Arcy looked in surprise at Blake, Lumley-Lumley, Rawlings, O'Donnell, and Simms.

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 861.

"Great pip! What the thump were you fatheads walking along like that for? Is it a new form of exercise?" demanded Tom Merry.

"Yes. We like it!" growled Blake, with heavy sarcasm. "We've been falling into ditches and down gullies, and wallowing in stinging-nettles just for the fun of the thing! We've been having a high old time!"

"Grooooooh!" said the others.

"Where are the horses?" asked D'Arcy.

"Gordon Gay and his crew have raided them," said Dick Rawlings. "They caught us napping, did us up like this, and made off with the horses."

"Oh crumbs! They belong to Major Rumbold and his friends—"

"I told them that, and the bounders are going to ride them back to the major and make us look small!" grunted Blake.

"Bai Jove!"

Lord Conway and Captain Melville laughed heartily.

Tom Merry soon had the japed ones free, and they crowded into the car, at Lord Conway's invitation.

"Now, wight away for the camp, deah boys!" said D'Arcy. "It will be jollay wotten if those Gwammawian bounders have already returned the horses to Majah Wumbold—you fellows will look most fwabjous chumps, you know!"

"We may catch 'em if we hurry," said Tom Merry between his teeth.

"Yaas, wathah!"

Horses and motor-car dashed back to the wood, Lord Conway and Captain Melville entering heartily into the spirit of the affair.

Gordon Gay & Co. must be caught if possible, and brought to book for their daring deeds.

The wood at last!

"Let's stop here," said Tom, as they came to an opening near the edge of the wood. "We'll do a bit of scouting, and see if those bounders are knocking about. They may be waiting for a chance to get into the camp."

The party halted. D'Arcy remained in it with Lord Conway and Captain Melville while the others went off.

Gussy's injured foot prevented him from joining in the Grammarian hunt.

Tom Merry & Co. crept stealthily through the undergrowth between the trees, and at last reached the vicinity of the camp.

"Hark!" muttered Dick Rawlings, catching Tom's arm. "I heard voices over there, to the left."

The boys listened, and they caught the sound of distant voices and chuckles. They made their way swiftly and silently in that direction, and they came upon a large glade near the pond, where Gordon Gay & Co. and the five horses stood revealed.

"There are the bounders!" muttered Tom. "What are they up to, I wonder?"

Gordon Gay & Co. had sheets of cardboard, paint, and brushes. They were evidently engaged in the occupation of writing out placards.

"We'll send the horses back into the camp with these merry notices tied on them!" grinned Gordon Gay. "That will make the St. Jim's bounders sit up—what? They'll tear their hair with shame!"

"Ha, ha! Rather!"

Tom Merry & Co. exchanged glances.

"We are six to five!" muttered Tom. "Just run into the camp, Blakey, and fetch out some of the chaps, will you? And bring one of those long planks and some rope. Mind how you go, for if these blighters get wind that they are spotted, they'll fit!"

"Right-ho, Tommy!"

Blake slithered off.

Tom Merry & Co. waited and watched.

Some minutes elapsed, and then there were stealthy movements in the trees behind Blake, Figgins, Lowther, Manners, Herries, Digby, Kangaroo, Talbot, Clifton Dane, and a number of Dick Rawlings' cheery comrades appeared.

"Good egg! We'll make sure of those bounders now!" chuckled Tom. "Got the plank and the rope, Blake? That's right! Now, kids, we'll close in!"

Gordon Gay & Co. jumped violently when they saw their enemies appear.

"Oh jenny!" gasped the Grammarian's leader. "Hop off, kids!"

But the horse raiders had no time to "hop off," as Gay termed it. They were surrounded in a trice, and hurled on to the green sward. Figgins just managed to grab the pot of paint before it went over.

"This might be useful in a tick!" he chuckled.

"Hurrah!" roared Blake. "We've got the blighters now!"

"Groooooh!"

"Yah!"

"Gerroff my chest!"

Those were some of the expressions uttered by the fallen



The whistle of the oncoming express shrieked, and D'Arcy's face turned a deathly white. He knelt on a sleeper and waved his arm desperately, facing the express. Again and again the whistle shrieked, but above its siren notes D'Arcy heard the grinding of brakes and the fierce hissing of escaping steam. The express was stopping! (See page 7.)

Grammarians. They were quickly down and out and made prisoners.

"Now, my bonnie boys, you've got to stand the racket!" chuckled Tom Merry. "Rope their arms together, kids! I'm going to make a swing!"

Two long ropes were tied at either end of the plank, and the plank was then suspended in mid-air from the upper branches of a tree, in the manner of a swing.

"Put 'em on the swing, kids! This is where Gordon Gay & Co. begin to enjoy their little selves!" smiled Tom Merry. The Grammarians commenced to struggle wildly, but all to no purpose.

"We're not going on that swing! Let us go, you bouncers! Yarooooop!" roared Gay.

Figgins and Lowther lifted him bodily and dumped him on the plank.

All five Grammarians were placed side by side on the swing and tied there. Tom Merry & Co. and Dick Rawlings & Co. roared with laughter as they watched them swinging to and fro.

"Now we'll decorate their chivvies a trifle!" smiled Tom, taking up the paint-pot and brush. "Rings painted round their noses will give 'em quite a natty appearance, I reckon!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom painted rings round the Grammarians' noses. The effect was striking, to say the least of it. The Scouts and cadets roared with mirth.

Gordon Gay & Co. spluttered wrathfully. If looks had the power to kill, Tom Merry & Co. and Dick Rawlings & Co. would have collapsed on the spot and withered away.

"Let 'em swing for the time being!" grinned Tom. "We've got to drive into the camp with the horses, for the major and his friends will be wondering where we have got to. You five had better come along with me."

Blake, Lumley-Lumley, Rawlings, O'Donnell, and Simms led the horses back to where the car and the other two horses were standing.

"Hallo, deah boys!" said Arthur Augustus. "So you've got the horses back! What has happened? Wheeah are those Gwammawian boundahs?"

"Having a swing till we want 'em!" chuckled Tom, and he explained how Gordon Gay & Co. had been caught.

Lord Conway and Captain Melville roared with laughter.

"That's wippin', deah boys!" said Gussy. "And now we'll take the horses in and apologise to the majah for keeping them so long, bai Jove!"

The boys mounted the horses, and they led the way along the woodland road, with the car following. At length the car had to stop, and Lord Conway paid off the driver. He and Captain Melville walked to the camp with Tom Merry & Co.

Major Rumbold and the rest of the hunting party were standing in the enclosure when they came up.

"Sorry we've been so long, sir," said Tom, dismounting. "We—we've had rather an adventure, you see, and couldn't get back before."

Arthur Augustus, with all the grace of manner which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere, introduced Lord Conway and Captain Melville, and apologised profusely to Major Rumbold and his friends.

Captain Melville then explained matters to the wondering hunting party.

"The boys and the horses were magnificent," he said, in conclusion. "Had it not been for them, I should surely have been killed!"

"Then, by thunder, it's fortunate that the boys did take the horses out!" said Major Rumbold. "I am glad they were able to save you, captain. D'Arcy and Merry deserve to be congratulated—what!"

Those two youths did not wait to be congratulated. They left Lord Conway and the captain chatting with Major Rumbold and his friends, and they and the other boys ran back to where they had left Gordon Gay & Co.

Those youths were having a very lively time on the swing.

They were being swung so high that it seemed that the swing would describe circles in the air at any minute. The Grammarians yelled at the tops of their voices—when they had the breath to spare.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom Merry. "Go it, kids!"

They "went it," until something happened.

The tree-branch, strong though it was, could not stand the strain.

There was a sudden snapping noise, and Gordon Gay & Co. went whizzing through the air on the plank, in a long, straight direction.

The swing, with the broken bough dangling on the ropes, sailed merrily along—making straight for the pond, which was but a few yards distant.

The "swing" went over the edge, and then fell.

Gordon Gay & Co. shrieked with alarm and dismay.

Splash!

"Yerrrugh!"

The plank, with the five Grammarians aboard, flopped into the pond and sank. Gordon Gay & Co. disappeared beneath the surface with a series of wild, gurgling yells.

The Scouts and cadets went into hysterics at this unexpected happening.

Tom Merry collapsed, sobbing, into Monty Lowther's arms.

"Ha, ha, ha! That's rich! Too prime for words! Ho, ho, ho!"

"Yooogh-hooogh!"

"Yah-aahh!"

"Gug! Gug!"

Weird noises came from the pond. The water was not deep at that part, and Gordon Gay & Co. had managed to struggle into an upright position. They were still roped, side by side to the plank, and their heads and shoulders showed in a long bedraggled line above the surface of the pond.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom Merry & Co. and the cadets. Gordon Gay & Co. blinked at them with watery eyes.

Their expressions were dismal and doleful in the extreme. They seemed to have lost all interest in life.

"Well, dear lads, how did you like the water-chute?" inquired Tom Merry sweetly.

"Gug! Gug! You—you rotters—gerroogh! You wait!" spluttered Gordon Gay.

"Pull 'em out, kids!" said Tom Merry. "It's time we sent 'em home—I'm sure Tadpole and Mont Blong must be wondering where their dear little pals have got to!"

The ropes attached to the plank were grasped, and Gordon Gay & Co. were pulled out of the pond.

They stood on the bank, fairly running with water and gurgling incoherently. Their lower extremities were plastered with mud and weeds. They wriggled desperately to free themselves from the plank, but it held them fast.

"We sha'n't be wanting that giddy plank any more, so I don't think we'll trouble to remove it from them!" chuckled Tom. "You can walk home just as you are, Gay, old sport!"

"You—you—you—"

"Walking hobble-legged is nothing compared to walking with a plank tied to you!" chuckled Jack Blake. "What a pity you can't stand absolutely upright! Ha, ha, ha!"

Gordon Gay & Co. had to lean forward, because of the wide plank behind them. And when they walked they

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 861.

seemed to strut, like pigeons. Tom Merry & Co. and Dick Rawlings & Co. yelled.

"You—you horrid rotters!" gasped Gay, blinking in deep, unutterable wrath at his tormentors. "We'll pay you out for this. Groooogh! Oh dear!"

"Now, then, quick march for home!" commanded Tom Merry. "Prod them from behind, kids, if they won't move!"

Gordon Gay & Co. did not tarry. They were only too anxious to get away as soon as possible.

They strutted away as best they could through the wood, kept in line by the plank.

Squelch! Squelch! Squelch!

Their boots oozed water and mud as they went, and they left a long, long trail of wetness behind them.

Tom Merry & Co. and Dick Rawlings & Co. returned to the camp, roaring loudly in triumph after their poor, unfortunate rivals, and when they told the others at the camp of the manner of Gordon Gay & Co.'s ragging, the wood re-echoed with the laughter that arose.

CHAPTER 5.

Caught Napping!

MAJOR RUMBOLD and his party left the camp, and Scouts and cadets busied themselves preparing dinner.

Fatty Wynn exceeded himself in his role of camp cook that day, as Lord Conway and Captain Melville were staying to dinner, and the meal which Fatty prepared was fit for the gods.

D'Arcy's foot, meanwhile, was given expert first-aid treatment, and Captain Melville's wounded shoulder was bathed and bandaged. All sat round to a merry meal, and afterwards the gallant captain, who was one of England's flying aces, regaled the camp with thrilling stories of his experiences in the air.

"Well, my lads, the holiday is gradually drawing to a close!" said Lord Conway at length. "I was thinking that your good time would not be complete without a visit to the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley."

"Bai Jove! Wathah not, deah boy!"

The Empire Exhibition at Wembley is too good to miss, and all you lads should certainly go," went on D'Arcy's brother. "I came down, as a matter of fact, with the object of arranging for you to visit the Exhibition."

"Oh, good!"

"That's awfully ripping of you, sir!"

Tom Merry & Co. and Dick Rawlings & Co. were all enthusiasm at once.

"How are you lads off for money?" asked Lord Conway.

"We've all got plenty, sir!" replied Dick Rawlings.

"Major Rumbold has been jolly decent to us. We all helped in recovering some valuables he had stolen last week. He paid for refitting the camp after the fire that broke out that same night, and shared the rest of the reward between us."

"That's fine!" said Lord Conway. "Then, if you lads like, I will provide a charabanc, and you can visit Wembley as soon as you like."

"Hurrah!"

Lord Conway looked round with a whimsical smile.

"You will not be able to go all together, I suppose," he said. "Having enemies so close at hand, it would hardly be safe!"

"Ha, ha! No fear!"

After some discussion it was agreed that Dick Rawlings & Co. should go to Wembley in one party together, and Tom Merry & Co. in another party. The two parties would go on different days.

"The first trip, I suggest, shall be made to-morrow," said Lord Conway. "Now, who's going first—Scouts or cadets?"

"I'll toss a coin for the great decision!" smiled Captain Melville.

He spun a penny in the air and caught it deftly.

"Heads!" said Dick Rawlings.

"All right—tails!" grinned Tom Merry.

Captain Melville opened his palm.

"Tails it is!" he said.

"Huwwah!" chirruped Arthur Augustus. "Then we go to Wembley to-morrow, deah boys!"

"Lucky beggars!" laughed Dick Rawlings.

And so it was agreed.

Lord Conway and Captain Melville left the camp later to pay a visit to Major Rumbold before departing for London.

Tom Merry & Co. could think or speak of nothing that day other than their projected visit to the great Empire Exhibition at Wembley, about which they had heard so much.

Next morning all sprang up readily at Reveille and took their usual dip in the river. D'Arcy's foot was now better, much to his chums' relief.

"Let's put on our school togs for a change," suggested Tom Merry. "What do you kids say?"

"Toppin' ideah, Tom Mewwy!" said Arthur Augustus,

with enthusiasm. "I have bought a whippin' new toppah and some simply stummin' fancy waistcoats and ties at Winchelgate, and shall be glad of an opportunity of wearin' them."

"Oh, help!" gasped Blake. "If Gussy turns up at Wembley in those gaudy things he bought, they won't let us in!"

"Weally, Blake—" "I hear they've got real live cannibals at Wembley," grinned Tom Merry. "All I hope is, that they don't go for Gussy when they see him and make a meal of him. We should hate that. Life wouldn't seem the same without old Gussy!"

Arthur Augustus' eyeglass glimmered with indignation, and the cadets chuckled. He turned a red face to his laughing chums.

"Weally, you wottahs, I fail to see any cause whatevah for this fivodity!" he said. "I'm goin' to dweess as I please. If onlay you youngstahs would twy to dweess a little more decently, and take an example fwom me—"

"Oh, ring off, Gussy!" "Look heah—"

But Tom Merry & Co. walked away to their tents to change into their school clobber, which they had brought with them from St. Jim's, but which they had not yet worn. Gussy sniffed and went into his tent to do likewise.

Clicky, the little cadet who occupied the same tent as Gussy, dutifully assisted him in arranging his neckties and brushing his beautiful Eton jacket. Clicky was always ready and eager to do anything for Arthur Augustus. D'Arcy was his god, and Clicky worshipped him.

But even Clicky, used as he was to strange sights, could not repress a gasp when he saw Gussy's latest lurid waistcoat.

"How does it look, deah boy?" asked Arthur Augustus, putting it on.

"My heye!" said Clicky. "It ain't 'arf a wunner, ain't it?"

"Wathah smart, I fancay!" said Gussy, surveying himself in the glass. "Do you think the heliotwopce backgwound tones with my purple necktie, deah boy?"

"Oh—burn—rather!" said Clicky dutifully.

"Yaas, I think that's all wight," said Gussy. "Now, Clicky, would you weah lavendah or white spats?"

The little Cockney grinned.

The idea of him wearing spats at all struck him as rather amusing.

"Ahem!" he coughed. "Master Blake used your white spats to clean his rifle with this morning—"

"Bai Jove! The feahful wuffian! When I see him I shall administrah a feahful thwashin'—"

"Hullo, is that prize ass still titivating himself up?" broke in Jack Blake's voice at that moment, and his cheery face appeared at the tent entrance, with Herries, Digby, and Talbot behind him. "Hurry up, Gussy! The others are ready!"

"Blake, you awful wottah, I undahstand that you used my white spats for cleanin' your rifle!" began Gussy heatedly.

"Yes, I did; but blow your white spats! Are you coming?" growled Blake.

"Not until aftah I have given you a feahful thwashin'" exclaimed Gussy. "I wufuse to have my clobber used for cleanin' rifles!"

"I'll use you for cleaning up the giddy floor, you blitherer, if you don't cut the cackle and get ready!" snorted Blake.

"Look heah, Blake, I—"

"We'll give Gussy two minutes," said Blake, consulting his watch. "If he is not ready by then, we'll bump him, and crease his jacket, and spoil the crease in his trousers, and ruffle his hair—"

"Bai Jove! You wottah, Blake! Undah the cires, I will get weady and postpone the feahful thwashin' until we have returned fwom Wembley!"

Gussy put on his lavender spats and set his beautifully shiny topper at an elegant angle on his head. Then, with gold-knobbed cane and gloves in hand, he was ready.

Clicky followed him from the tent, gazing at him in awe and wonder.

This was the first time he had seen the swell of St. Jim's in all his glory. D'Arcy presented a vision of splendour that quite dazzled the little Cockney cadet.

Dick Rawlings & Co. could not help staring, either, when they beheld the resplendent Gussy.

"By jingo!" muttered Jack Dawson under his breath. "Doesn't he look a treat? Just like one of those fashion plates from Bond Street."

"Good old D'Arcy!" laughed Rawlings. "It suits him, anyhow."

Tom Merry & Co. laughed.

"Behold our tame tailor's dummy!" chuckled Monty Lowther. "What a pity the Rodeo isn't on at Wembley now, Gussy. You'd be able to enter the amateur

competitions and drop the steers. One look at you would be enough for the poor beasts!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Lowtah, I wegard you as an insultin' wottah, bai Jove!"

"Oh, Gussy!"

"Hullo!" exclaimed Dick Rawlings. "Here comes somebody for us. A motor-driver, I think."

A smart figure in the uniform of a chauffeur walked into the camp. He saluted.

"Master Merry?" he asked.

"That's me!" said Tom promptly.

"The charabanc is waiting out in the road for you and your friends, sir."

"Huwah!"

The St. Jim's juniors all crowded up eagerly. All were ready for the long drive to Wembley.

"Well, so-long, you chaps!" laughed Tom, turning to Dick Rawlings & Co. "We'll tell you all about the Exhibition when we come back. Don't look so blue. It will be your turn to-morrow."

"Who's looking blue?" demanded Rawlings warmly.

"Hope you have a good time, anyway!"

"Thanks awfully! Cheerio!"

The party of St. Jim's juniors followed the chauffeur through the wood until they came to the road, where a smart blue charabanc was waiting.

"My word, she's a ripper, isn't she?" said Herries enthusiastically. "I'm glad it's not one of those big, ugly brutes. There's just sufficient room for all of us in that."

"I'm not so sure," said Monty Lowther. "We've got to take into consideration your big feet, you know."

George Herries went very red.

His feet were certainly large, and their size was rather a sore point with him.

"Why, you blighter, I'll dot you on the nose!" he spluttered. "I'll—"

"Hush! Peace, my infants—peace!" said Tom Merry chidingly. "This is going to be a pleasure trip, so let brotherly love continue. Get in, kids, and chuck rowing, or you'll be bumped!"

Tom Merry & Co. took their seats in the charabanc, the driver started the engine, and away they went down the road at a good pace.

The driver's eyes were twinkling, and Tom Merry & Co., had they not been so excited, might have noticed that he kept his face averted from them as much as possible.

He seemed to be a driver after their own hearts, however, for he made the charabanc fairly bowl along. It hummed at a fast pace over the heath and along a narrow cliff road far above the sheltered seaside town of Winchelgate. The fresh sea breeze whistled past the juniors' ears, and they thrilled with the glory of the open air and the excitement of speed.

"My word, some driver!" gasped Blake, clutching the side of the charabanc for support. The road was very bumpy and uneven now, and the vehicle was rocking alarmingly from left to right.

"Bai Jove! Yow! I neahly lost my toppah that time!" gasped Gussy, making a grab at his headgear as the wind swept it off. "I say, dwivah, not so fast, deah boy."

The driver did not seem to hear. His eyes were glued on the road ahead. They were now whizzing along a very narrow and tortuous cliff road that led downward to the shore. Tom Merry & Co. began to feel alarmed.

"Slow down, you idiot!" howled Blake in the driver's ear. "You'll have us over in a tick! We're going downhill, and if— Yow-ow!"

Bump!

The charabanc lurched over a hole in the road and nearly turned turtle. It was only by skilful manipulation of the steering-wheel that the driver averted an accident. He seemed to have boundless nerve and confidence. Tom Merry & Co. were not finks, but the reckless rate at which the driver was going somewhat unnerved them.

Tom, holding on grimly to his seat, looked round.

"Look here, I don't believe this is the right road we're taking!" he exclaimed. "We're going down to the shore—"

"We'll all be pitched out into the sea in a minute!" gasped Figgins. "The driver must be potty. Chuck it, you idiot!"

Bump!

The charabanc lurched through a narrow opening between the cliffs, bounced along a short, rocky pathway—it could hardly be called a road—and then came to a halt, its front wheels sunk slightly in the sand of the beach.

Tom Merry & Co. looked round them.

They were in a small cove, walled in on either side by the cliffs, with the wide, lonely expanse of sea before them.

Then they glared at the driver, who had jumped down.

"Look here, what's the game?" demanded Tom Merry

grily. "This isn't the way to Wembley. You've landed us in this cove, and you might have known—"

"Yes, and you might have known a lot of things!" retorted the driver, looking up with a grin from where he stood on the rocky ground. "You might have known, for instance, that you were being spoofed, and by your dear old pal from Rylcombe Grammar School."

Thus saying, the driver took off his cap, bringing a wig off with it. This displayed a head of brown curly hair. Then, to the St. Jim's fellows' utter amazement, he removed the small moustache that adorned his upper lip, and wiped his face.

"Mum-my only hat!" gurgled Tom Merry, hardly able to believe the evidence of his own eyes. "Gordon Gay!"

"That bouncer!" stuttered Blake, in a faint voice.

Gordon Gay gave a ringing laugh and ran off up the narrow cliff-path, disappearing an instant later round the bend.

Tom Merry & Co. recovered from the amazement and piled hurriedly out of the charabanc.

"After him!" yelled Figgins. "He can't get away, chaps! This way! Yaroooooooh!"

A large barrel came rolling down the steep cliff path and, catching Figgins right between the legs, it bowled him over.

The New House leader collapsed at the feet of Tom Merry, Blake, Manners, Kangaroo, and others who were following. A chorus of yells arose as these youths trod upon Figgins and fell against each other.

"Yow-wow-wow!"

"Yow! Wh-what the—"

"Gerroff my chest!" howled Figgins. "Yah! Wooooop!"

He struggled up at last, and Tom Merry & Co. jumped over the barrel, and made a concerted rush round the corner. Then they halted, gasping.

The narrow path was barricaded before them.

Part of an old fence, several boxes and tubs, and a mass of woodwork completely blocked the way. And smiling sweetly at them over the barricade from the other side, were Gordon Gay and his chums—Monk, Carboy, the two Woottons, Tadpole, and Mont Blong.

CHAPTER 6.

A Novel Rescue!

TOM MERRY & Co. gazed in utter stupefaction at their rivals.

For several moments they were quite unable to speak.

Gordon Gay & Co. broke the silence with a chorus of triumphant roars.

"Ha, ha, ha! You can't pass here! No thoroughfare, dear lads."

Tom Merry found his voice at last.

"You—you horrid rotters!" he gasped. "What do you mean by this? Let us pass! We've got to get to Wembley."

"You'll get there all right so long as you agree to what we say!" chuckled Gordon Gay over the barricade. "You are prisoners down there, my sons. You can't climb the cliffs and get to the top; they're too steep. And you can't very well put to sea in a charabanc, can you? The only way out of that merry little cove is through here, and we require certain conditions to be fulfilled before we allow you to pass."

"Oh cwnabbs!"

The St. Jim's juniors gazed at each other, and then at their rivals in blank dismay.

"How—how did you manage this, you rotter?" demanded Blake.

"Easy as rolling off a form!" grinned Gay. "Tadpole did some scouting yesterday, and got to know of your plans for this morning. We kept a look-out for the charabanc, and waylaid the driver in the wood. He's there now, tied to a tree, with a hanky in his mouth. All I had to do was to make up in a little disguise, take his place, and drive you here. This place we discovered the other day while we were on a ramble, and I think it has served our purpose well. My pals here came on earlier and had all this giddy woodwork hidden amongst the rocks. As soon as the charabanc passed they got out of hiding and put up the barrier. Now you know how you have been dished, diddled, and done."

"Bai Jove! You awful wottah!"

Tom Merry looked round desperately.

"Rush! em, chaps!" he exclaimed. "It's our only chance!"

The St. Jim's juniors all made a rush. D'Arcy, caring nothing for his beautiful clobber now, pushed back his cuffs and took his place in the forefront of the attack.

Whack!

Scrunch!

Carboy flattened Gussy's topper on his head with one hit with a plank he wielded. D'Arcy gave a roar.

"Yawooooooh! My toppah! Yah! Ow! Nevah mind, though. Down with the bawwler, deah boys!"

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 351.

But that was easier said than done.

Gordon Gay & Co. were armed with long staves, and they were in a unique strategic position. They were seven against twenty odd, but the barrier and the narrowness of the pass gave them the advantage. They beat back the attackers, and Tom Merry & Co. at last saw that it would be futile to attempt to get past the barricade.

"Oh, you—you blighters!" gasped Tom, daubing at his nose, which was streaming red. "We've got to pass! We're due at Wembley at twelve!"

"You've got to sign this paper before we let you free!" grinned Gordon Gay. "I will read it to you—like, so:

"This is to certify that we have been spoofed, diddled, and swindled by our respected rivals of Rylcombe Grammar School, and that we admit having been done in the eye all along the line. We promise to be good little boys for the remainder of our summer holiday, and to always bear in mind that Rylcombe Grammar School is top dog, and that St. Jim's cannot hold a candle to it."

Tom Merry & Co. listened to Gordon Gay's reading of this interesting episode in deep dismay.

"There!" chuckled Gay, after a pause. "All you have to do is to sign that, and we'll let you pass. I'll drive you back to pick up the chauffeur—under your solemn promise, of course, not to touch me."

"Never!" roared Tom Merry furiously. "We won't sign that. We'd stop here all day, rather!"

"Go hon!" said the Grammarian leader cheerfully. "You might alter your mind later on, when you feel hungry. Besides, think of what you are missing. Wembley is top-hole. We've been there already, so we know. We wouldn't have missed it for worlds. There's the Palace of Engineering, the Palace of Industry, the wonderful Stadium, the palaces of India, South Africa—oh, all sorts of marvellous things. And the Amusements Park! You should see the—"

"You rotters! Let us loose!" howled Blake. "We'll settle this another time!"

"Rats! All's fair in love and war, you know. This is where we get our own back. All you have to do is to sign this paper and give your word not to touch us, and you are free. That's simple and fair enough, isn't it? We're not very hard on you, you know!"

"You—you—you—"

Tom Merry & Co. withdrew to the charabanc to hold a council of war.

All were agreed that they could not yield to the Grammarians' demand. Yet how would they get to Wembley otherwise? Gordon Gay & Co. had made them the victims of a perfectly legitimate joke, but it came very, very hard.

"They've got the upper hand all right!" moaned Figgins. "A handful of chaps could keep back a regiment in a narrow path like that. What the dickens can we do?"

"Hark!" said Tom Merry suddenly.

All listened and heard the distant throb of an engine.

"Sounds like a motor-boat coming," exclaimed Kangaroo hopefully. "If it is, and we can attract its attention—"

The steady thrum of the engine grew into a roar, and the juniors realised that it came from up above. They looked skywards and saw a small monoplane flying low over the cliffs.

Tom Merry clenched his fists with excitement.

"Chaps, do you see the pilot waving?" he cried. "I wonder if he's trying to signal to us?"

The juniors craned their necks to watch the pilot of the monoplane, who was making gestures with one arm. A few minutes later, however, the craft disappeared from view, and the sound of its engine swiftly grew fainter in the distance until it could no longer be heard.

"Well, what are we to do about this business?" growled Herries. "We can't stop here all day. We've got to get to Wembley."

"I know!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "I'll swim out and land somewhere along the shore. Then perhaps I can get help from somewhere. Anyway, I'll go out and see."

"I'll come with you, Tommy," said Blake.

"Right-ho!"

The two stripped off their jackets and waistcoats, plunged into the sea, and swam out.

The cliffs extended for some distance in either direction; but Tom Merry's quick eyes denoted a part that looked easy to climb, and he and Blake made for that.

They reached the shore at last, and commenced to climb up the cliff.

It was slow, arduous work, but they reached the top at last. "Now," muttered Tom, looking round, "we've got to get help from somewhere to shift those Grammarians from the road, and— Oh, my hat! Look out, Blake!"

Two figures—Frank Monk and Harry Wootton—came springing out at them from behind the rocks near by.

Their escape from the cove had evidently been seen, and the Grammarians had laid in wait for them.

Tom Merry and Blake did not stay to fight; they ran.



In his hurry to dash off, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy did not perceive one of the Raillok cars coming along the road, loaded with sightseers. The electric car was not travelling fast, but there was a terrific bump when it struck Gussy amidships. "Yawwooooooh!" The elegant Fourth-Former went sprawling, and his free samples flew in all directions. (See page 7.)

"After them!" shouted Monk.

The two fugitives tore away as hard as they could. But their wet clothing hampered them, and at last they had to turn at bay.

Tom closed with Frank Monk, whilst Blake flung himself desperately upon Wootton.

The two pairs of struggling juniors fell to the ground, and there they rolled in fierce conflict in the middle of the road.

Ten minutes elapsed, and still neither Tom Merry nor Blake were free. Monk and Wootton were hanging on to them like leeches.

Suddenly Tom Merry heard again that distant hum in the air, which gradually came nearer. Flinging a glance upward as he wrestled with Monk, he saw that the monoplane had returned.

The pilot was again waving.

Then came another sound—that of a swiftly-moving car on the cliff road.

Honk, honk!

They blinked along the road, and then all started.

A car had come along, and in it were Dick Rawlings & Co.

"Hurrah!" shouted Blake. "Rescue, St. Jim's! Ooooooh!"

Monk and Wootton tried to struggle free now, but it was the others' turn to hold on tight.

The car drew up close by, and the cadets from the camp piled out. They dashed to the aid of Merry and Blake, and the two Grammarians soon found themselves whirled to their feet in the grasp of many hands.

"Groogh! Thanks awfully, you chaps!" gasped Tom, on rising. "But what on earth brought you here? Did you know we were being kept prisoners by the Grammarians?"

"Rather!" laughed Dick Rawlings. "See that monoplane overhead? Guess who's in it?"

"Who?" asked Tom, mystified.

"Captain Melville."

"Great pip!"

"We had a great surprise a little while ago, when the captain ran into the camp in his flying togs," explained Dick Rawlings. "He had landed on the heath, you see. He told us that he had come over to follow the charabanc in his monoplane, just for sport, to let you know that he was in the neighbourhood. He spotted the charabanc on the beach, so he told us, and saw that you were being kept there by the Grammarians. He immediately turned back to Winchelgate, landed outside, and rang up for a car to be

sent to the camp. Then he came on to us. By the time he had finished telling us what had happened the car had arrived, and we came along straight away."

"Good old Captain Melville!" breathed Blake. "He's saved the situation for us a treat!"

"I must say you were silly chumps to allow yourselves—a whole charabanc full—to be caught by the Grammarians!" said Dick Rawlings severely. "You didn't fall asleep, did you?"

Tom Merry hurriedly explained, and the cadets chuckled. "Come on!" said Blake. "We've got to turn the tables on those rotters now. Lug those two into the car, and we'll get along there at once."

"What-ho!"

Monk and Wootton were hurled unceremoniously into the car, which then drove rapidly onward down the cliff road, until Gordon Gay & Co. and the barrier were sighted.

"Now, up, boys, and at 'em!" yelled Tom Merry, leaping from the car.

"Charge!" shouted Dick Rawlings to his merry men.

Gordon Gay & Co. jumped up with looks of alarm when they saw the new arrivals.

They turned to meet the oncoming foe, and a wild and whirling struggle developed an instant later.

"Bai Jove!" D'Arcy's voice sounded from the other side of the barrier. "What's happenin'? Gweat Scott! It's Wawlin's and the othahs, deah boys! They've got these Gwammawian boundahs! How wippin'! Now we can dwag down the bawwler!"

"Hurrah!"

The trapped St. Jim's fellows tore down the barrier, now that Gordon Gay & Co. were not there to defend it. They leaped over the woodwork and flung themselves into the fray.

The Grammarians stood not the ghost of a chance after that!

They were simply overwhelmed.

All seven were held down on the road by the cadets. They gasped and moaned dismally.

The rescued St. Jim's fellows looked in astonishment at Dick Rawlings & Co.

"What brought you here?" demanded Figgins. "Surely you didn't fly?"

(Continued on page 16.)

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 861.



EDITORIAL!

By Tom Merry.

THIS special Garden Fete number is the direct outcome of a function that took place last week at the Hollies, Rylcombe.

I do not think there has been any previous reference in these pages to the Hollies, which is a large house standing about a quarter of a mile out of the village, on the main road.

It is the home of Colonel Greeson, V.C., a retired Army man, who enjoys—or otherwise—the reputation of being something of a martinet. Possibly he is, although I must say that he's never appeared in that light to me, in spite of the fact that he is certainly of a rather hot-tempered type. But his bark is infinitely worse than his bite—in fact, I should doubt whether he had a bite at all if it wasn't for the fact that he has the right to add the letters V.C. to his name, and he's not likely to have earned that decoration without proving that he's capable of biting pretty painfully when it's necessary.

I think his reputation is chiefly due to the fact that he makes a practice of sacking his entire staff of servants about twice a week—and then reinstating them with, in many cases, an increase of salary or an extension of privileges. He is also an expert at telling people off from a great height when anything happens to provoke him. However, as nobody takes any particular notice of what he says—and, for that matter, it wouldn't affect them much if they did, since he often recites his choicest bits in Hindustani—there's no real harm done.

You'll always see the old boy's name at the head of any subscription lists that are travelling round the district. And he's always more than ready to give any assistance he can to any kind of effort in aid of a charitable cause. So when the Wayland Hospital authorities decided to hold a garden fete in order to raise the money to pay off the debt that they had incurred in the building of a new children's wing at the institution, they naturally asked the colonel's permission to use his grounds, since they were far and away the most commodious and suitable for the purpose—though the nearest and most convenient, if you can understand that rather contradictory statement.

Nearly all the fellows from St. Jim's attended, and in this special issue of the "News" I am printing several contributions giving accounts of the affair from the point of view of various Juniors who were there.

Tom Merry

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 861.

WHAT I DID!

By Monty Lowther.

I WILL not say that half of the success of the garden fete was due to my efforts. I trust that I am far too modest to make such a claim. I will therefore leave the statement to others, and I shall certainly not contradict them when they make it on my behalf. (If they do not I shall suffer a grievous disappointment, I might add.)

Because it's undoubtedly true. Little Monty was the life and soul of the affair.

I was here, there, and everywhere, and back again before you could say Jack Robinson. On the go all the while. I was as full of money-spinning stunts as Trumble was of cake that somebody else had paid for.

Behold me when the gates were first opened to the eager throng. A jovial nigger-minstrel was I, with banjo complete. I roamed about the place, accompanied by Tom Merry and Talbot, who had a collecting-box apiece, and I gave impromptu entertainments whenever there seemed to be any chance of raking in the ready.

We'd rattled up exactly two pounds eight and elevenpence-halfpenny—if the five trouser-buttons that were found among the money were all contributed by one and the same generous donor, he must have had his hands pretty full for the rest of the afternoon—when I had to rush off to the dressing-room to get ready for the first concert.

I was in charge of the concert party arrangements, and it would have been considerably more pleasant if I had also been in charge of the concert party. As a matter of fact, I was supposed to be, but it didn't come off.

The argument about who was to go on first lasted so long that about half the audience had drifted away to find something more exciting before we got going, but as they'd paid for their seats it didn't matter.

It was quite a good concert once it had started. Kerr did some recitations, Glyn performed some conjuring tricks, Piggins played a violin solo (this item went splendidly in consequence of the audience mistaking it for an imitation of a cat fight, and voting it jolly clever and lifelike), and I sang comic songs. Then Kerr and I did a double turn, an impersonation of Mr. Selby and Mr. Ratcliff as a couple of cross-talk comedians. Kerr provided the make-up, and I believe when we first stepped on to the stage most of the fellows who were among the audience thought we were the genuine articles.

Gussy was due to sing a tenor solo, but he'd got himself mixed up in some sort of trouble, and wasn't able to perform, so that the concert was more enjoyable than it might otherwise have been.

Three concerts raised nearly twelve pounds, so you can see it proved a good success.

QUITE AN ACCIDENT!

By Wally D'Arcy.

I SAY, aren't garden-parties just the giddy goods?

There was me and young Manners and Curly Gibson and Joe Frayne hanging together all the while, and you can bet your boots we had a perfectly scrumptious time. Talk about a lark! Well, it was the best fun we've had since Old Beaky broke his false teeth, and had to take the Third for two days without them, gnashing his gums like an old lad of a hundred and seven or thereabouts! Never told you that yarn, have I? Well, one of these days I will, if you're good.

Talking about Old Beaky, of course he had to butt in. No getting away from it, the old freak simply ought to have a keeper. Leave him to himself, and he can't help getting into mischief.

Fancy a Form master interfering with chaps when they're at a garden-party! That's what he did! Cheeky, you know! The absolute gilt-edged limit!

Of course, I admit the blessed thing hit him in the eye, but it was quite an accident. You see, it was like this. Curly was trying his luck at the Aunt Sally. You had three shies for twopence, and if you broke a clay pipe you got a packet of toffee. Curly broke a pipe all right, but he didn't get any toffee. You see, it wasn't a clay pipe; it was a meerschaum, and it belonged to Selby.

Mind you, Curly wasn't throwing at Selby. I'm not saying he wouldn't have liked the chance, but he wasn't doing it. He was taking aim at his wooden aunt, and Joe Frayne shoved his silly napper in the way of Curly's arm. Naturally, that spoiled Curly's shot, but it was sheer bad luck that Beaky happened to be just where the ball went. Well, I suppose it was bad luck, though knowing Beaky as I do, I wouldn't put it beyond him to have arranged the whole affair just to have an excuse for kicking up a row.

Flop went the ball into Selby's optic. He opened his mouth to yell, dropped his pipe, and then did a few steps of a sort of waltz-dance which brought his hoof down on it.

That was the end of Selby's pipe, and the beginning of our trouble. The old idiot actually tried to order us back to St. Jim's. Nothing doing, of course!

Curly explained that it was an accident. Anybody with a grain of sense would have known that it was without being told. If Curly had done it on purpose, he'd have thrown a jolly sight harder than he did. He's like me—he doesn't believe in half doing a thing.

Still, it was lucky for us that Ratcliff came up, and gave a hint to Beaky to say no more about it. But he took it out of us in the Form-room the next day. Now Curly wishes he'd thrown the other two balls while he was about it! And so do I!



NOT ON THE PROGRAMME!

By Jack Blake.

THE trouble began before we'd been in the place five minutes.

Mind you, it was nobody's fault in particular. It was due to one of those unfortunate incidents which so often occur in the most unexpected fashion and lead to endless complications and a lot of misunderstanding before things can be straightened out again.

It wasn't even Gussy's fault. At least, he wasn't directly to blame, though I can't rid myself of an idea that if he hadn't been with us it would never have happened. You see, when you've got Gussy to look after, you're saddled with a job that takes the whole of your attention, and you can't give much to anything else that's likely to cause trouble.

Of course, we didn't really want to take Gussy with us at all. But what can you do? A four-footed ass can be tied up at the end of a piece of rope and left till called for, but you can't adopt that method with a two-footed one—or, at least, not without causing a lot of unpleasantness all round.

If you put him on a lead—well, look what a lot of comment that would arouse among the general public. If everybody knew him as well as we do, of course they wouldn't take any notice, but even then there's the question of Gussy himself. He's as obstinate as the four-footed kind, and you couldn't rely on his behaving tractably even at the end of a lead. Ten to one he'd refuse to walk, or something like that, and I don't see myself fitting wheels to him and pulling him along behind me like a kid with a toy engine.

There's no question about it, taking Gussy out provides a problem that old Enclid himself would have boggled at, and I'm sorry for anybody who has to tackle it—particularly when it happens to me.

But you see what I mean; although Gussy didn't actually put his silly hoof into trouble, we were so occupied with the task of making certain that he didn't that we failed to keep out of it ourselves. So, in a way, he was indirectly responsible for what happened.

We walked across the bowling-green.

It doesn't sound much, does it, especially when you say it quickly? But then it happened to be Colonel Greeson's bowling-green, and that makes more than a whole heap of difference.

You see, the colonel's absolutely nuts on bowls. He's a sort of super-champion with brass-mounted fittings at the game, and that bowling-green is the apple of his eye. He has it shaved and shampooed and Marcelle waved at the edges about four or five times a day, and if he happens to find a leaf on it he goes off the deep end, calls out the guard—I mean gardeners, blesses their eyes till the trees turn blue, threatens to drown them in the lake, sacks them on the spot, and throws stones through the conservatory windows to relieve his feelings.

It would be a jolly sight safer to drop a flat-iron on his gouty foot than to put yours on the bowling-green, especially if you haven't got rubber-soled boots on.

Gussy was wearing patent-leathers with high, narrow heels, not exactly calculated to do a lawn any particular good; Herries, who takes a size nine boot, and despises any daintiness in footwear as "girlish," preferring a sole that is at least three-quarters of an inch thick, was wearing a pair of his heaviest footsey-cases; Digby and I had quite ordinary shoes on, but they were certainly not rubber-soled.

And we walked across the bowling-green. Old Colonel Greeson had thrown his grounds freely open in the most generous manner. You were at liberty to walk through the glasshouses, to roam through the shrubberies, play on the tennis-courts, use the clock-golf lawn, row on the lake, and loiter in the aviary.

But he made the stipulation that nobody, in any circumstances, was to set foot on the bowling lawn.

Visitors might pick flowers and even fruit, drop paper about, take photographs—any old thing they liked, in reason, with one exception.

The colonel merely smiled when they erected three marquees and several small tents, driving dozens of pegs into the ground. He still beamed happily when a motor-lorry ruttled along the gravel paths, broke down the grass borders, and scored the terrace lawn. He did not even flinch when a case of lemonade fell from a dray and crashed into the middle of a bed of prize tulips.

But when we walked across the bowling-green, that caused it!

Of course, there was really no excuse for us. There were no end of notices about the grounds informing people that the green was sacred. But we were far too busy looking after Gussy to have eyes for notices.

The merry fun started.

"Wooooowwwwwww—ump!"

My first impression was that a boiler had exploded somewhere in the immediate vicinity. I jumped about a foot in the air, and then stared at the house, expecting to see the roof off and the walls just commencing to fall.

Instead of that, I saw batteries of eyes focused on us. I couldn't make head nor tail of it until I saw the colonel striding towards us. I recognised him as the colonel when he got within about fifty yards. Up till then I'd had a hazy impression that he was the setting sun. His face is fairly red at the best of times, and this was decidedly not one of the best of times either for him or for us.

I didn't know even then what was wrong, but I judged, by the manner in which he had used his voice to attract our attention, that it must be something pretty empty.

What would have happened if a diversion had not occurred is beyond my powers of prophesy. Fortunately, a diversion did occur.

There was a sudden stir in the crowd behind the advancing colonel, and something that bore a marked resemblance to a huge rubber ball appeared and came rolling down the steps of the terrace. It bumped into the late colonel from behind, caught him just below the knees, and down he came with a thud that we could plainly hear from where we were standing.

Then the rubber ball uncoupled itself, crawled upright on a pair of podgy legs, and came pounding towards us without a backward glance.

"Great Scott! Baggy Trimble!" gasped Digby. "What on earth—"

He broke off as Knox came leaping down the steps in obvious pursuit of Baggy. Knox was in far too much of a hurry to look where he was going, with the result that he collided with the colonel, who was just struggling to his feet. Down went the colonel again, and down went Knox, but the prefect was up again almost instantly, and on the trail of the fleeing Baggy.

The fat Fourth-Former may or may not have been aware of the sanctity of the bowling-green, but he was in no mood to respect it at that moment. For some—to us, at least, unknown—reason, Knox was thirsting for his blood, and in such circumstances it behoved Baggy to put as much space between himself and the prefect as was possible to him. The bowling-green afforded a line of retreat, and towards the bowling-green he came, with Knox hot-foot behind him.

We afterwards discovered that Baggy had crawled under the flap of the tea-tent and scooped a spread for four which Knox had just ordered and paid for.

When they flashed past us there was not more than a couple of yards between them, and Knox was gaining.

The colonel sat up just in time to see them go tearing across his beloved green. He waved his arms in the air and bellowed in a fashion that might well have roused the Bull of Bashan to appear and defend his title. I believe he was imploring an archangel to throw a thunderbolt at the lot of us.

Then, to add to the excitement, Towser broke loose. I didn't mention, perhaps, that Herries had brought him; but, in any case, it would have been an unnecessary remark. Herries can always be relied upon to bring Towser, whatever the occasion.

Towser always gets excited when people start running. Herries says it's just playfulness, but, whatever it is, there's generally



Baggy Trimble leapt for the boat just as Knox leapt for Baggy Trimble.

trouble ahead for somebody whenever it happens.

Anyway, he jerked the lead out of Herries' hand and went lumbering off. Herries went after him, and we went after Herries—and the colonel came after us, with the vicar heading the hundred or so garden-party visitors who were trailing on behind.

It was like the last couple of hundred feet of a slap-stick cinema comedy.

Through an avenue in the laurel bushes on the far side of the bowling-green we went, and came out on to the open space around the lake.

Baggy Trimble was still ahead, with Knox stretching out a hand that nearly touched his collar.

Racke and Crooke were paddling about in a canoe, not far from the shore of the lake. Baggy got there just ahead of Knox, and apparently decided that the canoe was his only hope. Anyway, he made a leap for it, just at the same moment that Knox made a leap for him and Towser made a leap for Knox.

Baggy landed in the canoe, while Knox and Towser went into the lake. They stopped there, but Baggy didn't stop in the canoe. That kind of craft isn't built for gymnastic stunts. If it comes to that, neither is Baggy. His sudden arrival was a great surprise to Racke and Crooke, who hadn't been prepared for a visitor. They were rather upset—in fact, they were very much upset. The lake was a sort of aquarium when the colonel and the vicar's personally conducted party of rubbernecks came on the scene.

How they settled matters between them I don't know. As soon as Towser had crawled out and rejoined us, we cleared out while the going was good.

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 861.

NOW ON SALE!

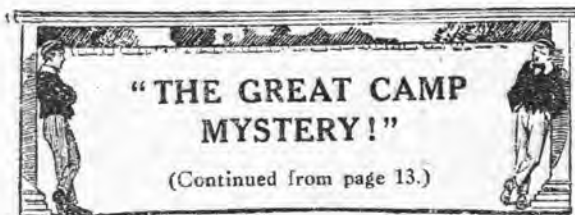
SPECIAL WEMBLEY "JAMBOREE" NUMBER OF

"THE BOYS' FRIEND!"

Special features:

"The Boy Scouts and the British Empire Exhibition!" A rousing Scout article, and "The Rookwood Scouts at Wembley!" A topping story of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood School, at the Exhibition.

GET A COPY OF "THE BOYS' FRIEND" AND ENJOY A TREAT!



Tom Merry explained, much to his chums' wonderment and surprise.

Then there was a step on the path behind, and who should appear but Captain Melville himself, with a wide grin on his handsome face.

"Hurrah!" yelled Blake. "You've done us a jolly good turn, sir!"

"Good to have been of assistance!" laughed the young airman, when the juniors had finished thanking him. "What are you going to do with your prisoners now?"

"Take them back to the camp, and Rawlings and the others can keep them there till we return and decide what to do with them," said Tom readily. "There's plenty of room for them in the charabanc. We've got to return, in any case, to rescue the driver, and Blake and I want a change of clobber. We shall be late at Wembley, but it doesn't matter. The day's young yet."

"Yaas, wathah!"

Gordon Gay & Co., again foiled, were dumped in the charabanc and driven away to the camp, Dick Rawlings & Co. following in the car.

Captain Melville had to go on to Wapshot, and he was waved out of sight by the exuberant Scouts and cadets.

The prisoners were made secure in the camp, and the charabanc driver was rescued while Tom Merry and Blake changed, and D'Arcy put on a new topper and collar.

The driver was none the worse for his experience, and showed himself to be a good sport. He smilingly took charge of the charabanc, Tom Merry & Co. jumped aboard, and once more a start was made.

CHAPTER 7.

The Wonders of Wembley!

"WEMBLEY!" sang out Tom Merry.

"Hawwah!"

The charabanc drove up the busy hill where a constant stream of motor omnibuses, cars, and other vehicles wended their way to the one great magnet—the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley.

Wembley, that quiet, unobtrusive rural township before the advent of this stupendous exhibition, was now the veritable hub of the British Empire, and it certainly seemed to be the busiest place in the world.

Tom Merry & Co. stood up in their charabanc and looked round them wonderingly.

As yet they were not in the Exhibition, but the view from outside was a magnificent, awe-inspiring spectacle.

Like a fairy city from a picture book, the great panorama of Wembley lay before them—a vista of picturesque buildings rearing lofty towers and pinnacles to the blue summer sky in the midst of a wealth of green and bright colours, and in the centre of all the wonderful Stadium itself, representing, in its majestic bulk, and massive strength, the concrete solidity of the British Empire.

"Bai Jove!" breathed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, adjusting his monocle and looking eagerly at the impressive view. "Isn't it gwand, deah boys—weally gwand!"

"Gorgeous!" said Tom Merry. "My hat! I'm longing to get inside."

"Hear, hear!"

At last the charabanc arrived at the crowded parking place, and Tom Merry & Co. joined in the great throng of visitors who had come by road, train, and tram from all parts.

Tom Merry paid for the whole St. Jim's party, and passed through the turnstile.

"Mind how you go, Fatty!" he said, as Fatty Wynn essayed to get through. "Draw your breath in as hard as you can, and you might manage it."

"Ow! I'm stuck!" gasped Wynn, struggling in the turnstile. "Why don't they make these beastly things bigger? Groogh!"

"Anybody got a shoehorn?" inquired Monty Lowther in a loud voice; and the people passing through the other turnstiles laughed.

"Gimme a push, Blake!" gasped Wynn. "I—Yah! What the—Yarooooogh!"

Blake, willing to oblige, gave Wynn a violent shove, and the corpulent Fourth-Former simply spun into the Exhibition.

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 861.

to land on all fours at the feet of a dusky West African in native costume.

"Groooooogh!"

The negro obligingly yanked Fatty to his feet, with a smile that spread literally from ear to ear.

The rest of the St. Jim's fellows were now through the turnstile. Baggy Trimble had managed to negotiate it without trouble.

Wynn soon recovered from his shaking, and he looked about eagerly.

"Where shall we go, chaps?" asked Blake, consulting the official guide he had just purchased.

"I'm blessed if I quite know which way to suggest first," laughed Tom Merry. "There are so many roads, each leading to somewhere different, and I feel as though I want to go down 'em all at once. Hallo! Where are you off to, Fatty?"

"This way!" said Fatty Wynn, walking away to the right with very decisive steps. "How ripping! I've spotted it first shot!"

"Spotted what?" demanded Tom, as he and the others followed the fat Welsh junior. "The Palace of Engineering?"

"Rats! I want something to eat!" snapped Fatty. "That journey's made me hungry, and now I've spotted a restaurant—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lowther. "Fatty's making a bee-line for the Palace of Grub. Trust him!"

The others stopped and barred Fatty's way.

Fatty glared.

"Aren't you chaps coming?" he demanded. "There's nothing like laying a good solid foundation before going on a long tour. I'm jolly peckish, I can tell you!"

"You always are, Fatty!" grunted Figgins. "We've got no time to waste on stuffing grub. You'll have to wait till dinner-time, so come along."

"Really, Figg, a small snack wouldn't hurt—"

"Your small snacks are nothing more or less than heavy meals, and we're not out waiting on you, you greedy gormandiser!" said his chum severely. "Kim on!"

Fatty Wynn grumblingly followed the others.

Fatty, however, despite his alleged hunger, was soon absorbed, like the others, in the marvels of the Exhibition.

They visited one building after another, finding something fresh and enthralling in every one.

They made a complete and comprehensive tour of the Palace of Engineering, revelling in all the marvels that were displayed to view. Tom Merry said, and the others agreed, that that Palace alone was worth the entrance fee. Perhaps the chief attraction to them there was the giant locomotive, and it was with a breathless feeling of awe that they climbed up one after another on to the footplate and found themselves actually at close quarters with the controls and interior of the great monster of the iron road.

The Palace of Industry was replete with wonders and surprises, and here it was that Arthur Augustus displayed his weakness in the charms of the fair sex by accepting all the free samples that were offered him, by the young ladies in attendance at the innumerable stalls.

Gussy, when he emerged at last into the open air, was fairly loaded with little parcels, packets, boxes, and bottles of all manner of commodities.

His chums looked at him and chuckled.

"My word! What are you going to do with all those, Gussy?" inquired Blake. "You look as though you might be going to open a shop. Don't you take all that lumber back to the camp, or we'll make you swallow the liquid grate-polish, and the patent leather reviver, and the baking-powder, and the soft soap, and the medicated cotton-wool, and the three varieties of hair-lotion, and the bleaching-powder, and the rest of the paraphernalia."

"Weally, Blake—"

"Come on, ass! We want to get to Fiji and the West Indies before dinner. Hallo! Where's Fatty?"

All looked round for Fatty Wynn, but the Welsh junior was conspicuous by his absence.

"Anybody seen the idiot?" said Figgins.

"I last saw him in Australia," said Tom Merry. "I have an idea that he was with us in Newfoundland, now I come to think of it."

"He must have dodged us in Palestine, then," growled Figgins. "He's feeding somewhere, I expect. Baggy Trimble's gone, too!"

Tom Merry grinned.

"Probably he's cleared off with Fatty," he said. "But never mind, we shall run across them at one of the restaurants. Let's have a look at the giddy estriches from South Africa."

The juniors crowded round the open-air enclosure where a number of fine ostriches were on view. Arthur Augustus, tired of watching the ostriches, walked back to the roadway. He was still loaded with his free samples. Feeling very hot, he took out his handkerchief and wiped his brow. Gussy

did not notice that the small sample packet of blacklead, which he had put in the same pocket as his handkerchief, had come undone, and that the handkerchief, in consequence, was heavily smothered with the black powder.

During the process of wiping his face Gussy all unknowingly transferred most of the blacklead to his aristocratic features, and the result was remarkable in the extreme.

An aged countryman and his son, fresh from the provinces, stopped opposite Gussy and gazed at him in deep interest. "What be that chap, feyther?" said the youngster wonderingly. "Summat to do wid Africa?"

"Ay, lad, summat loike that," replied his father. "Oi thinks 'e mebbe one o' they Injun nobobs."

Several people stopped to stare at D'Arcy. Most of them were grinning.

"But 'e ain't all black, feyther," said the country lad. "Whoi be that so?"

"Whoi, laddie! Doan't 'ee gettun? 'E be one o' they there 'arf castes!"

Arthur Augustus adjusted his monocle in his eye and looked round wonderingly at the smiling people.

"Bai Jove! I quite fail to see what theah is to stare at!" he murmured. "I wondah if my tie is on straight?"

Gussy fumbled with his necktie, but found it perfectly straight. He gave the chuckling lookers-on a lofty look and walked on.

Quite a small crowd followed him.

"Deah me! I am beginnin' to feel quite wuffed!" he exclaimed to himself. "I will return to South Africa and ask Tom Mewwy if theah is anythin' the mattah."

Tom Merry & Co. stared at Gussy as he approached, and then they burst into roars of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! Look at his chivvy!"

"Bai Jove! How dare you pass wemarks about my chivvy—I mean, my face, you wottahs!" exclaimed the swell indignantly.

"You've got some black on your face, Gussy!" said Monty Lowther, with a wink at his chums. "Allow me to wipe your face for you, old chap!"

"Certainly, Lowthah. You are extremely obligin'."

Monty's quick eyes had detected the blacklead on that portion of Gussy's handkerchief which protruded from his pocket. Monty took out the handkerchief, taking care to hide the black from Gussy's view, and he proceeded to rub Gussy's face all over—with the blacklead.

D'Arcy, blissfully unconscious that the humorous Monty was thoroughly blacking his face, allowed him to proceed.

"Is that all wight now, deah boy?" he asked, as Monty paused.

"Better let me rub your ears, Gussy," said Monty. "You've got some smudges of black on them, too, you know, hasn't he, chaps?"

"Rather!" chorused the others, who were maintaining their gravity with difficulty.

Arthur Augustus suffered Monty to black his ears.

"There!" said Monty, carefully replacing the handkerchief in D'Arcy's pocket, so that the white part showed. "You look fine now, old chap!"

Gussy did!

His face and ears were now black all over, so that he looked a veritable nigger minstrel. Tom Merry & Co. turned away to hide their mirth. The other people round did not bother to do that. They roared.

"Weally, some of these people are most ignowant," murmured Gussy, adjusting his monocle. "I wish they wouldn't keep up the joke."

Gussy walked on with Tom Merry & Co.

People stopped to stare at Gussy on their way, and many laughed out loud. A person with a complexion like a negro's but with the aristocratic caste of features of an Englishman of noble birth, was bound to attract attention—and Gussy caused quite a sensation at Wembley.

"Bai Jove! Whatevah is the mattah with me, deah boys?" he asked in deep distress, as they halted at the end of Old London Bridge. "Have I still got some black on my face?"

"There's a shop over the way, Gussy, with a mirror in the window," said Blake. "You'd better go and have a look."

D'Arcy walked over to the shop window and gazed into the mirror.

He almost fell down when he beheld the apparition displayed therein.

"Bai—bai Jove! Is that weally me?" he said faintly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom Merry & Co., and a crowd of spectators added to their laughter.

Gussy dragged out his handkerchief in desperation and wiped his face. But the black did not come off! And then at last the truth dawned on D'Arcy. He put his hand into his pocket, and he found the upset blacklead.

"Oh ewmbs! Lowthah, you wottah, you delibewately wubbed that black on my face!" he exclaimed in rising wrath.

"How could you accuse me of such a thing, Gussy!" said Lowther innocently. "There was black on your face before I touched it, and surely you don't blame me if your own hanky made it worse?"

"Deah me! I must pwocuah a wash at once, deah boys!"

Arthur Augustus dashed off in search of a wash.

In his hurry he did not perceive one of the Railodok cars coming along the road, loaded with sighseers. The electric car was not travelling at more than four miles an hour, but there was a terrific bump when it struck Gussy amidstships.

"Yawoooooooooogh!"

Gussy went sprawling, and his free samples flew in all directions. The Railodok car went over Gussy's topper, and then stopped. The passengers looked down at the fallen one in wonder and amusement.

D'Arcy was not hurt, but he sat on the ground in a more or less dazed condition. His black face evoked roars of laughter from all who saw him.

He groped for his monocle, and jammed it into his eye.

"Gwoooogh! Oh deah! I am in a feahful fluttah! I wegard those beastlay cars as dangewous, and—"

"Not half so dangerous as you, old son!" laughed Tom Merry, grasping the swell, helping him up, and placing his battered topper on his head. "Come along, Gussy, and have a wash. You're out of place here in your present condition. You ought to be in the Amusements Park!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Welease me, Tom Mewwy! I wish to wemonstwate with the dwivah of that cah— Bai Jove! The boundah has dwiven on!"

Gussy wrenched himself free from Tom's grasp, and he ran after the slow-moving Railodok car.

"Stop!" he shouted indignantly to the driver. "I am goin' to demand an instant apology, or— Yah! Yooogh! Leggo, you wottah, Blake! Ow-wow-wow!"

"This way, Gussy!" said Blake, taking his chum gently but firmly by the arm and leading him away. "You'll be run in soon for creating an obstruction."

"Wats! Welease me, Blake! I wefuse to be tweated with this gwoss wuffianism—"

"Take his other arm, Tommy!"

Tom Merry took Gussy's other arm, and he and Blake between them rushed Arthur Augustus away to have a wash, leaving the spectators in roars of mirth.

CHAPTER 8.

Gussy's Find!

THE wonders of Wembley seemed to be inexhaustible. When D'Arcy rejoined the others, looking as spick-and-span as a new pin, except for a certain bend in the architectural aspect of his topper, they resumed their rounds with unabated enthusiasm.

The juniors found themselves mixing with peoples of all nationalities, castes, and races. In the Sierra Leone and West African section they found the native blacks a great attraction.

Skimpole halted before an ebony-visaged son of Africa who was engaged in making native pottery.

"Here we have a very interesting person whom we might almost claim to be the missing link in the chain of mankind's evolution, my dear fellows!" said the genius of the Shell, blinking at his chums through his huge eyeglasses. "You will notice what a marked resemblance he bears to the ape. He has no language other than the crudest chatter, and his ways are most primitive."

The negro thus referred to rolled his eyes at Skimpole.

"White fellah heap big fathead!" he said in a rich, deep voice. "He lib for talk rot. Him no got sense. Him buzz off and fryum face. Ugh-ugh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skimpole's face registered blank astonishment.

"Deah me!" he gasped. "I did not suspect, my dear fellows, that this black man was sophisticated to such a degree."

"Kim on, Skimpole!" laughed Tom Merry, dragging the brainy man of the Shell away. "I can see you getting into trouble if you don't chuck your blinking evolution and determinism rot. This way! We'll pop along to China now!"

The Chinese section was most picturesque. Tom Merry & Co. passed down one of the native streets of Hong Kong, watching the native workers in silk, silver, ivory, blackwood, rattan, and paper. Innumerable little bazaars lined the street, where all manner of goods could be bought. Here they made many purchases of souvenirs and presents for their relatives.

Hearing weird sounds of music, they climbed some steps and went into the Chinese restaurant, where a native orchestra was strumming out an incoherent but haunting melody. Dapper little Orientals in the diaphanous garb of

the East moved silently between the tables. Tom Merry caught sight of Baggy Trimble leaving one of the tables. There was an expression of pain on the Fourth-Former's podgy face.

"Hallo, Baggy!" said Blake, gripping Trimble's arm. "So you've been stuffing in here!"

"Gooooooh!" said Baggy, with a wriggle. "Lemme alone, I—I feel queer. I don't think those horrid Chinese dishes agree with me. Ow-vow! I had some ginger-beer, and cakes, and pork-pies, and meringues at the other restaurant with Wynn, and— Oooooooop! Ow! I'm dud-dying!"

"Poor old Baggy!" said Tom Merry, with a solemn shake of the head. "He looks as if he's about to die, doesn't he? But we can't let him die here—the place is too crowded, and, besides, the Chinese chaps are bound to object to having a corpse lying about. Let's take Baggy outside."

They took Baggy into the street, and he sat down on a chair, moaning in a heart-rending manner. Left alone, he gradually recovered.

Arthur Augustus saw a cowboy lounging nearby. He appeared to be greatly amused at Baggy's plight. D'Arcy drew the others' attention to him, and they were interested at once. The cowboy presented a romantic and picturesque figure in his huge sombrero hat, fur-fronted trousers, and high-heeled half-Wellington boots, into the tops of which his trousers were tucked.

He looked for all the world like the hero of a Wild West film thriller.

The cowboy saw the St. Jim's juniors taking stock of him, and, rolling the long cheroot which he was smoking to the corner of his hard mouth, he gave a pleasant smile, and walked up.

"How do, sirrees?" he said. "I see your castin' the Oliver optics on this hyer bold, bad boy from Montana, so I moseyed along just to have a chat, feelin' lonely like. Whadyer think of this hyer Exhibition joint, eh?"

"We think it's top-hole," said Tom Merry enthusiastically. "Are you here all alone?"

"You've said it, bo. I'm spendin' a few extra weeks here to take a good look at lil' old England. Gotta proud an' prodigal feelin' that I'm a spendthrift, and I don't mind bein' trimmed for a few shekels s'long as I enjoy myself. Nix on the home-to-Dixie stuff till I've gotten my fill of your interestin' island. Say, bo, I'm sure tickled to death at yore swell regalia!"

This remark was addressed to Gussy.

Tom Merry & Co. chuckled.

"Weally, deah boy—" said D'Arcy.

"No offence meant, sirree," said the genial cowboy, who seemed to radiate good humour. "But you sure do look like some lord's son, and I'm mighty interested. We ain't got no lords over in the States, and I gotta bunch I'd like to meet up with one o' those guys before I hits the trail for home."

"Well, Gussy's a lord's son—a giddy Honourable, you know!" said Tom Merry with a laugh.

It was the cowboy's turn to stare. He looked in awed interest at Arthur Augustus.

Tom Merry & Co. took an instinctive liking to the rough-hewn son of the great Wild West, and introduced themselves to him. He assured them that he was "mighty tickled to death" to make their acquaintance, and told them that his name was William K. Loftus, better known as Montana Bill.

The juniors found in Montana Bill an interesting and amusing companion. He accompanied them from Hong Kong to the Grand Restaurant, where they discovered Fatty Wynn.

The fat Welsh junior was enjoying himself, much to the amusement of the people around him and the astonishment of the waitress who was serving him.

Fatty laid down knife and fork with a sigh of deep content when Tom Merry & Co. came up.

"So we've found you, Fatty, you ass!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "You've been stuffing for over an hour!"

"Gee! I'll say that fat gink is some eater!" said Montana Bill, gazing at the heap of empty plates and dishes on Fatty's table. "I thought I was a champion shifter of the eats, but he sure hands me the laugh. Say, hombre, whadya think of the Exhibition?"

"Topping!" said Fatty. "You couldn't wish for better grub anywhere! There's everything a chap wants! I can quite recommend the veal-and-ham pies, and the cold collation is prime!"

"Waal, if you don't beat blue blazes!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom Merry & Co. and Montana Bill had a pleasant lunch together.

Lunch being over, the juniors fell to discussing their plans for the remainder of the day.

"We'll have a look at India, first of all, at any rate!" said Tom. "There ought to be something worth seeing there."

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 861.

"Sure thing!" said Montana Bill. "Say, if you boys don't want me hitchin' on, just hand me the dope and I'll get going good."

"We'd rather have you with us!" said Tom emphatically.

"Yaas, wathah, deah boy!"

"Bloocey! Then let's hike out for this India joint!"

The Indian Pavilion, with its tall white minarets, fountains, and galleries, breathed of the exotic East. There the boys gazed with raptured eyes on the exhibits of the jungles, the Indian bazaars, with their kaleidoscope of fine linens, silks, and embroideries, their ivory carvings, brocades, and exquisite brasswork, their jewels and precious metals.

They roamed in and out of the bazaars, thrilled with the glamour of the Orient, which was everywhere around them.

Arthur Augustus, walking out of the Bombay Court with Blake, Herries, and Montana Bill, felt in his pocket, and gave a start.

"Bai Jove!"

"What's up, Honourable?" asked Montana Bill. "Has some light-fingered goof lifted your leather?"

"Lifted my leathah?"

"Your pocket-book—the receptacle for the mazuma, you know!" grinned the lad from the Woolly West.

"Oh, no! I haven't been wobbled, if that's what you mean. I have found somethin' in my pocket that I cannot account for. Look at this, deah boys."

D'Arcy held up to view a quaint gold locket, beautifully engraved and set with glittering stones. It hung from a gold chain, and the sunlight, catching the stones with which it was set, caused them to scintillate dazzlingly.

"My hat!" exclaimed Blake. "You didn't buy that, Gussy?"

"No feah! I couldn't afford to pay for a thing like this, deah boys. It must be worth heaps of cash. But how-eh did it get into my pocket?"

"Somebody must have dropped it there," said Herries.

"What's on that slip of paper, Gussy?"

A small strip of paper was coiled round the chain. D'Arcy unrolled the paper and gazed at it in astonishment. Scrawled in small, crabbed handwriting on the paper was this message.

"Whoever receives this shall wear it on his neck, and good luck will be his."

"Bai Jove!" gasped Arthur Augustus, adjusting his monocle. "Look at this, deah boys! Weally, it is most astoundin'!"

"I guess it properly gets me beat!" said Montana Bill.

Tom Merry & Co. came up, and were astonished at D'Arcy's find.

"It must be some sort of prize-packet given away secretly in this Pavilion somewhere," said Blake. "One of those Hindu chaps probably slipped it in your pocket, Gussy, while you were looking at something. It's a jolly nice locket, anyway—much better than those giddy free samples you collected a little while ago."

"Bai Jove, it doesn't appeal to open, deah boys!" said D'Arcy.

"Never mind! Sling it round your neck, Gussy, and come on!" said Tom Merry. "We'll see whether it brings you good luck, anyway!"

Arthur Augustus, feeling quite pleased at his fortunate find, hung the locket round his neck, concealed behind his collar, and followed his chums to the Burmese building, which was, perhaps, the most picturesque in the whole of the Exhibition.

The carved teak frontage of the Pavilion, with its seven-roofed spires and the beautiful shrine in which the marble Buddha reposed, the little tinkling bells in the three towers and the garden, all were added wonders for the juniors of St. Jim's.

They passed from the bewildering display of beauty into the Burmese Theatre, where the queer native music and the marvellous jugglers were the chief attractions.

Coming out of the theatre, Montana Bill tapped Tom Merry on the arm.

"Say, did you notice that Hindu guy in the frock-coat and turban just behind us?" he said. "He has followed us ever since we left India, and he sat behind us in the theatre just now. Don't get your lamps on him yet—he's close behind us now. Looks like, to me, he's mighty interested in this bunch in gen'ral, and in young Honourable in particular."

Tom Merry glanced back, and saw a dark-visaged, glittering-eyed Hindu watching D'Arcy like a fox. The Shell captain frowned, but made no comment. He determined to keep a sharp watch on the Hindu, however.

The juniors went from Burma to pay a visit to the Coal Mine—a treat none of them would have missed. The Hindu lurked behind them all the time, but he did not follow into the Coal Mine.

When they came out, however, some time later, Montana Bill caught sight of the mysterious Hindu in the crowd. Tom Merry saw him, too.



As the small yellow-coloured moth made a dart at Tom Merry there came a sudden crack. It was the deafening report of a gun, and Tom Merry felt a bullet whiz by him. He turned round to see Montana Bill striding into the camp enclosure a six-shooter in his hand, and the weapon still smoking. "Why, wh-what the dickens!" gasped Tom Merry. (See page 23.)

"That black fellow is still on our track," he said. "I wonder what he's got his eye on Gussy for?"

"We gotta keep our glims on him!" said Montana Bill, in his picturesque and slangy style. "If he starts any trouble, sirree, I'll make this hyer Wembley show so darn hot that he'll lite out for India pronto!"

"This way to the Amusements Park!" said Blake gleefully.

And they followed the gay, laughing throng into the mammoth Amusements Park, where all the latest novelties and every conceivable form of amusement were installed.

CHAPTER 9.

Ratty on the Racer!

"MY word! Isn't it ripping!" breathed Lowther. "Now we'll have some fun!" grinned Kangaroo. "What a lot of giddy contraptions! Look at the giant Scenic Railway, kids!"

The most conspicuous of all the devices in the Amusements Park was the great Derby Racer, the biggest scenic railway in the world. It was a thrill in itself to watch the coaches, laden with people, as they careered at breakneck speed up and down the slopes, swooping to dizzy heights and whirling down again, twisting, turning, and curveting.

Tom Merry & Co. looked round in thrilled wonder upon this mammoth fair ground, where vast crowds of people were enjoying themselves. Happy laughter and bright faces were everywhere.

The juniors entered into the gala spirit with gusto, and hurried on, eager to sample the many attractions for themselves.

"I'm goin' on the Wacer, deah boys!" said Arthur Augustus. "It looks fwightfully thwillin', doesn't it?"

"Rather! Come on, chaps!"

All made a rush for the entrance to the Derby Racer.

"I—I say, I'm not going on!" gasped Baggy Trimble, who was whirled up the steps by Blake. "I'm nervous—I—I mean, it would agree with me—"

"Rats! We're all going to be in this! I—"

"Boys!"

All turned round in amazement as that voice broke in. They knew it at once, although none of them had heard it for some time.

Mr. Ratcliff, the master of the New House at St. Jim's stood behind them.

There was no mistaking Ratty's thin, sallow face and glittering eyes. He was dressed in silk-hat and frock-coat, and carried an umbrella. It was Mr. Ratcliff—none other than he!

The St. Jim's juniors were astounded at the apparition. Mr. Horace Ratcliff was the last person they expected to see in the Amusements Park at Wembley.

Mechanically, bewilderedly, they raised their caps.

"Good-afternoon, boys!" said Mr. Ratcliff—his voice had lost none of its grating harshness. "I trust I find you well?" "Oh! Bai Jove! Ahem! Yaas, wathah, sir!" gasped Arthur Augustus. "We—we're awfully well, sir!"

"I trust you lads are not patronising these—er—dangerous and frivolous contrivances?" said Mr. Ratcliff. "You should bear in mind the dignity and decorum which devolves upon you as being boys attached to a public school."

"Ah—hum!"

Tom Merry & Co. looked at each other blankly. Montana Bill was regarding Mr. Ratcliff with great interest.

"Sufferin' sunfish! Who's that bird, Honourable?" he asked D'Arcy, in a soft voice.

"That's Mr. Watcliff, a mastah at St. Jim's—Watty, for short," explained Gussy. "He's a fidgetful wottah, and isn't in the least sportin'. I hope he doesn't hang on and try to spoil our afternoon's enjoyment. It's just the thing he would revel in doin', bai Jove!"

"Oh!" said the cheery fellow from Montana.

His eyes twinkled as he gazed at Mr. Ratcliff.

Tom Merry & Co. were feeling—and looking—dismayed.

If Mr. Ratcliff attached himself to them, vanished would be their hopes of an afternoon's enjoyment in the Amusements Park.

"Now that I have met you, I will supervise you until you return," said Ratty. "You lads should not have been allowed to come here without someone to look after you."

"But—but we have someone to look after us, sir!" said Tom Merry desperately.

"Indeed! Whom?"

Tom turned to Montana Bill.

"This is Mr. Loftus, sir, our—ahem!—our chaperon!" he said.

Mr. Ratcliff glared superciliously at the smiling cowboy. He looked him up and down, his thin lips curling with contempt.

Montana Bill did not appear to notice this, however. He reached forward, grasped Mr. Ratcliff's hand in his, and wrung it.

"Howdo, bo?" he said. "I'm goldarn pleased to meet you!"

"Yah! Wow-wow-wow!" wailed Mr. Ratcliff, dancing on the Racer steps. "Leggo! Wow! Release my hand, you ruffian! Yaroooooh!"

Montana Bill smilingly released Mr. Ratcliff's hand. That anguished gentleman gazed at it, as though expecting to find several fingers missing.

"You're hitchin' up with this hyer outfit, of course, sir?" said Montana Bill.

"Grooooh!" gasped Ratty. "I mean to accompany these lads—"

"Blooce! Then let's frisk up this joint!" said the cowboy, winking at the juniors, who were grinning. "This way, bo!"

"Yarooooh! Hands off! Release me!" howled Mr. Ratcliff, as Montana Bill grasped his arm and led him up the steps to the waiting platform of the giant Racer. "I won't—"

"Car now waiting!" said Montana Bill cheerfully, appearing not to hear. "Come along, boys! There's plenty of room for all of us, I guess!"

Tom Merry hurriedly paid the fare for all—including Mr. Ratcliff—and they all crowded on board the racer car.

Mr. Ratcliff struggled wildly to get out, but Montana Bill dumped him next to himself, and held him firmly in his seat.

"Let me go, you ruffians!" roared the terrified Housemaster. "I will not travel in this dangerous contraption! I order you to release me—"

"Now, now—gently, bo!" said the cowboy chidingly. "I'm tellin' you and the rest of the pleasure-lovin', money-spendin' world that there ain't no danger! Sit tight, and don't throw your hooks about like that!"

"I want to get off!" howled Mr. Ratcliff.

"Hold tight! We're off!" chuckled Montana Bill.

"Yaroooooh!"

The Racer started, amidst roars of laughter from the people on the platform and in the car.

"Hurrah!" shouted Tom Merry. "Here we go—"

Whizzzz!

The rush of air fairly took his breath away.

The car simply tore down the slope, and it went up the other side with a rush.

Ladies screamed with excitement, but above the screams sounded the wild bellowing of Mr. Horace Ratcliff.

"Yooooooh! Help! I'm falling out! Stop! Ow-wow-wowooooh!"

Whizzzzzzzz!

Down they went like a rocket, and next minute the car seemed to sail right up into the sky. Tom Merry & Co. revelled in the excitement of the world's greatest scenic railway, but not so Mr. Ratcliff. He clutched the rails of the car, and moaned.

"I guess this is sure the right dope to hand a feller!" chuckled Montana Bill. "The wheels are turnin' some!"

"Woowooooh!" shrieked Mr. Ratcliff, as the car hurtled round a sharp bend and then plunged headlong downward on a steep decline.

There was a swift rush of wind, and Ratty's silk hat went

flying. He howled at the top of his voice, and Tom Merry & Co. roared with laughter.

Never before had Mr. Ratcliff experienced such a ride!

He clung in terror to the rails, and alternately moaned and howled. Tom Merry & Co.'s happy, excited shouts drowned the wailings of the terrified Housemaster.

At last the ride came to an end. Mr. Ratcliff had to be practically carried out of the car by Montana Bill. There was no hope of rescuing his hat, and his scanty locks blew untidily in the wind.

"Gonna have another ride, sirc?" inquired Montana Bill.

"It's great stuff, I'll tell the world!"

"Let me go!" moaned Mr. Ratcliff, who was white and trembling. "Release me, you ruffian! I will have you given in charge—"

"Hyar, lay off that dope!" exclaimed Montana Bill indignantly. "I thought you said you were with these boys!"

"Grooooh! Yes; but—"

"Then what are you complainin' for? You went with 'em, didn't you?"

"Ow-wowwooh! I will go!" gurgled Mr. Ratcliff, turning a sickly face to Tom Merry & Co. "I have been insulted and treated with gross ruffianism, but it will not—yerrooch!—happen again! I will—ow-wow!—go!"

And Ratty went. He walked away very unsteadily, and disappeared in the midst of the laughing crowd.

Tom Merry chuckled.

"Poor old Ratty! He's had a thorough shaking up on the Racer! But it's frightened him off, thank goodness! I don't fancy he'll want to chaperone us again in a hurry!"

"Ha, ha, ha! No fear!"

"Now we're free to do just as we jolly well like!" said Blake.

"Who says another go on the giddy Racer?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

And Tom Merry & Co. and their "chaperon" from the Wild West crowded once more on to the Racer platform, and were soon enjoying the thrills of that magnificent ride.

CHAPTER 10.

All the Fun of the Fair!

"I SAY, there's that Hindu merchant again!"

Tom Merry made that remark to Montana Bill as they all trooped off the Racer and walked amidst the maze of huts and tents and booths.

The mysterious Hindu had detached himself from behind a knot of sightseers near the Racer, and was following them, his dark, scintillating eyes fixed covertly on D'Arcy.

Tom Merry looked him full in the face, and the Hindu gave him a scowling leer. Next minute he had disappeared in the crowd, and when Tom and Montana Bill went back to find him, no trace of him was to be seen.

They rejoined the others, Tom's brow puckered into a frown.

"Who was the Hindu, and what was his object in following them about?"

Tom forgot the matter, however, in the whirl of amusements that followed.

The juniors tried in turn the Flying Machine, the Globe, the River Caves, and the Jack and Jill and a host of side-shows.

"I say, deah boys, this Witchin' Waves affaiah looks jolly excitin'!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Let's try that!"

The Witching Waves consisted of a number of small trollies, made to seat two, which were tossed about on a steel floor which heaved in waves in quite a realistic manner. Steering these "ships" was by no means an easy matter, as the juniors soon discovered when they ventured on them.

They were bumped and buffeted hither and thither, but all agreed that it was great fun.

"Bai Jove! I feel most fwightfully wumpled, deah boys!" said D'Arcy. "But nevah mind, it's all in the day's work."

"What about the Devil's Bowl?"

"That looks ripping!" said Blake enthusiastically. "Come on!"

The Devil's Bowl was a huge helter-skelter. The juniors travelled to the top of an immense tower on a moving stairway, and then they embarked upon mats, which slid down a steep and twisting track.

Arthur Augustus sat on his mat, and Blake gave him a push.

"You wuff ass!" gasped Gussy, turning over on the mat. "I'm not weady yet, and— Yawoooooh!"

The mat was off, and away it whizzed down the track, Gussy lying flat on it, his eyeglass flying, and his topper held down tight.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom Merry & Co.

D'Arcy whizzed down the chute, crouching on his mat.

"Gwooooh! Oh deah! This is most infwa dig!" he gasped, trying in vain to assume a sitting position. "I wondah what will happen when I get to the bottom— Yahi! Wow! Oh cwumbs!"

Round and round he went until he was quite dizzy. At last the mat whizzed down the last portion of the chute, and D'Arcy, before he realised quite what had happened, was pitched headlong into a huge bowl.

Bump!

"Yawwoogh!"

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

Gussy's topper went flying in one direction, and he went in another. Then Blake and Tom Merry and Lowther and Baggy Trimble, Redfern and Fatty Wynn whizzed down. All crashed into the bowl, until they were a mass of whirling legs.

"Gwoogh! Gewwoff my chest, Wynn, you heavy wottah!" gurgled Gussy, from beneath the heap of struggling boyhood. "Twimble, you are—yow-wow!—sittin' on my toppah! Bai Jove! Oh deah!"

Gussy, when at last he was rescued from the bowl, presented a dusty and dishevelled appearance. His topper resembled a concertina, and his beautifully brushed hair was ruffled in the manner of a goliwog's mop.

He did not patronise the Devil's Bowl a second time, but he agreed afterwards that, provided one sat properly on the mat, it was great fun.

The juniors went from one to another of the innumerable attractions in the Amusements Park. Several times Tom Merry caught a glimpse of the Hindu following them, but the man proved so elusive that he could not be caught and questioned.

Baggy Trimble disappeared after his exciting ride in the Devil's Bowl, but his schoolmates did not worry concerning him. They knew that he would be found in one of the cafes or restaurants when they wanted him.

As time went on, and the fun and frolic increased, Tom Merry noted that the Hindu had apparently given up the chase. He did not appear again.

All good things come to an end, and at last it was time for the St. Jim's juniors to leave Wembley.

"We've had a glorious time, chaps, haven't we?" said Blake enthusiastically. "We've spent some cash, too, but it was worth it!"

"Rather!"

"And now we'd better rout out Baggy and get back to the charabanc," said Tom Merry. "Where's the map of the Exhibition, Figgy? We've got to find where the various restaurants are, for Baggy is bound to be feeding."

The juniors split up into parties, and went in various directions in search of Baggy.

Tom Merry, Lowther, Kerruish, and Clifton Dane did not succeed in finding the fat youth, so they took the Roadrail train through the Exhibition to where they had all agreed to meet.

Baggy was there when they arrived, and so were all the others.

"We found the fat waster in a restaurant, of course!" said Figgins. "Fatty wanted to stop and have a feed, too, but I yanked him out!"

"Really, Figgy, you might have let a chap lay a solid foundation for the ride home!" expostulated Fatty Wynn peevishly.

"Rats!" said Figgins. "We had a job to get Baggy out, I can tell you! He was jawing to a Hindu Johnny, and gorging as though he hadn't had anything to eat all day long."

Tom Merry started.

"Baggy talking to a Hindu! My giddy aunt! I wonder—do you know him, Baggy?"

"No, I don't know him; but he was a decent chap!" growled Baggy Trimble. "I've got rather a pleasing way with foreigners, you know."

"Bow-wow!"

"Oh, really! The Hindu treated me to some tarts and ginger-pop—and Figgins wouldn't let me finish 'em, the rotter!"

Tom Merry and Montana Bill exchanged meaning looks. Then, happening to glance round, they caught sight of the mysterious Hindu lurking in the moving crowd. His dark face appeared for a fleeting second only, and then he was gone.

"Would you like to come back to our camp with us for a few days?" asked Tom Merry, turning to Montana Bill. "You say you have nothing to do, and we'd be jolly glad if you'd come!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

Montana Bill chuckled.

"Would I like to come? Surest thing, you know!" he said.

"Hop into the chawabanc, then, deah boy!" said Gussy.

Montana Bill and the juniors crowded into the charabanc. Wembley looked more like a giant fairyland than ever, now that its myriad and multi-coloured lights were shining in the dusk.

It was with real regret that Tom Merry & Co. left. The charabanc sped them away back towards their summer camp. Tom Merry appeared to be very thoughtful. He turned

round to Baggy, who was occupying the seat behind him. Baggy looked sleepy.

"I say, Baggy," said Tom, "haven't you any idea who that Hindu chap was—the one who treated you to a feed his evening?"

"Yaw-aw!" said Baggy. "How should I know? I had never seen him before!"

"Did he come up to you in the restaurant and speak to you, then?"

"Grooogh! Yes. He asked me how I'd enjoyed Wembley, and said he was interested in schoolboys!"

"I suppose you told him all about us, and our camp?"

"Oh, shurrup!" growled Baggy sleepily. "I'm fagged out, and want to go to sleep!"

"You—you—I say, Baggy, did he ask any questions about D'Arcy?"

"I believe he did, but it's too much fag to remember. Yaw-aw!"

"What did he want to know?"

Snore!

Baggy had fallen asleep.

Tom grunted and turned round again.

It was a pleasant drive through the cool night air, but all the juniors were tired after their strenuous day at Wembley, and half of them were asleep by the time the charabanc arrived at the wood outside Winchelgate.

Dick Rawlings & Co. had prepared a warm supper for them at the camp. They greeted the St. Jim's fellows with cheery grins.

"Well, what sort of a day have you had?" asked Rawlings.

"First chop!" said Tom Merry enthusiastically. "Wembley's really ripping!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

Montana Bill was introduced to the cadets, and all sat round to supper.

"I say, what about Gordon Gay & Co.?" asked Tom Merry, during the meal. "Are those bounders still here?"

"What-ho!" grinned Dick Rawlings. "We've kept 'em prisoners all day, and made them do fatigue duties about the camp."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And we've got 'em safely tied up for the night in the spare tent," said Rawlings. "You'll hold a council of war over them to-morrow, I suppose?"

"Hear, hear!"

"That's the ticket!" laughed Tom Merry.

The St. Jim's juniors went along to see their captured rivals after supper. Montana Bill accompanied them.

Gordon Gay & Co. were in a tent all on their own, fastened together by means of ropes. Rough beds had been put down for them. They glared at their rivals in the moonlight.

"Well, Gay, old sport, who's top dogs now?" inquired Tom Merry pleasantly. "I rather fancy you Grammar School microbes will sing small after this!"

"You—you—you—" spluttered the dismal Grammarians. Tom Merry & Co left them and went to bed. Montana Bill had a bed allocated to him in the centre tent, and he turned in soon after the boys.

And it was not long before perfect peace and quiet settled on the schoolboys' camp in the wood.

CHAPTER 11.

The Secret of the Pendant!

MIDNIGHT!

As the last note of the parish church of Winchelgate echoed through the wood, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy awoke, a vague, uneasy feeling obsessing him.

It was as though he had just awakened from a disquieting dream, yet he did not remember dreaming. He did not sit up, but lay where he was and looked round indolently in the darkness.

He could not tell what had made him wake. He had been tired, and had dropped off into a deep sleep almost as soon as he had got between the sheets. Was there anything amiss now, at this late hour?

Baggy Trimble, who slept in the tent, was snoring loudly, as usual. The night, otherwise, was still and quiet.

Hark!

It was a sound at the tent entrance—the sound of a stealthy footfall.

D'Arcy, looking towards the opening in the canvas, suddenly stiffened in his bed with amazement and horror.

The sinister figure of a Hindu, with black, repellent face, and glittering raven eyes, appeared.

The junior was so amazed at this midnight apparition that he was robbed of all power of movement for some seconds. All he could do was to lay there, staring fascinatedly at the unknown marauder, and wonder whether this was a dream.

Moving softly, with a peculiar snake-like movement, the Hindu crept towards D'Arcy's bed.

The boy moved, and a hissing snarl sounded through the gloom.

And then, before D'Arcy had an opportunity to rise or cry out, the Hindu leaped forward, arms outstretched, and a pair of black hands encircled the boy's throat in a vice-like grip, forcing his head back upon the pillow.

"Chup raho!"

The Hindu bent forward, hissing these words, and placed a knee across D'Arcy's chest as the boy commenced to struggle. One hand retained a powerful, throttling hold on his throat, whilst his assailant's other hand went to his neck.

The long sinuous fingers were groping for something. They closed over the pendant which D'Arcy had found in his pocket at Wembley, and which he had continued to wear.

The Hindu, with a low mutter of satisfaction, wrenched the pendant from D'Arcy's neck.

The swell of St. Jim's tried hard to cry out, but the fingers retained their cruel grip on his throat, and it was as much as he could do to breathe.

The Hindu had wrested the pendant from him and had slipped it into a pocket of his coat. But what was that glittering object which his right hand withdrew?

A knife!

The moonlight cast in through the opening in the tent shone upon the short curved blade of the cruel-looking weapon.

Horror numbed D'Arcy's heart next moment.

The Hindu had raised the knife aloft and poised it ready to strike.

His cadaverous black face was contorted and his gleaming teeth were bared in a vicious leer, his eyes glittered with a fiendish light.

Slowly—ever so slowly—the knife came down, and D'Arcy, half choking, his senses reeling, and his body held down by the weight of the Hindu, was powerless to help himself, struggle though he might.

There was a flash of steel as the Hindu made a sudden quick downward movement with the knife—and then a crash.

A dark form came hurtling through the tent opening and flung itself at the would-be murderer.

The knife slipped from the black fingers and clattered to the floor.

Next minute the newcomer rolled with the Hindu on the bed, and D'Arcy, still breathless and partially dazed, jumped up.

"All serene, Gussy? Yell for help, will you, and then give me a hand with this rotter!"

The swell of St. Jim's could hardly believe his own ears.

It was the voice of Gordon Gay!

"Bai—bai Jove! Is that you, Gay?" he ejaculated.

"Yes! Kick the knife out of the way, Gussy! This rascal is after it! Good!"

D'Arcy, galvanised into activity, kicked the knife out into the open, and then he ran to Gay's assistance.

The Grammarian leader was struggling with the Hindu on the floor.

D'Arcy grasped his would-be murderer, and next minute Clicky, springing out of bed, also lent a hand.

Even then the three were not a match for the powerful Hindu, who was using ju-jitsu in his efforts to get free.

"Help! Help!" cried D'Arcy at the top of his voice. "Rescue, St. Jim's!"

In response there came a rush of feet outside, and who should dash in, not Tom Merry & Co., not any of the cadets, but the Grammarians, who, with Gordon Gay, had been left prisoners in the spare tent.

They saw the urgency of the situation in a trice, and they piled on the Hindu.

Thus the tables were turned, and after a fierce struggle, Gordon Gay & Co., D'Arcy, and Clicky, between them managed to secure the Hindu and make him a prisoner, tied up in the bedclothes.

Startled voices outside demanded to know what was the matter. Tom Merry, Blake, Herries, and Rawlings, were the first to arrive in the tent. After them came all the Scouts and cadets, and Montana Bill.

They gazed in amazement at the Hindu in the bedclothes, and at Gordon Gay & Co.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Tom Merry. "How did you bounders get here?"

"I managed to get rid of my ropes, you see, and I freed the others!" said Gordon Gay with a grin. "We were preparing to leave the camp, and I went out first to see if the coast was clear. From a distance I saw a strange figure enter this tent—it was this Hindu rascal—and I hurried over to see what he was doing. I got here just in time, or Gussy would have been cold meat by now."

"Gwooooooh!" D'Arcy shuddered. "Yaas, that's a fact, deah boys! This black miscewunt was just about to stwike me with that knife, when Gay awwived and stopped him."

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 861.

I owe my life to you, Gay, and I wish to thank you, deah boy."

"Oh, that's all serene!" laughed the Grammarian leader cheerfully. "It was lucky for you I managed to escape, that's all."

Tom Merry and Montana Bill, who had both been closely regarding the Hindu in the semi-darkness, gave simultaneous cries.

"Great pip! This is the rotter who followed us about at Wembley!" cried Tom.

"Bai Jove!"

"What did he come here for?" asked Gay, in wonder. "Does he bear you a grudge, Gussy?"

"No, deah boy, not that I am awaiah of," replied the swell. "Appawently he came to wob me of that pendant, which I found in my pocket at Wembley. He has it in his pocket now."

"Well, I'm jiggered!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "He robbed you of the pendant, and then tried to murder you!"

Montana Bill soon had the pendant out of the Hindu's coat.

He turned a hard, square-jawed face to the cowering black rascal at his feet.

"Now, you murderin' coyote, you've got to put us wise to your game!" he said grimly. "You might as well come clean and spill the works, 'cos we've got the goods on you. What's this hyer pendant?"

The Hindu remained sullenly silent. He evidently understood Montana Bill's Western slang, but he would not speak.

"You won't hand us the dope—eh?" said the cowboy. "Waal, I'm sure some go-getter, and I guess I'll get the info from you after I've third-degreed you a few. Let me rope him up, boys, and I'll have him in my tent till morning. Then we'll start in on the Inquisition stuff."

Ropes were procured, and Montana Bill trussed up the Hindu in a most effective manner. No one—not even a Houdini—could possibly have escaped those bonds. Bill then took his prisoner to the centre tent and laid him down beside his bed.

Tom Merry turned to Gordon Gay & Co.

"Well, you bounders, we're awfully obliged to you for saving Gussy," he said. "It was jolly lucky that you happened to be in captivity here and escaped at just the right time. I guess we'll call quits, and you can hit the home trail right now, as Montana Bill would say."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gordon Gay grinned.

"Thanks awfully!" he said. "But it's past midnight, you know, and we've got some miles to tramp, and we'd have to wake up the giddy household when we did get home. I wonder if you chaps can put us up for the night?"

"Why, yes, of course, old chap!"

"Yaas, wathah! We'll make you as comfortable as poss, deah boys."

Beds were made up for the Grammarians, and all the boys turned in again. Extra sentries were put on duty, and once more silence and quiet reigned in the camp.

The boys were aroused early next morning by hearing sharp gunfire in the open air. Dashing out of their tents in startled horror, they were relieved to find Montana Bill putting in some practice with his six-shooter by aiming at the protruding buttons on the Hindu's jacket.

"Bai Jove! He hits a button every time, deah boys!" said D'Arcy, in deep admiration. "I wathah fancay that Hindu wascal must be shivewin' in his shoes, in case Bill misses the mark."

"Trust him not to miss unless he wanted to!" chuckled Tom Merry. "My word! He is a deadly shot, isn't he?"

Montana Bill waved his huge sombrero in greeting.

"Mornin', boys! Say, this black chap has confessed! The pendant you had worked off on you at Wembley yesterday afternoon, Honourable, is sure some valuable! It is the sacred insignia of a religious sect in the Punjab, and is hundreds of years old. Inside it is a carved diamond—the only carved diamond known to exist in the world—representing the god Jahoon, which these people worship. It was lifted from the temple of Jahoon in the Indian hills and brought to England. The thief—a chap named Mirhad Kahani—took it to his stall at Wembley, hoping to sell it to one of the big noises of the Indian Government, who are anxious to get hold of that carved diamond. This gink hyer—he says his name is Rahmut Keyn—is a worshipper of Jahoon, and he chased the thief to Wembley, with his mind made up to get back the pendant. Kahani is working in one of the bazaars in the Indian Pavilion at Wembley, and when Rahmut Keyn showed up yesterday he thought he'd best get shot of the pendant pretty slick, so he stalled it off on Honourable. Rahmut Keyn surprised him in his office in the Indian Pavilion, and forced him to tell what he had done with the pendant. That put this guy on the trail of Honourable, and that accounts for why he followed us about at Wembley."

"Bai Jove! He was aftah gettin' back the rëndant!"

"Sure thing! He wanted the pendant back, and he also

wanted to kill you, Honourable. It's one of the rules of the religion that anyone other than a priest of Jahoon who wears the pendant shall die."

"Oh crumbs!"

"This chap, seeing that we had spotted him at Wembley, followed Trimble to the eats establishment and got talking to him. Trimble put him wise to this camp and its location, so Rahmut Keyn moseyed down here last night to get at you, Honourable."

"Gussy had a narrow escape, and no mistake!" muttered Tom Merry. "I vote you take this chap along to Major Rumbold, Bill, and explain matters to him. The major is well up in Indian affairs, and he would know what to do."

Montana Bill agreed to this. Tom Merry told him the way to go, and the cheery cowboy strode away, driving Rahmut Keyn before him on a rope.

After they had gone Arthur Augustus fetched the pendant from his tent. Tom Merry & Co., Dick Rawlings & Co., and the Grammarians looked at it with thrilled curiosity.

"Wish we could get it open," said Tom Merry. "We should then be able to see this wonderful diamond, carved to represent a god."

Most of the boys tried, but it seemed that the pendant would not open.

Half an hour passed, during which time breakfast was being prepared.

Suddenly Tom Merry, who had been wrestling with the pendant, gave a cry.

"Hurrah! I've got it open!"

He had accidentally touched the secret spring that operated the catch, and the back of the pendant swung open.

Then an amazing thing happened.

From the interior of the pendant a small, yellow-coloured moth flew out. It circled in the air for a minute, and then made a dart at Tom Merry.

"Look out, Tommy—"

Crack!

It was the deafening report of a gun, and Tom Merry

and, having agreed to bury the hatchet until the summer holidays were over, they had a very enjoyable day together.

Dick Rawlings & Co. returned from Wembley tired but happy, after having spent a glorious time at the Exhibition.

"You didn't have any pendants or other dangerous things palmed off on you, I suppose?" inquired Blake of Rawlings.

The young cadets' leader laughed.

"No fear, I took good care of that."

"That's right. Gussy was a silly ass, of course."

"Weally, Blake, I uttally wopudiate that statement!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus, with considerable heat. "How was I to know that the pendant was dangewous?"

"Oh, ring off, Gus! There's no time to argue with you. Life's too short."

At last came the time to break up camp and return to school.

It was with feelings of genuine regret that Tom Merry & Co. and Gordon Gay & Co. took their leave of Dick Rawlings and his fellow-cadets. A strong bond of friendship had sprung up between the Council School lads and the juniors from Rylcombe, and all of them wholeheartedly endorsed Tom Merry's wish that they should meet again.

Lord Conway was present at the break-up of the camp, and he was given three deafening cheers for all he had done to make the summer camp a success.

Montana Bill sailed for his native States that day, taking with him vivid and pleasant memories of his association with the schoolboys, and especially with a real live Honourable.

Gordon Gay & Co. were staying on at Winchelgate, as the Grammar School did not reopen until two days after St. Jim's. So Tom Merry & Co. travelled to Rylcombe alone, having taken leave of Major Rumbold and Captain Melville, who was a guest at the major's house.

Although they were sorry to leave camp, they could not help feeling, as the train neared Rylcombe, a great eagerness to see the old place again, and St. Jim's, and the old familiar scenes and faces.

BE SURE YOU REMEMBER THE—

FIRST OF SEPTEMBER

—IS "HOLIDAY ANNUAL" DAY!

felt a bullet whiz by him. He turned and saw Montana Bill stride into the camp enclosure, followed by Major Rumbold.

Bill had his six-shooter in his hand. The weapon was still smoking.

"Why, wh-what the—?" began Tom Merry.

"Gweat Scott!" broke in D'Arcy. "Bill fired at that yellow fly, deah boys, and he hit it! I happened to see it go to pieces suddenly, and wondahed what had happened."

"Yes, my lads, that was the most wonderful piece of marksmanship I have ever seen—to shatter a fly in mid-air at one shot!" said Major Rumbold gravely. "Do you know, Merry, that Loftus has just saved your life? That moth was about to bite you and its bite contains one of the deadliest poisons known in the East. When Loftus came to me and told me the story of the pendant I realised what danger you lads were in and hurried here. I heard about that Jahoon pendant in India some years ago. The jewel it contains is so priceless and held in such reverence by the sect to which it belongs that the poisoned moth was put into the pendant with it to guard it. The moth would live for many years in that confined space in a state of coma; but directly it came into contact with fresh air it became virile, as you saw just now. Had it bitten you, Merry, you would have been lying on the ground dead by now!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Tom.

"The danger is now past, thanks to this fine fellow's splendid marksmanship," said the major. "We can now examine the jewel inside the pendant—what? By thunder! Isn't it a beauty!"

The carved diamond effigy was passed round for inspection. The boys handled it in awe. Finally, Major Rumbold took charge of it and the pendant.

"I will take this to the India Office to-day, and have arrangements made for its return to the native priests," he said. "There will be no trouble concerning it, so long as it is returned. This man, Rahmut Keyn, must be put into custody at once. The authorities will know what to do with him."

A police-constable arrived from Winchelgate and led Rahmut Keyn away.

Gordon Gay & Co. stayed on at the camp for breakfast.

Dick Rawlings and the cadets then started off on their trip to Wembley.

With the rest of the day before them, and with nothing to do, Tom Merry & Co. invited the Grammarians to the camp,

All were there, and none were altered, except that the faces were browner than usual.

"Good old Rylcombe!" chuckled Blake, as the Scouts walked out into the ancient High Street, which was thronged with the returning St. Jim's boys. "It's fine to be back, isn't it, kids, although we shall miss Rawlings and the others and the camp."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Here comes Kildare!" said Tom Merry, as the stalwart St. Jim's skipper strode out of the station. "Monteith and Darrell as well. And Mr. Lathom and Ratty."

Mr. Ratcliff gave the St. Jim's juniors a choleric glare as he passed. It was evident that the holidays had failed to soften him, and that he had not forgotten that terrifying ride in the giant Racer at Wembley.

"St. Jim's at last!" said Monty Lowther, as they arrived at the old school gates. "Same old school, same old Taggles. Nothing's altered."

Taggles, the porter, was having a very busy time, and as it was a very hot day he frequently complained of his thirst. By the time the boys of St. Jim's and their luggage were all in, Taggles had received sufficient in tips to satisfy the most persistent thirst for a month.

But Taggles, as was his wont, never ceased to grumble—it seemed to be his special prerogative—and several times that afternoon he was heard to state his decided opinion that "all boys should be drowned at birth."

Dr. Holmes read the call-over in Big Hall that evening, and thus commenced a new term at St. Jim's, a term that was to be as replete of fun and stirring happenings as any of the terms that had gone before.

THE END.

(There will be another rollicking fine story of Tom Merry & Co. next week. Note the title: "GRUNDY'S CHANCE!" By Martin Clifford.)

FOUR NEW
VOLUMES
of the
"BOYS'
FRIEND
LIBRARY."

No. 725.—THE SCHOOL IN THE AIR!
No. 726.—LADS OF LANCASHIRE!
No. 727.—SCUND THE ETERNAL!
No. 728.—FIDDLER DICK!

In this thrilling instalment Brian Carr and Dan Derrick find themselves at the mercy of the rascally "Rat."



THE SECRET OF THE GALLEONS!



By ROLAND SPENCER.

(Author of our Recent Success: "Tom of the Ajax.")

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

DON ALONZO GUADIANA DE LA MANCHA, a Spaniard and financier of the expedition aboard the salvage boat *Result*.

SARKY MARLINE, a trustworthy, bow-legged old seaman in command of the *Result*.

DAN DERRICK, a cheery youth, and son of Captain Derrick—known as "Dare-Devil" Derrick—a rugged sea captain of some sixty-five years.

BRIAN CARR, a chum of Dan's, and son of "Amphibious" Carr, inventor of a patent diving-dress which Brian in his research work had perfected.

Their unscrupulous rival, known as the "Rat," a round-shouldered, beady-eyed Mexican half-breed.

Steered by the trusty hands of Sarky Marline, the salvage boat *Result* sets out on its great voyage in quest of sunken Spanish treasure. Reaching Thirbeach, Brian Carr and Dan Derrick, garbed in their patent diving-dresses, take the first plunge into the depths of the mighty ocean, where they locate the *María de Castellón*, an old Spanish galleon, in whose lazaret hold lies hidden fabulous wealth. The chums find themselves up against great odds, for there are rivals in the quest, a rascally set of rogues under the leadership of Moreno, commonly known as the Rat. Brian gets captured, but, thanks to the hard hitting of Sarky Marline, he is able to gain his freedom. Further grueling fights on the sea bottom follow, but the cool courage displayed by the chums is rewarded with the first fruits of victory. It is only the first of four galleons in the quest, however, and the Rat, beaten at the first attempt, is determined not to take his defeat lying down. That same night Dan is awakened, and, rushing up on deck, he sees a man hanging on to the open porthole of the Don's cabin, a glittering object clasped tightly in his hand.

(Now read on.)

Open Hostility!

DAN was about to leap forward, thinking the object in the man's hand was a pistol, when Sarky pulled him back.

"Look!" rumbled Marline. "Torch!"

A thin path of light streamed out, the small bright circle on the cabin table moving here and there as the hand directed the rays on the table.

"Well, 'e can't 'arm like that," muttered Sarky. "We'll see what 'is little game is afore we loose our topsails an' blow in."

Wonderingly, the pair watched. The circle of light was steady on the table now. Dan raised his head and peered over. Then he let out a yell fit to wake the dead in its suddenness and sharp note of warning. Into the cabin dived Dan, and had a grip of the wet wrist. Sarky was over in an instant, too, and took the squirming wrist from Dan. The change over resulted in a scream of pain from outside, and the torch fell clattering at the feet of Sarky and Dan.

Guadiana was now out of his bunk, wide-eyed, and standing beside the man and the boy.

"What—what—" began the Castilian.

"Caught in the hact, Don," thundered Sarky.

"What—what was he doing?" asked Guadiana, drawing back the safety catch of his automatic. "Hold him! The men I can hear above will capture him. What was he up to?"

THE GEN LIBRARY.—No. 861.

"Reading off the marks Sarky had made on the chart for our next passage and subsequent passages," said Dan grimly. "He must not get back to the Golden Gain. Give him another twist if he struggles, Sarky."

"Trust me," replied Sarky, occasioning another scream from the man in the water. Then, bellowing:

"Hi, above there, ye witherin limejuicers! Get a holt o' him, the spyin' sea 'ound!"

Feet were heard to scrape on the deck above as men leant over. Brain's voice, giving orders, was heard. Then a rattle of rifle fire sounded, and the phut-phut of bullets on the iron side of the stout little tug.

"They're plastering us with rifle-bullets!" shouted out Brian. "Hang on to the swimmer! It's Rayne! We've got to take cover for the moment, but I've sent below for rifles. They're firing from a boat."

Rayne now began to tug and struggle frantically. Sarky's grip tightened and the wrinkles on his scarred face as he screwed up his mouth spoke of the intensity of his grip on the white wrist. Rayne was having a bad time.

"Is arm's wet!" gasped Sarky. "Lay a holt, you Don, an' Dan go get a bit o' line."

Dan darted away, while Sarky and Guadiana held the arm. The boy arrived back in the fraction of a second. He swiftly ran a running bowline knot on to the end of the rope, and approached the group at the porthole with the loop held in readiness to slip over the hand of Rayne.

Suddenly rifles spoke from the deck of the *Result*, in reply to the fire from the Golden Gain's boat. But they had Rayne! He would not get away with the secrets he had now seen in black and white on Sarky's charts.

"Haul his arm in a bit," said Dan. "Now!"

At that second Rayne's other hand appeared in the porthole, and in it was gripped a big revolver.

Bang!

The crash of the shot made all three in the Don's cabin reel back. Guadiana gasped, and Dan coughed as he fell on his hands and knees to the deck. Sarky yelped and went staggering backwards, his hands to his eyes.

The white hand disappeared from the window, and the rifle fire above rattled more loudly as the fire was suddenly intensified.

A cry of pain sounded from above, the clanking of feet on the steel deck, Brian's voice bawling orders.

A thump was heard against the little tug's side as a boat brought up heavily against it. Sarky and Dan and Guadiana pulled themselves together and shot out of the cabin and so up on deck.

Dan was first. A form flashed by him, hugging his wrist, from which the blood dripped freely. One of the other salvage hands lay huddled on the rusty deck, terribly still. Brian was shouting and scattering his men to line the bulwarks. Bill Jenks, Sarky's right-hand man in the handling of the salvage company, crashed by Dan. The man's great fists were closed over the haft of a huge axe, and he swung the blue-glinting head of the terrible weapon menacingly.

"The sea 'ounds are lappin' blood!" cried Jenks, as he leapt forward. "Jim Brooke's dead. All to the bulwarks! They're goin' to board!"

A Gruelling Fight!

DAN felt his arm gripped tightly. He swung round and found himself looking into the wild face of Brian Carr.

"For'ard!" gritted out Carr. "Look alive, and we'll beat 'em off yet."

The boy dashed forward, pausing only to pick up a long marline-spike, for he was unarmed. Men from the Golden Gain were scrambling up the rigging of the mast, trying to get past the three salvage hands who were defending that part of the Result.

One man climbed about six feet above the heads of the fighters. Then he let himself hang from the shrouds, gripping the served wire ropes with his fists. He carried a huge bowie knife gripped in his teeth.

Dan slipped round the mast and lurked in the shadows. He watched this man intently. What was his object? To gain a footing on the deck, and sneak aft to the Don's cabin? The charts and other papers relating to the positions of the three other galleons mentioned in the abstract log of the Maria de Castellon were there. He would watch and see. No good end could be served by dashing in now like a bull at a gate, for the Result's stout salvage hands were defending their ship gallantly.

The man on the rigging swung to and fro for a second or two. Then he dropped to the rusty steel deck of the tug. Dan slid round the mast and crouched, ready to deal with the ruffian. In a flash of the riding light, as it swung from the forestay of the tug, he saw the man's face. A heavy, brutal face, bristly with a five days' growth of beard, a face, half-jaw, narrow-set eyes, close-cropped, capless head, bull neck. It was the skipper of the Golden Gain.

The man crouched where he had dropped, fingers on the deck, the knife still in his mouth. He glanced round like a frightened gorilla, failed to see Dan, then took his bowie knife from his mouth.

"Gosh! He's going to attack the defenders in the rear!" hissed Dan to himself. "He's crouching to spring—"

The youngster waited for no more. In a single bound he was alongside the hulking form. The man heard him, and swung round with a low exclamation that had something of the note of a snarl in it.

The knife whizzed through the air, and Dan ducked, slipping on the deck, and measuring his length on the rusty plates. The evil knife, sent by a practised hand, whizzed in the air above him, and struck the hollow steel mast with a heavy clang. The clatter of its fall to the deck followed, and Dan sprang to his feet just as his antagonist leapt towards him with a mouthful of snarled sea oaths.

Again Dan ducked, gasping now, for the hooked fingers of the giant seemed rushing straight for his throat. The boy twisted and dodged, then straightened himself swiftly, having escaped his assailant's fingers by an inch.

The skipper of the Golden Gain lost his balance, and Dan swung round instantly, bringing the heavy end of the marline-spike down on the bullet head with a sickening thud. The man fell flat on his face, and lay there, as still as death.

Young Derrick did not wait to see how much damage he had done with his heavy spike, for the men at the rigging were being hard pressed. He just leapt in with a cheer, and, with a sweep of his heavy bar of iron, sent one of the raiders hurtling back into the water, just in

time to save one of their own men from a heavy blow with a piece of wood.

The Result's crew aft were now cheering loudly, and two or three men came pounding forward, led by Guadiana himself, to reinforce the gallant defenders at the channels. Dan saw streaks of white darting here and there. He heard groans and yelps of terror, and, in the jostling that followed, he seemed conscious of nothing but the fact that the Result's crew were shouting in triumph. Once that darting line of white seemed to sear across his eyes. He heard a long gasp hard by, then all was blackness again.

"It's over, Dan! They're beaten off! There's been a pretty to-do!"

Dan heard Brian's voice in his ear as he felt himself raised from the deck.

"Ay; they're beaten off!" came Sarky Marline's voice, as if from a distance. "But the taste o' blood will brighten this 'ere little cruise up wonderful! We'll see more o' them, the spyin', throat-cuttin', trailin' sea-bounds!"

Dan rose unsteadily to his feet. Guadiana was standing hard by, wiping a rapier. The Spaniard was as cool as a cucumber, and he twanged his blade critically, and looked with one eye along its length.

"Some brute hit me, Brian!" said Dan. "But I was only dazed—"

"My boy, the blow would have killed you if it hadn't been for my good Toledo blade!" said Guadiana, flashing one of his sudden smiles in Dan's direction.

"You—you— So it was your sword I saw like a streak of white!" gasped Dan. "Done much damage with it, senior?"

"Thank Heaven, no, by boy! I've pricked a few of them, but I was careful. Some of our fellows are injured, and we have three prisoners, one the skipper of the Golden Gain—"

"He's my prisoner!" grinned Dan. "I clouted him with the thick end of this marline-spike—"

"Ay; an' ye clouted another, young sir, wot nigh 'ad me cold with a piece o' oak two-by-two."

A man standing by, binding his wrist with a piece of bandage, grunted out this gruff salvage way of giving thanks as Dan looked round. It was all the thanks he gave, and all Dan wanted. He knew that lack of effusiveness with salvage hands does not mean lack of feeling. Their life is too hard, their risks too great for them to become practised in graceful words of thanks for services done. Salvage life is one long round of risks and dangers; and help is demanded of a comrade time and again every working day.

"Didn't know you were a swordsman, senior," said Brian. "But, by jingo, the way you darted about with that blade,



Framed between the teak uprights of the wheelhouse windows, Brian, Dan, and Sarky Marline saw the most savage, raging sea-picture they had ever gazed upon. The great roaring seas literally hurled themselves at the tug, and the tug hurled herself at the seas.

doing no serious damage but frightening the life out of everybody, was a marvel!"

"It is my one boast, Brian. I am a Guadiana, and I live up to the family's traditions by making myself proficient as a fencer. Thank goodness I grabbed this fine blade as we shot out of my cabin just now—"

"By the way, the cabin! Is it all right?"

"Yes, yes! I detailed Marline and two hands to guard the door. But no one tried to get down."

"Seems funny that, sir!" said Dan. "One or two could easily have slipped down the companion-way aft, from what I saw."

"Of course, our secrets must have been their objective,"

replied the Castilian. "But suffice it to say we have beaten them!"

"Have we got Rayne?"

"No, more's the pity; we haven't. Whatever he saw has gone back to the Golden Gain with him."

Dan and Brian looked over towards where the Golden Gain was riding.

"No lights," said Dan. "I s'pose they've doused the glim to make it difficult for us to follow up in the boats and return their raid with compliments. Well, that's that, anyway!"

"Ay; an' them's them!" cut in Sarky Marline, nodding towards the prisoners—the skipper and two of the Gain's salvage hands. "They've got three o' ours—one o' them a diver. There's goin' to be a law proceedin' afore this little yachtin' trip's over-past, I can see!"

"Come below," said Guadiana, "for we must talk this over! Rayne now knows where to go to look for the landmarks. That in itself is a great victory for them. With their salvage ship of slower gait than ours, we can no longer hope to dodge them by speed. But, of course, without us they still cannot hope to locate the galleons exactly."

Sarky and Dan and Brian followed Guadiana below. In the cabin the new situation was discussed.

"That there last galleon, Don," said Sarky. "Rayne saw my cross on the chart off Flannan, o' course. That means they 'ave the bearings an' all o' the last galleon, while we only know she's off the Seven Hunters—"

"We won't worry about it, Marline," said Guadiana. "We still have the Rathlin and Isley galleons within our owa grasp. To-morrow we must get under way for the north of Ireland. But what we must discuss is prisoners. We hold three of the Gain's; they hold three of ours. We must have a parley with the Rat, and consider an exchange of prisoners, or we shall be embroiled in lawsuits. You can't keep men from their work without those men having

something to say about it. And, in the eyes of the law, we are two peaceful salvage boats making a big bid for fortune. We must remain so."

"Anyone killed?" asked Dan.

"No; no one at all, unless the Rat's people have suffered more than we think. If they have, I'm afraid we shall be called upon for explanations. Brooke was hot at the outset of the fight; but the bullet only grazed his head, and he is the only man of ours we thought was dead. No; I think everything is all right in that respect."

Then followed earnest talk in regard to future action. There was more poring over charts, referring to the Nautical Almanac, working out tides, and so on. And as the four in

that little cabin worked out their passage and scheme for the next galleon the wind rose.

The waves soon began to slap heavily against the little ship's plates, and Sarky prophesied a very heavy blow.

"It'll be cold air rushin' into the heat we's 'ad since yesterday arternoon," explained the sailor. "Long foretold, long 'last. I reckon there'll be no salvage work north of Ireland for the next four days, so we needn't get excited an' impatient to make a start. But clear out o' Thirl-beach we must. Shes' dippin' to it now. Daylight's breakin'—the sailor motioned to the small skylight—"so I reckon we'd best get our hook, or we'll maybe 'ave to slip cable to clear out in safety. MacFadyen's gat a 'ead o' steam up fit to bust the bilers already—"

Sarky broke off and suddenly swung round. Dan, Brian, and Guadiana swiftly faced the door, too, for it was burst open and an excited salvage hand appeared.

"Daylight!" gasped the man, a well-spoken fellow who was a mystery to all on board. "Daylight, and the Golden Gain has vanished! She's not in view on the horizon—not a smudge of smoke even—"

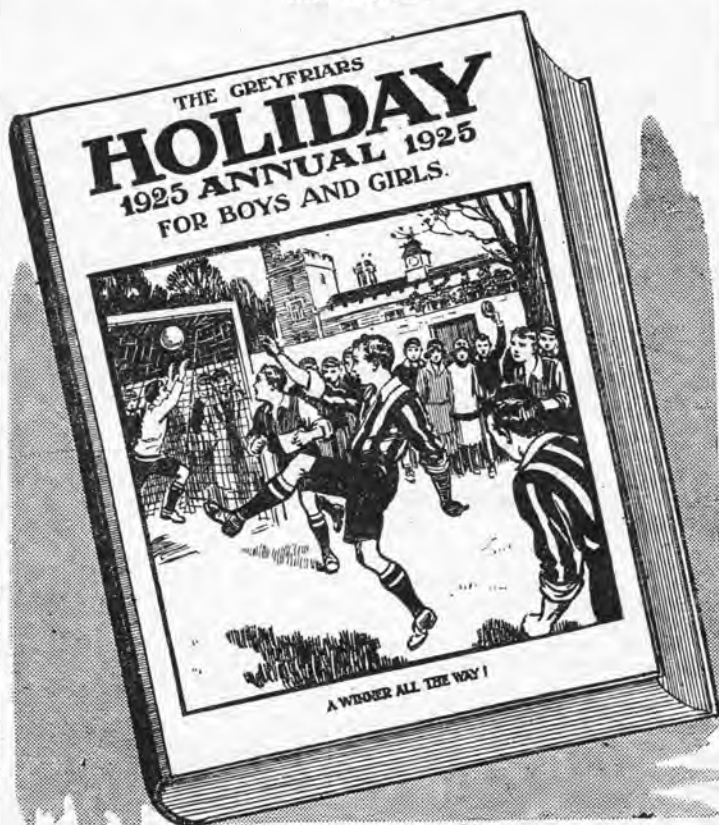
"The raid!" snapped the Castilian. "That raid was a screen, so that she could weigh anchor and clear without being heard. She's stolen a march on us! She'll be at Rathlin Island hours before we get there!"

Heavy Weather!

THE only person unperturbed by the news was Sarky Marline. He held up his big brown knotted hand. "No excitement, please!" said the old sailor. "We must get under way an' clear instant, but there's no real 'urry. Trust Hadmiral the North-West Wind. I

THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL

The Finest Budget of School and Adventure Stories in the World!



No other Annual can compare with it—360 pages of sheer delight. Price 6s.

OUT SEPTEMBER 1ST

tell 'ee, salvage work will be impossible for the next four days. We'll waddle up around the Irish coast, keeping quiet-like an' sheltered. But there's no need for rushin' an' tearin'. Leave all that to the shiverin' wind. But I'll see Mr. MacFadyen, my man, at onst."

The man disappeared, and MacFadyen announced himself in a couple of minutes.

"We're gettin under way, MacFadyen," said Sarky. "It's goin' to blow. Will ye get your men to their stations, an' keep a good 'ead o' steam up. We don't want a lot o' speed, but we's a few thousand tons o' water to push out o' the way, or I'm a blinkin' Dutchman!"

MacFadyen grinned.

"Och, ay, it's goin' to blow," he said. "Ye'll no be thinkin' o' layin' to off Rathlin Island till it quietens, I take it. Maybe, Ah was thinkin' if ye creep up a wee inside the Mull o' Cantyre—"

"It'll be Port Ellen Islay, I'm thinkin', Mr. MacFadyen," said Sarky. "It'll hold to the nor'ard o' nor'-west, or I've never navigated a perishin' pitchin' coastin' schooner round these flamin' islands. Ay, we'll be best at Islay. I'll promise ye we'll not rock your engines off their beddin's by trying to lay-to in the North Channel till the North Atlantic pother lies down a bit."

MacFadyen vanished. Then Sarky went up on deck to detail the first watch above.

By noon the island of Anglesey was astern, and the tug breasted bravely onwards, more under water than above. Water streamed constantly over the fore-deck, and Dan and Brian took it, at one sea, right up to the thighs as they stood by the wheelhouse, clinging like grim death to the hand-rail and watching breathlessly the antics of a Mersey pilot as she lashed and lunged savagely into the pother on the starboard side.

"Gosh, this is living, Brian!" gasped Dan. "But I feel a bit quahny. I hope I'm not going to be sick— Whoop! Up she goes! Golly, when she drops I feel churned up inside. Look out, here's another smasher!"

"You keep on deck as much as you can, Dan," replied Brian after the water from that last sea had streamed out of the scuppers. "But even if you feel quahny you won't be bad. You'd have been sick in the diving-dress, making the descent, if you were subject to sea-sickness much. By Jove, look at that brigantine flying along under goose-winged topsails! She's bound down for the Bristol Channel, I expect. And she'll get there soon at that rate. As Sarky said, it's going to be a buster!"

A buster it was. The Irish sea was as bad as the weather could make it, and that's saying a lot. The tug groaned and pitched and whirled and creaked till it seemed she could not stand the strain. Her powerful engines were pushing her head on to the seas at half-speed, and Sarky Marline himself took the wheel for the first trick.

It was risking life and limb to stay on deck, outside the wheelhouse, so Dan and Brian crammed themselves in alongside Sarky.

The chums peered ahead occasionally themselves. Framed between the teak uprights of the wheelhouse windows they saw the most savage, raging sea-picture they had ever gazed upon. The great roaring seas literally hurled themselves at the tug, and the tug hurled herself at the seas, meeting them with a crash, a shiver, and a distinct check in her course.

The scend of the little boat's stern would screw her forward to meet the seas solid. Then all would be blotted out by what seemed a mighty explosion—nothing but white, hissing spray and great lashing lumps of solid green water. Thump, thump! would go the falling water on her decks, then the scuppers would roar and clang, the confusion ahead would clear, and the bows would be seen dipping down into the trough.

There were others enjoying that early summer gale as well

as the Result. Occasionally across the framed picture a reeling smoke-stack would appear; or a rag of sail, shortened down to the minimum, with a pitching black hull beneath it. A yacht was sighted on the starboard bow—a big, palatial schooner. But she was making such heavy weather of it that it was probable her owner, if aboard, was revising his notion that he owned the last word in comfort afloat.

The blue and black funnel of an Ocean Line boat; the red and black ones of a Cunard liner; the reeling yards of a big iron Loch Line ship making for the Clyde, braced up sharp, and staggering under mere ribbons of upper topsails, came and went. It was all life to Dan and Brian. But Sarky took it all merely as something in the day's work.

"She's kickin' 'er toe an' 'er 'eel to the music all right, ain't she?" remarked Sarky, with his rumbling laugh. "But salvage ships take it as they find it, an' if they don't like it they lump it, bein' thankful as they're not caught at anchor to wind'ard o' a dangerous reef. I'm the captain, I am, and here I be steerin' this perishin' packet through this soft weather. Why, says you? And this for why. Navigation isn't reckoned on a salvage ship. There ain't a sailor, as I reckon a sailor, but me an' the Dan and Jenks on the whole bloomin' ship. But they all takes their turn at steering, an' what she won't rise to she goes through—"

"Hold hard, Sarky!" laughed Brian, as he clung to the handrail inside the wheelhouse. "Add me to the list of sailors. I served four years on island schooners in Polynesia—"

"Split me, ye did?" asked Sarky, twisting his neck round farther than Dan and Brian had ever dreamed it would go.

"That I did—" began Brian proudly; but Sarky broke in:

"Then ye can flamin' well take a holt o' this witherin' wheel! Me the captain, an' steering the old packet like I was a fo'c'sle stiff. Nor'-west a quarter by west! Think ye can keep 'er within four p'int's o' that?"

"Dead sure of it! I can steer like a Dane—"

"Ye needn't say no more, sonny! I can 'ear as you knows the sea good enough! Get a holt!"

Brian gripped the teak spokes of the wheel and turned the circle a trifle to starboard, peering into the binnacle the while. Sarky watched eagerly for a time, then he said:

"Perish me, but this 'ere's luck! Jenks'll be up to take over in a hower an' a half. You keep a look-out, Dan, an' Brian'll steer. I'll make you young feller-me-lads some use to the expedition, arter all!"

Sarky disappeared, and Dan and Brian laughed.

"Cheek—what?" said Brian. "Gosh, he's a cool one! We didn't find the galleon, did we? We didn't get the saloon deck ripped up! You didn't lead the men down and diddle the Rat's crew, did you? Sarky Marline's got a bigger neck than you'd think at first sight, and that's speaking strongly! Still, this is great, if Sarky doesn't swing it too often on me—"

"Going through that collier, or under her stern?" asked Dan dryly.

Brian laughed as he gave the tug a couple of spokes to starboard.

"Yes," he said musingly, "for cool cheek Sarky Marline takes the ship's biggest biscuit!"

Islay!

JENKS came and took over the wheel well to time. Other than the afterguard Jenks was the only disciplinarian on the ship. Dan and Brian went below for a spell. They rolled up in their blankets in their famous paint locker beside Sarky, who was sound asleep. They were very tired now, and the faint qualms of seasickness Dan had before felt had vanished with his bit of look-out duty in the wheelhouse.



26 A WEEK OR CASH £4-15/-

Get a "JUNO"—the British-made cycle that will never "let you down." "JUNO" cycles are of the finest construction throughout. Brampton Filings and Hubs, Bowden Bars and Brakes, Reynolds' Tubes, Dunlop Rims, Dunlop Cambridge or Studded Tyres. Beautifully plated, handomely lined. Sent carriage paid, packed free, small deposit only. **GUARANTEE**—our 46 years' reputation. Money returned if dissatisfied. Factory Prices save you pounds. **LISTS FREE. WRITE NOW—(Dept. U2), METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS CO., LTD., 168 & 248, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.**

JUNO

XMAS CHOCOLATE CLUBS

Spare-time Agents wanted. Good remuneration. No outlay. Best makes only supplied. Particulars Free.

SAMUEL DRIVER, South Market, Hunslet Lane, Leeds



HEIGHT COUNTS

in winning success. Let the Girvan System increase your height. Wonderful results. Send P.C. for particulars and our £100 guarantee to Enquiry Dept., A.M.P., 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.4.

MAGIC TRICKS, etc.—Parcels, 2/6, 5/6. Ventriloquist's Instrument. Invaluable. Imitate Birds. Price 6d. each, 4 for 1/-—T. W. Harrison, 239, Pentonville Rd., London, N.1.

THE SECRET OF THE GALLEONS!

(Continued from previous page.)

The weather seemed more frightful than ever below decks. The tug reeled and staggered, her plates smashed at the seas and the seas at her plates till it seemed that the rivets must start. She groaned in every frame, stringer, and beam. The chums, lying abeam-wise, had to jam themselves in with Sarky to keep their bodies from rolling fore and aft at every careering sweep of the Result's hull.

The engines were suffering torture, and so was MacFadyen. He himself stood at duty, easing the pressure when the screw began to race, and giving all the power he could when the thrust-blocks felt the strain. The latter were so hot that it was impossible to rest the hand on them. It was a gruelling for all concerned. But the ex-ocean tug was fit for her buffeting. She had the power and she had the strength. So she blustered on in seeming contempt of the snarling, crashing seas.

In this way she bored northwards, and when Dan and Brian turned out on deck near midnight the group-flashing of the lighthouse on Altacarry Head, Rathlin Island, was visible occasionally through the flying spray on their port beam.

Sarky Marline was again at the wheel, and a sleepy salvage hand beside him, supposed to be keeping a look-out.

Sarky turned round to the chums.

"It'll be worse before it's better," he said. "But we's ridin' easier now. That's Rathlin abeam, and we's feeling the weight o' the whole bloomin' North Atlantic. Still, mountains is better than short, choppy lumps o' water, split me if they ain't! We's made a werry slow passage, but good considerin'. I'm alterin' course now a few points more to the nor'ard, an' we'll feel the lee o' Islay afore dawn. Salvage work is impossible in this sea, ye'll now understand."

Brian nodded.

"Like me to steer for a spell?" he said. But Sarky shook his head.

"I took over soon's Jenks had put 'er 'ead into the North Channel. I'll hang on now, for we'll be pickin' up the double-flash o' the Otter Rock lightvessel afore long, an' that's not a far cry from Port Ellen. Thank 'eaven for it too, for MacFadyen's groanin' as loud as 'is engines."

The chums remained in the wheelhouse with Sarky, and the sailor told the sleepy salvage hand to clear out and rest his blinker for a spell, for they were dang-all good as a look-out. So Dan and Brian kept watch.

The Result was switchbacking now, rather than smashing and hammering, and her way was a bit better. The lights of Rathlin Island faded from view astern. Dan and Brian peered ahead through the darkness. The red and green lights of other craft came and went, and once the glaring blaze of a big passenger ship, not two cables length ahead. Just before dawn Brian sang out:

"Light-ho! Double-flash. I think!"

"That'll be the Otter," said Sarky. "We'll get easier water soon, an' daylight."

Dawn broke weakly and bleak. Through the streaming glass the chums peered ahead. Mountains began to take outline, distant, and as the atmosphere cleared and the wild flying scud of the sky could be seen, the light ahead was lost to view.

"Well, we've seen it, so we know it's there," said Sarky. "But we'll hev to make a good landfall forbye. I'll pass the Otter Rock lightvessel to starboard. I've never been to Islay afore, but the sailin' directions says Texa Island well to sta'board, Carraig Fadda Point in line wi-wi— Jest turn 'em up again, Brian, will 'e?"

Brian referred to the sailing directory, and Dan observed through the marine glasses round the side of the wheelhouse.

The boy dodged back to shelter in a few minutes.

"The lightvessel pitching like a cork dead ahead. There's what looks like an island beyond, and a white building with 'Lagavulin' painted on it in big black letters."

"That'll be the distillery at Lagavulin," said Brian. "The name's got to be hidden by the island for the fairway to Port Ellen. We're a bit too far south, Sarky."

"Ay, I reckon I overdid it a bit from Rathlin. I can see the lightvessel now. I'll steer on her, and dang the binnacle. I want Carraig Fadda Point an' the other leadin' mark soon's ye can let me hev 'em, Brian."

In the lee of Islay the tug's way became easier. It was still rough, but, compared to what they had been through, it was a mill-pond. Guadiana and one or two hands tumbled up, blinking in the morning light.

"Openin' up Port Ellen, Don," said Sarky. "We'll hev our hook down in three hours or so—"

"I wonder if the Golden Gain will be there?" remarked the Castilian.

"You can bet they's safe an' comfortable in Belfast Lough, cursin' their luck an' the weather till all's blue," replied Sarky. "I don't mind bringin' up a hoocean tug through the North Channel any weather, but wither me skin ef I'd shove the nose o' a flat tea-tray o' a salvage ship through it, forbye the Golden Gain be highly engined an' built for towin' as well."

But Sarky was wrong. He had under-calculated the determination of their rivals. The Golden Gain, more dead than alive, staggered into Port Ellen in the afternoon. The truth was, they had spotted the lights of the Result off Rathlin, had seen that the tug headed for Islay, and had got nose down on the trail. Doubtless they felt it possible that the Result would tackle the Islay galleon, lying off the Rhynns, before paying attention to the Rathlin one. And they wanted to be there!

If black looks could wither an unwanted neighbour, the Golden Gain and all she contained ought to have melted away into thin air as the salvage ship's anchor went down not far off where the Result was riding at Port Ellen.

(The crew of the Result have a harder task than ever in front of them. Be sure you read the next instalment in this powerful serial. You will vote it the finest yet for real thrills.)



400 MODEL
\$5.50 CASH

MEAD

2/6 Weekly

Is all you pay for our No. 400A lady's or gentleman's Mead "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Built to stand hard wear. Brilliantly plated; richly enamelled, exquisitely lined in two colours. Sent packed free, carriage paid on **15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL**. Fully warranted. Prompt delivery. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in slightly factory soiled mounts. Tyres and Accessories 33% below shop prices. Buy direct from the factory and save pounds. How a seven-year-old MEAD which had traversed 75,000 miles beat 550 up-to-date machines and broke the world's record by covering 34,366 miles in 365 days is explained in our art catalogue. Write TO-DAY for free copy—brimful of information about bicycles and contains gigantic photo graphs of our latest models.

MEAD CYCLE CO. (Incl.)
(Dept. B797)
Birmingham

NERVOUS FEARS

How many people fear meeting others, travelling in Trains, Trams, Tubes, or Buses, mixing in Society, going into a Restaurant, or of having anything important to do. Such Nervous Fears are ruinous to any man or woman's chance of success in life. Become Nerve-Strong, Self-Confident, Bright and Happy, by sending immediately 3 penny stamps for particulars of the Mento-Nerve Strengthening Treatment. **GUARANTEED CURE OR MONEY REFUNDED.**—GODFREY ELLIOTT-SMITH, LTD., 543, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.

DON'T BE BULLIED

Special offer. **TWO ILLUS. SAMPLE LESSONS** from my Complete Course on **JUJITSU** for four penny stamps, or a Large Illus. Portion of Course for P.O. 3/6. Jujitsu is the best and simplest science of self-defence and attack ever invented. Learn to take care of yourself under ALL circumstances. **SEND NOW.** (Est. 20 years.)

"YAWARA" (Dept. A.P.), 10, Queensway, Hanworth, Feltham, Middlesex

MAGIC TRICKS, Etc.—Parcels, 2/6, 5/-. Ventriiloquists' Instruments. Invisible, Imitates Birds, Beasts, etc. 6d. each, 4 for 1/-.—P. FEARING, Travancore House, Seaford Road, Colwyn Bay.

PAIR METAL TWEEZERS AND 60 DIFFERENT STAMPS FREE!

Just request approvals.

LISBURN & TOWNSEND, London Road, Liverpool.

When Answering Advertisements
Please Mention This Paper.