

"LEVISON'S TRIUMPH!" This week's special complete story of Greyfriars School!

No. 799. Vol. XXIII.

Week ending June 2nd, 1923.

The Magnet 2^d

Library
of
School & Detective Stories.



THE DISCOVERY OF THE KIDNAPPED CRICKETER!

(A dramatic incident from this week's 20,000-word complete school story of Greyfriars.)



OUR EIGHT HUNDREDTH NUMBER!

NEXT week's MAGNET is very special. It is the eight hundredth number of the famous paper, which has been giving the best yarns of school and adventure for fifteen years. The MAGNET is now well into its sixteenth twelvemonth, and all its myriad supporters the world over will have but one wish. That wish is summed up in the words, Good luck to the MAGNET!

TO CELEBRATE THE OCCASION!

To do extra honour to the important occasion, I am publishing a Special Camping-out Number. Practically the whole of the paper will be devoted to the interests of the camper-out, and Mr. Frank Richards' fine yarn of Greyfriars leads the way in this respect. The title of this story nails the attention right away. Here it is:

"THE HAUNTED CAMP!"

This is a really, jolly, rollicking summer yarn, with a pleasing dash of mystery to help matters through. Mr. Quelch comes in for some extremely weird and diverting adventures, though the popular Form-master fails at the moment to appreciate the fun. There is plenty of

humour in a properly-haunted camp, especially when a lively company of ducks, geese, and other residents of a farmyard get busy. The tale indicates some of the inconveniences attendant on a life on the broad highway, as well as its pleasures. Next Monday's MAGNET readers are in for a right royal time with Mr. Richards' latest effort.

A CAMPING SUPPLEMENT!

The GREYFRIARS HERALD is well in the running, and Harry Wharton & Co. have got to grips with their splendid theme. Camping-out is written up from lots of different angles. You will not lose any of the various points if you read next week's amusing supplement. Greyfriars knows a lot about the business. Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry have been "through it" several times in company with the rapacious porpoise.

"OLD HAND" ON CAMPING.

I am glad to be able to announce that I have secured a topping article on the serious side of camping by "Old Hand." You remember this writer's well-informed contributions last summer. He supplies hints as to ways and means, and offers a ton of other excellent advice. I

am drawing particular attention to this noteworthy contribution, for it gives the fellow who means to go camping this summer just the wrinkles he wants.

"THE TWO TUNNELS MYSTERY."

Ferrers Locke figures in a breathless detective story next week. This is just the kind of tale that is appreciated. You find yourself plunged into a baffling mystery, and the crime-investigator has to unravel the most difficult problem that ever came his way. You find him working along lines of deduction, taking advantage of the slenderest threads, and pushing on towards the goal of elucidation. "The Two Tunnels Mystery" is a winner.

Your Editor.

A Wireless Magazine for 3d.

"WIRELESS REVIEW & SCIENCE WEEKLY."

Boys who want to go into the science of wireless a little more deeply than those whose only interest in the subject is to hear an occasional broadcast concert will welcome with open arms the new weekly magazine, entitled "Wireless Review and Science Weekly," which appears in the shops and on the bookstalls this week.

Only the biggest technical experts in the world of wireless will contribute to the pages of this valuable new paper, which will deal with every new development of this fascinating science in a manner which will show its possibilities to the full.

It will be well illustrated with photographs and diagrams, and every assistance will be given to those who are really anxious to master the problems of wireless and popular science generally.

No. 1 of the "Wireless Review" will be on sale Tuesday, May 29th, and at the low price of 3d. it offers astonishing value. Readers are advised to procure their copies without delay.

THE "MAGNET" LIMERICK COMPETITION!

NO ENTRANCE FEE REQUIRED.

First Prize - - - £1 1s. 0d.
and

CONSOLATION PRIZES OF 2/6 FOR ALL EFFORTS PUBLISHED.

In order to win one of the above prizes all you have to do is to supply the last line of the verse given below, taking care to see that your effort bears some apt relation to the theme.

RULES GOVERNING THE "MAGNET" LIMERICK COMPETITION

- 1.—The First Prize will be awarded to the sender of what, in the opinion of the Editor and a competent staff of adjudicators, is the best Last Line received.
- 2.—Consolation prizes of 2s. 6d. will be awarded from week to week to those competitors whose efforts show merit.
- 3.—The coupon below entitling you to enter for this competition must be either pasted on to a postcard, in which case your Last Line must be written IN INK directly beneath it, or enclosed separately in an envelope with your Last Line effort attached.
- 4.—Competitor's name and full postal address must accompany every effort sent in.
- 5.—Entries must reach us not later than June 7th, 1923, and MUST NOT be enclosed with entrance forms for any other competition. They must be addressed "MAGNET Limerick No. 8," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.
- 6.—Your Editor undertakes that every effort sent in will receive careful consideration, but he will not hold himself responsible for coupons lost or mislaid, or delayed in the post. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery.

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7.—This competition is open to All Readers of the Companion Papers, but the result each week will appear only in the MAGNET.

8.—It is a distinct condition of entry that your Editor's decision must be accepted as binding in all matters. Acceptance of these rules is an express condition of entry.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

"MAGNET" LIMERICK COMPETITION.

No. 8.

When ordered six strokes with the cane,
Skinner said he could stand any pain.
But when the first whack
Came down on his back—

THIS EXAMPLE WILL HELP YOU:
He yelled "Yow! I won't do it again!"

M.

CUT HERE



A stirring story of school life and the cricket field, in which Ernest Levison shows to great advantage as a crack bowler, and De Courcy of Highcliffe—dubbed the Caterpillar—as a slacker who is subject to sudden bursts of energy. In this case the Caterpillar's awakening, so to speak, saves the Greyfriars cricket eleven from almost certain defeat, consequent upon the shady practices of a junior of Highcliffe who is desirous of preventing Levison from taking part in the match. Told in his own inimitable style

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Looking in on Levison!

"LEVISON! He, he, he!" Billy Bunter rolled into the School House at Greyfriars in a state of great merriment. "Levison! Is Levison here? He, he, he!"

Harry Wharton & Co. were in the hall, waiting. The Famous Five of Greyfriars were going over to Highcliffe to tea that afternoon, and Levison, the guest at Greyfriars, was going with them. They were waiting for Levison to join them, when Billy Bunter rolled in, almost in convulsions to all appearance.

"What's the row?" asked Bob Cherry.

"He, he, he!" chortled Bunter. "Where's Levison? He's wanted! He, he, he!"

"He's gone into sanny to see his brother Frank," said Harry Wharton. "He won't be long. Who wants him?"

"He, he, he!" chuckled Bunter. "It's a visitor! He's talking to Gosling at the gates now. He, he, he!"

"A visitor for Levison?" asked Nugent.

"He, he, he! Yes! Such a visitor!" chortled Bunter. "I say, you fellows, come and have a look at him! Such a corker! He, he, he!"

Skinner of the Remove looked in from the quad, grinning.

"Levison here?" he called out. "He's wanted!"

"He, he, he!" came from Bunter explosively.

"Is this a jape?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Not at all!" grinned Skinner. "There's really a visitor for Levison. Old Gosling is making some trouble about letting him in. Levison ought to get along to the gates and see that his friend is let in."

"He, he, he!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here comes Levison!"

Levison of St. Jim's came cheerily into the House. Bunter and Skinner burst into renewed merriment at the sight of him.

"Ready, you fellows," said Levison cheerily. "I hope I haven't kept you waiting?"

"Only a few minutes," said Wharton. "Skinner says there's somebody called to see you, Levison."

Levison glanced inquiringly at Skinner.

"He's at the gates," said Skinner. "Gosling seems to want to keep him out. Better cut along!"

Levison frowned.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know the man!" said Skinner loftily. "Not the kind of man I should know. I've seen him about Courtfield, though. I think his name's Purkiss."

Levison gave a start.

"Purkiss?" he repeated.

"One of your jolly old acquaintances when you used to be a Greyfriars chap, I think," said Skinner, grinning. "I dare say he's heard that you've come over from St. Jim's, and he's looking in to see you, for the sake of auld lang syne, you know."

Levison set his lips.

Without a word to Skinner, he turned and walked out of the School House. Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged glance and followed him. Skinner and Bunter brought up the rear, chuckling joyously.

Half a dozen fellows called to Ernest Levison in the quadrangle, and most of them were grinning.

"Visitor for you, Levison."

"Gosling won't let him in!"

"Hurry up, Levison!"

"Better shift him before Mr. Quelch sees him!" called out Snoop.

"Hurry up, Levison; Wingate's coming."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Levison did not answer, and he looked neither to the right nor to the left as he strode down to the school gates.

Quite an animated scene was in progress there.

Two or three dozen fellows had gathered round the old gateway, in which stood the rather remarkable visitor who had called to see Ernest Levison.

He was a most unusual visitor for Greyfriars.

He was an extremely horsey-looking man, with an unshaven chin, with a black pipe, bowl downwards, in his mouth, and a battered bowler-hat on the back of his head.

He seemed to be engaged in argument with Gosling, the school porter, and Gosling seemed to be in a state of breathless indignation.

"Houtside!" Gosling was saying. "Wot I says is this 'ere. You ain't coming in 'ere, Mr. Purkiss, if so be as your name is Purkiss! I've said it, and I says it again. Houtside!"

"Look 'ere, old codger—" said Mr. Purkiss.

"Houtside!"

"Can't a gent see a gent when he calls to see him?" demanded Mr. Purkiss indignantly. "I 'ear that my old friend, young Mr. Levison, is 'ere. A very old friend he is. I've jest looked in to pass the time of day with 'im."

"Houtside!"

"Here's Levison!" yelled Temple of the Fourth. "Come and speak to your friend, Levison."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Levison strode up and faced the disreputable fellow in the gateway. The crowd of Greyfriars fellows looked on eagerly.

Levison's face was dark with anger.

Mr. Purkiss grinned at the sight of him, nodded familiarly, and held out a decidedly dirty hand.

"Ere we are again, young Levison!" he said. "Looked in to see you, old pal! 'Ow's things—what? 'Ow 'ave you been getting on all this time?"

"You've called to see me?" said Levison.

"That's it, old pal."

"Without being asked?" said Levison.

"Old pals like us don't stand on ceremony," grinned Mr. Purkiss. "We used to be thick when you was at Greyfriars before—what? Ain't you going to shake 'ands, young Levison?"

"No!" said the St. Jim's junior grimly. "I'm going to thrash you, Mr. Purkiss!"

"What?"

"Put up your hands, you rascal!"

"My eye!"

Levison advanced on the man with his hands up, and his eyes gleaming over them like steel.

Mr. Purkiss backed out into the road.

"Look 'ere!" he began, in alarm.

There was a shout from the Greyfriars crowd:

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"Go it, Levison!"

"Pile in, old scout!" roared Bob Cherry.

Mr. Purkiss backed further away. He was a man against a boy; but he was a very flabby man, his vitality long since sapped away by strong drink. And Levison was as hard as nails. So far as size and weight went, Mr. Purkiss ought to have been able to deal with two or three Levisons; but, in actual fact, the sturdy junior could have handled him with ease.

And he evidently intended to do it.

As Mr. Purkiss backed away Levison followed him up, amid a roar of laughter from the crowd of schoolboys. Mr. Purkiss' feebly defensive hands were knocked aside, and Levison's clenched fist came with a crash on his nose.

Bump!

Mr. Purkiss rolled in the dusty road with a roar.

"Well hit!"

"Right on the wicket!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What does this mean?" It was a deep, authoritative voice.

And the roar of laughter died away as Mr. Quelch came through the crowd of juniors.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Painful for Purkiss!

THE master of the Greyfriars Remove was frowning deeply. Such a scene at the school gates was unprecedented—in fact, horrifying. Mr. Quelch could hardly believe his eyes, as he beheld Purkiss sprawling in the dusty road, and Levison standing over him with clenched fists.

"Levison!" thundered the Remove master.

"Yes, sir!" said Levison quietly.

"What does this mean?"

Purkiss sat up dazedly. He rubbed his nose, and a stream of crimson ran over his dirty fingers.

"I've been knocked down!" he gasped. "I've been fairly bowled over! My eye! My blinking eye! Knocked over by a kid! I'll scrag 'im!"

Mr. Purkiss scrambled up.

"Stand back, you!" exclaimed the Remove master. "What are you doing here, you ruffian?"

"Don't you call a man names!" said Mr. Purkiss. "I called 'ere to see my old pal Levison, and he's cut up rusty and 'it me. I'm going to smash 'im."

"Stand back!"

Mr. Purkiss stated that he was going to "scrag" and to "smash" Levison of St. Jim's. But he did not seem in a hurry to begin. Instead of beginning the scragging and the smashing, he nursed his nose tenderly, and dabbed it with an extremely dirty handkerchief.

"Purky has had enough!" grinned Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars. "He don't want any more. He's glad Quelch's butted in."

"The gladfulness is terrific, in my esteemed opinion," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Silence! Levison!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Do you know this man?"

All eyes were fixed on Levison now. The colour crept into his set face.

"Know 'im!" broke in Purkiss.

"Wasn't we old pals?"

"Silence, sir! Levison, answer me!"

"I know the man slightly, sir," said

Ernest Levison, "at the time I was a Greyfriars boy—before I was sent away from Greyfriars. I hardly more than knew him by sight; and he is speaking falsely in saying that we were friends. We were nothing of the sort. I have never seen him or spoken to him since I left Greyfriars long ago, and never wanted to."

"I believe you, Levison. But why has the man come here?"

Levison gave a rather bitter smile.

"To do me harm, I suppose, sir. He knows, of course, what you and the Head would think of me if you believed I had such an acquaintance."

"Oh, lor'!" murmured Purkiss.

"The man looks capable of any rascality," said Mr. Quelch, with a ruthless disregard for Mr. Purkiss' feelings. "Yet it is strange that he should come here—that he should even remember you."

"I hardly think he remembered me, sir, and he had nothing to come here for, excepting to disgrace me," said Levison. "I think he has been put up to doing this."

"Oh, jiminy!" came from Mr. Purkiss.

"Influenced to do so, you mean, Levison?" asked the Remove master.

"Yes, sir. Some fellow has started him on it."

"Bless my soul! A Greyfriars boy!"

"Oh, no, sir! I'm not sure, but I think a Highcliffe fellow. I've had some trouble with some of the Highcliffe fellows since I came back."

Mr. Purkiss looked startled.

"That's it!" murmured Johnny Bull.

"Just one of Ponsonby's tricks."

"Yes, rather!" muttered Harry Wharton. The captain of the Remove made a step towards the Remove master. "Mr. Quelch! You cannot blame Levison for this man's having come here. You saw how Levison received his claim to acquaintance with him."

"Quite so, Wharton. This is very unfortunate, Levison; but I do not blame you for the occurrence."

"Thank you, sir."

"Wingate!"

Wingate of the Sixth had come out of the gates. Mr. Quelch turned to him.

"Wingate, will you oblige me by removing that—that person from the precincts of the school?"

"Certainly, sir!" smiled Wingate.

"I leave the matter in your hands, Wingate."

"Rely upon me, sir!" said the captain of Greyfriars.

He stepped towards Mr. Purkiss. The Remove master walked back into the quadrangle, taking no further notice of the scene. Doubtless he wished to give Wingate quite a free hand in dealing with the disreputable Mr. Purkiss.

"Shift, my man!" said Wingate, laconically.

Purkiss gave him a look of defiance.

"You bought this blinking road?" he asked.

"Are you going?"

"No, I ain't! This 'ere is a public road," said Purkiss. "I ain't trespassing in your blessed old school! You leave a man alone! Yah! Leggo my collar!"

Wingate's grasp fastened on Purkiss' dirty collar, with a grip of iron. The rascal was swung round.

"Now are you going?" asked Wingate, drawing back his right foot.

"No!" roared Purkiss.

Biff! There was a heavy concussion, and a terrific yell from Mr. Purkiss.

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

"Goal!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Are you going now?" asked Wingate.

"Yow-ow-ow! Let a man alone! I'm going!" howled Purkiss. "I wish I hadn't never come 'ere! Ow! I didn't bargain for this 'ere, for five bob! Yow-ow-ow!"

"Cut!" said Wingate.

He released Purkiss' collar, and the scedy rascal scuttled along the road. Evidently he did not want another application of George Wingate's lefty boot.

"After him!" shouted Squiff. "Chase him!"

"Oh, my eye!" gasped Mr. Purkiss, as a mob of juniors streamed out of the gates. "Oh, lor'!"

Mr. Purkiss fled at top speed towards Courtfield.

"Stop, you young rascals!" shouted Wingate. "Get back in gates at once!"

"Mustn't we duck him?" asked Bob Cherry.

"No, you young ass! Get back!"

The juniors reluctantly gave up the pursuit. Levison of St. Jim's went back into the quadrangle, with a moody brow. Harry Wharton & Co. joined him at once.

Bob Cherry gave him a reassuring slap on the back.

"All serene, old top," he said. "Don't worry."

"It's rotten!" muttered Levison. "It seems as if I shall never be allowed to forget that I was a bit of a black sheep when I used to be at Greyfriars."

"Oh, that's all right!" said Harry Wharton. "That rotter won't come back again, anyhow. He doesn't want any more of Wingate's boot!"

"You think he was put up to come here?" asked Nugent.

"Why should he come otherwise?" said Levison moodily. "He must have known that it was likely to get me into trouble—disgrace me, at all events. He must have known I didn't want him to come. Why should he take the trouble unless he was set on to do it? Ponsonby & Co., at Highcliffe, know the man. I remember that he used to take messages for them—betting messages. Pon or Gadsby or Monson has set him on to do this. You know Pon's feelings towards me by the trick he played the other day."

Harry Wharton nodded, with rather a worried look. The chums of the Remove were going over to Highcliffe that afternoon, to see Courtenay—and it was an awkward time for trouble with Courtenay's blackguardly cousin, Ponsonby, of the Highcliffe Fourth.

"It's all right," said Levison quickly. "I'm not going to look for trouble at Highcliffe. This is my last week at Greyfriars. Frank will be well enough next week, the doctor says, to come back to St. Jim's. This is the last I shall hear from Ponsonby & Co., I expect."

"Well, after all, there's no proof that Pon had a hand in this," remarked Nugent.

"That's so."

"Let's go for the bikes," said Bob Cherry; and the six juniors walked away to the bike-shed; and the incident of Mr. Purkiss was not discussed further.

Next Monday's long complete story of Greyfriars, entitled—

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Gadsby is Sorry!

"GADDY seems no end tickled," "Does he?" said Courtenay carelessly.

"He does—he do!" smiled the Caterpillar.

Courtenay, the junior captain of Highcliffe, did not trouble to turn his head. He wasn't interested in Gaddy.

Courtenay and De Courcy of the Highcliffe Fourth were walking down to the school gates. Harry Wharton & Co. were due to tea with their friendly rivals of Highcliffe School. The Caterpillar's roving eye lighted on three elegant juniors who were chatting in a group near the old arched gateway of Highcliffe—Ponsonby, Gadsby, and Mönson.

Gadsby certainly seemed "tickled," as the Caterpillar expressed it. He was grinning widely as he recounted something to his comrades; and they grinned as they listened.

"Let's stop and ask Gaddy the jolly old joke," suggested De Courcy, touching his chum's arm.

"Oh, bother!" said Courtenay.

"Floored again!" sighed the Caterpillar.

"Dash it all, you don't want to speak to those rotters, Rupert!" said Courtenay, with a frown. "I feel as if I can't stand them just now. You remember the rotten trick they played the other day on that St. Jim's chap who is staying at Greyfriars."

"Pon's classic features still bear the traces of Levison's hefty fists," said the Caterpillar. "His jolly old Greek nose still has a list to port. But what's the odds? Levison hammered him at Greyfriars, and you licked him here; so Pon can be considered to have paid for his sins."

"Br-r-r-r!" said Courtenay.

But his chum's hold on his arm dragged him to a halt as the two came abreast of the group of knuts.

"What's the jolly old joke, Gaddy?" asked the Caterpillar affably. "My pal here's yearnin' to share it."

"I'm not!" snapped Courtenay.

"Well, I am," said the Caterpillar calmly. "Share it out, Gaddy! I'm going to be horribly bored this afternoon. Some very dear friends are comin' to tea, and they're goin' to talk about the match on Wednesday. I mayn't survive to hear your little joke afterwards. Out with it."

"Oh, it's nothin'," said Gadsby, with a grin at his comrades, who laughed.

"You do yourself injustice, old bean," said the Caterpillar gravely. "I'm sure it's no end of a humorous effort."

"Courtenay wouldn't think so," grinned Gadsby.

"Courtenay's a solemn old fogey. Aren't you, old chap? Go ahead, Gaddy—do confide in me your latest dirty trick."

"It was a catch on Levison, that St. Jim's cad," said Gadsby. "You know Purkiss, that beery cad that hangs out at the Feathers, up the river—"

"I think I've seen him," said the Caterpillar. "I believe I knew the man in my sinful youth, before my dear pal here came to Highcliffe an' snatched me like a brand from the burnin'. What about the estimable Purkiss?"

"Levison used to know him before he was kicked out of Greyfriars."

"I dare say. Just as you know him before you're kicked out of Highcliffe—what?"

"Oh, don't rot," grunted Gadsby. "Well, I tipped Purkiss five bob to call on Levison and claim him as an old friend."

"Oh gad! At Greyfriars?"

"Yes."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Caterpillar. "Fancy Levison's face when that beery merchant walks in!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Ponsonby & Co. Courtenay did not laugh. His handsome, grave face became graver. He pulled at the Caterpillar's arm.

"Come on, Rupert!"

"No end of a joke—what?" asked Gadsby, grinning. "That cheeky cad punched me the other day, because I guded Bessie Bunter. Had the cheek to hold me while that fat girl biffed me, you know. Of course, I'd have given him a jolly good hidin', only—only—"

"Only you'd have turned out the receiver instead of the giver—what?" smiled the Caterpillar. "I catch on. It's more blessed to give than to receive—in the matter of hidin's—I agree with you, Gaddy. And so you sprang the Purkiss bird on him? Poor old Levison, haunted in his sober old age by the ghosts of his youthful sins."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, come on!" said Courtenay quite crossly.

The Caterpillar looked at his chum's grave face, and his own smiling countenance immediately became grave.

"Dear me!" he said. "I thought for the moment that that was quite a humorous effort of yours, Gaddy—quite a jolly old joke. But Courtenay is

shocked. Now I come to think of it, I'm shocked, too!"

"Bow-wow!" said Gaddy.

"I'm surprised at you, Gaddy!" said the Caterpillar seriously. "You really should not do these things. I didn't see it for a moment, but now I do. I disapprove. Don't you, Courtenay?"

"Yes, I do!" growled Courtenay. "It was a dirty, caddish trick, if you want my opinion."

"I don't!" remarked Gaddy.

"That's it," agreed the Caterpillar—"a dirty, caddish trick, Gaddy! I hope you will reflect on this, my young friend, and realise that you have played a dirty, caddish trick. I'm shocked at you, Gaddy."

And the Caterpillar walked on with his chum, leaving Ponsonby & Co. laughing.

They reached the gates, where they had a view of six cyclists coming up the road from Courtfield.

"There they are!" said De Courcy.

Courtenay nodded without speaking.

The Caterpillar gave his chum a droll look.

"Waxy?" he asked.

"No, no!"

"Not the least little teeny-weeny bit?"

"N-no!"

"For a chap who isn't the least teeny-weeny bit waxy, you're lookin' uncommonly solemn!" said the Caterpillar gravely. "Have I put my foot in it again, old scout?"

"Oh, you're an ass, old chap," said



Levison's clenched fist came with a crash on Purkiss' nose. Bump! The rascal rolled in the dusty road with a roar. "Right on the wicket," yelled Bob Cherry. "Boys! What does this mean?" The laughter died away as Mr. Quelch came on the scene. (See Chapter 1.)

—"The Haunted Camp!" will hold you spellbound! Look out for it!

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Courtenay, his grave face relaxing into a smile.

"Quite so! I never can remember to keep at the high moral altitude you lifted me to when you came to Highcliffe, old chap. I've rowed with Pon & Co. no end of times—punched them oftener than I can remember—but I never can recollect that I'm on bad terms with them. I find it so difficult to dislike anybody," said the Caterpillar plaintively. "It's such an effort to dislike anybody, too; an' nobody's really worth the effort. But if it will chase the frown from your brow, old chap, I'll go straight back an' punch Gaddy's nose. Shall I?"

"No, you duffer!" said Courtenay, laughing.

"Say the word, and it's done. I hate punchin' his nose—he's got such a dashed bony nose. Last time I punched it I barked my knuckles. But if you like, I—"

"Ass! Here are the Greyfriars fellows."

With a clatter and a whir, six riders dismounted outside the Highcliffe gates—Harry Wharton & Co., and Levison of St. Jim's. Courtenay greeted them warmly, the Caterpillar with gracious cordiality. The bicycles were wheeled away, and the eight fellows walked up to the Highcliffe School House together.

Ponsonby & Co. were lounging at the entrance, and they grinned at one another at the sight of Levison. The St. Jim's junior paid them no heed, though from their looks he was confirmed in his suspicion that he owed Mr. Purkiss' visit to the Highcliffe knuts.

His face betrayed nothing, however.

He went in with his friends, and up to the Fourth Form passage, to Courtenay's study. Gaddy frowned a little. Levison's absolute indifference made him wonder whether his little joke had missed fire, after all. In an evil moment for himself Gaddy determined to rub it in. He scudded up the staircase after the Greyfriars crowd, and halted outside Courtenay's study.

"Hold on a minute, Levison!" he called out.

Levison glanced round, breathing rather hard. He wanted very much to avoid any trouble at Highcliffe, when he came there as Courtenay's guest. But there was a limit to his patience.

"You're still stayin' at Greyfriars?" asked Gadsby, assuming a manner of polite interest.

"Yes," Levison answered curtly.

"Levison's playing in the team we're

bringing over on Wednesday," said Harry Wharton.

"Yes, I'd heard so," said Gadsby. "But he's still stayin' on. No trouble from your jolly old friends lookin' in to see you, Levison?"

The Caterpillar grinned, but suppressed the grin instantly. A grim look came over the faces of the Famous Five.

"None, as it's turned out, Gadsby!" answered Levison grimly.

"But you've had a visitor?" persisted Gadsby. He wanted to know.

"Yes, I've had a visitor—some sneaking cad, who was afraid to show up himself, sent a beery bouncer to call on me," said Levison grimly.

"Habet!" grinned the Caterpillar.

Gadsby flushed.

"If you're calling me names, you rotter—" he began.

"That's enough!" snapped Courtenay. "Shut up, Gadsby!"

"I'll please myself about that!" retorted Gadsby. "This rotter—"

Levison's eyes glinted.

"Do you object to my punching Gadsby's nose in your quarters, Courtenay?" he asked.

"Not at all."

"Pull it, old scout—pull it!" advised the Caterpillar. "Gaddy's got a horrid bony nose to punch—I've been there!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Levison took the Caterpillar's sage advice. He advanced on Gadsby, who put up his hands with a sneering grin. But his hands were knocked away before Gaddy knew what was happening, and Levison's finger and thumb fastened on his nose.

The grip of that finger and thumb was like the grip of a vice, and it brought a rush of water to Gaddy's eyes.

"Ooooooch!" he spluttered.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gadsby struck madly at the St. Jim's junior. But Levison's left neatly kept off his savage lunges, and all the time Gadsby's nose was compressed in a vice-like grip.

"Ow!" spluttered Gadsby. "Let go! Led do by dose! Oooooch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Are you sorry?" smiled Levison.

"Ow! Wow! Grooogh!"

"Are you sorry?"

"Ow! I'm sorry! Ow!"

"Awfully sorry?"

"Wow!" wailed Gadsby, a muffled wail of anguish. "Yes, yes! Oh, yes! Led do by dose!"

"Awfully, fearfully sorry?" persisted Levison.

"Ow, ow! Yow! Yes!"

"Good!"

Levison released Gadsby's nose at last. The hapless Gaddy staggered back, clasping the injured member with both hands, in anguish. Gaddy's nose was crimson, and it was aching. It felt as if it had been under a rolling-pin.

"Ow, ow, ow! Moooooooooh!" mumbled Gadsby. "Oh, you rotter, I'll pay you out for that! Ow, ow!"

"Wade in!" said Levison tersely.

Gadsby did not wade in. He turned and retreated down the stairs to his own study, holding his nose and mumbling with anguish.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Tea at Highcliffe!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. sat down cheerily to tea in Courtenay's study.

It was a large and handsome study. It had belonged to the Caterpillar before Courtenay came to Highcliffe School, and it had been furnished by that sybaritic youth regardless of expense. Greyfriars junior studies were Spartan in their simplicity, in comparison. And the spread on the study table was of a magnificence that matched its surroundings.

It was the Caterpillar's way of doing things in style. Courtenay had left the ordering of the feed to his chum; and De Courcy's method was to give the dame at the school shop carte blanche. The result was very grateful and comforting to six visitors with healthy youthful appetites.

There was a buzz of cheery conversation in the study over tea. Naturally, the talk turned chiefly on cricket, and on the great match that was to be played on Wednesday.

On that great occasion, members of the respective elevens had a whole holiday instead of the usual half. Since Courtenay had taken junior games in hand at Highcliffe, the Highcliffe junior team had improved wonderfully; and the match was now one that Harry Wharton & Co. regarded as one of the toughest on their list. Courtenay was a wonderful batsman; and the Caterpillar, with all his lazy ways, was able to play a great game when he chose—and he chose, whenever his chum needed him, though with inward groans under the exertion.

Harry Wharton was glad enough to have Levison's aid in the forthcoming match. The Greyfriars team was stronger in batsmen than in bowlers, and it was as a bowler that Levison shone. Harry Wharton & Co. were looking forward to seeing their ally from St. Jim's perform the hat trick on the Highcliffe ground on Wednesday.

Nobody would have guessed from the Caterpillar's smiling face, that cricket "jaw" bored him almost to tears. Probably he would never have touched a bat at all, from the beginning to the end of the season, but for the influence of his chum. Certainly he would not have listened to "cricket jaw" for anybody's sake but Courtenay's.

Now he listened to it with urbane politeness, and not once did his glance wander to the clock.

Tea was finished, but talk was still going on cheerily, when there was a tap at the door, and Smithson of the Fourth looked in.

"Can you come along, Caterpillar?" he asked.

De Courcy rose.

"Magnet" Limerick Competition (No. 2)

In this competition the prize of £1 1s. for the best line sent in has been awarded to:

RADCLIFFE GENGE, 14, St. Paul's Road, Manningham, Bradford, whose last line was:

"Will you have it in 'marks'?" asked he.

Three consolation prizes of 2s. 6d. each for the next best sent in have been awarded to the following:

JOHN GALLAGHER, 15, Chadwick Street, Wallsend-on-Tyne.

KENNETH R. MANSFIELD, Ingledale, Old Road, Kelsall, near Chester.

ELLA W. RAMSAY, 60, Marketgate, Arbroath, N.B.

The Greyfriars Remove under canvas—next Monday!

"You fellows excuse me a few minutes," he said politely.

And he left the study with Smithson, and the door closed on him. In Courtenay's study "cricket jaw" went on as strong as ever. In the passage, Rupert de Courcy smiled at Smithson and nodded.

"Thanks, old bean!" he murmured.

Smithson looked puzzled.

"What did you want me to call you for?" he asked.

"That," said the Caterpillar seriously, "is like the secret of the hero's age in a novel—it's wrapped in mystery."

"Oh, bow-wow!" said Smithson, and he walked away whistling.

The Caterpillar strolled along the Fourth-Form passage, with a contented smile on his handsome, lazy face.

By that simple device he had escaped cricket jaw in the study, before reaching the limit of endurance—a word to Smithson in advance having been enough.

A loud, angry voice from Ponsonby's study reached the Caterpillar as he passed that apartment.

"I'll make him suffer for it, I tell you!"

It was Gadsby's voice.

The Caterpillar grinned.

He gave a gentle tap at Ponsonby's door, and opened it, and smiled benignantly into the study. Ponsonby, Gadsby, Monson, and Vavasour were there, and they stared at the newcomer.

"Gaddy, old man—" began the Caterpillar.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" snarled Gaddy, caressing his nose. That nose looked red and troubled. Evidently there was a pain in it.

"I suppose your proboscis is givin' tongue, after that pull," said the Caterpillar sympathetically. "I can excuse your manners, Gaddy, though they're horrid. But why bowl out threats of vengeance to be heard in the passage? Dear man, you should be more secretive about these things."

"I don't care who knows," said Gadsby savagely. "I'll make that Levison cad sit up, somehow, and I know how, too!"

"Dry up, you ass!" murmured Monson.

De Courcy shook his head slowly.

"I shouldn't, Gaddy," he said. "You've played one trick on Levison already, an' I've told you I'm shocked at you. Courtenay wouldn't approve of it, Gaddy."

"Do you think I care a hang what Courtenay thinks?" bawled Gadsby.

"Probably not!" assented the Caterpillar. "You ought, but you don't! But I must ask you to leave Levison alone, Gaddy."

"What bizney is it of yours?" demanded Ponsonby.

"None!" answered the Caterpillar blandly. "That's why I'm buttin' in. If it were my bizney, I should neglect it—I always do. Not bein' my bizney, I'm buttin' in for all I'm worth. Let Levison alone, Gaddy, there's a good chap."

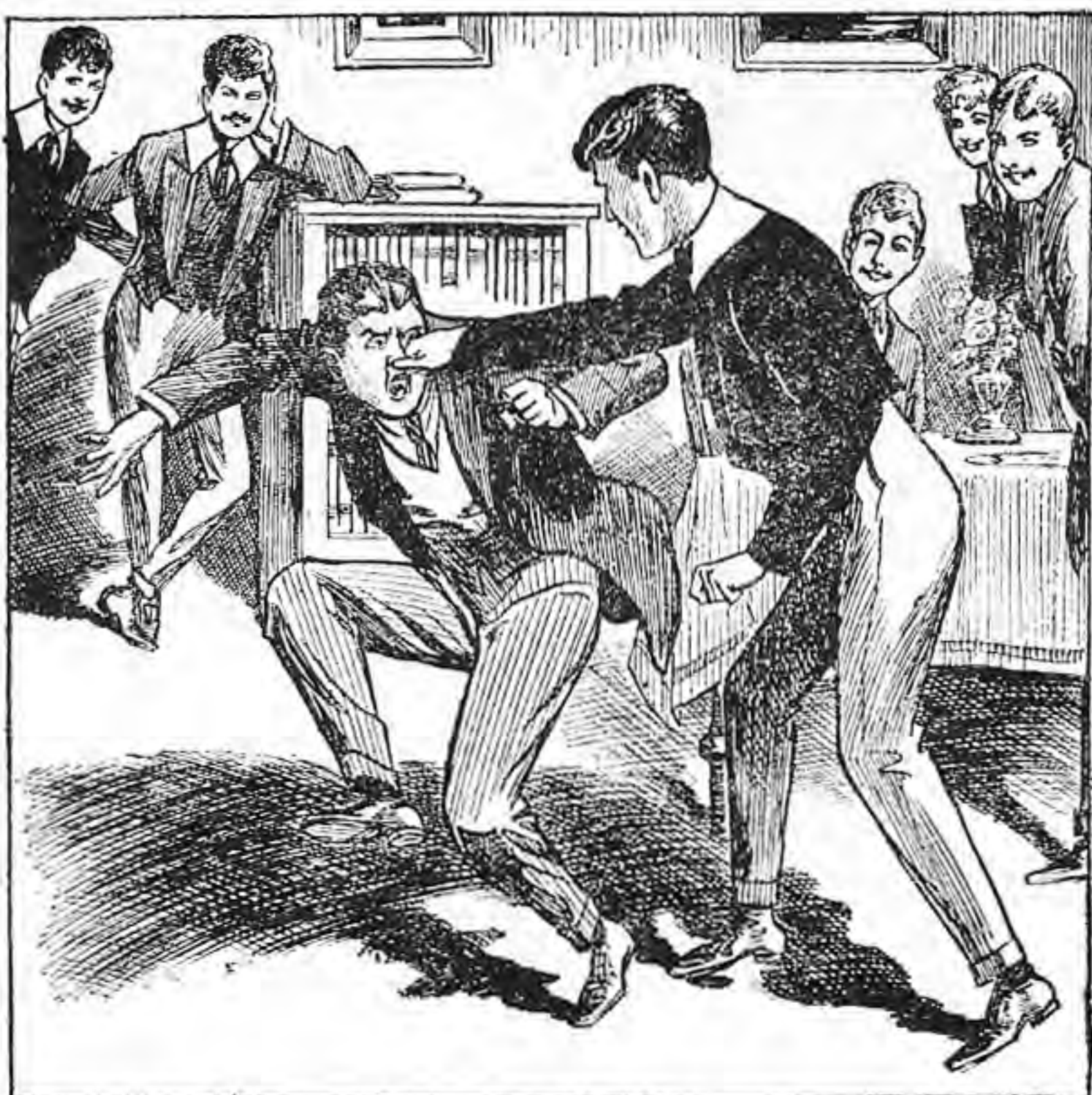
"Well, I won't!" snarled Gadsby.

"Then I shall be cross with you!" said the Caterpillar warningly.

"Fathead! You butt in, and I'll jolly well punch you!" growled Gadsby. The Caterpillar smiled.

"I'll risk it," he said. "If somebody will lend me a 'Daily Mail,' I'll sign the insurance coupon an' risk it."

Ponsonby & Co. grinned, and Gadsby scowled. The Caterpillar, bestowing a cheery nod on the whole knotty company, withdrew, and sauntered away.



Gadsby struck madly at Levison, but the St. Jim's junior neatly evaded his savage swings, and all the time Gadsby's nose was compressed in a vice-like grip. "Are you sorry?" asked Levison. "Ow! Wow! Grough!" wailed the Higheliffe junior. (See Chapter 3.)

It was not till Harry Wharton & Co. were leaving that the Caterpillar appeared in the offing again.

"You fellows goin'?" he said regretfully. "Too bad, that bounder Smithson callin' me away. There seems always to be some ass buttin' in when a fellow's really enjoyin' a conversation. Never mind, seein' you on Wednesday. We're goin' to put up a terrific game on this side. You fellows will have to pull up your socks! I've sworn a solemn swear to bag at least three goals—"

"Goals?" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"I mean wickets!" said the Caterpillar hastily.

He walked down to the gates with the Greyfriars fellows and Courtenay, and saw them off on their bicycles. He met Gadsby when he came into the School House again.

"Still goin' strong on vengeance, Gaddy?" he inquired amiably.

"You'll see!" growled Gadsby.

"Mind, I'm up against you."

"Rats!"

Gadsby stalked away, and the Caterpillar smiled and sauntered on. His cham gave him an inquiring, puzzled look.

"What's this between you and Gadsby, Caterpillar?" asked Courtenay.

"Gaddy is understudyin' jolly old Chingachgook, on the trail of red revenge," explained the Caterpillar. "I'm goin' to butt in an' spoil old Gaddy's game. I'm not goin' to have him trailin' down Levison. Levison used to be a shady character, I understand—given to paintin' the town a bootiful

crimson—and he's turned over a new leaf, and since then he's used no other, as they say in the advertisements—"

"That's right," said Courtenay. "He's as straight as a die now, and that's why those rotters are down on him. Just like you to back him up, Caterpillar."

"Oh, just! You see, I've a sneakin' sympathy with shady characters," the Caterpillar remarked. "Levison in the present tense doesn't interest me very much; but Levison in the imperfect, so to speak, is quite interestin'. By gad, that's a pun, you know!"

"Come on, old fellow!" said Courtenay.

"Whither?"

"You know there's a meeting of the cricket committee after tea—"

"Oh, yes! That reminds me, I never quite finished what I had to say to Smithson."

And the Caterpillar faded away.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Putting Bunter Down!

"FEELING chippy, Frank?"

It was the following morning, and Ernest Levison had dropped into the sanatorium at Greyfriars in the morning "break" to see his minor.

Frank Levison nodded and smiled at his brother.

He was out of bed now, in an armchair by a sunny window, with a "Holiday Annual" on his knees.

Mr. Frank Richards' latest yarn is a masterpiece!

"Yes, rather, Ernie," he answered. "I think they might let me out now, you know. I'd like to come over to Highcliffe to-morrow and see you play for Greyfriars."

Levison smiled and shook his head. "That wouldn't do, Frank. Can't be too careful. You've been pretty sick, you know."

"I'm jolly nearly well, anyhow," said

LOOK OUT FOR OUR GRAND 800th BUMPER ISSUE—

the fag stoutly. "The doctor says I can go back to St. Jim's next week."

"Yes. Only another week at Greyfriars," said Levison. "You'll be glad to get back, Frank?"

"Yes. They're awfully kind to me here, but I shall be glad to get back. It seems a jolly long time since I've seen Wally and Reggie, and the rest," said Levison minor. "You'll be glad, too, Ernie."

"Glad, and sorry," said Levison, smiling. "I want to be among the fellows again, of course, and join up in the cricket, but I've had a good time here. I'm jolly glad I came."

"And you're still getting on all right in the Remove?"

"First rate."

"I knew you would," said Frank. "I'm jolly glad Wharton's putting you in the team for Highcliffe. Nobody will be able to say after that that you're not liked in your old school."

Levison laughed.

"I wish I could see you play," Frank added wistfully.

"I'll drop in as soon as we get back to-morrow and let you know how many centuries I've made," said Levison, smiling. "I sha'n't see you in the morning, as we go over to Highcliffe early. It's a whole-day match, you know. But they'll let me come in and see you afterwards."

"Who are the other fellows in the team?"

"Wharton, Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, Vernon-Smith, Todd, Hurree Singh, Squiff, Tom Brown, Mark Linley, and Nugent," said Levison. "It's as good a team as the Remove can turn out. Ogilvy and Russell and Penfold are coming over with us."

"And nobody making a fuss about being left out for a St. Jim's chap?" asked Frank, with a smile.

"Well, I'm playing as an old Greyfriars man, not as a St. Jim's chap," said Levison. "But Bunter seems rather sore."

"Bunter?" ejaculated Frank.

"Dear old Bunter! But he would feel sore in any case, as he believes that he ought to captain the team."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Levison stayed a quarter of an hour with his brother, and left in time for the resumption of classes. On his way back to the School House he fell in with Billy Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove was, in fact, looking for him.

"I say, Levison—" began Bunter.

"Say on, old cask!" said Levison cheerily.

"About the match to-morrow—"

"You're going to give me some cricket tips?" asked Levison gravely. "Go ahead, Bunter. I shall be no end obliged."

"You've got my place in the eleven," said Bunter. "Now, I've told you before what I think of your butting in like this."

"You have!" assented Levison.

"Well, are you standing out?" demanded Bunter.

"No. I'm standing in."

"Then I think—" began Bunter hotly.

"You do?" exclaimed Levison.

"Yes, I do! I think—"

"But what do you do it with?" asked Levison, looking puzzled.

"Eh?"

"I've always understood that some sort of brains were required for thinking. Now, you haven't any brains—"

"Look here—"

"So what do you think with?" asked Levison, with an air of interested inquiry. "Thinking without brains is what a scientific Johnny would call a physiological phenomenon."

"You silly ass!" roared Bunter. "I think—"

"There goes the bell," yawned Levison. "Think again after class, old barrel—if you've got anything to think with. My opinion is that you haven't!"

—NEXT MONDAY! A SPECIAL CAMPING- OUT NUMBER—

And Levison cut off at a good speed, leaving Billy Bunter to roll after him to the Remove Form room.

During third lesson Billy Bunter looked morose. He was feeling injured. After the Remove were dismissed, Bunter tackled Harry Wharton in the passage.

"I say, Wharton—"

"No!" said the captain of the Remove at once.

"You don't know what I was going to say yet!" howled Bunter.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"I'm not going to cash a postal-order, and I'm not going to play you in the cricket team to-morrow," he said. "Roll away."

"It's about the cricket—"

"Cut it out."

"Don't think that I care much about knocking a silly ball about with a silly bat!" said Bunter loftily. "That's not it. But the team going over to Highcliffe gets a whole holiday. Now, I want a whole holiday."

"Oh, my hat!" said Wharton.

The whole holiday on Wednesday was an additional incentive to junior cricketers to struggle into the eleven. But it was not supposed to be the only reason why a fellow wanted to play for the school. Apparently, however, it was William George Bunter's only reason.

"So you see how it stands!" said Bunter, blinking at the captain of the Remove through his big spectacles.

"I see!" grinned Wharton.

"I'm not going to be done out of a whole holiday!" said Bunter. "You see that?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at. Are you going to put me down to play for Greyfriars?"

"Not quite!"

"Then I'll tell you what I'll agree to," said Bunter. "Quelch is letting you take three reserves over. Make it four. Tell Mr. Quelch you specially want me."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wharton.

"Is it a go?" asked Bunter.

"No, ass! Run away and play!"

"That won't do," said Bunter, catching the captain of the Remove by the arm as he was turning away. "I'm allowing you to put in that St. Jim's fellow!"

"Allowing me?" ejaculated Wharton.

"Yes. After that the least you can do is to put me down as a reserve!"

"Fathead!"

"Look here! Are you going to put me down?" roared Bunter.

Wharton chuckled.

"Oh, yes, if you like!"

"Good! I—yaroooooh!" roared Bunter, as the captain of the Remove grasped him by the collar and sat him down in the passage. "Oooooop! Wharrer you at, you beast?"

"Putting you down!" explained Wharton.

"Yow-ow! You silly chump! I didn't mean that way!"

"I did!"

And Wharton walked away, laughing, leaving William George Bunter to pick himself up at his leisure—a slow, and breathless process on account of the considerable avoirdupois he had to lift.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Crocked!

"RIPPING weather!" said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, topping!"

"The topfulness is terrific!"

It was the morning of the great day. Bright sunshine streamed down on the old quadrangle of Greyfriars. Harry Wharton & Co. turned out that morning in great spirits.

While less lucky fellows had to prepare for classes, the merry cricketers prepared for the match at Highcliffe.

A brake arrived for the party, what time the rest of Greyfriars went into the Form-rooms.

—TO CELEBRATE THE GREAT OCCASION. DON'T MISS IT!

Billy Bunter gave Wharton a last reproachful and scornful blink as he rolled dismally to the Remove-room, feeling a very injured Bunter. But his scorn and reproach had no visible effect on the captain of the Remove.

Bob Cherry clapped Levison on the shoulder.

"Feeling fit?" he asked.

"Fit as a fiddle!" said Ernest Levison, with a smile.

"Pity young Frank can't come along and see you perform hat tricks and

Mr. Quelch is the victim of a nocturnal outrage! Who is the culprit?

things," said Bob. "He's going on all right—what?"

"Quite!" said Levison. "Here's the brake!"

The cricketers clambered in, and the driver started off towards Courtfield, through which ran the highway to Highcliffe. The juniors crowded in the brake were in the greatest spirits. They were looking forward to a victory at Highcliffe, though, as a matter of fact, they were well aware that the result of the match was quite on the knees of the gods. But, in any case, it was going to be a good game, and good cricket, between well-matched teams, and that was enough to make the Remove heroes very cheery.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, there's the Purkiss bird!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, as the brake rolled along the road over Courtfield Common.

Levison knitted his brows.

Mr. Purkiss, the late visitor at Greyfriars, was standing by the roadside, staring at the brake as it approached.

He scowled blackly at the sight of Ernest Levison among the Greyfriars fellows.

There were traces still of Levison's knuckles on Mr. Purkiss' nose, and apparently he was still thinking of the disastrous outcome of his call upon the St. Jim's junior at Greyfriars.

"That's the cad!" said Johnny Bull. "Chuck something at him!"

"Bow-wow!" said Wharton. "Don't start a row with that hooligan, you ass! Let him rip!"

"I could knock his hat off as we pass!" suggested Bob Cherry. "He's near enough to reach with my bat!"

"Fathead!"

"The knockfulness would not be the proper caper, my esteemed Bob," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "Let him rip! Kind hearts are more than coronets, as Poet Tennyson remarks."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob. "Coronets, you ass, not coroners!"

"My esteemed Bob—"

Mr. Purkiss stepped a little nearer to the brake as it came by. His hand was behind him, and there was a stick in his hand. The merry juniors did not observe that circumstance for the moment.

But as the brake passed Mr. Purkiss' stick came into sudden view, and he made a sudden and savage slash at Levison.

The blow would have fallen across the St. Jim's junior's face, for he was utterly unprepared for that sudden and cowardly attack. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh interposed in time.

The nabob had a bat resting between his knees, and as quick as thought he threw it up to catch the blow.

Crash!

The stick crashed on the bat, and the savage blow was warded off.

"You rotter!" roared Bob Cherry.

Purkiss glared at the nabob, and slashed at him with the stick. There was a yell of pain from Hurree Singh.

He partly caught the blow with his bat, but the stick caught him on the wrist with a sharp crack.

The next instant Mr. Purkiss was sitting by the roadside, his hat smashed on his head by Bob Cherry's fist.

The brake left him behind a moment later.

"Stop!" shouted Bob. "I'll mop him up!"

"Keep on!" said Wharton. "Mop him up another time, Bob! He's off."

Purkiss struggled to his feet, and clutched the crushed hat from his tousled head. He shook his fist after the brake, and started across the common at a run, evidently in fear of pursuit from the cricketers.

The brake rattled on.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh held his right wrist in his left hand, his dusky face quite pale with the pain. Harry Wharton looked at him anxiously. He was concerned for the nabob, and he was also concerned for his best bowler.

"Hurt, old chap?" he asked.

The nabob made a grimace.

"The hurtfulness is not terrific," he murmured, "but the painfulness is somewhat disconcerting!"

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob Cherry, in dismay. "Don't say it will upset your bowling, Inky."

"I fear that it will, my esteemed Bob."

"Oh, rotten!"

"It's too bad!" said Levison, with deep concern. "It's my fault, too! That brute was hitting at me when you stopped him—"

"The faultfulness is not yours, my esteemed Levison. The luckfulness is great that you are with us to bowl."

There was a big dark bruise forming on the nabob's wrist. He proceeded to attend to the injury; but Wharton, as he looked at it, knew that the nabob could play no cricket that day. It was a heavy blow to the Remove team. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was

the champion junior bowler of Greyfriars, and his loss was a very serious one to the side.

"What utterly rotten luck!" said Nugent dismally.

The nabob made a wry face. It was plain that he was suffering a good deal, but he uttered no word of complaint.

"I am sorry, my ludicrous clums," he said. "The sorrowfulness is great. But there will be no bowlfulness to-day from my esteemed self."

"Lucky Levison's here," said Bob.

"Yes, rather!" agreed Wharton. "You'll be wanted in the team after all, Ogilvy."

The Scottish junior nodded.

"I'll do my best," he said. "It's rotten to lose our bowler, though. Jolly lucky we've got Levison."

There was general agreement on that point. With Hurree Singh disabled, the St. Jim's bowler was likely to prove a tower of strength to the side. But Ernest Levison could not feel that it was "lucky." It was his presence that had caused the disaster, though none of the Greyfriars crowd seemed to look at it in that light.

Levison resolved almost passionately that that day he would play the game of his life—that he would excel his very best. He was feeling in his best form, capable of great things; and somehow, he would make up for the loss of Hurree Singh, and make it indeed "lucky" that he was with the Greyfriars team. In that determined mood he arrived at Highcliffe with Harry Wharton & Co.



As the brake passed, Mr. Purkiss' stick came into sudden view, and he made a savage slash at Levison. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh threw up his cricket bat to catch the blow. Crash! The stick crashed on the bat. "The rotter!" roared Bob Cherry. (See Chapter 6.)

The ghost walks—next Monday!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Match at Highcliffe!

COURTENAY & CO. greeted the Greyfriars cricketers cheerily. They heard with some concern of Hurree Singh's mischance; though one or two of Courtenay's batsmen, perhaps, felt a little relieved at being safe from the nabob's bowling. Most of Highcliffe were in the Form-room, and there were few spectators when the game started. The Caterpillar had a rather odd look when he heard of Mr. Purkiss' exploit, and that Hurree Jamset Ram Singh had caught a blow intended for Levison.

"I wonder—" murmured the Caterpillar.

"What's that, old chap?" asked Courtenay.

"Oh, nothin'! Gaddy's in class this mornin', too, so a fellow can't punch his head."

"Gadsby!" repeated the captain of the Fourth, puzzled. "What has Gadsby done now?"

The Caterpillar smiled.

"Nothin' that you would suspect, my innocent old bean," he answered. "Looks to me as if Gaddy had been doin' the Chingachgook stunt after all, after I warned him I should be cross. Still, a fellow can't go into the Form-room an' punch him. I suppose Mr. Mobbs wouldn't like me to butt in an' slay Gaddy under his astonished eyes, would he?"

"I fancy not," said Courtenay, laughing. "But why—"

"Perhaps it's a form of patriotism—wants his school to win," remarked the Caterpillar. "We've got a better chance, at all events, now. The dark gentleman is as dangerous a bowler as Levison, and he got it instead of Levison. Good old Gaddy!"

"Blessed if I can guess what you're driving at, Caterpillar."

"You wouldn't, old bean. Leave me alone to spot the jolly old seamy side of things. Go and toss for innin's, and let's get on with this strenuous game that we're all yearnin' for—perhaps."

Harry Wharton won the toss, and elected to bat. The Highcliffians went into the field, and Greyfriars opened the innings with Wharton and Vernon-Smith. Harry Wharton was in good form, and the Bounder played up well, and they gave the Highcliffe field plenty to do.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh looked on from a bench at the pavilion. He was out of the match, and he could only hope for the best for his comrades.

The Greyfriars innings was going strong, when a morning break came, and a crowd of Highcliffe fellows, fresh from class, swarmed on the cricket ground. Ponsonby & Co. came along with them.

Levison was at the wickets now, and keeping his end up in good style against the Caterpillar's bowling.

Gadsby stared at him, and muttered something.

"That St. Jim's cad seems to shape rather well!" remarked Ponsonby; possibly by way of amoying his dear pal Gaddy.

"He has the dooce's own luck," said Gadsby savagely. "I hardly expected to see him playin'."

"Why not?" asked Vavasour.

Gadsby did not answer that question.

"The nigger seems to be out of it," remarked Monson. "He's squattin' at the pay with his fin banded."

"That fool Purkiss!" growled Gadsby.

"Eh! Purkiss didn't damage the nigger's fin, did he?" asked Monson, in astonishment.

Again Gadsby refrained from answering.

The over finished, and Smithson took the ball for the next. The Caterpillar dropped back into the field, and, observing the group of nuts by the rail, he backed towards them with his eyes keenly on the game, however.

"Floored again, Gaddy!" said the Caterpillar, over his shoulder, without looking round.

"What do you mean, you silly ass?" asked Gadsby savagely.

"Inky got the damage, not Levison."

"I don't know what you're talkin' about!"

"Charmin' innocence!" said the Caterpillar, still over his shoulder. "You didn't ask your pal Purkiss to watch for the brake, and give Levison a lick with a big stick and crock him?"

"No, I didn't!" snarled Gadsby.

"Phew!" whistled Monson.

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£10 in Cash Prizes!

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Green Street, E. 2.

The Second Prize of £2 10s. has been divided among the following four competitors, whose solutions contained one error each:

B. Dent, Morven Avenue, Mansfield Woodhouse; E. A. J. Crook, West Street, Banwell, Somerset; Albert G. Diver, 55, Rutland Road, South Hackney, E. 9; Stanley Barrie, 19, Barrie Terrace, Ardrossan.

Twenty-five competitors, with two errors each, divide the ten prizes of 5s. each:

Miss F. Brebner, 83, Mid Street, Fraserburgh, N.B.; C. Ashby, May Villa, Mytchett, Frimley, Surrey; Mrs. E. Arnold, 27, Delorme Street, Fulham, S.W. 6; Mrs. Kernick, 62, Ivor Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham; Thos. Metcalfe, 261, Parliamentary Road, Glasgow; L. Bachelor, 19, Kettering Road, Levenshulme, Manchester; E. Cale, 41, Naylor Street, Miles Platting, Manchester; Mary Hedaux, 3, Ferriers Court, Globe Road, E. 1; C. Robinson, 52, Park Road, Oldham; S. Search, 64, Silvester Road, E. Dulwich, S.E. 22; Jack Smith, 50, South Lane, Blackley Elland, Yorks; Mrs. C. Love, 20, Enmore Green, Shaftesbury, Dorset; W. Newbery, Needles Golf Club, Alum Bay, I.O.W.; D. Adkins, 60, Quox Road, Wolverhampton; John O'Halloran, Chapel Street, Ennis, co. Clare, Ireland; L. Phillips, 27, Strelley Street, Bulwell, Notts; Harry Finch, 505, Atherton Road, Hindley Green; S. J. Evans, 44, Regent Street, Gloucester; K. P. Diver, 55, Rutland Road, South Hackney, E. 9; H. F. Loake, Rendham Barnes, Saxmundham, Suffolk; Kate Bland, 2, Walker Street, Heywood, Lancs; W. E. Way, 19, Elmhurst Road, Gosport; Miss E. Hopkins, 28, Gladstone Road, Brookhurst, Gosport; W. Boyd Barrie, 19, Barrie Terrace, Ardrossan; William B. Barrie, 19, Barrie Terrace, Ardrossan.

SOLUTION.

For a long time Port Vale has had a tremendous struggle to live. The club has never figured prominently in the Football Cup competition, but has turned out many splendid players. Port Vale's ground at Hanley is far from being one of the prettiest in the country.

"So that was the game?" remarked Ponsonby.

"You've heard me deny it, haven't you?" growled Gadsby.

Ponsonby laughed.

The ball came over, and the Caterpillar gave an active run and a jump. He held up the ball.

"How's that?"

"Out!"

"Hard lines, Levison!"

Ernest Levison carried out his bat for fifteen. That was not a bad average score, considering the quality of the bowling and fielding. The Caterpillar tossed in the ball, and smiled as he caught Courtenay's bright glance.

"Glad the cad's out," said Ponsonby.

"What's his figure—fifteen? Not much of a catch for Wharton's team, at that rate."

"He shines at bowlin'," said Monson.

"It's for bowlin' they want him. I hear they're expectin' him to mop up wickets like skittles."

"Good old Caterpillar!"

"Well caught!" shouted the Highcliffians.

"Levison's goin' to distinguish himself in the next innings, you know," said Ponsonby, with a friendly desire to "rub it in."

Gadsby scowled.

"Perhaps not!" he grunted.

"You can't ask Purkiss to come here and have another lick at him—what?" grinned Ponsonby.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Can't do it, absolutely!" chuckled Vavasour.

Gadsby knitted his brows.

"If I'm not in for third lesson, Pon, tell Mobby I've got a bad headache, an' I'm stayin' out," he said.

"You're cuttin' class to watch this rot?"

"Of course not, you ass!" said Gadsby irritably. "Don't let that little beast get on my trail, that's all, and keep mum."

"Mum's the word!" agreed Ponsonby.

Gadsby left the cricket ground. What his intentions were his chums did not know. Ponsonby had had too severe a lesson, quite recently, to think of venturing to take a hand against Levison again. But if Gaddy was scheming to "queer" the pitch for the St. Jim's junior, Pon wished him well from the bottom of his heart. And there was no doubt that that was Gadsby's intention.

Ponsonby & Co. had to return to class shortly afterwards. The Greyfriars innings was still going on; but it came to an end soon afterwards, for a total of 90. There was plenty of time before lunch to begin the home innings. Gadsby did not return to class with his comrades, and Mr. Mobbs, the Fourth Form master at Highcliffe, inquired after him.

"I hope you'll excuse Gadsby, sir," said Ponsonby gravely. "He's got a bad headache—he was unlucky enough to get a knock from the ball watchin' the match in break. I thought you wouldn't mind, sir, if I advised him to go an' lie down for a bit."

"Quite so, quite so," said Mr. Mobbs. He was quite satisfied. Ponsonby was a peer's son; and in Mr. Mobbs' eyes a peer's son could do no wrong. It did not occur to him that Pon was lying; indeed, he would not have allowed it to occur to his mind.

Where Gadsby was was a mystery to his comrades. But when they came out of class they met him in quad.

"How's your poor head?" grinned Monson.

"Round the Camp-Fire!"—next week's special instructive article!

"My head—what?" asked Gadsby.
"You're lyin' down with a headache, after a knock from a cricket ball," explained Monson.

Gadsby grinned.

"Am I? Good!"

"Been out of gates?" asked Drury, curiously.

"Yes," said Gadsby, with brevity.

"Seen Purkiss?"

"Why should I see Purkiss?"

"Oh, don't tell a chap, if you don't want to."

"I'm not going to," said Gadsby, coolly. "I may have had a talk with a man out of gates. I may have been telephonin'. What's the odds? Let's go and watch the dashed cricket."

Ponsonby & Co. walked down to the cricket ground. The Highcliffe innings was going on, and the batsmen had had ill-luck so far. Courtenay was batting well; but three Highcliffians had gone down in one over to Ernest Levison's bowling. A cheer from his comrades greeted the "hat trick." Levison had done fairly well at the wickets; but he was proving his value on the bowling crease.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was grinning with glee as he watched. The St. Jim's recruit was more than fulfilling expectations; and if he kept on like this he would compensate the side for the loss of the nabob—which was a great satisfaction to the dusky junior.

"Hallo! That cad's bowlin'!" remarked Ponsonby.

"Bowlin' well, too!" said Monson.

"Absolutely!" said Vavasour.

Gadsby was looking round towards the school buildings. It occurred to his comrades that he was expecting some interruption from the schoolhouse. So they were not surprised when Mr. Mobbs appeared in sight, hurrying down towards the cricket ground.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Shock for Levison!

"D R. VOYSEY!"

"Dr. Voysey is speaking."

The Head of Highcliffe was at the telephone.

"Very good! I am sorry to trouble you, Dr. Voysey. I am speaking from Greyfriars School."

"Well?"

"A boy named Levison is at Highcliffe with the cricketers."

"Indeed!"

The sleepy old headmaster of Highcliffe was little interested in junior cricket. Indeed, he took little part in the active life of the school at all, leaving matters to be run by his staff, chiefly at their own sweet will—which perhaps partly accounted for the state of "dry rot" into which most of Highcliffe had fallen. Dr. Voysey was not even aware that a junior cricket match was being played that day; and he was not interested in it now that he knew it.

"Levison minor has taken a turn for the worse, sir."

"Eh?"

"Levison's younger brother is in the sanatorium here. He has been ill, and unfortunately he has had a relapse this morning."

"Indeed."

"It is necessary for Levison to return to Greyfriars at once. I am sorry to trouble you; but may I ask you to send word to him, and tell him to borrow a bicycle, and come back as quickly as he possibly can. His brother's state is serious."



It was only when Levison was sprawling in the dust beside the clattering bike that he recognised his assailant as Purkiss. The junior hit out ruthlessly, and his fist jarred like a lump of iron in Purkiss' face.
" 'Elp 'ere, Sam!" gasped Purkiss. (See Chapter 9.)

"Bless my soul!"

"No time should be lost."

"I will send word to—what name did you say?"

"Levison—Ernest Levison."

"Very good."

Dr. Voysey put up the receiver, and sat down again in his easy-chair. He was annoyed.

It really was annoying, that his majestic repose should be interrupted like this, on account of some insignificant junior of whom he had never even heard before.

He touched a bell.

When the page appeared, the old gentleman made an effort to recall the name given him on the telephone.

"Er—you will go to Mr. Mobbs—er—" he said. "You will ask him to step here."

"Yessir."

Mr. Mobbs had not yet dismissed the Fourth when he received that message from his chief. He dismissed his Form before he answered the summons. Then he took his way to the headmaster's study.

Dr. Voysey blinked at him over his glasses, and made another effort at remembrance.

"Ah! Er—" he said. "I have received a telephone message from Greyfriars, Mr. Mobbs."

"Indeed, sir!"

"It seems that a cricket team from Greyfriars is playing here."

"That is the case, sir."

"A boy named Lewis—Lewis—no, Levison—a boy named Levison is with them,"

said Dr. Voysey. "His return to Greyfriars is required at once. His brother is ill, and has had a relapse, and is in a serious condition. May I request you, Mr. Mobbs, to—er—in fact, to find this boy Lewis—I mean, Levison—and tell him the circumstances."

"Certainly, sir."

"There was something else," added Dr. Voysey. "Let me see—these interruptions really are annoying—yes, yes—tell him to borrow a bicycle and make all haste to his school, Mr. Mobbs."

"Very good, sir."

Mr. Mobbs left the study, and Dr. Voysey dismissed Levison and Greyfriars from his majestic but drowsy mind.

Mr. Mobbs trotted out of the schoolhouse, and made his way to the junior cricket ground. A loud shout greeted him as he arrived there.

"Well bowled, Levison!"

"Good man!"

"Oh, well bowled, sir!"

It was Courtenay himself who had fallen to Levison's bowling this time. The St. Jim's junior was doing well for his old school. It was the last ball of an over, and as the field crossed, Mr. Mobbs bustled up.

"Levison! Levison!"

Ernest Levison looked round in surprise.

"Levison! You are wanted."

The St. Jim's junior came over to Mr. Mobbs. There was a general pause, the cricketers wondering what this interruption meant.

"Yes, sir," said Levison. "What is it?"

All you want to know about camping-out—next Monday!

"Dr. Voysey has received a message from Greyfriars," said Mr. Mobbs. "He has asked me to tell—"

Levison gave a sudden start. His thoughts were of his brother at once.

"Frank—" he exclaimed.

"I understand your brother has been ill at Greyfriars—"

"Yes, yes!"

"He has had a relapse, and his state is now very serious," said Mr. Mobbs, not unkindly. "You are to take a bicycle and hurry back to Greyfriars as fast as you can. I am sure that some boy here will lend you a bicycle."

"A relapse!" Levison's face was white. All the colour, all the pleasure, had died out of it, leaving it strangely old and worn. "Frank! I—I'll go at once, sir."

"Very good!" said Mr. Mobbs, and he trotted away.

Levison stood for a moment, trying to pull himself together. The blow had been so sudden that he was totally unprepared for it. Frank had looked so well yesterday—he had even thought of coming over to see the match at Highcliffe. Levison had left Greyfriars without a misgiving. A relapse! It was a stunning shock.

Frank was ill—Frank in danger—while he was playing cricket here! Cricket! The Highcliffe match was little enough to him now; he had forgotten even his comrades, and what they expected of him.

Wharton's strong grasp fell on his shoulder.

"Buck up, old man! It mayn't be so serious—"

Levison gave him an almost ghastly look.

"They wouldn't send for me if it wasn't serious!" he muttered. "Frank!" He tried to calm himself, remembering where he was. "I—I say—I'm awfully sorry—I shall have to chuck it. It's too bad!"

"Never mind that now," said Harry.

"I— Will somebody lend me a bike?"

"Come with me," said Courtenay at once.

Cricket was momentarily forgotten. Every face was concerned. The white, dumb misery in Levison's face touched every heart. Levison was not a fellow to wear his heart on his sleeve. Even at this terrible moment he was trying to keep cool and calm. But he could not. His hands were trembling, his knees were shaky, as he followed Courtenay from the field.

Bob Cherry looked glum.

"Hard luck on poor old Levison," he said, "and hard luck on us! We've lost our bowler."

"Can't be helped," said Wharton.

"It's rotten, though!" said Vernon-Smith.

Undoubtedly it was "rotten." But it could not be helped, and the Greyfriars fellows had to make the best of it. Courtenay returned to the ground.

"He's gone?" asked the Caterpillar.

"Yes, I've lent him my bike."

"Poor old chap!" said the Caterpillar softly. "I thought he was a pretty hard nut; but he must be fond of that brother of his."

The innings was resumed. The Removites soon missed Levison sorely. Tom Brown and Squiff did their best with the bowling; but the Highcliffe innings, which had looked like collapsing, took on a fresh lease of life. Runs began to pile up.

"Dash it all, this may mean a win for Highcliffe!" Ponsonby remarked to his

chums. "Looked quite the other thing before Levison went."

"Absolutely!" said Vavasour.

"They won't love him so much now he's let them down!" said Gadsby, with a grin.

Ponsonby started, and gave him a sharp look.

"Gaddy, you—"

"Well, what?" grinned Gadsby.

"You told us you'd telephoned," whispered Pon, startled. "By gad! Gaddy, it's risky!"

Gadsby yawned.

"Mobbs was in class when I dropped into his study and used his phone," he said coolly. "Who's to know?"

"Oh, gad!" said Ponsonby.

"You had the nerve to telephone to the Head, from a study only a few yards away from him!" breathed Monson.

Gadsby shrugged his shoulders.

"By gad, what a rippin' jape!" chuckled Ponsonby. "But it's risky, Gaddy—it's risky!"

"It was risky for Levison to pull my nose the other day; but he did it," said Gadsby.

The knuts chuckled.

"But I don't see the catch," said Drury. "Levison will get to Greyfriars in a few ticks, and he will find out it's all serene, and be back here before this dashed innings is over."

"Will he?" said Gadsby.

"Of course he will. Why shouldn't he?"

"Oh, you never know!" grinned Gadsby. "Perhaps he will, and perhaps he won't. Wait an' see."

Gadsby refused to say more than that. The knuts waited and saw, and they did not see Levison return. The Highcliffe innings ended just in time for lunch—a much shorter innings than the Highcliffians had anticipated, owing to Levison's exploits in the beginning of it. But certainly it had lasted longer than it would have lasted had Levison remained. The score was exactly that of Greyfriars—90—the Caterpillar not out. And when the visitors joined Courtenay & Co. at lunch there was still no sign of Ernest Levison. And after lunch the Greyfriars second innings was played without him.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Held by the Enemy!

ERNEST LEVISON, mounted upon Courtenay's bike, drove fiercely at the pedals. His face was hard and set as he rode as he could never have ridden in a race. Fear—a terrible fear—was in his heart. Perhaps even the bitter and revengeful Gadsby would have relented had he understood the suffering of the St. Jim's junior in those terrible moments.

But Gadsby did not understand, and was never likely to understand. Wickedness is largely due to lack of imagination, and Gadsby could not imagine in others emotions of which he himself was incapable. Gadsby had taken a sure method of getting Levison away from Highcliffe, and probably it had not even occurred to him what a terrible blow the news would be to Levison. Gaddy could have heard of a disaster to his own brother with considerable fortitude.

Levison, of course, had no suspicion of a trick in the matter. He did not even know that the news had reached Dr. Voysey by telephone.

All he knew was that he was absent while his brother was perhaps sinking—that he was away from Frank's bedside

when his brother was in danger. The thought was torture to him.

He drove madly at the pedals. People on the road hailed him; a carter hurled abuse at him; a motor-cyclist shouted furiously. Levison did not even hear them. He was thinking of his brother—of the seconds that were precious.

He remembered, from of old, every short cut and byway, and he did not need to ride through Courtfield. By lane and bridle-path he rode fiercely, and in an amazingly short space of time he came out on the high-road that ran across Courtfield Common to Greyfriars.

On the open road he schooled. He was a mile from the school when, in spite of his bitter haste, he had to jam on the brakes.

A cart ahead of him turned, and blocked the road from side to side, and, to his rage and amazement, remained in that position. He was going at such a speed that, even with hurried jamming on of the brakes, he was able to stop only just in time to save a collision.

"You fool!" shouted Levison furiously. "Clear the road!"

He jumped down to drag the bike round the obstruction.

As he did so a man leaped from the cart, and, grasping the St. Jim's junior, dragged him into the dust of the road.

The attack was so utterly unexpected that Levison went down under it unresistingly.

It was only when he was sprawling in the dust beside the clattering bike that he recognised his assailant, Purkiss.

He struggled fiercely.

"You rotter! Let me go! I'm in a hurry."

He hit out ruthlessly. Mr. Purkiss gave a fearful howl as Levison's fist jarred like a lump of iron in his face.

"Elp 'ere, Sam!" gasped Mr. Purkiss.

A second man jumped from the cart and grasped Levison. The junior was whirled off the ground, and borne bodily, struggling, through a belt of trees by the roadside.

The carter grinned after them, and pulled round the cart and drove away still grinning.

A minute later a motor-car hummed by; but the goggled motorist had no suspicion that a few yards away, hidden by the bracken, a desperate schoolboy was struggling in the grasp of two rascals, with a hard hand jammed over his mouth to keep back his cries.

"Narrow shave that, Sam!" gasped Mr. Purkiss. "'Old the young brute! Like a blooming wild-cat, he is!"

"I've got him."

"Bring him further from the road. The young 'ound's trying to bite my 'and!"

"Wot about the bike?"

"Hang the bike!"

"Orlright."

Courtenay's handsome bike lay where it had fallen, on the grass beside the road. Mr. Purkiss and his comrade had their hands full with Levison. He was fighting madly for his freedom. The thought of his brother, waiting for him, drove him to fury. Even two men found it hard to hold Ernest Levison then.

But they held him. Struggling, kicking, panting, he was carried back further and further from the road into the wood at the end of the common. A hundred yards from the road the panting ruffians stopped.

"Where's that blooming whipcord?" panted Mr. Purkiss.

"'Ere you are."

(Continued on page 17.)

Next Monday—800th issue, and still going strong!



HARRY WHARTON
FRANK NUGENT BOB CHERRY

THE GREYFRIARS HERALD



MARK LINLEY
HURREE SINGH PETER TODD

Supplement No. 127.

HARRY WHARTON
EDITOR

Week ending June 2nd, 1923.

WHEN GRUB WAS PLENTIFUL!



By BILLY BUNTER.

I HAVE been burrowing through the Greyfriars Cronicles of fifty years ago.

Although I put on my spectacles and searched dilligently, I could find no record of any fellow having starved in those days. Why? Bekawse every fellow could have as much to eat as he wanted—and more, if he cared to make a beest of himself.

The school tuckshopp, in those days, was open from dawn till sunset. It wasn't an offence against the law to sell chock-litts after 8 p.m., like it is now. If you felt hungry at rising-bell, you could toddle off to the tuckshopp and sattisfy your inner man. If you felt peckish before going to bed, you could do ditto.

Among the "Tuckshopp Rules," dated 1873, I find the following claws:

"If a Greyfriars scholar be so poor that he cannot afford to purchase comestibles at the school shop, he is entitled to receive, free, gratis, and for nothing, a daily allowance of food. Twelve dough-nuts, twelve jam-tarts, and twelve cream-buns, will be handed to him by the proprietress of the tuckshop."

The headmaster who drew up this rule deserves to be nighted. He ought to have been given the O.B.E. at least.

Why don't they revive this sensible custom? Then I should no longer be kompelled to go down on my bended neeze to Dame Mimble, and plead for grub on tick. She would have to give me my fixed allowance every day, weather my postal-order arrived or not.

In the olden days the Greyfriars fellows

lived like fighting-cox. The school was a land flowing with ginger-pop and storberry ices. Studdy tables groaned and creeked beneath the goodly vyands. But now! Oh, what a falling-off was there! as Shakespeer remarks.

We don't get enuff food, under egg-sisting konditions, to keep body and sole together. Frail and delliket fellows like Bob Cherry don't mind this, bekawse their appetites are so poor. But a fellow of my proportions, gerth, and serkumference, wants nurrishing meals—frekwent and free, as the saying goes.

I am going to ask the Head to revive the rule I have already quoted. Perraps he will lissen to my plea, but more than likely he'll turn and rend me.

I'm absolutely fed-up—but not with food, worse luck!

This is what I shall say to the Head: "Look hear, Locke, old man, why don't you pull up your sox, and run the school tuckshopp like it was run fifty years ago? When a fellow happens to be famished, and short of funds, arrange for a free feed to be given to him."

If the Head konsents, oh, what joy and rapcher! But I'm afraid he won't!

(If you start addressing the respected Head as "old man," you'll get it where the chicken got the chopper—in the neck!—Ed.)

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

By Dick Penfold.

When my great-granddad was a kid,
They first brought out the tandem;
The beastly things would swerve and skid,
He couldn't understand 'em.
They'd only just begun to dream
Of railway trains, you know;
And progress was a perfect scream
A hundred years ago!

My grandsire rode a "trike" one day
From Courtfield Town to Wapshot;
Over the handle-bars, they say,
He took a sort of drop-shot!
He landed on a heap of stones
In tragic state of woe;
They weren't such dabs at setting bones
A hundred years ago!

The coach-and-four would take a week
To get from here to Bristol;
And ladies fair would give a shriek
When Turpin fired his pistol.
He'd rob them of their jewels and cash,
Then sing out "Cheerio!"
And on Black Bess away he'd dash,
A hundred years ago!

(NOTE.—Dick Turpin lived rather more than a hundred years ago, but we must allow our tame poet a little licence.—Ed.)

No purr of motor-cars was heard,
No hum and whirr of aircraft;
An engine-driven boat, my word,
Would have been quite a rare craft!
Life crawled along in dreary style,
Stagnant, and drear, and slow;
Conditions would have made you smile,
A hundred years ago!

EDITORIAL!



By HARRY WHARTON.

IT is a real treat, at times to pull aside the curtain, as it were, and take a peep into the past.

Don't you ever pause and wonder who your forefathers were—"the rude forefathers of the hamlet," as the poet calls them?

I am reminded as I write, of the ignorant youth who was reciting Gray's Elegy. And when he came to that famous line, "The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," he rendered it as follows:

"The four rude fathers of the hamlet sleep."

But perhaps our forefathers weren't rude at all. They may have been quite polite people, in which case the poet should have been sued for libel.

We can tell, to some extent, what manner of men our forefathers were. Their names give them away. "Smith" was the village blacksmith. "Robinson" was the son of Robin; "Jackson" the son of Jack; and "Wilson" the son of Will. "Barber" may have been the person who trimmed the flowing beards of the Ancient Britons; while "Taylor" was evidently the merchant who measured the goat-skins. But in talking of the origin of names, I am poaching on Tom Brown's preserves. Brownie has written an entertaining little article in this issue, showing how many of the Greyfriars fellows got their names.

What sort of a place was Greyfriars School, in the dashing days of old? The chronicles in the school museum are a mine of information on this subject, and we have borrowed extracts from them in order to make this number as interesting as possible.

There will be another topping issue of the "Herald" next week.

HARRY WHARTON.

Special Camping-Out Supplement—next on the list!

**BOB CHERRY:**

I vote with both hands for the Present! "There's no time like the Present," whatever they may say about the good old days. Things were too slow and sleepy altogether in the days when chariots took the place of motor-cars. I can understand a drowsy, dreamy duffer like Lord Mauleverer preferring the Past to the Present. All they used to do in the olden days was eat and sleep, and that would suit Mauly down to the ground. But it wouldn't suit a human bundle of concentrated energy like me!

BILLY BUNTER:

Give me the Past every time! Whenever I read of the grate bankwelts they used to have, with huge Sir Lornes of beef, and apple-dumplings to follow, it sorely makes my mouth water. "Eat, drink, and be merry!" was the motto of the ancient knights and skwires. They used to sit round a table in the bankwetting hall, and gorge and gorge until they fell asleep. Oh, why didn't I live in the good old days, when every fellow was aloud to eat until he was fool? All the same, I'd rather have the Present than the Future, when everybody will take their meals in tabloid form. That duzzent bear thinking of!

H. VERNON-SMITH:

Things must have been pretty tame in the olden times, before cricket and football came into being. The "Sporting Calendar" must have been very empty with no Cup Final, no Boat-race, and no Cricket Championship. True, they used to indulge in such pastimes as cock-fighting and the ancient game of bowls; but neither of these would have appealed to me. Therefore, I rise up on my hind legs and exclaim, "Thank goodness I belong to the present generation!"

MR. QUELCH:

The idea of living in the so-called "good old days" does not appeal to me at all. There would be no such labour-saving devices as typewriters, and my "History of Greyfriars" would have had to be laboriously written on parchment. I should have succumbed to writer's cramp. Besides, there was no such thing as electric light in the olden days. There was no telephone, either; but this, perhaps, was a blessing. All things considered, I would prefer to live in the "bad new days" than in the good old ones!

HURREE SINGH:

In the dashing days of oldfulness, the days when knights were boldfulness, they used to scrap most frightfully at morn and noon and nightfully! They'd hurt each other fearfully, yet happily and cheerfully. And every British boyfulness

would fight with keen enjoyfulness. Yes, they were grand and golden days, so I prefer the olden days!

DICKY NUGENT:

I wish I had lived in the days of long ago, bekawse there were no skools in those days, and as there were no skools there were no lessens, and as there were no lessens there was nothing to worry about, and as there was nothing to worry about—why, life was one grand sweet song, as the poet says. There was no such broots as fag masters and no such little gentleman as fags. So I wish they'd put the clock back a few hundred years, and then we should all be as happy as sandboys.

WILLIAM GOSLING:

What I says is this here: Let the dead past berry its dead, that's what I says. What's the use of dreaming of the days of long ago? We can't revive 'em, however hard we may try. Mind you, I don't hold with this here Progress, which keeps on keeping on; but we've got to take life as we find it, and try and adapt ourselves, so to speak, to modern conditions. These new-fangled inventions are very exasperating, as ever was. One of the young gents in the Remove has just bought himself a wireless deceiving set and a grammarphone. Still, as I say, we've got to put up with all these things. They are part and parcel of modern life. Soon we shall all be living in the air. (Not in your lifetime, Gossy, and perhaps not in mine.—ED.)

LORD MAULEVERER:

I wish I had a magic wand and could transport myself into the dear, dreamy days of long ago. All this modern whirl and bustle is too exhausting, begad! "Anything for a quiet life!" is my motto, and it's impossible to enjoy a quiet life under modern conditions. We whiz through life at such a frenzied pace that I often wonder whether I'm on my head or my heels. I wish it was the twelfth century, and that I lay fast asleep under a greenwood tree in Sherwood Forest. But no such luck!

MARK LINLEY:

In the past we should have had no "Greyfriars Herald," so I vote emphatically for the Present!

TELL YOUR FRIENDS
ABOUT OUR
800th BUMPER ISSUE—
NEXT WEEK!

THE GIANTS OF OLD!

This poem has been specially written for the "Greyfriars Herald" by popular PAT GWYNNE of the Sixth.

They were wonderful giants of old, you know,
They were wonderful giants of old;
Never afraid to face the foe,
Burly and brave and bold.
They worked and played with zest and skill,
And their valiant deeds are talked of still.

They were Trojans on the playing-field
In the heat of the summer sun;
Grimly they'd strive, and never yield
Till the game was fought and won.
They hit up centuries galore
In the daring, dashing days of yore.

Did ever you hear of Barney Lee,
So sound in wind and limb?
He'd swim for miles, straight out to sea;
The feat was nothing to him.
And under the water he'd dart unseen
Like a sort of human submarine.

Then, by Jove, there was Jimmy Adair,
Who used to run a mile
At such a pace that the nimble hare
Would envy his speed and style!
He'd leave the others a long way back,
For he was the king of the running-track!

Those wonderful giants of old, you know,
Could fight with vigour and vim;
And many a powerful knock-out blow
Made history in the gym.
For Greyfriars certainly boasted then
Some truly terrible fighting-men!

Their strength was as the strength of ten
(At least, so we've been told).
They must have been most amazing men
In the glorious days of old.
The reign of the giants is past and gone.
What of the fellows who followed on?

There are wonderful giants to-day, you know,
There are wonderful giants to-day;
The same old bulldog spirit they show,
Whatever the critics may say.
And the high traditions they uphold
Of the great and gallant giants of old!

BRIEF REPLIES.

(Continued from page 16.)

"Fair Play" (Honor Oak).—"Billy Bunter ought to have a place in the Remove cricket eleven. That is my candid opinion."—It isn't mine. So we'll agree to differ.

"Little Tich" (Watford).—"When are you going to publish a special marbles number of the 'Herald'?"—Oh, about a hundred years hence.

"Reckless Rover" (Manchester).—"Why doesn't Vernon-Smith have a relapse and go back to his bad old ways?"—Because he has firmly made up his mind to play with a straight bat in future. Being a "giddy blade" is not worth the candle. It sounds very thrilling and exciting, but in reality it is dull and sordid.

"The Joys of Camping!" by Dick Penfold, next Monday—



A BATTLE OF LONG AGO!

By NORMAN ARCHER

(Captain of Greyfriars from 1885 to 1888).

MUCH water has flowed under the bridges since the stirring days when I held the captaincy of Greyfriars. Yet I can vividly recall those days with their fights and feuds, and their sorrows and joys. I can recall the chums of my schooldays, too—"Punch" and "Toby" and "Ginger," names which are "familiar in my mouth as household words."

When you look back down the vale of years there is always one particular incident which stands out above the rest. It dwarfs everything else.

The one glorious, never-to-be-forgotten incident in my school career was the fight between Standish of the Sixth and Battling Barker.

Before I plunge into a description of the fight let me tell you how it arose.

Greyfriars was at war with the village in those days, and it was no kid-glove war, either. The hefty louts of the village were out for scalps, and whenever they came across a Greyfriars chap they promptly "scragged" him.

We didn't mind that so much, because whenever we came across a village lout we returned the compliment. What we objected to was the utter unscrupulousness of the villagers.

They say that all's fair in war, and never was there a more foolish saying. All is not fair in war. There are some things which an honourable foe would never dream of doing.

We didn't mind good, hard fights with the yokels of Friardale—in fact, we fairly revelled in them. But when those yokels started to play caddish tricks behind our backs we were justly indignant.

What do you think the bounders did? On the eve of our annual boatrace they collected our boats and made a bonfire of them. They burnt down the boathouse into the bargain. It was late at night when they did the deed, and we saw the blaze from our dormitories.

We should have been quite justified in having the village cads prosecuted for this outrage. But we couldn't actually prove that they burnt the boats, because nobody caught them in the act. But we knew, of course, that it must have been the work of the villagers.

Now, the leader of these village Vandals was a burly brute known as Battling Barker. He was a giant of a fellow. I can visualise him now—strong, swarthy, with muscles like knotted bands.

Barker had earned his nickname because of his numerous appearances in the prize-ring, where he had been very successful.

"If somebody gives that fellow Barker a thundering good hiding it will put an end to all these low-down tricks," said Standish of the Sixth.

"True," said I. "But there isn't a Greyfriars fellow capable of tackling the lout."

"Rubbish!" was the retort. "I'm quite game to take him on."

We stared at Standish in amazement. He was a prefect and a quiet sort, and very popular with the fags. But we had never seen him in the boxing-ring; didn't know he could box, as a matter of fact.

"My dear fellow," I said, after a pause, "you wouldn't stand an earthly against Battling Barker!"

"That remains to be seen," said Standish coolly. "I'm going to challenge him, anyhow."

And he did the very next day.

The fight was staged at a very quiet spot—a clearing in the wood.

I remember it as if it were yesterday. We went with Standish in a body to the battle-ground, in order to protect him if any foul play arose. And we shook our heads, and said that Standish was potty, and that he would be knocked out in the first round.

Battling Barker was there. His coat was off, his sleeves rolled back. And the sight of those enormous muscles would have struck terror into the heart of a weaker spirit than John Vernon Standish.

There was a leering grin on Barker's face, and I could see that he was anxious to get to business. He was half a head taller than Standish, and altogether bigger and broader.

"Who's goin' to referee this turn-out?" asked Barker.

I promptly stepped forward.

"Well, I won't keep you long," said the bully, with a chuckle.

Standish peeled off his coat and stood ready. He was as cool as a cucumber. But there was a look in his eyes which I had never seen there before. And I noticed for the first time that he possessed a fighting chin.

The sun was beginning to set over the silent woods. Never do I see the setting of the sun, even in these my advanced years, without thinking of Standish.

In a voice which shook a little I gave the order for the fight to commence.

The first round was all Barker. The fellow fought like a Goliath. Science he had little, but he atoned for this defect by the power of his sledgehammer punches. He was jolly tough, too; so tough that the blows of Standish seemed to take no effect on him. He shook them off, grinning scornfully.

Poor old Standish had such a hammering in that first round that I marvel how he managed to survive it. But he did. He was full of pluck, and I could see that he meant to go on till he dropped.

In the second round Battling Barker took things easily. He toyed with his opponent as a cat toys with a mouse. "Prolonging the agony." That was how one of the onlookers described it.

Standish was glad that the pace had

slackened. It enabled him to get back his breath, and pull himself together generally. He contented himself with being on the defensive, and this state of affairs went on for several rounds, Barker seeming in no hurry to bring matters to a head.

We began to grow weary of the spectacle. We knew what the end would be—at least, we thought we did—and we wanted Barker to buck up and get it over for Standish's sake. It was a shame to torment the fellow like this.

It wasn't until the seventh round that Battling Barker got to business. But, to our joy and amazement, Standish got busy also. He had been holding his energies in reserve, and he flung himself into the combat with a vigour and zest that were delightful to see.

Barker tried hard to administer the knock-out, but Standish was too quick for him.

And then Barker lost his temper, a fatal mistake for a fighting-man to make, whether he be boxer or prize-fighter.

Barker's blows grew wilder and wilder. The blows of his opponent became more thrustful and deadly.

It was no one-sided affair now. It was a case of Jack being as good as his master.

Before that memorable round ended Standish had succeeded in closing Barker's right eye. He had also dealt Barker a blow in the chest which had staggered him, giant though he was.

Standish was not unscathed. But he had a cool head, and that was an invaluable asset.

It was in the eighth round that the end came. Barker, in his eagerness to deliver the knock-out, neglected his guard, and Standish broke through and dealt three powerful blows in succession. The first blow was in the chest, the second between the eyes, and the third was the most deadly upper-cut I have ever seen, a perfect peach of a blow. It knocked Battling Barker clean off his feet. And he went down and stayed down.

I don't remember what we said to Standish afterwards. I think we were too amazed to say anything. But we wrung his hand, and we thumped his back, and we bore him back to Greyfriars in triumph.

The villagers left us alone after that. Barker's defeat was such a blow to his pride that he left the district. And without their leader the others were helpless.

The story of that memorable encounter has been handed down through the generations. But it loses nothing in the retelling.

THE END.

(Don't miss "Alonzo's Daring Deed!"—next Monday's fine story by Tom Brown.)

—and "Camping Notes," by Bob Cherry!



Some extracts from the Greyfriars School Magazine of a hundred years ago.

SCHOOL CRICKET.

On Saturday last a thrilling game of cricket took place between Greyfriars School and the Young Men of Courtfield Town. The school had the assistance of the games master, Mr. Larry Longstoppe, who formerly played for the County of Kent against All England. Mr. Longstoppe laid about him right lustily with his club, and made 100 notches. He received valuable assistance from Brown and Morley, two of the prefects, and the Greyfriars innings totalled 226 notches. The Young Men of Courtfield were undaunted by this huge score. They girded up their loins, in a manner of speaking, and replied with 222 notches, the school thus winning a most exciting game by the narrow margin of four notches.

(Note.—In those days, clubs were used instead of bats, and runs were known as "notches."—Ed.)

GREAT EXCITEMENT AT GREYFRIARS—INVENTION OF A NEW-FANGLED MONSTROSITY.

An amazing device has just been manufactured in this country, and its use is becoming widespread. It is a curious thing that runs on two wheels, and it is known as a bicycle. The foremost wheel is much bigger than the hindmost one, and the saddle on which the rider perches himself is situated at a perilous distance from the ground. The machine progresses by means of a pair of pedals, which are worked by the feet. It has been estimated that the highly dangerous speed of ten miles an hour may be attained with one of these new-fangled contraptions. Miggs major, of the Fifth Form, was misguided enough to purchase one, and he rode into Courtfield upon it, causing great panic and consternation on the King's highway. There is a bell attached to the handlebars of the machine, in order to warn pedestrians of its approach. But Miggs major did not need to sound his bell, for the wayfarers promptly dived into the ditch when they saw him coming. The reckless youth was eventually brought back to the school on a hurdle, having come to grief in a duckpond. He considerably damaged his machine, to say nothing of his person.

The headmaster of Greyfriars—the Rev. Samuel Greybeard, M.A.—wishes it to be clearly understood that he will not allow any of his pupils to ride these very modern and extremely dangerous contraptions, whereby the safety of the community is imperilled. Such modern inventions are a source of great alarm to peaceable citizens. It has been prophesied that in a hundred years' time we shall be flying in the air! We can only sit and shudder at such an appalling prospect.

(The writer of this article seems to have been rather a crank and a stick-in-

the-mud. But it must be remembered that the original "boneshaker" was indeed a perilous affair.—Ed.)

MASTER SAVED FROM DROWNING!—JUNIOR'S PLUCKY RESCUE.

Mr. Rumbell, the mathematics master at Greyfriars, was on Wednesday afternoon the victim of a distressing calamity. The worthy gentleman was fishing from a boat off the jetty at Pegg, when a large billow caught the craft broadside on, and capsized it. Morton of the Remove was on the jetty at the time, and he promptly dived to the assistance of the unhappy master. With great difficulty he conveyed Mr. Rumbell to the shore. We are pleased to record that both master and junior are none the worse for their immersion. We further understand that Mr. Rumbell has presented his rescuer with a gold watch—a fitting reward for the junior's gallantry.

LEAVE OF ABSENCE.

The following boys have been granted leave of absence from the school on the 25th of May, in order to attend the funerals of their late lamented grandmothers:

William Wiggins, Samuel Smith, John Jorrocks, Marmaduke Migges, Benjamin Browne, and Christopher Clarke (all of the Remove Form).

The headmaster has made the singular discovery that the 25th of May is the day on which eleven men of Hampshire play eleven men of Kent at cricket. It is a curious and a painful coincidence that six grandmothers should suddenly expire on the eve of this great match.

APPOINTMENT OF PREFECTS.

The headmaster of Greyfriars has much pleasure in announcing that Peter Prye and Stephen Slye have been appointed to the office of prefect. These two seniors have displayed great zeal and eagerness in reporting the misdemeanours of junior boys to the headmaster. They have acted from a high sense of duty, and should make excellent prefects.

SCHOOL LODGE-KEEPER RETIRES. A FAREWELL BANQUET IN HIS HONOUR.

Frederick Funguss, the keeper of the gate, having attained the ripe old age of ninety years, is about to be released from his duties, and he will retire with a pension of five shillings per week. A farewell banquet will be held in his honour on Saturday evening, in the school dining-hall. All are invited.

(In case any of our readers are inclined to smile at the idea of a pension of five shillings per week, we would point out that five shillings, in the year of grace, 1823, went a jolly sight farther than it goes at the present day.—Ed.)

HOW WE GOT OUR NAMES!

By Tom Brown.

"WHAT'S in a name?" asks the late Mr. Shakespeare. Quite a lot, if you care to investigate. And that's what I have been doing.

I have traced the origin of many of the Greyfriars names, and here is the result of my researches.

I find that the original Wharton was an Ancient Briton who had a prominent "wart on" his nose! So he was christened Wharton, and the name has come down through the generations.

Nugent is a distinguished and honourable name. In the days of long ago a stranger invaded the shores of Ancient Brit. The natives said to one another, "Behold! A 'new gent' hath come to our country!" So you see how the name arose.

In the period of which I write, a man who made buns was known as a Bunter. And the village fuel-merchant was called a Coker. Similarly, a man who got his living by making pots was known as a Potter. And the village idiot was rightly styled Greene!

It does not require much imagination to realise that the original Walker was a fellow who was jolly useful on his pins, and could do the London-to-Brighton walk in about half the time it takes to-day. The original Loder was a person who spent his time loading wagons with hay.

Mr. Capper will be interested to learn that his forefathers were experts in the art of making caps. And Mr. Twigg comes of a very good "branch."

The earliest ancestor of Hop Hi was the high-jump champion of China. In fact, he hopped so high that he astonished the natives.

The original Tubb was so-called on account of his rotundity and his barrel-like appearance. Rake's ancestors were gardeners, and Newland is descended from a famous explorer.

The leader of one of the Ancient British tribes used to bellow so much that he was christened Bull.

The name "Penfold" obviously suggests a man who kept cattle—cows in the pen and sheep in the fold. While Cherry was so named on account of his rosy cheeks.

I could carry on almost indefinitely with this fascinating topic, but I fancy you have had enough. (We have! And if you dare to insinuate that my ancestor had a wart on his nose, Browney, I'll pulverise you.—Ed.)

BRIEF REPLIES.

(Continued from page 14.)

"Gay Spark" (Liverpool).—"At what age should a chap start to smoke?"—Middle age, if at all.

Arthur W. B. (Gloucester).—"Does Fisher T. Fish shine in any branch of sport?"—I kinder sorter guess and calculate that the cute American junior is a wash-out.

"Grouser" (Swansea).—"You Greyfriars fellows have far too much recreation."—Well, that needn't cause you any sleepless nights, need it?

There are some rare treats coming, chums! Look out for them!

LEVISON'S TRIUMPH!

(Continued from page 12.)

"Tie the young brute up. My word! Never seed such a wild-cat in all my days!" said Mr. Purkiss breathlessly. "I ain't getting enough for this 'ere job, and you can lay to that."

"'Old your row, you young blighter!" growled Sam, as Levison got his mouth free for a moment and shouted.

He jammed a dirty handkerchief into the junior's mouth.

Levison still resisted desperately.

But the two rascals were too much for him. A whipcord was knotted round his wrists, and another length of it round his ankles. Then he lay helpless in the grass under the trees.

Mr. Purkiss and his comrade sat in the grass breathing hard after their unaccustomed exertions.

Levison had hurt both of them; and they were fairly winded by the struggle. They sat and gasped, and Mr. Purkiss drew out a flask from his shabby clothes, and gulped from its refreshing contents, and passed it to his friend. The latter gulped, and seemed refreshed. Both of them glared at Levison with deep resentment.

"Blooming wild-cat!" said Mr. Purkiss.

"Young ruffian!" said Sam.

"Jest lie there a bit and cool your 'eels," said Mr. Purkiss, settling himself comfortably with his shoulders against a tree. "Do you good to cool your blinking 'eels a bit."

Levison struggled madly to free himself. But he realised that that was hopeless; he was tied, and at the mercy of these rascals. He made frantic endeavours to get rid of the rag stuffed into his mouth. His face became purple with his efforts, and Mr. Purkiss felt a little alarmed.

"Stow it!" he growled. "I tell yer, stow it! Mind, I don't want to 'urt you, but you'll get a jolt on the jor if you don't stow it!"

Levison was not likely to heed that threat. His thoughts were with his brother Frank, waiting for him. While he was wasting precious minutes here, what was happening at Greyfriars? He had to speak, to explain to these rascals the harm they were doing, and he struggled to get rid of the gag.

"Look 'ere, I tell you to chuck it," said Mr. Purkiss, getting up from his comfortable attitude and bending over the junior. "You ain't going to be 'urt. Only we want your company for a bit. That's all, and you can lay to it. No good you talking, you ain't going off. Look 'ere, you'll choke yourself at this rate, you young limb."

Levison gurgled faintly.

"You give me your word not to call out if I let you speak?" asked Mr. Purkiss, really alarmed by the look on the junior's face.

Levison nodded.

"I'll trust yer!" said Mr. Purkiss generously.

He jerked the rag from Levison's mouth. For a moment the junior panted, unable to speak. Then he burst out:

"For Heaven's sake, let me go! I've got to go—you don't understand!"

"We understand all right," grinned Mr. Purkiss. "You ain't going to play any more cricket to-day, young 'un. Take a rest!"

"Cricket! Hang cricket! My brother—"

"What?"

"My brother's ill—perhaps dying—I was going to him!" panted Levison. "Let me go. I won't have you punished for this. I'll give you anything you like, only let me go to my brother."

Mr. Purkiss eyed him curiously.

"That was what you wanted to say so bad?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"Then it's all right," grinned Purkiss. "Don't you worry about your brother. He's all right, he is, so far as I know, or you know, anyhow. You young hass, can't you see it was a spoof?"

Levison stared at him, not understanding.

"You had to be got away for us to 'andle you," explained Mr. Purkiss. "There was a message on the telephone—all spoof. Catch on?"

"Good heavens!" panted Levison.

He did "catch on" now.

He had been too wildly excited and troubled to reflect on the matter, or it would have struck him as an amazing coincidence that Mr. Purkiss was on the spot ready to tackle him on his way to Greyfriars with a hired cart ready to block the road against a cyclist.

Purkiss had known that he would be coming, that he would be riding a bicycle, that he would be crossing the road over Courtfield Common; and Purkiss could not have known all that had the message from Greyfriars about Frank been genuine.

"Is—is—is that true?" gasped Levison, almost giddy with the relief.

"I give you my davy!" said Purkiss.

"Mind, I'm telling you this 'ere out of kindness of 'eart. You've lost your old sharpness, young Levison; you'd have spotted a trick like that fast enough once. 'Ow do you think we fixed it up to collar you if it wasn't spoof? I reckoned you'd tumble to it, the minute I put 'ands on you."

"There was no message from Greyfriars about my brother?"

"'Course there wasn't!"

"But how—how—"

Mr. Purkiss chuckled.

"P'r'aps a young gentleman telephoned to the 'eadmaster at 'Ighcliffe," he said. "Easy enough, I s'pose. Anyhow, that was the game. We was to

watch out for you and collar you, and 'ere you are. Catch on?"

"I see!" muttered Levison.

He lay back in the grass, calm.

The stress of mind had told on him; he was feeling spent. The relief was great. There had been no message. It was false that Frank had had a relapse; the fag was not expecting his brother at Greyfriars. He would have been astonished had Ernest arrived there.

That was an immense relief, and for some minutes Levison could think of nothing else.

But other thoughts followed. Now that he understood how he had been tricked he was aware, of course, of the reason. He was to be prevented from playing in the Highcliffe match. It was a base scheme to keep him away from the match—to lose the match for Greyfriars, perhaps.

He had little doubt as to the author of that scheme. It was Gadsby who had sent Purkiss to call on him at Greyfriars on Monday; Gadsby in all probability who had set the rascal on to attack him in the brake that morning. Gadsby was at the bottom of this.

Levison felt pretty certain of it; but the knowledge was useless to him. He was a helpless prisoner.

Mr. Purkiss sat down again comfortably. His comrade rose from the grass at length, and nodded good-bye to Purkiss, and disappeared. Purkiss, evidently, was to remain on guard.

He filled his pipe and lighted it, and smoked contentedly, sometimes glancing at the silent junior with a grin.

Levison broke the silence at last. He could not free himself from his bonds, and he had given his word not to call out—not that a call was likely to be heard by anyone in that solitary spot. Moreover, Mr. Purkiss had the rag ready to stuff into his mouth again at a moment's notice.

"It was Gadsby put you up to this, I suppose?" said Levison.

"That's telling."

"I suppose you know I shall go to the police about it as soon as I am free?" said Levison.

"Will you?" said Mr. Purkiss. "And what'll you say? No 'arm in a little practical joke, is there? 'Taint actionable that I know of. You can't say you've been 'urt or robbed, can you?"

"You were paid to do this?"

"I don't generally take on a job for nothing," grinned Mr. Purkiss. "But I don't see 'ow you're going to prove it."

"Never mind that. I'll pay you as much to let me go."

"Nothing doing!"

"Twice as much!" said Levison.

Mr. Purkiss sighed regretfully. Evidently that offer appealed to him. But he shook his head.

"Wash it out!" he said. "I can't afford to quarrel with—never mind who. Besides, if I touched your money, what's to prevent you making out arter that I'd picked your pocket? Nothing doing." He rubbed his nose. "You 'it me on the nose, young Levison. You're too 'andy with your dooks, you are. This'll be a warning to you, you young wild-cat."

Levison gritted his teeth.

It was clear that he had nothing to hope from Purkiss, and he was too securely bound for escape to be possible. Rescue was still more impossible, for he would not be missed. Harry Wharton & Co., naturally, would suppose that he was at Greyfriars all this time with his brother. They would not expect to see



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him again till they returned to Greyfriars after the match. Gadsby had beaten him after all. Whatsoever he might do to Gadsby afterwards was of little account; he was out of the Highcliffe match. His expected triumph would never take place, and, more than that, his friends of Greyfriars were almost certain to be defeated. Deprived of Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, they needed Levison sorely, and he would not be there. It was through him, in a way, that the nabob had been crooked, and now he could not take the nabob's place. His presence had, in every way, been a disaster for the Remove eleven. That was a bitter reflection to Ernest Levison as he lay under the trees, watching the glinting sunbeams as they moved—a helpless prisoner, while the match in which his aid was sorely needed was played without him.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Playing the Game!

"OLD BEAN!"

The Caterpillar spoke with a whimsical smile.

"Yes, Rupert?" said Courtenay.

"I've been thinkin'."

The cricketers were at tea at Highcliffe. The Greyfriars second innings was over—for eighty. The tea interval came as a welcome rest for the cricketers—the game was a tough one.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked cheery enough—they knew how to take bad luck as well as good. But their hopes of a big win at Highcliffe were reduced now almost to zero.

The "croaking" of Hurree Singh, followed by the loss of Levison, had made all the difference.

They had good bowlers in Squiff and Tom Brown, with Vernon-Smith as a good change; but they wanted the very best article in dealing with Courtenay's men. Levison would have compensated for the loss of the nabob—and Levison was gone. It was hard luck, and the Remove cricketers bore it as philosophically as they could.

Most of the Highcliffe players counted on a victory now as a "cert." They did

not need to do so well in their second innings as their first to win. And their second innings would be played without the demon bowler from St. Jim's against them.

Not that Courtenay was quite satisfied. He wanted to win, but he wanted to win on square play, not on lucky accidents. Still, a win was a win, and it counted.

Ponsonby & Co did not show up at the cricketers' tea. They were enjoying themselves in their own way in Pon's study, with smokes and bridge—Gaddy in great form. Gaddy, with a reminiscent pain in his nose, comforted himself with the knowledge of how dearly Levison was paying for pulling it. It was quite a happy afternoon for Gaddy.

The Caterpillar eyed his chum whimsically. He had left the cricketers' tea-party, strolling away by himself, and now he had returned, when the cricketers were thinking of recommencing. Courtenay was rather puzzled by the expression on his face.

"What's up, Rupert?" he asked.

"Lots of things. Do you remember, when you came to Highcliffe, old bean, what a naughty boy I was?"

"Ass!"

"Didn't you jerk me like a brand from the burnin' away from the horrid influence of Pon & Co. and make a little man of me?" persisted the Caterpillar.

"What are you driving at?"

"Didn't you bring me up in the way I should go, and point out to me the supreme virtue of playin' the game? You did, old bean, you did! Now you've got to pay for it!"

"I don't understand in the least," said Courtenay. "About time we got along to the field, I think."

"Let me finish chatterin' first, dear man. Suppose we were winnin' a match by foul play—"

"What?"

"Not our own, of course. We're incapable of it; at least, you are, an' I nourish a faint hope that I am. Somebody else's foul play," explained the Caterpillar. "Suppose some jolly old plotter had walked off the enemy's best bowler, and left the giddy enemy at our tender mercy? And suppose a little man—about my size—got on the stunt?"

What ought he to do? Walk that bowler back, and very likely chuck away a certain win?"

"Certainly!" said Courtenay, at once. "But you don't mean—"

"Puttin' it plain. Suppose Levison was hiked off by a trick, would you like me to go and fetch him back, and put his terrific bowlin' powers on the Greyfriars side again?"

"Of course!"

The Caterpillar chuckled.

"Every jolly old cricket captain wouldn't say 'of course,' in these cires, old bean. But I knew you would."

"But what—"

"You see, I've been thinkin'. Beastly habit, but it catches me sometimes. Over lunch I was thinkin' that this was a stroke of luck for jolly old Chingachgook—"

"For whom?"

"Gaddy, you know. Didn't I tell you he was on the trail of red revenge? It struck me that things couldn't have happened better to please Gaddy. He puts up the Purkiss-bird to crack Levison with a stick, and the merry nigger gets the damage. One down for Gaddy."

"Surely it isn't possible that—"

began Courtenay, aghast. "Dear old man, when will you wake up to the wickedness of the naughty old world?" sighed the Caterpillar. "One down for Gaddy, as I said. Levison's here, bowlin' terrific smashers, winnin' golden opinions from all sorts of people, as the merry old poet puts it, and Gaddy green and yellow with rage. Then there's a message that Levison's young brother at Greyfriars is relapsin', or peggin' out, or somethin', and off goes Levison, jerked out of the middle of the match. Things couldn't have happened more nicely from Gaddy's point of view, could they?"

"But—"

"So the reflection butted into my tired old brain, did Gaddy have a hand in helpin' them happen so nicely?" explained the Caterpillar.

"Impossible! If Levison's brother had a relapse, and the doctor sent for Levison—"

"Yes! But did he? How did the message come?"

"I don't know."

"Neither did I," yawned the Caterpillar. "I was thinkin'—intellect goin' strong, and all that—when you seized me and rushed me into the field, like the ruthless old buccaneer you are, for the Greyfriars second innings. That did it! I can't think while I'm playin' cricket. If I'd stopped to think I'd never have caught Wharton out."

Courtenay smiled.

"I'm glad you didn't stop to think, then, Caterpillar."

"Quite so. But after that strenuous innings was over, the jolly old lemon resumed—"

"The what?"

"The intellect, dear boy—the jolly old brain. It started functionin' again. More hard thinkin'. Exhaustin' work on a warm afternoon," sighed the Caterpillar. "But you know what it's like with these powerful intellects—once they get the bit between their teeth there's no stoppin' 'em. So I've worked it out that Gaddy got up that message from Greyfriars, to call Levison away and muck up his game."

"Impossible!"

"Why so?"

"Levison would have come back." "Hardly. Gaddy's idea wasn't to give him a ride to and fro. I fancy there was

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scemthin' goin' on to stop him from comin' back."

"Caterpillar, look here, old chap! I know you're jolly keen—keener than I am. But this is all suspicion—surmise."

"Dear old man!" smiled the Caterpillar. "Do you think I should bore you with it if that was all? I've put it to the proof while you were leavin' with the flannelled fools, as jolly old Kipling calls us when we play cricket. I've telephoned to Mr. Quelch at Greyfriars, askin' questions."

"And?"

"And Mr. Quelch informed me that Frank Levison was the same as usual, and is sittin' in the garden readin' some jolly old book."

"Good heavens!"

"And that Levison hasn't got to Greyfriars!"

"Caterpillar!"

"Now, Levison went off on a bike, hours ago," said the Caterpillar. "He could have crawled to Greyfriars on his hands and knees by this time. He never got there. The message was spoof, old bean, and somebody was waitin' for Levison on the road—somebody who answers to the name of Purkiss, I fancy. How's that for Sherlock Holmes?"

Courtenay stared at his chum.

"You're serious, Caterpillar?"

"Serious as a judge, or rather, more serious than the judges in these hilarious days. Serious as a professional humorist!" said the Caterpillar.

"Something's got to be done."

"You think so?"

"Of course!"

"You want them to get their champion bowler back, to make hay of our wickets in the last innings?"

Courtenay jumped up.

"Of course—of course! It's infamous! You've got some idea in your head, Caterpillar, I can see. What do you suggest? I'll speak to Wharton—"

"Don't!" said the Caterpillar.

"Wharton's got to go into the field with his merry men. We're battin'. Leave me to a late date on the list, while I go forth, like jolly old Don Quixote, and frustrate their knavish tricks. What?"

"If you think—"

"I do—lots! No end! My special line," said the Caterpillar.

"Well—"

"Here comes Wharton! Leave it to me," said the Caterpillar. "I'll be back for my innings, anyhow; and no need to upset those chaps with the news. They can't do anythin', as they've got to be in the field."

"Right!"

"We're ready when you fellows are!" said Harry Wharton, joining Courtenay.

"Right-ho!" said the Highcliffe skipper.

"Any objection, old bean, to my going for a little walk?" asked the Caterpillar.

"Not at all," said the captain of the Remove, with a smile. "You can do what you like, I suppose. What's on?"

"Sudden burst of energy," explained the Caterpillar. "In me you behold a modern knight-errant. I'm goin' to mount my trusty steed—at least, my jigger—and sally forth to rescue beauty in distress. No, not beauty. Can't call that visage beautiful by long chalks. Persecuted virtue is a better description. While you fellows are urgin' the flyin' ball I'm goin' to perform deeds of derring-do—bafflin' black-hearted kidnappers, rescuin' pinin' prisoners—"



Two wanted to tie, three to win! Levison's eyes gleamed as he gripped the round red ball. Its flight was followed by a gasping breath round the field. There was a click, and the Caterpillar looked at his fallen wicket. "Well bowled, Levison!" roared Bob Cherry. (See Chapter 12.)

"What on earth are you talking about?" exclaimed Wharton, in amazement.

"Just chattin' out of my hat in my usual way," said the Caterpillar affably.

"Ta-ta, old beanlets!"

He sauntered away to the bike-shed. Wharton smiled in a rather perplexed way, and walked with Courtenay to the cricket-field. Greyfriars went into the field, and Squiff was put on to bowl, and the Highcliffe second innings opened with Courtenay at the batting end. And among the crowd of waiting Highcliffe batsmen the Caterpillar was conspicuous by his absence.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Lucky for Levison!

"MY dear young friends—"

The Caterpillar spoke in his mildest tone, soft as a cooing dove. And the three or four little urchins who were gathered round a bicycle on the road over Courtfield Common stared round at him.

De Courcy had lost no time.

With all his lazy ways he could be energetic when he liked. And he was very keen on putting "paid" to Gadsby's little scheme.

He had left Highcliffe on his bicycle, and ridden at a good speed. Quite aware that Levison would take the shortest cuts towards Greyfriars, in the belief that Frank was sinking and wanted his presence there, the Caterpillar also took the shortest cuts. Here

and there he made an inquiry; but so long a time had passed since the reckless cyclist had rushed by that no information was to be picked up. He kept on towards Greyfriars, with his eyes keenly about him, hoping to pick up the spot where Levison had left the road.

That Levison was being kept away from the Highcliffe match by force was clear, since he had not even arrived at Greyfriars, and had not returned to Highcliffe. And the Caterpillar was sure that there must have been a struggle, which might have been seen and, at all events, would have left traces.

The sight of three or four village youngsters round the abandoned bicycle made the Caterpillar smile.

He jumped off his machine.

At a glance he knew Courtenay's handsome bicycle, which the Highcliffe captain had lent to Levison.

This was the spot where Levison had been "bagged" evidently.

"My dear young friends, don't be alarmed," said the Caterpillar sweetly, as the village urchins stared at him. "I'm lookin' for this bike. My friend must have left it here. Did you find it here?"

"It was lying in the grass, sir," said one little chap. "We ain't been doing nothing but ringin' the bell."

"Quite a harmless and interestin' occupation," said the Caterpillar, laughing. "You haven't seen the owner, what?"

"Ain't seen nobody."

Is your friend a reader?

Levison rubbed his chafed wrists. His heart was throbbing with relief.

"It's all serene, old scout!" said the Caterpillar. "I've telephoned to Greyfriars, and it was all spoof about your brother. Young Frank's as bright as the merry flowers in May."

Levison nodded.

"Yes, that rotter told me after he'd got me here!"

"I told 'im in the kindness of my 'eart!" mumbled Mr. Purkiss. "You keep off, and don't you git kicking a cove!"

"I've got your bike on the road," said the Caterpillar. "If you feel keen about the match, there's lots of time. Your side were all down for eighty in the second innings. Highcliffe battin' again now, and not at all expectin' the demon bowler to return and make hay of them."

Levison smiled faintly.

"This is awfully good of you, De Courcy!"

"Yes, isn't it? This is one of my benevolent days," said the Caterpillar urbanely. "Comin'?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Not kickin' Purkiss before you go?"

"Ere, I say——"

"Never mind that brute! Come on!" said Levison.

In a few minutes more they were mounted on the bicycles and riding for Highcliffe School. Levison's face was crimson with exertion, but it was very bright as he jumped down at the gates of Highcliffe.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

The Hope of his Side!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"Levison!"

"He's come back!"

Courtenay was still baiting. Highcliffe were one down for thirty, when Levison of St. Jim's hurried on the cricket field at Highcliffe, followed at a more leisurely pace by the Caterpillar.

Squiff had taken the ball for a new over, but he paused. Levison ran into the field.

"You're back?" exclaimed Wharton.

"And young Frank——"

"He's all right. It was all spoof—a trick to get me away," said Levison hurriedly.

"Great Scott! What——"

"A trick!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Yes. No time to explain now; I'll tell you afterwards. De Courcy spotted it somehow and got me away, and here I am!"

"The Caterpillar!" exclaimed Wharton. "Then that was what he meant!"

"Am I in time to be of any use, Wharton?"

Wharton laughed.

"I should jolly well say so! If you're fit!"

"Fit as a fiddle, and jolly keen!"

"They're thirty up for one wicket," said the captain of the Remove, with a grimace. "Squiff, old man, chuck that ball to Levison!"

"You bet!" grinned Squiff. "Go in and win, Levison."

"I'll jolly well try."

The Caterpillar joined the Highcliffe batsmen waiting at the pavilion. He grinned as he caught the smile of satisfaction on the dusky face of Hurree Jamset Ram Singh sitting there.

"I've brought your demon bowler back, old nut!" he remarked. "Now you can watch him makin' hay of us!"

"The hayfulness will be terrific, my esteemed and ridiculous Caterpillar!" chuckled the nabob.

The Greyfriars field watched Levison rather anxiously as he went on to bowl. What had happened they did not know. But they knew that all was right with him now, and they hoped for the best. Levison's return was the only chance they had of snatching victory from the jaws of defeat, and Levison had returned!

All eyes were upon him as he bowled to Smithson at the batting end. The ball went down.

Levison, after all he had gone through, was in his greatest form. He was spurred on, too, by a passionate desire to do his very best—to make his presence a help to his comrades—to make his old school-fellows glad that he was in their ranks.

"How's that?" came in a roar from the field.

"Out!"

Smithson carried out his bat rather dolefully. Courtenay gave a grim smile. His chivalry, and the Caterpillar's, looked like costing Highcliffe dear. But he did not regret it.

Benson came in, and he stayed just long enough for one ball. He was followed by Yates, and Yates stayed long enough for another. There was a roar from the Greyfriars field.

"The hat trick!"

"Bravo, Levison!"

"Oh, gad!" murmured the Caterpillar. "I only hope Courtenay won't kick me for this presently! Oh, great gad!"

Harry Wharton smiled with satisfaction. Already a big change had come over the game. Levison was not only at his best, he was better than his best. It seemed as if his recent rough experience had "bucked" him.

Squiff took the next over, and Courtenay getting the batting, put on ten more for Highcliffe. There was a catch at slip, and then the Caterpillar came out to join Courtenay.

They were a powerful pair at the wickets, and when Levison went on to bowl to the Caterpillar there was eager, breathless interest. The dandy of Highcliffe stood up to the bowling, but he could do no more. Not a run came to him.

Tom Brown bowled to Courtenay, and the Highcliffe skipper hit out. And that hit was followed by a yell.

"Well caught, Levison!"

"Oh, good man!"

"Old bean," whispered the Caterpillar, as Courtenay passed him on his way to the pavilion. "Old bean, kick me if you like!"

"Fathead!" said Courtenay, laughing.

"Forty for six wickets!" said Bob Cherry, with a cheery grin. "This begins to look better!"

"Forty to tie, forty-one to win!" said Vernon-Smith. "They won't get them!"

"No fear!"

But the Caterpillar proceeded to surprise the visitors. He knocked up runs from Tom Brown's bowling, and when he faced Levison he went on knocking up runs. Squiff took a wicket, and the Bounder made a good catch, but the Caterpillar seemed fixed. Sixty for eight wickets, and the Caterpillar still going strong! Seventy for nine wickets——

"Last man in!"

The Caterpillar had the batting. He handed out a four from Levison's best bowling; he handed out another four. Seventy-eight. Two wanted to tie, three to win. Levison's eyes gleamed as he

gripped the round red ball. Its flight was followed by a gasping breath round the field.

"How's that?"

"Hurrah!" roared Bob Cherry, tossing his cap into the air, careless of whether it ever came down again.

"Bravo!"

"Well bowled, Levison!"

The Caterpillar made a grimace. He looked down at his wrecked wicket, and strolled off.

"You've done splendidly, old chap!"

Bob Cherry thumped Levison on the back. He thumped him with ecstatic glee.

"Good man!" he roared. "Oh, good man!"

"Oh! Chuck it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Greyfriars wins! Hurrah!"

It was a narrow margin, but Greyfriars had won, and Levison, of St. Jim's, had won the match for his old school. The Remove cricketers carried him off the field shoulder high. As they came off, a bunch of sickly-looking fellows came down to the field. Ponsonby & Co., having finished their bridge and their smoke, were giving the cricket a final look-in, far from expecting to see Greyfriars a winning team. Gadsby turned white at the sight of Ernest Levison on the shoulders of his cheering comrades.

The Caterpillar slapped him on the shoulder.

"Cheer, Gaddy! Why the deuce don't you cheer?" he asked. "You won't have to pay Purkiss now, I should say—what?"

"Oh, gad!" gasped Gadsby helplessly.

Levison's eyes met Gadsby's. He gave the cad of Highcliffe one look of cool contempt, that was all. In the hour of his triumph Levison could afford to forgive the wretched plotter. Gadsby stood staring after him blankly.

It was by Levison's desire that no steps were taken in the matter of Gadsby's plot. He did not wish his last days at Greyfriars to be marred by a "row." He was content to let the young rascal go unpunished, save by the defeat of his rascality. The brake bore a merry party home to Greyfriars in the dusk of the summer evening. At Greyfriars a crowd of juniors heard the news of victory with a roar of cheering, which reached Frank in the sanatorium. And a few minutes later Ernest Levison came in, to tell Frank of the glorious day at Highcliffe, though not of the bitter anxiety he had been made to suffer that day.

Levison enjoyed his triumph—modestly, but he enjoyed it. During his stay at Greyfriars he had won golden opinions on all sides, and many of the fellows, especially Harry Wharton & Co., would have been glad if he could have stayed on at his old school for good. But that was not to be. All too soon the day came for departure, when Frank Levison, quite himself again now, was ready to start for St. Jim's with his brother.

Nearly all the Remove turned out to see the Levisons off. It was a send-off that gave the last touch of satisfaction to the former Greyfriars fellow, who had once left Greyfriars under a cloud and now stood high in the regard of his old school.

THE END.

(On no account must you miss next Monday's ripping story of Greyfriars. It is entitled "The Haunted Camp!" Place your order for the MAGNET early!)

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THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Missing Necklace!

"H 'M! Sir Wakely Gainsford! Show him up, Sing-Sing." Ferrers Locke, in his consulting-room with his young assistant, Jack Drake, placed the visiting-card on the desk before him as the Chinese servant glided from the room. A short interval elapsed, and Sing-Sing returned to usher in a tall, well-groomed gentleman of middle age and aristocratic appearance.

"Good-day, Sir Wakely!" said Ferrers Locke, rising to grip the hand of his visitor. "You wish to obtain my advice, I understand? This is my assistant, Jack Drake. You may speak freely before him. Now, pray be seated."

"Thank you, Mr. Locke!"

The client settled himself in the comfortable armchair indicated by the detective, and patted his brow with a silk handkerchief.

"As you saw by my visiting-card, Mr. Locke," he began, "my name is Gainsford, and I live at Fordene Lodge, Lowden, Warwickshire. Doubtless, too, you know that yesterday night a valuable pearl necklace was stolen from my residence."

"Yes," murmured Ferrers Locke, nodding his head. "I guessed that was your reason for coming to me, Sir Wakely."

"It was a somewhat extraordinary robbery," resumed the baronet. "While my wife and I were visiting friends in Lowden, the thief obtained access to a bedroom on the second floor of Fordene Lodge, and removed the pearl necklace from a tortoiseshell case on the dressing-table. A thin rope was found hitched to the brass knob of a bedpost, and the bed had been drawn close to the open window."

"Your servants were in the house, I believe," said Locke. "Did they hear nothing?"

"Nothing at all. They were down on the ground-floor and heard no one enter the house nor move the bedstead. I have

established the fact, however, from one of the chambermaids that the window of my wife's bed-room had been left open. This has led our local police to the belief that the room was entered from the garden, though how anyone could scale the building I don't know."

"But the rope?"

"There's a mystery about that. To me it seems that one of the servants must have hung it to the bed for some confederate to enter the house and get away with the goods."

"Almost as risky for the servant as if he or she had taken the necklace without a confederate," was Locke's comment. "But tell me, Sir Wakely, if this necklace was worth ten thousand pounds, as the papers stated, it was a very foolish thing to leave it about on a dressing-table?"

Sir Wakely frowned.

"It was, Mr. Locke. I had no idea when we went out that my wife had left her jewels in the tortoiseshell case. She had put them in there, intending to wear the pearls but finally decided not to. Instead, however, of putting them back in the safe in my study, where they are usually kept, she left them in her room. It was a most careless thing to do. Of course, the pearls are heavily insured, but they are an heirloom in our family, and money will not compensate the sentimental loss."

"You wish me, then, to try to regain them?"

"I do, Mr. Locke. I do not repose much faith in our local policemen. They are good fellows, but inclined to be rather dunder-headed. Already they have destroyed any chance of finding clues outside the house by trampling on the garden. But their theory seems to be that one or more of the servants conducted the robbery, and that the rope was merely a blind."

"Certainly one would get the impression that one of the servants was aware that the jewels were in the tortoiseshell case, and possibly provided some crook with the information. But I

must start my investigations at Fordene Lodge."

The client looked relieved and rose from his chair.

"Good!" he said. "There is a train which leaves Paddington at two o'clock and reaches Lowden shortly after four—that is, just in time for tea. Your assistant will come, too?"

"Rather!" said Locke, with a smile.

It took Locke and Drake but a few minutes to pack some things into a suitcase and prepare for the journey. Then, together with Sir Wakely Gainsford, they left the house and taxied to Paddington Station. They were just in time to catch the express, and something over two hours later they arrived at Lowden, in Warwickshire.

Sir Wakely had put a trunk-call through to his residence from Baker Street while waiting for Locke, and his car was at the station to meet the party. Fordene Lodge was but a mile west of the market town of Lowden, and at this fine old country residence Locke and Drake were introduced to Lady Gainsford and to a very excellent tea.

Not until this latter ceremony had been finished did Sir Wakely and his good lady permit the great detective and his assistant to proceed to business. Then barely had they risen from their seats to begin their investigations than a motor-car swept up the gravel drive of the Lodge, and two burly police officers stepped out.

"My aunt!" murmured Jack Drake, looking out of the big bay window of the drawing-room. "It's Inspector Pycroft, of Scotland Yard!"

The burly inspector and the sergeant who had accompanied him were ushered in. His surprise at seeing his old friend Ferrers Locke there in advance was amusing.

Having given a word of greeting to Locke and Drake, he turned and introduced himself.

"The chief-constable of Lowden sent a wire to Scotland Yard asking for assistance in clearing up the mystery of Lady Gainsford's missing necklace," he

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remarked. "The chief is an old friend of mine, and he knows from experience the wisdom of calling in the Yard in difficult cases. I trust you will give me every facility for having a look round, Sir Wakely."

"By all means, inspector. The more the merrier!"

Sir Wakely Gainsford led Locke, Drake, Pycroft, and the sergeant upstairs to the bed-room from which the necklace had been removed. The bed was still in the same position in which the thief or thieves had left it.

Locke, his assistant, and Pycroft examined the room, the bedpost, the rope, the tortoiseshell case from which the necklace was stolen, and the sill of the open window. When they had done so, Inspector Pycroft picked up the rope again, re-examined it, and coiled it over his wrist.

"I will take this along with me, Sir Wakely," he said. "I regard this as a most important clue."

"You're right, my dear Pycroft," remarked Locke gravely. "But let us descend to the garden."

Together they went downstairs, left the house, and made their way round the residence, to stand beneath the window of the bed-room. The chief constable of Lowden, who had sent for Pycroft, and who had been seeking clues in a lane at the back of the grounds, joined them. He was frankly puzzled by the case, and was genuinely glad to see the Scotland Yard man and Ferrers Locke.

Borne on the evening air came the sound of jazz music from somewhere over in the direction of Lowden.

"There's a circus encamped just outside the town," volunteered the chief constable. "You can't see it from the high road, as it occupies Jorkin's meadows, which are down by the stone quarries. Doing mighty good business among the townfolk, too, I believe."

There was a strange look on Pycroft's rubicund face. It was as though a glimmer of an idea was dawning in his official brain. He stepped back on to the grass lawn and stared up at the open window of the bed-room.

"How long has this circus been encamped in the neighbourhood?" he asked. "Was it here before yesterday?"

"It arrived two days ago," said the chief constable.

"That's right," put in Sir Wakely. "There has been great excitement among the servants. One of the chambermaids is engaged to a young fellow who works with the outfit."

"Indeed?" murmured Pycroft. "I should like to interview that girl before I leave. Now would you mind going upstairs again, Sir Wakely, and placing that bed in about the position it occupied before the robbery was committed? I have a theory I wish to test."

As Sir Wakely nodded and walked round the house there was an almost imperceptible twinkle at the corners of Locke's eyes.

The world-famous private sleuth stepped up to the wall of the house and began looking at a small water-pipe that ran up the wall behind some rose bushes and among a few sprays of Virginia creeper.

Pycroft gave an amused chuckle.

"You don't think that the thief climbed up to the window by that, Mr. Locke?" he asked in a bantering tone. "Send Drake up it a few feet, and if he doesn't bring the thing down from the wall I'll eat my new peaked cap."

"It certainly doesn't look very firm," remarked Locke.

"It wouldn't bear a schoolboy, Mr. Locke!" said Pycroft emphatically. "Any ass can see that!"

"It was wonderful how quickly you discerned the fact, my dear Pycroft," murmured Ferrers Locke sweetly. "But it looks to me from the appearance of the rose bushes here, and the creeper, that some attempt was made to mount the water-pipe. And look at this!"

He held out the palm of his right hand. In it the others saw a small round golden object.

"Where d'you get that, Mr. Locke?" asked Pycroft.

"It was caught in that rose-bush," said Locke, with a jerk of the head. "Actually, it was caught in the bush itself. It seems to me to afford a clue as important as the rope."

"It's, yes," said Pycroft. He took the little object and turned it over in his hand. "This is not solid gold. It is merely what is known as gold-filled. Obviously, it's the bottom part of a small stud such as is worn in a dicky or shirt front."

"Really?" said Ferrers Locke, raising his eyebrows. "That wasn't obvious to me."

"What is it then?"

Locke shrugged his shoulders.

"That I must try to find out," he said gravely. "The disc has been broken from some article, but I do not think it is a stud."

At that moment Sir Wakely Gainsford put his head from the second floor window to announce that he had placed the bed as it was before the robbery. Walking some yards from the house, Pycroft looked up with an expression of satisfaction on his face.

"As I thought," he remarked. "The bed-posts are easily visible from here. Now for a little experiment," he added jocularly.

He drew out the slip-knot of the rope he had coiled on his left wrist. Then he called up to Sir Wakely to stand aside. That done, Pycroft threw the rope, lariat fashion, at the open window. His object was to lasso one of the posts of the bed in the room, but he only once succeeded in even hurling the loop of the rope into the window.

"Egad, Pycroft," said Locke, with a chuckle, "you'll be developing into a second Tom Mix with a bit more practice! You think that the jewel thief might have thrown the rope from outside here, and, having drawn the bed towards the window, swarmed up to rob the house?"

Inspector Pycroft coiled the rope, and mopped his brow with a large red handkerchief.

"That's what I believe, Mr. Locke," he said, after he had regained the breath he had lost during his exertions. "There are usually one or more cowboys or rope-throwers attached to a circus nowadays. And my theory is that someone from the circus did this job, probably on information supplied by a servant of the household."

"Judging from the appearance of the knot in that rope," said Locke dryly, "I should say that it had been hung merely to the bed-post. The knot is not of the type made by a cowboy when intending to use a rope for throwing. And only a lariat-thrower of exceptional skill could hurl a rope through that window to lasso one of the posts of that bed. No, I think the thief gained access to the bed-room by other means, and then hitched a rope to the bed, pushed the bed near the window to obtain support for it, and descended by the lariat."

"We'll agree to differ, Mr. Locke," said the inspector. "Now I must ask Sir Wakely to let me interview the servants."

The party entered the house, and Sir Wakely escorted them to the library. One by one the servants were sent for, the first being Jane Lee, the girl who was engaged to the circus hand.

Pycroft himself took charge of the examination of the young woman, and rapped out question after question. The girl was nervous, and gave halting answers. She admitted she was engaged to a man who went by the name of "Tex" Davros. This young fellow had formerly lived in England, but had worked for some time on a cattle ranch in the Western States. During his cattle-punching days he had developed considerable skill with the lariat, and on his return home had found no difficulty in getting a job with Gander's travelling circus.

As the girl left the library, Pycroft looked knowingly in the direction of Ferrers Locke, but the great private detective pretended not to notice him.

The butler and the other servants were questioned in turn. From one of the other chambermaids, whom Pycroft swore to secrecy, the information was obtained that Jane Lee had gone to the circus on the previous evening and had met Tex Davros, her fiance there.

When the examination of the servants had been completed, Pycroft rose from his chair.

"The sergeant and I will take a run up to the circus," he announced. "I think, Sir Wakely, I shall have news for you shortly."

After Pycroft and the other Scotland Yard man and the local chief constable had left Fordene Lodge, Locke and Drake joined Sir Wakely and Lady Gainsford in their evening repast. The meal had barely finished when Pycroft and his party returned. The inspector came in, his face glowing redder than ever.

"Well, Pycroft," said Locke cheerfully, "have you nailed the criminal?"

"One of 'em," replied Pycroft.

"There," said Locke, "I said that our friend the inspector would speedily achieve an arrest. Who have you got, Pycroft—Tex Davros?"

"No," replied the Scotland Yard man, with a wry look. "He had gone off to the next town to visit someone. I'll have him to-night."

"Ah," drawled Locke, "then you have his accomplice?"

"I have. I've just arrested your servant, Sir Wakely—Miss Jane Lee!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Pycroft Makes Another Arrest!

"POOR GIRL! Poor girl!"

Ferrers Locke raised his eyes towards the panelled ceiling of the room, and muttered those words as though to himself.

"What do you mean?" snapped Inspector Pycroft. "D'you think Miss Lee is innocent?"

Locke extended his hands.

"I don't know—yet."

Sir Wakely Gainsford paced the room, his hands behind his back, and his brow wrinkled. His lady wore a grieved expression.

"I—I am sorry, inspector," she murmured. "Jane always gave me every satisfaction, and I have regarded her as a very good girl in every way. She has always been so quiet and—"

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THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 799.

"It's the quiet ones who are the deep ones," said Pycroft, with the air of a man giving vent to a gem of profound wisdom. "The case is as clear as a pikestaff. The girl went to the circus last night and put Davros wise to the fact that the necklace was in the bedroom. She remained downstairs with the other servants and chattered away to them while Davros came and did the job. He was a bungling amateur. He got the rope on to the bedpost all right, and escaped by it. Not being able to get the lariat off, though, he had to leave it."

"How interesting!" said Locke. "But if this girl was as deep as you think, Pycroft, surely she could have found the opportunity to creep upstairs and get rid of such damning evidence?"

"No doubt that was the intention," replied Pycroft. "But something prevented her, probably. However, there's no doubt that Davros did the job. Quietly, I took a peep at one of the lariats he uses in his turn in the circus ring. It is identical with the rope that was found hanging on the bedpost."

"Do you think that Davros will return to the circus?"

"That remains to be seen. He is due to appear at the performance this evening. I shall go there. He will have got rid of the necklace, no doubt, but he may try to brazen the whole matter out. If he doesn't return, I will set the wires humming all over England. He won't get out of the net drawn by Scotland Yard."

A policeman of the London force who had been brought by the Chief Constable, took charge of the unfortunate girl, who was driven in a motor-car to the town, sobbing bitterly. Leaving Sir Wakely, Locke and Drake donned their hats and accompanied Pycroft and the Chief Constable to the circus, a walk of about fifteen minutes from the lodge. The sergeant, who had been left at the circus to keep an eye open for Davros, met them near the entrance to the pitch.

"Tex Davros has returned," he announced. "He has just this minute ridden into the ring to do his rope-throwing turn."

"Good!" said Pycroft. "The chief has obtained a search-warrant, and we will have a look through the man's gear. I expect the manager will be acting as ring-master, but we can easily find out which caravan Davros occupies."

They found a man who described himself as the assistant manager, and when he learnt of the object of the visit, he conducted them to a caravan some short distance behind the great circus tent. It was set among a number of other vans on the meadow above the stone quarries. On their way to it they passed several booths and a row of naphthalene flares, beneath which were standing a number of freaks who acted as additional circus attractions. A small knot of yokels and town's folk were gathered goggle-eyed about these freaks, loth to leave them for the even bigger attractions of the circus proper.

Entering the caravan of Tex Davros, the party found the place in considerable confusion. A camp bed with coarse blankets untidily heaped upon it was along one side. On the other side was a small table and chair and some shelves containing a few tins of various foods and some pots of jam. Some old magazine pictures decorated the walls, together with some gaudy trappings and harness. But it was several coiled ropes hanging on large nails which immediately attracted the attention of the Scotland Yard man.

He examined each of these in turn, and then drew out a coiled rope from beneath his blue tunic.

"No doubt about it at all!" he muttered. "The ropes here are identical with the one found hanging to the bed at Fordene Lodge. Now we will just have a look through the chap's shirts and other gear in case we can find any trace of a broken stud to fit that part you have in your possession, Mr. Locke."

A general search was made, but no trace of a broken stud was to be seen.

"Well, it doesn't matter," said Pycroft. "The evidence is strong enough without that. In all likelihood after the stud broke, the other part fell out, too. All we have to do now is to go and arrest Davros."

Led by Pycroft, who had completely taken charge of things, the party left the caravan and walked across to the entrance of the big striped circus tent. Just before they reached it, a well-built man wearing a grey shirt, a red scarf, cowboy's hat, and a pair of "chaps"—or hearthrug trousers, as the comic men call them—emerged from the sawdust ring.

"Tex Davros!" said Ferrers Locke.

Throwing out his chest, Pycroft advanced, and, as the fellow drew rein, tapped the man on the knee.

"Davros," he said, "I arrest you for the theft of Lady Gainsford's pearl necklace! It is my duty to warn you that anything you may say will be taken down and used in evidence against you."

The circus performer idly swung the lariat he held in his hand, and gazed down at the Scotland Yard man with steely eyes.

"I guess you've made a mistake," he said quietly. "After the show last night I went down towards Gainsford's place, in the hope of seeing my girl. But she wasn't at the place where I arranged to meet her, so I came back."

"Ho! So you went down to Fordene Lodge, did you?" said Pycroft, with a rather cynical curl of his lips. "You didn't know, I suppose, that one of your lariats was found at the house?"

Tex Davros started.

"No," he said; "I don't read the papers. All I heard was that a robbery had taken place in the neighbourhood. I ain't got any friends in this show, or I might have known. But, by gum, I wondered where one of my ropes had got to! I've got a round dozen all alike, and I could only find eleven before the show to-night."

Pycroft took a pair of handcuffs from his hip-pocket, and held them out.

"Get down from that horse, Davros," he commanded. "You must accompany the chief constable to Lowden."

The man made no movement to obey, and Pycroft gave a nod towards the chief constable and the sergeant. He himself grasped the cowboy by the "chaps."

The light of anger flamed up in the grey eyes of the accused man. He touched his spurs to the flanks of his steed, which bounded forward. Pycroft



A SHOCK FOR PYCROFT!

With a sudden twist of the wrist Tex Davros dropped the noose of his lariat round Pycroft's body. Next moment he was careering along the ground on his back behind the mounted cowboy. Locke and Drake hurled themselves at the horse's head. (See Chapter 2.)

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hung grimly on. Then Davros, with a sudden twist of his wrist, dropped the noose of his lariat about the inspector's burly body. Pycroft loosened his hold, and the tautened rope jerked him off his feet. Next moment he was careering along the ground on his back behind the mounted cowboy.

"Ooh! Help!" bellowed Pycroft. "Stop him!"

Locke and Drake, who had closed in, hurled themselves at the horse's head. Grasping the bridle, they managed to bring the steed to a standstill. Circus hands were running towards them from all directions. The chief constable, assisted by the sergeant, dragged Davros from the horse, and snapped a pair of "darbies" over his wrists. Pycroft rose to his feet muttering to himself. He took off the rope which encircled his body, and brushed the dust from his uniform.

"Anyway, we've got him," he said. "We'll get him off to Lowden before too great a crowd collects."

"You've got him," murmured Ferrers Locke in the ear of the dishevelled inspector. "I'm sorry."

"Sorry!" snapped Pycroft. "Sorry about what?"

"Sorry that you haven't got the right man."

"Rot!" was Pycroft's polite retort.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Runaway Caravan.

"YOU'RE a spy—a snake in the grass; that's what you are!"

The Living Skeleton made that remark with a wave of his skinny arms to a grubby lad in greasy clothes, who stood calmly before a gathering of the circus freaks.

It was the morning after the arrest of Tex Davros. When Pycroft and the other police officials had taken the cowboy to Lowden, Locke had paid a visit to John Gander, the proprietor of the circus. Gander thought a deal of Davros, and he thought even more of the reputation of the most famous private detective in the world.

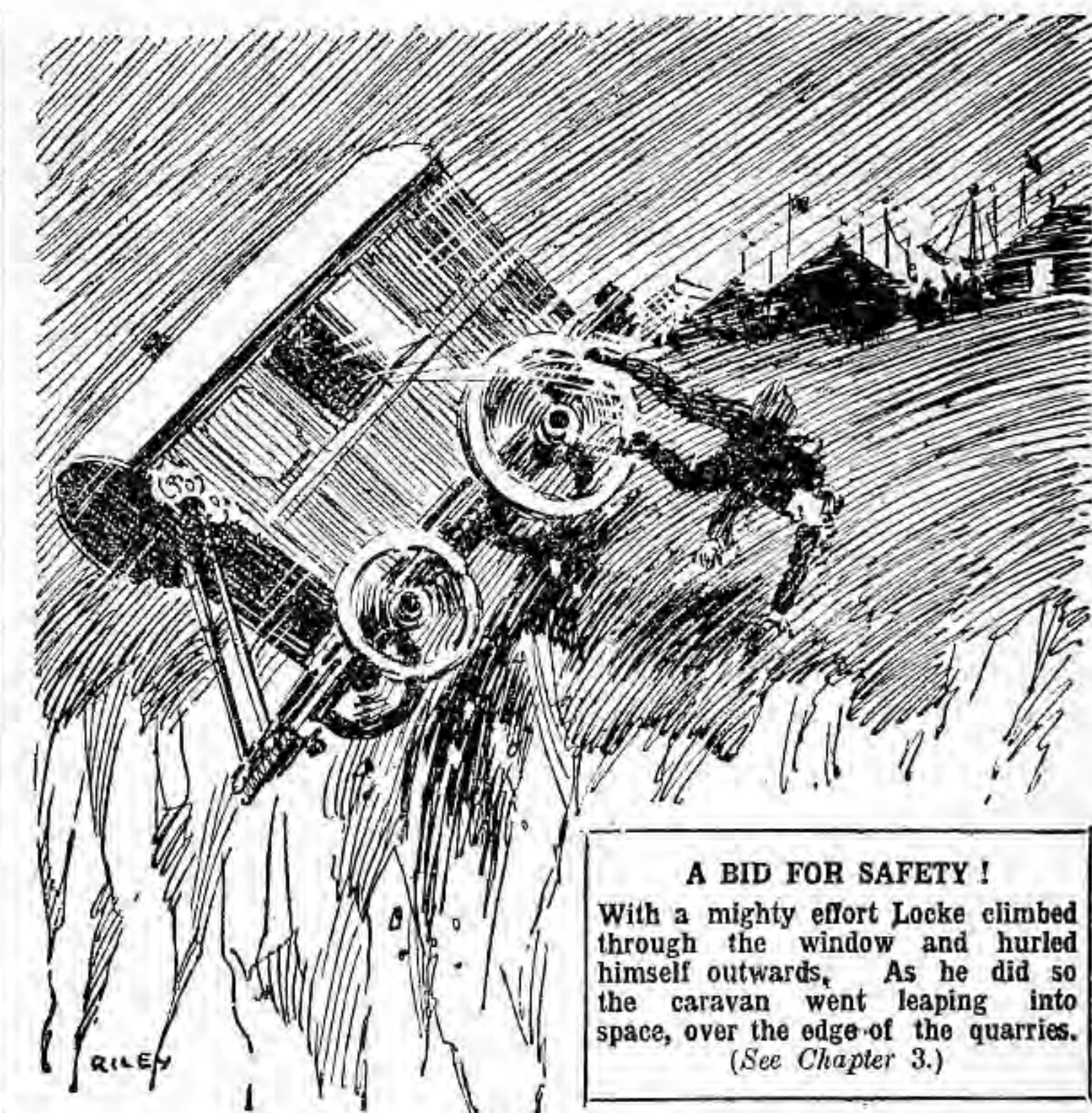
Thus when Locke had introduced himself, and stated that in his belief Davros was innocent, the proprietor was keenly interested. He willingly agreed that Locke and his young assistant should join the circus as ordinary working hands, to test out a theory that the sleuth had conceived about the case of the missing necklace.

So in the morning, Locke and Drake had arrived in disguise to take up their self-imposed duties. All might have been well but for one thing. Besides having the thinnest body of almost any human being, the Living Skeleton also had the sharpest eyes. And his remark about "the snake in the grass" was addressed to none other than Jack Drake, who had been ambling past the stands of the freaks.

"You needn't deny it," went on the Living Skeleton, when the boy did not reply. "I spotted you at once. You were with those nosy policemen who nabbed Tex Davros last night. I suppose you're spying about trying to find out what he's done with the necklace, or if one of us has got it?"

"You can jolly well think what you like," said Drake. "My uncle, Jim Hawks, and me got taken on to help look arter the horses, and suchlike jobs."

"You're nothing but a sneakin' police nark, I tell you!" almost shrieked the Living Skeleton. He whipped off his



A BID FOR SAFETY!

With a mighty effort Locke climbed through the window and hurled himself outwards. As he did so the caravan went leaping into space, over the edge of the quarries.

(See Chapter 3.)

coat, and revolved his lists like a wind-mill. "Put 'em up!"

Drake folded his arms and pursed his lips.

"Aw, quit it," he advised. "If you don't, I'll whistle a tune and blow you to Jericho!"

The Living Skeleton went purple with rage, and waved his arms more violently. The Siamese Twins, the Smallest Midget in the World, the Bearded Lady, and the Indiarubber man, thronged forward to see the fight. As Drake stepped forward the Living Skeleton backed, his arms still whirling fiercely.

Suddenly, as Drake made a quicker step forward, the thin fellow, with a howl, turned tail, and ran as though a host of demons was at his heels.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Drake. "That chap's all bones and hot air!"

Most of the freaks laughed, too, at the spectacle of the bombastic Skeleton, whose courage had so deserted him. But Mordo the Midget ran in and gave the boy a hard kick on the shin as the latter turned away. However, Drake only grinned benignly at the little fellow, and went off to seek Locke in the caravan which had been placed at their disposal.

"Well, what have you found out, my boy?" said Locke, who was peeling potatoes. "Anything?"

"Not much," replied the boy. "That annoying Living Skeleton has been finding out things, it seems. He suspects me, and I suppose he suspects you, too."

"H'm! That's unfortunate," said Ferrers Locke. "Still, it can't be helped. We must stay on now, and finish our job. I don't think it will take me long ere I get an opportunity of putting the theory I have conceived to the test."

"I wonder if your theory is the same as mine, sir?" said Drake. "The only thing I've found out is that that beastly Skeleton chap was seen spying on Tex

Davros and Miss Lee. Therefore, he might have heard the girl tell Davros that Lady Gainsford had left her necklace lying about."

"He did overhear that," said Ferrers Locke. "And I've found out, moreover, that the Skeleton went and blabbed about it round the circus. He shares a caravan with that little fellow Mordo, and he's friendly with several tough customers among the circus hands."

"Then the mystery's clearing," said Drake. "That water-pipe which runs up the wall of Fordene Lodge would not bear a man of the weight of Tex Davros—or even of a schoolboy, as Pycroft remarked. But, by Jove, it would bear the Living Skeleton! The rotter must have lifted one of Davros' ropes and gone down to the Lodge with it. Having scaled the water-pipe, he helped himself to the gems, tied the rope to the bed-post, and shinned down."

Locke patted his young assistant on the shoulder.

"Well done, my boy!" he cried. "That is good reasoning, but I am by no means sure that it is correct yet. We must get evidence. After dark, when the Skeleton is on his stand, I am going to have a look through his caravan. I've an idea I shall find something there which will bring home the guilt of the robbery to the real criminal."

There was little that could be done during the day by the sleuth. But evening drew on at last. Dusk gave place to darkness, a darkness pierced by the flames of the reeking naphthaline flares and the raucous voices of the showmen. The great circus tent filled with people, and the band inside blared forth syncopated music. The freaks stood on their stands, callous to the curious gaze of rustic sightseers. A few booths and sideshows behind them did a roaring business.

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According to plan, Jack Drake took up a position some little distance from the Skeleton's caravan to the rear of the circus pitch to keep cave. Locke, waiting till the coast seemed clear, crept forth, and stealthily made his way to the van.

With panther-like tread the sleuth mounted the steps of the vehicle, and drew the door shut behind him. The van was in darkness, but Locke drew an electric-torch from his pocket and began the search he had come to make.

Neither the Living Skeleton nor the Smallest Midget in the World appeared to be the tidiest of people. Their gear was thrown haphazard all over the van.

At first Locke paid particular attention to some articles of attire which were lying about on some boxes. Then he turned to examine a home-made dressing-table at the far end of the van. A tin box particularly took his notice. He opened it, and gave a little grunt of intense satisfaction. Among a number of other small articles in it was a little, round, golden-coloured disc. It was identical with the one which he had found caught in the rose-bush by Fordene Lodge, save that this had a little wire ring in the centre of the disc.

Locke dropped the article in his pocket and replaced the lid of the tin box. Then he carefully looked over a number of curious boots and shoes strewn about upon the floor.

Finally, his search completed, he left the caravan as cautiously as he had entered it. After walking some yards he stopped and looked for Drake, but the boy was nowhere to be seen. So he strolled on back to his van.

Hardly, however, had he reached it when four burly figures darted out from the shadows and hurled themselves upon him. Locke was taken completely by surprise. He had just time to recognise in the men the toughest characters of the Gander outfit when he was sent staggering by a blow on the side of the head from a sandbag.

Half-stunned, the detective gave a grunt, regained his feet, and lashed out with all the force he could summon. His fist caught one of the ruffians on the forehead, and the man dropped like a felled ox.

The other three closed with the sleuth, and by sheer force hustled him into the van. One of them again struck him with the sandbag, and Locke had but the haziest idea of what was happening until he found himself being gagged and bound.

But even in his dazed state he summoned sufficient physical power to his aid to keep his chest inflated and his muscles tautened. Directly the ropes had been tied the men slunk out of the caravan, and shut the door. Locke, lying bound on the floor, heard them chuckling together. Then four heavy blows sounded.

The detective strove to raise his head. His eyes shone with a strange light. What did the rogues intend to do? It sounded as though they were knocking the wooden wedges away from under the wheels. Hardly had this thought struck him than he felt the caravan begin to move. The men were pushing it down the slope.

Ferrers Locke exhaled the deep breath he had taken, and the ropes slackened a trifle about his body. He was genuinely concerned now. The van was gathering speed. He remembered, with horror, that some distance down

the slope of the hill, on which the caravans of the circus were encamped, were the old stone quarries!

Faster and faster the van proceeded on its way. It swayed drunkenly over the rough turf. But each moment Locke's brain was getting clearer, and his strength returning to his limbs. Desperation made him exert every effort to tear the bonds from his body. He worked his right hand out of the ropes, and tore at the knot over his left arm with his teeth.

Now it seemed that at any moment the racing caravan would lurch completely over. The gag was still in the sleuth's mouth, but he could not be bothered to remove this, for it was held in position by a dirty scarf. But, getting his legs and arms free from the ropes, he squirmed his body out of the bonds and tried to rise. Immediately he went hurtling across the van, to cut his cheek open against the edge of a wooden table.

Again he rose, and this time clutched at the small, open window. At whatever risk to his bones he must leave this death-trap before it went hurtling over into the quarries.

From the direction of the circus he heard the sound of shouting. Drawing himself up on to the table, he got his legs through the window. Then, with a mighty effort, he hurled himself outwards. As he did so the runaway caravan went leaping into space over the edge of the quarries.

Locke struck the ground with a terrific thud. His left arm doubled up beneath him; his wrist snapped like a pipe-stem. Then he went rolling over and over down the steep slope of the quarry like a shot rabbit, to lie bruised, unconscious, and bleeding seventy feet below.

During the time that Ferrers Locke had been making the search of the Skeleton's caravan, Jack Drake had remained on guard some short distance away. His absence when Locke emerged was explained by the fact that a man, who was one of the gang which had been so interested in his movements throughout the day, had approached him.

"What are you hangin' around here for, kid?" demanded the ruffian, eyeing the boy suspiciously. "Clear out of it!"

He made as though to go towards the caravan in which Locke was working. To keep the fellow away Drake checked him and walked off in the opposite direction. The ruse succeeded, and the man chased Drake round the booths, to the amusement of a number of rustics in the vicinity.

It took the boy some time to shake off the attentions of the rogue. Then, thinking that Locke must have finished his work, he walked quickly past the big tent towards that part of the pitch where the caravan shared by himself and Locke was parked among others.

Suddenly he caught a glimpse of four burly men fleeing through the darkness. Next instant he became aware that a caravan—his caravan—was moving down the grassy slope of the hill. But his effort to catch the swiftly-moving caravan was hopeless. By the time the boy arrived, hot and breathless, at the edge of the quarries the van was lying in a splintered heap far below. Running along the edge of the quarries, he peered below. There, grim and still, was the beloved figure of his chief.

With all speed Drake sought the help of one of the hands, and clambered down

a rope to Locke's aid. In less than three minutes the detective was dragged to safety, Drake being hauled up a moment afterwards.

Hardly had he set foot on the ground above than Inspector Pycroft, of Scotland Yard, and the Chief Constable of Lowden came on the scene.

Locke's eyelids flickered and a faint smile stole over his face, as consciousness began to return to him again.

"Take me round near those circus freaks," he said feebly.

Pycroft protested, and said that he ought to get to hospital at once. But Locke insisted, and his wishes were carried out. The party drew up near the stands on which the Bearded Lady, the Siamese Twins, the Indianrubber Man, the Living Skeleton, and the Midget were on view.

"My aunt!" muttered Drake to himself. "So it was the Living Skeleton."

Then Locke's finger shot out. It pointed direct at Mordo the Midget.

"Pycroft," he said, "arrest that man! I charge him with the theft of Lady Gainsford's necklace!"

"What?" gulped Pycroft. "You must be delirious, man!"

"Not I," replied Locke. "Tex Davros is innocent. It was Mordo who scaled the water-pipe outside Fordene Lodge and stole the jewels. Look at his face. There's guilt in every line of it! If you want proof you'll find it in my pocket!"

Drake took from the sleuth's pocket the round disc found in the rose bush, and the other disc which the detective obtained in the caravan shared by Mordo and the Living Skeleton.

"That," went on Ferrers Locke, "is a cuff-link. I should think it is one of the tiniest links ever made. But the piece I found by the lodge proves without a shadow of doubt that Mordo himself was down at the Gainsfords' residence. If further proof is required, you will find it on a pair of his shoes. They still bear traces of the gravel which borders the garden of Fordene Lodge. Mordo it was who borrowed the rope from Davros' caravan."

At first Mordo protested his innocence, and went into a tearing rage. Pycroft took him in charge, and then, as Ferrers Locke was taken off to hospital to have his injuries attended to, the inspector examined the Midget's caravan. Beneath a board, wrapped up in one of Mordo's shirts, was the stolen necklace!

Tex Davros was released, and so was the girl, Jane Lee, who had been so unwise as to talk about her mistress' carelessness in leaving the jewels about. It was proved that the Skeleton had learnt of the fact, and had gossiped to Mordo and others about it. There was no evidence, however, to connect him with the crime. The four ruffians who had sent Locke's caravan adrift were captured. They confessed that Mordo had bribed them to do the job.

And when on the following day Inspector Pycroft went with Jack Drake to visit Locke in Lowden Hospital, the Scotland Yard man ungrudgingly admitted he had still something to learn in the great game of hunting down crooks!

THE END.

(There is another thrilling detective story featuring Ferrers Locke next Monday, entitled "The Two Tunnels Mystery!" by your favourite author, Owen Conquest. Tell all your friends about these fine yarns and persuade them to give the MAGNET a trial. They will thank you afterwards!)

THE WIRELESS DICTIONARY FOR BOYS. (Conclusion.)

AN aerial consisting solely of the aerial and earth wires separated by a spark gap is called a plain aerial.

LENGTH OF AERIAL.—The length of an aerial is measured from any of its extremities to the point where it is joined to the instrument. Thus the length of an inverted L aerial is the horizontal span added to the length of the leading-down and leading-in wires. The length of a T-aerial is the distance from one end of the horizontal span to the point where the leading-down wire is tapped off it plus the length of the leading-down and leading-in wires.

AERIAL BRIDLE.—This is the short length of rope fitted with lugs at both ends and in the middle for the purpose of attaching the two ends to the spreader and the middle of the rope to the balyard.

AERIAL CIRCUIT.—This consists of the whole of the wires and apparatus which form the aerial circuit, including aerial, earth, and all coils and condensers lying in the direct path of the aerial.

AERIAL INSULATION.—This refers to the insulators by means of which the aerial is attached to its supports.

AERIAL TUNING CONDENSER.—This is a variable condenser interposed in the aerial circuit so as to enable one

to vary the oscillation constant of the receiver.

DOWNLEAD AND LEADING-IN WIRES.—These are the wires which connect the aerial wire with the instruments. Where the leading-in wire passes through the roof or wall of a building it must be properly insulated, and for this purpose leading-in insulators are used.

HIGH-TENSION BATTERY.—In wireless telephony this usually consists of a number of dry cells for providing the valve plate current.

FUSE AND CIRCUIT BREAKERS.—These are devices for cutting off the current when it reaches a dangerously high point, thus protecting the instruments from damage. A fuse is usually made of lead wire which has a low melting point, so that when any current greater than the current which the lead wire will carry tries to pass the wire the fuse melts and thereby breaks the circuit, and the current stops flowing. Circuit breakers are automatic devices for breaking the circuit when various conditions for which the breaker is designed occur.

COHERER.—This is a detector based upon the fact that certain points in a circuit do not normally make good contact, but when they are submitted to the effect of electric magnetic waves they make almost perfect contact, thus decreasing the resistance and permitting a current to pass. The Marconi coherer consists of fine metallic filings contained in a glass tube between two electrodes of platinum. The resistance of the filings is greatly decreased when oscillations pass through it, but because it has to be provided with an auto-

matic tapper to resensitise it after the passage of each wave train it is not suitable for rapid working.

ALTERNATING CURRENT.—When the direction of flow of a current is periodically changed, it is called an alternating current.

CONTINUOUS OR DIRECT CURRENT.—When an electric current flows in one direction continuously and regularly it is called a direct current.

DETECTOR.—Any apparatus which converts the oscillations received by an aerial into audible or visible signs is called a detector. A valve having rectifying properties which enable it to produce the signals conveyed by oscillatory currents is called a detector valve.

POTENTIAL RECTIFIER.—A crystal or other rectifier which requires an initial current to pass through it before it becomes sensitised. A rectifier is any apparatus which is able to convert an oscillatory current into a direct or intermittently direct current.

REACTANCE.—The resistance or impedance experienced by a current in a coil of wire other than ohmic resistance is caused by the current reacting upon itself because of induction.

IMPEDANCE.—The total resistance to the flow of a current in a circuit from all causes, whether ohmic, inductive, or from any other cause, is called the impedance.

INDUCTANCE COIL.—A coil arranged for a large amount of inductance; it is sometimes referred to as a Choking Coil, Impedance, or Reactance Coil.

POTENTIOMETER.—This is an apparatus for obtaining any fraction of an existing difference in potential.

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