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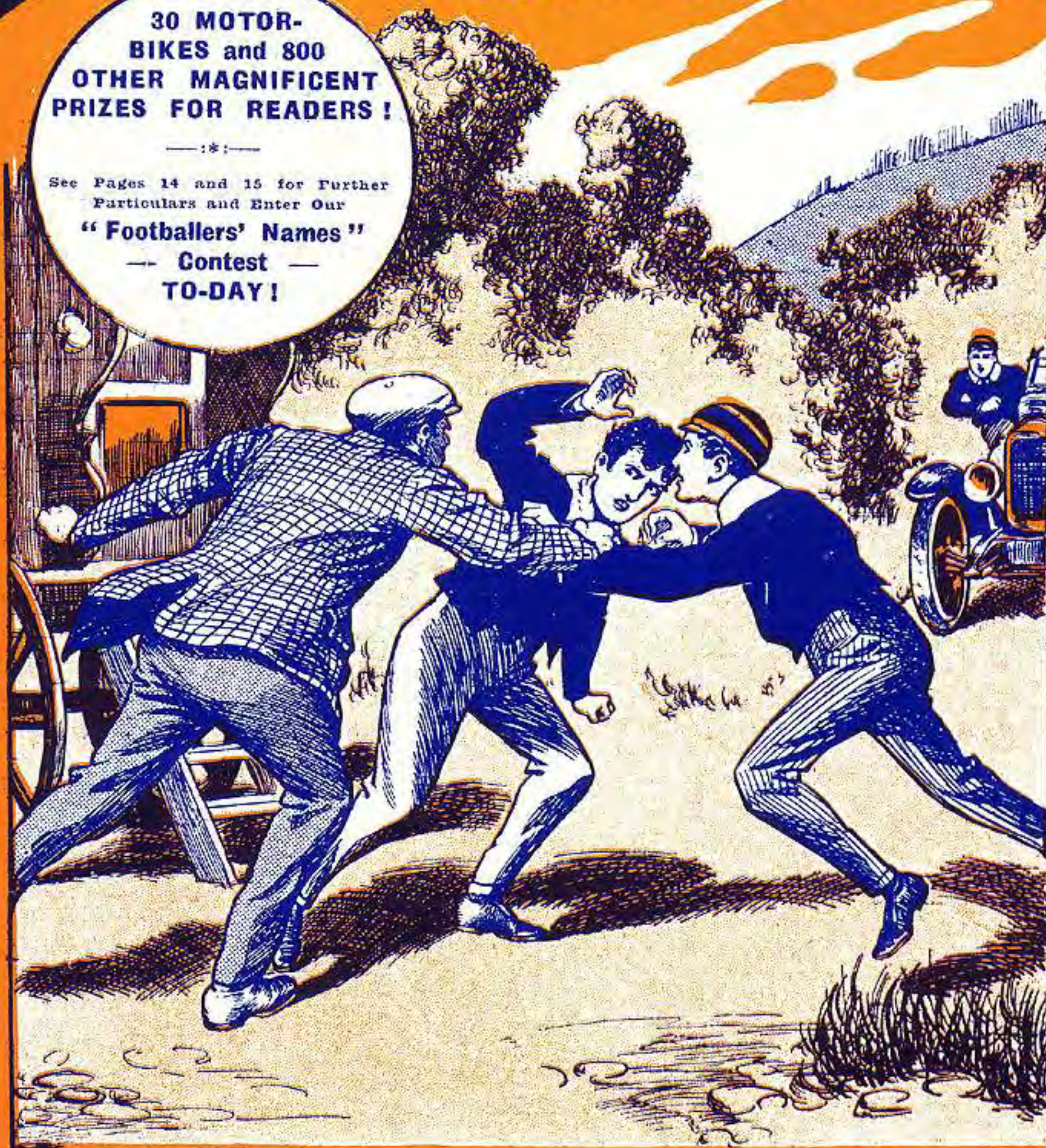
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THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Let Down!

"YOU fellers won't mind—" Mick stopped.

There was a slight flush in the dark cheeks of the gipsy schoolboy, and he looked doubtfully at Wharton and Nugent—his study-mates in No. 1 in the Remove.

It was teatime, and Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent, fresh in from football practice were ready for tea—more than ready. They were rather surprised to find preparations for tea in the study well advanced—with a somewhat unusual stack of supplies on the table.

The fire burned brightly, the kettle was singing on it, and there was a mountain of toast keeping warm in the fender. There were cakes and scones and tarts on the table, as well as ham and eggs and sardines and a beautiful pat of butter.

Wharton and Nugent eyed the tea-table with appreciative eyes. Football, in a cold wind from the sea, had given them a remarkably good appetite each.

They smiled cheerily at Mick, as he asked them whether they would "mind."

"Mind!" repeated Nugent. "Mind you standing a spread? Not much!"

"Not the tiniest little bit in the world!" said Harry Wharton, with a laugh. "Carry on, by all means."

Mick's flush deepened.

"You see—" he began.

"I see," assented Wharton. "Make the tea, Nugent, old chap."

"What-ho!"

"I—I've asked a chap to tea—"

"All serene," said Wharton, laughing again. "Then these terrific preparations are not for us, but for some person or persons unknown."

"Of course, you, too," said Mick. "But I've asked another chap—you fellers don't mind?"

"Why should we mind?" said the captain of the Remove. "You can ask anybody you like to tea in your own

study. If we don't like him we'll lump him."

"Ask the Head if you like," said Nugent, pouring the boiling water on the tea. "Or Mr. Quelch; or any old thing!"

"Is it Bob Cherry?" asked Harry.

"N-n-no."

"Johnny Bull?"

"Nunno."

"Inky?" asked Wharton. "If it's Inky—"

"It ain't!"

"Well, never mind who he is—he can come and welcome," said Harry. "But he'd better buck up; we're going to begin."

"It's a Fourth Form chap," said Mick.

"Well, we don't often have chaps in other Forms to tea," said the captain of the Remove. "Still you can ask the Fourth if you like, and the Fifth, too. Even the jolly old Sixth. What are you blushing about, you young ass?"

Mick, the gipsy, looked discomfited.

"It's a chap you ain't very friendly with," he said.

"Well, we're not chummy with any of the Fourth. But we can be civil, even if it's a great panjandrum like Temple."

"Tain't Temple."

"Well, give him a name," said Frank Nugent, looking round curiously at the hesitating gipsy. "Who the merry dickens is it?"

"Aubrey Angel."

"Oh!"

Wharton and Nugent ejaculated "Oh!" simultaneously.

Mick looked at them anxiously.

"You don't mind?" he asked. "I know you don't like Angel of the Fourth—but—but I like him."

"What the thump do you see to like in Angel of the Fourth?" demanded Nugent.

"I—I don't know! I like him," said Mick. "I liked him first time I see him, when I came to Greyfriars."

"And showed it by licking him!" said Nugent, with a laugh.

"I—I never wanted to fight Angel. He made me, and Skinner egged him on," said the gipsy schoolboy. "But that's all over. We've made friends."

"Hem!" murmured Wharton.

"I know you blokes thought him a snob because he was down on me," said Mick. "But—but, after all, what was I? Only a gipsy vagrant, and Angel's a splendid chap—in his way."

"Is he?" said Nugent dryly.

"Yes, he is!" said Mick, with some spirit. "I think so, even if you don't. The fellers say he smokes and plays cards in his study—"

"He does."

"Well, he ain't an ordinary bloke, and I ain't setting up in judgment on him," said Mick. "He's made friends with me. It was all because of his father coming the other day—Sir Philip Angel—"

"He came because Angel of the Fourth wrote to him," said Nugent. "and asked him to use his influence as a governor of the school to get you turned out of Greyfriars."

Mick winced.

"I know," he said, in a low voice. "But—but you know how it happened—Barengro, the gipsy, started on old Sir Philip in Redclyffe Wood, and I helped Angel's father, and—and—and then he asked Angel to be friends with me, and we shook hands on it."

"A lot Angel cares for that!" grunted Nugent.

Harry Wharton was silent.

He was quite aware that there was a shock in store for the gipsy schoolboy. Sir Philip Angel was a stern and resolute old gentleman, and his son had not ventured to dispute his wishes. But Sir Philip was gone, and Angel of the Fourth was free to do as he liked. And it was pretty certain that he would not like to be friends with the gipsy. He detested Mick personally—he looked down on him as a gipsy outcast—above

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all, he resented bitterly the strange circumstance that Mick strongly resembled him in looks.

On that subject the supercilious Angel had been chipped unmercifully. Fellows who had winced under his disdain had taken delight in asking him whether he had gipsy relations. Angel's fierce resentment had made his likeness to the gipsy a favourite topic among fellows who did not like the cad of the Fourth—and their name was legion.

Mick's face quivered, and Frank Nugent was sorry the next moment that he had spoken.

"Angel wouldn't shake hands with me, in his father's presence, unless he meant to be friends really," said Mick in a trembling voice.

"Well, let's hope it's all right," said Nugent. "After all, we don't know much about Angel—he may have his good points."

"I know he has," said Mick, his face brightening a little. "If you fellows knew him better, you'd think so."

"Well, we shall know him better, if he comes to tea, kid," said Harry Wharton soothingly. "We'll treat him like an honoured guest and a long-lost brother."

"After all, I suppose he means to be friendly, as he's accepted your invitation to tea," said Nugent. "He said he would come?"

"Not exactly," said Mick. "You see, I—I didn't care to go to his study without bein' asked. I sent him a note askin' him to tea. I got your minor to take it, Nugent."

"Oh! Then you're not sure he's coming?"

"I 'ope he is," said Mick. "I—I think he will, because we're friends now, you see."

There was a footstep in the Remove passage, and a shrill whistle. The cheeky face of Nugent minor, of the Second Form, looked into Study No. 1. He nodded and grinned to his major, and tossed a folded note to the gipsy schoolboy.

"That's from Angel!" he said, and walked away whistling.

Mick caught the note.

"That's to say he's coming!" he said confidently.

Wharton and Nugent were silent. They did not think so; but there was no need to state what they thought.

Mick opened the note.

His handsome face was bright as he glanced at it. But the brightness died out suddenly.

His face changed, and his lip trembled. The note fluttered from his hand, and fell on the tea-table among the cakes. Mick was a hardy youth—he had endured long years of ill-usage at the hands of Barengro, the gipsy, his old tyrant; and he stood lickings from masters and prefects at Greyfriars with a stoicism that made the Remove fellows wonder. But now his lip quivered, and his features worked, and, to their consternation, Wharton and Nugent saw a tear roll down his dusky cheek.

"Mick!" exclaimed Harry.

Mick made an effort to control himself.

"He ain't coming!" he said unsteadily. "You can read the note if you like. You fellows have your tea—I don't want any." He moved almost blindly to the door.

"But—" exclaimed Nugent.

But the gipsy schoolboy was gone.

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THE SECOND CHAPTER.

To Avenge Bunter!

HARRY WHARTON picked up the note from the table. His brows were knitted, and his eyes gleamed under them. He did not need telling that Angel's reply contained some bitter gibe in return for the confident faith of the gipsy schoolboy. The scene in the visitors' room, when Sir Philip Angel had made Aubrey give the gipsy the hand of friendship, must have been gall and wormwood to the snob of the Fourth. He had not lost this opportunity of taking a mean revenge.

The chums of the Remove read the note together. It was quite in the style they had expected of Aubrey Angel:

"Thanks!

"I don't accept invitations from gipsy vagabonds. A. ANGEL."

"The rotten cad!" said Nugent.

Wharton set his lips.

"Of course, the rotter never meant to be friends with Mick," he said. "I suppose he dared not oppose his father's wish—but he meant to let Mick down as soon as he could, and as hard as he could. The worm!"

"Poor old Mick!"

"He's a young ass!" said Wharton. "Blessed if I can see why he should like Angel! The rotter's been down on him ever since he came, and tried to get his father to shift him out of the school. Why the deuce does he want to be friends with the cad?"

"Goodness knows!" said Frank. "Perhaps because he's so like him in looks. Lots of the fellows chip Angel about Mick being a relation of his. It makes Angel wild, and makes him hate Mick more than ever. But I suppose the young ass can't think anything of the kind!"

"Hardly."

Wharton glanced at the well-spread tea-table. There was something pathetic in the sight of the great preparations

Mick had made for the snobbish fellow who had turned down his invitation as insultingly as he could.

"Well," said Harry, after a pause, "Angel has a right to decide for himself whom he will be friends with, and a right not to be friendly with a fellow simply because that fellow saved his father from a gipsy footpad. But he hasn't any right to insult a chap after shaking hands with him and pretending to make friends. He could have let him down lightly, and with tact, if he'd liked."

"Catch Angel doing that!"

"He's going to pay for not doing it," said Wharton. "Mick's a pal of ours, in a way, and he's a sensitive little beggar, fairly at the mercy of a sneering cad like Angel. I'm going to call on Angel of the Fourth after tea."

Nugent laughed.

"Good; I'll come! But we're landed with a splendid spread—we'd better get in some guests of our own, as his high mightiness Aubrey isn't coming, and Mick's gone off to mope."

And Frank Nugent left the study, and returned in a few minutes with Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh. The three had just come in from football, and they were hungry, and prepared to do full justice to Mick's spread.

"This is something like!" remarked Bob Cherry. "But wherefore this thusness? Have you fellows come into a fortune?"

"The fortunefulness seems to be terrific," remarked Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh, "and this gorgeous spread is a stitch in time which will save the cracked pitcher from going longest to the well, as the English proverb says."

"It's Mick's spread," said Harry.

"Then where's Mick?" asked Johnny Bull. "Does he stand spreads and leave his guests to get on with it on their own?"

Wharton tossed the note across the table.

"You fellows can see that," he said. "Mick told us to read it. You won't mention it outside this study, of course."

Bob Cherry's brow darkened when he read Angel's note.

"The cad!" he growled.

"The rotter!" said Johnny Bull.

"The terrific outsider!" said the Nabob of Bhanipur. "After tea I am going to punch his ridiculous head."

"That's my job!" said Harry Wharton. "I've put in the first claim. But tea first—I'm famished!"

"Same here!"

The Famous Five sat down to tea. Five hungry footballers soon made a clearance of the good things that had been intended to gladden the eyes of Aubrey Angel of the Fourth.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! How did Bunter know there was a spread on in this study?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter rolled in.

"I say, you fellows, I haven't come to tea—"

"You never have," said Nugent. "You only stay on after dropping in by sheer chance! What?"

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"Roll away, barrel!"

"I say, I've been kicked—" said Bunter.

"Not for the first time, by some hundreds, or thousands," said Bob Cherry. "I remember Mick kicked you the first

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day we met him. I hope he's kicked you again."

"Beast!"
"Who's going to roll that barrel out?" asked Nugent. "You're nearest the door, Bob."

"I'm your man!" said Bob, getting up.

"I say, you fellows, hold on! I've been kicked!" howled Bunter. "That cad Angel of the Fourth! I say, you might stand up for a fellow in your own Form!"

"I'm standing up for you," said Bob—"standing up to kick you out, Bunter! Are you ready?"

"Kicked me out of his study, you know," said Bunter. "I wasn't doing anything—just glancing into his study cupboard, when he came in. I never touched anything. I hadn't time—I mean—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! You fellows oughtn't to let a cad like Angel kick a Remove chap!"

"There's one Remove chap that can do with a lot of kicking," said Bob Cherry. "His name's William George Bunter, of Bunter Court, Nowhere. Here goes!"

Bob Cherry twirled Bunter round, and drew back a large size in boots—but William George Bunter did not wait for the kick. He bolted out of Study No. 1 like an arrow from a bow. Bob Cherry grinned, and slammed the door after him.

"Beast!" came in a howl through the keyhole. Then William George Bunter departed for fresh fields and pastures new.

Bob chuckled, and sat down to finish his tea. Over the remnant of the spread the Famous Five discussed what was to follow. It was agreed on all hands that Aubrey Angel of the Fourth was to be licked; and the Co. reluctantly consented to leave the task in the hands of Harry Wharton. Every member of the famous Co. would have been pleased to undertake the task of punching Aubrey Angel.

"Only," said Wharton thoughtfully,

"what am I going to punch him for? Must give a reason."

"For letting Mick down like a beastly cad, of course," said Bob.

"Yes, but Mick's a sensitive little beast; he won't like that. 'A rose by any other name would smell as sweet,' as Shakespeare remarks. Angel ought to be punched for treating Mick rottenly; but I think I'd better punch him for some other reason. It doesn't matter what the reason is, so long as he's punched."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He slacks at footer," said Johnny Bull. "Punch him for that."

"Well, that's a good reason, if we can't find a better one," assented the captain of the Remove. "I suppose I can't tell him I'm punching him because I don't like the way he does his hair."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What about Bunter?" suggested Nugent.

"Bunter?"

"Yes—he seems to have kicked Bunter. Bunter's a fellow in our form, though he doesn't do us any credit. Avenge Bunter."

"Good!"

There was a roar of laughter in Study No. 1. Certainly, in ordinary circumstances, none of the Famous Five would have dreamed of punching a fellow for kicking Billy Bunter out of his study. But it was a ready-made reason for punching Angel, without dragging Mick's name into the matter. With a delicacy of perception rather rare in the Lower Fourth, Wharton realised that Mick would be deeply hurt if Angel's insult to him was taken up as an ostensible cause of quarrel, and made in consequence the talk of the Remove.

The Famous Five left Study No. 1 in a body, after tea, and looked into No. 7, Bunter's study.

"Your prize pig here, Toddy?" asked Wharton.

Peter Todd looked up and grinned. "Here he is! Take him away!"

"Look here, Toddy, you rotter——" bawled Bunter.

"Come on, Bunter," said Tom Cherry. "Yah!"

"We want you," explained Wharton. "Is it a feed?" asked Bunter, his manner changing quite suddenly. "Thanks awfully, old chaps——"

"It isn't a feed!"

"Oh, go and eat coke, the lot of you," said Bunter, with another sudden change of manner.

"You told us Angel of the Fourth had kicked you," said Harry.

"So he did, the beast! Call yourself captain of the Form, and let a Fourth Form cad kick a Remove fellow!" sneered Bunter. "Previous Form captain—I don't think."

"I'm going to lick Angel."

"Eh?"

"Don't you want to see the show?" Bunter jumped out of the armchair with great activity.

"I'm coming, old fellow!"

"Come on, then," said Bob Cherry, with a chuckle. "Come and tell Angel of the Fourth what you think of him, and then see Wharton lick the cad."

Billy Bunter grinned with joy at the prospect. His little round eyes fairly gleamed with satisfaction behind his big spectacles.

"I say, you fellows, it's awfully decent of you to stand up for a pal like this," he said.

"We try to be decent, you know," said Bob solemnly.

"I shall stand you a feed for this," said Bunter, "as soon as my postal order comes——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at?" demanded Bunter. "I mean it! In fact, if you give Angel a really good hiding, Wharton, I'll have you down to Bunter Court for the holidays."

"Oh, my hat! After that, I shall put up a fight like Dempsey!" said the captain of the Remove. "Lead on, Bunter! You're boss of this show, you know."

"Follow me!" said Bunter loftily. And the Owl of the Remove led the



"You kicked me, Angel," said Bunter, with disdainful scorn. "And I'll kick you again, you cheeky barrel," shouted Angel. "I'd have licked you," continued Bunter, "only——" "You couldn't!" said Bob Cherry. "Get on!" "A friend of mine is taking up the matter for me," said Bunter, with dignity. (See Chapter 3.)

—of Harry Wharton & Co., the famous characters of Greyfriars!

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way, strutting ahead of the Famous Five with an air of great importance. And the chums of the Remove followed him with grinning faces.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Angel Takes His Medicine!

MICK, the gipsy, came quickly out of the window recess as the Removites were crossing the landing, heading for the Fourth Form passage. His face was a little pale. But there were no other signs of emotion about it. Mick had felt the insult from Aubrey Angel deeply; it had wounded him to the quick. But the gipsy schoolboy, sensitive as he was, was not the fellow to wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at.

"Here, hold on—," he exclaimed.

"Halt!" said Bob Cherry.

"The halfulness is terrific."

Mick looked anxiously at the juniors. He could see that it was a war-party, going to look for trouble in the Fourth; and he thought that he could guess the reason.

"You fellers going to see Angel?" he asked.

"Just that!" agreed Bob.

"Look 'ere, you don't want to make any row on my account, Wharton," said the gipsy schoolboy, flushing. "It's my business, ain't it?"

"Quite so!" agreed the captain of the Remove. "Are you thinking of hammering Angel, Mick?"

"No, I ain't!"

"It would do him good," suggested Johnny Bull.

"Oh, rot!"

"Well, get on!" said Bob.

"Look 'ere, you ain't going to rag Angel on my account—"

"Your account, you cheeky ass!" Billy Bunter interposed. "What's it got to do with you? My friends are going with me to Angel's study to back me up."

"You!" ejaculated Mick.

"Oh, come on, you fellows," said Bunter. "Don't waste time on that gipsy. It's no business of his."

"You see, Mick," Bob Cherry explained solemnly, "Angel has kicked Bunter—"

"Serve him right!" said Mick.

"Why, you cheeky rotter—" roared Bunter.

"But the Fourth can't kick the Remove," said Johnny Bull, with a grin. "We've going to point that out to Angel."

"Emphatically!" said Bob.

Mick eyed the party dubiously.

"Oh! if it's about Bunter—" he said.

"Who the thump did you think it was about?" demanded the Owl of the Remove scornfully. "You're cheeky! Get out of the way! I say, you fellows, come on, for goodness' sake!"

Mick stepped back, still a little dubious, perhaps. But he understood that, whatever might be the Co's motive in raiding Angel's study, nothing was to be said about him or Angel's letter to him.

The war-party marched on, and a number of the Remove gathered round them, curious to know what was on. Billy Bunter was only too willing to let them know.

"My friends are backing me up in a row with the Fourth!" he announced loftily.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bunter's leader," explained Bob

Cherry. "We're his humble followers—following in our father's footsteps, you know."

"What rot!" remarked Vernon-Smith. "What does it matter if Angel, or anybody, kicks Bunter?" inquired Squiff.

"On this occasion it matters a lot," said Harry Wharton; "Angel, in kicking Bunter, has kicked the Remove. Can the Remove be kicked with giddy impunity?"

"Never!" said Johnny Bull.

"Perish the thought!" said Nugent.

"Lead on, Bunter."

"Follow me!"

Bunter led on. Quite a little army of Removites followed on, keen to see the entertainment. In the Fourth Form passage they came on Temple and Fry of the Fourth.

"Hallo, is this a raid?" demanded Cecil Reginald Temple.

"Pax!" said Harry Wharton at once.

"No need to gather the clans, Temple—it's not a Form raid. We're calling on Angel. You can come in and see fair play, if you like."

"What's he done?"

"Kicked Bunter."

"What the thump does that matter?"

"Bunter thinks it does. Get on!"

The war-party arrived at Angel's door. Bob Cherry opened the door, sending it flying wide open with a bang.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he roared.

There was a startled exclamation in the

study. Aubrey Angel, of the Fourth, had finished tea, and was leaning back in his luxurious armchair, smoking a cigarette—one of his little ways. Kenney was smoking another cigarette, and the two black sheep were talking "gee-gees." They jumped as the war-party arrived and the door banged open. Angel sprang to his feet, with a savage look.

"What the thump do you fags want here?" he shouted angrily.

"You, dear boy."

"Get out!"

"Get in!" said Wharton.

And the Removites got in.

"Look here, you cads," said Angel between his teeth. "If you've come here for a rag I'll jolly well yell for a prefect."

"Shut up!" said Billy Bunter.

"What! You cheeky fat frog—"

"Shut up!"

"Go it, Bunter!" chorused the Famous Five. And there was a chortle from the crowd of Removites and Fourth-Formers crammed outside Angel's doorway.

Billy Bunter put his plump arms akimbo, and stared at Aubrey Angel through his big spectacles with disdainful scorn. Bunter was quite enjoying himself. Never had he felt so important. He was backed up by his Form—the leaders of the Form were backing him up—and Bunter felt that his real consequence in the Remove was being recognised at last. It was like the king coming into his own again.

"You shut up, Angel!" continued Billy Bunter victoriously. "You just listen to me. You kicked me in this study—"

"I'll kick you out of the study, if you don't roll out, you cheeky barrel!" shouted Angel.

"You kicked me," said Bunter calmly. "I'd have licked you, only—only—hem!—only—"

"Only you couldn't!" said Bob Cherry. "Get on!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Go it, Bunter!"

"A friend of mine is taking up the matter for me," said Bunter with dignity. "After consulting with my friends I've decided to leave the affair in the hands of the captain of my Form."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now, then, Wharton!" said Bunter. Harry Wharton stepped forward.

"Ready, Angel?" he asked, pushing back his cuffs.

Aubrey Angel gave him a venomous look.

"I'm not fighting you on that gipsy's account," he said. "If he wants trouble he can come here himself."

"What gipsy?" asked Wharton innocently.

"That vagabond Mick!"

"What's Mick got to do with it?" asked Temple of the Fourth.

"Nothing!" said Bunter promptly.

"Wharton's chipping in as captain of my Form, because Angel kicked me. Angel's afraid to stand up to him."

"Funk!" roared Squiff from the doorway.

"It's about that gipsy, Mick!" hissed Angel. "Do you think I don't know? Do you think—"

"I know what we think," said Temple contemptuously. "We think you're a rotten funk, Angel, if you don't put up your hands."

"Funk!" roared a dozen voices.

"He kicked me!" shouted Bunter.

"Took me unawares, you know, when I was looking into the cupboard—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If Angel can kick a Remove chap, he

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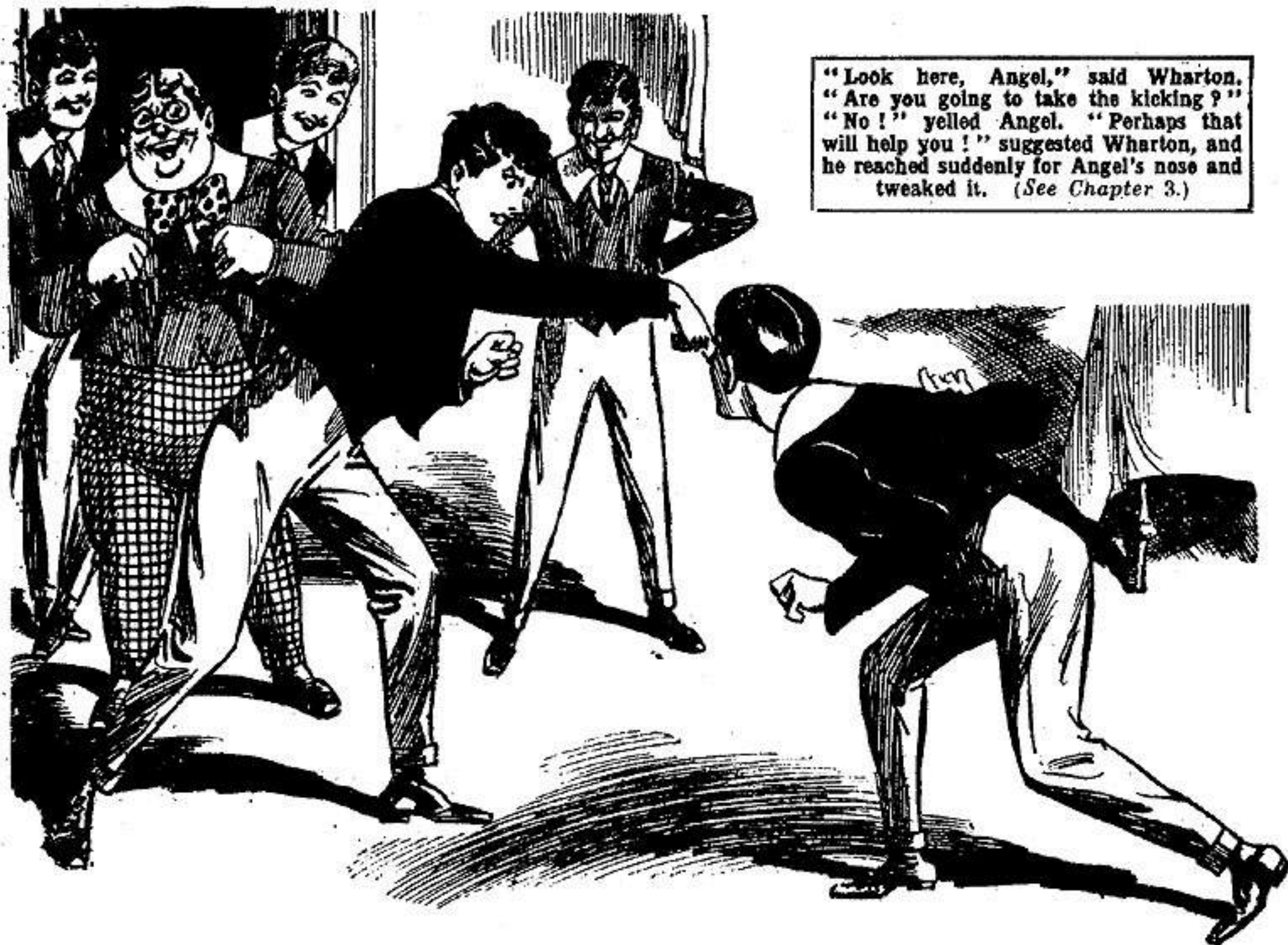
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"Look here, Angel," said Wharton. "Are you going to take the kicking?" "No!" yelled Angel. "Perhaps that will help you!" suggested Wharton, and he reached suddenly for Angel's nose and tweaked it. (See Chapter 3.)

can put up his hands to a Remove chap!" said Tom Brown. "Screw up your courage, Angel, old man!"

"I tell you——" yelled Angel.

"I'm waiting!" said the captain of the Remove politely.

"Go it, Angel!" said Fry.

"I won't! I——"

"Tap him on the boko, Wharton!" called out Bunter. "Even Angel will fight if you punch his nose."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I won't!" hissed Angel. "I——"

"Well," said Wharton, with an air of consideration, "if a chap won't fight, it's not the game to make him. But he kicked Bunter! He must let Bunter kick him!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Turn round, Angel!"

"What?" panted Aubrey.

"Bunter's going to kick you," explained Wharton. "Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

"You—you rotter! I won't! I——"

"That is only fair, my esteemed funky Angel," said Hurree Singh. "The kickfulness is now a boot on the other leg. And whoever is saucy to the goose must be saucy to the gander, as the English proverb says."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's that, or a scrap!" said Wharton impatiently. "You can take your choice, Angel—and buck up about it."

Angel fairly quivered with rage. He was quite certain in his own mind that it was his letter to Mick that had brought the Famous Five to his study. He had felt quite safe about that, for he was assured that the gipsy schoolboy would not want to make the unpleasant incident the talk of the Lower School by setting

out to avenge the insult. But Harry Wharton had proved equal to the occasion. Mick was not to be mentioned, and the Removites were there to avenge Bunter.

"Well?" said Harry.

"Look here, you rotter——"

"Are you going to take the kicking?"

"No!" yelled Angel.

"Then put up your hands."

"I—I——"

"Perhaps that will help you!" suggested the captain of the Remove, and he reached suddenly for Angel's nose, and tweaked it.

There was a yell of laughter, and a howl from Aubrey.

The tweak did help him. Even Angel could not stand that. He clenched his fists and sprang at the captain of the Remove like a tiger.

Then the fight began.

The other fellows crowded back to give the combatants room. For several minutes the Removite and the Fourth-Former were "going it" hammer and tongs.

Angel, red with rage, attacked hotly, savagely, and several of his furious blows came home and made Wharton blink a little.

But he received some very severe punishment in return.

The juniors looked on with interest. Angel could be supercilious and disdainful. He was a past-master in the art of wounding a fellow's feelings in cunning ways that it was difficult to resent. But he had never shown up as a fighting man.

Now, however, he was putting up an unexpectedly good fight, and for some

minutes it looked as if the two were well matched.

But a drive on the nose sent Angel staggering across the study, and then his brief courage petered out a little. He came up to the fight again slowly and reluctantly.

After that the captain of the Remove knocked him right and left, till at last Angel sprawled on his expensive carpet and refused to rise.

"I—I'm done!" he gasped.

"The donefulness is not terrific, my esteemed funky Angel. Get up and get onfully."

"Funk!" snorted Fry.

"I'm done, I tell you!" snarled Angel.

Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, if you say you're done I suppose you're done," he said. "You ought to borrow a little pluck from somewhere, Angel, before you start out to make yourself so dashed unpleasant."

"I'll make that gipsy sorry for this!" hissed Angel, glaring up at the captain of the Remove.

"He hasn't had enough!" exclaimed Bunter. "I say, you fellows, I'll jolly well kick him now!"

"You jolly well won't!" said Bob Cherry, taking the Owl of the Remove by the collar. "Kim on!"

"Leggo, you beast!" roared Bunter.

"This way!"

Bob propelled the fat junior out of the study. The juniors followed, laughing, and Angel was left to himself. Kenney closed the door; and then Aubrey Angel found that he was able to rise. He sat down in the armchair and mopped his streaming nose with a handkerchief. Kenney watched him with a lurking grin.

—Yes? Then look forward to next week's ripping yarn! It's a scream!

"I'll make him sorry for it!" muttered Angel.

"Who—Wharton?" asked Kenney blandly.

"No, you idiot!"

"Bunter?" smiled Kenney.

"That gipsy brute—"

"What on earth's the gipsy got to do with it?"

"He's at the bottom of it. It was only spoofo about Bunter. What do they care if a fellow kicks Bunter? It's that gipsy cad!" Angel gritted his teeth. "I'll make him sorry for it. I'll get him out of this school before long."

"You've tried that already," said Kenney. "You brought your father into it, and it's turned out that he's backing up the gipsy."

"There's another way!" snarled Angel.

"What's that?"

"Find out!" said Angel sourly.

The cad of the Fourth had no intention of confiding his secret schemes even to his toady. For it was of Barengro, the gipsy, that he was thinking, and of his scheme to help the ruffian to recapture Mick, the runaway. Upon that, Angel of the Fourth was fully resolved now; but he was well aware that, if the plot should be a success, his own part in it required to be kept a dead secret, if he did not want the gates of Greyfriars to close behind him for ever.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Barengro's Chance!

BARENGRO, the gipsy, knocked out his pipe and refilled it, lighting it from an ember of the dying fire. It was night—close upon midnight—and the gipsy camp on Courtfield Common was sleeping. Barengro still sat on a log by the fire, smoking. The gleams of firelight played on the gipsy's dark, savage face as he sat there. His expression was dogged and savage. He was thinking of Mick, the runaway from the camp—now out of his power for ever, as it seemed.

Why Barengro was so fiercely determined to recapture the boy was a mystery to his gipsy associates, and to Mick himself. From Mick's earliest recollection, his life in the gipsy gang had been one of hardship and ill-usage. He had received rough kindnesses from other members of the gang, even sometimes from the drunken ruffian Melchior; but from Barengro, nothing but blows and curses. Yet, now that Mick had escaped him, Barengro remained camped at Courtfield, grimly determined not to move on till the runaway was recaptured. The rest of the gang grumbled at the long stay. Begging and pilfering and roost robbing and poaching had put them on the worst of terms with all the local inhabitants, and Sir Hilton Popper and other local magnates were striving to induce the police to turn them off the common. But Barengro was leader of the gang, and they still remained.

And now he had almost given up hope of recapturing the runaway. In his first weeks at Greyfriars, Mick had been wild and unfamed. Many a dark night he had stolen out of the Remove dormitory, and roamed in the woods—many a day he had failed to return to the school for lock-up; and Barengro, watching for his chance, had several times almost succeeded in getting hands upon him. But of late the gipsy seemed to have settled down in the school; night after night Barengro had lurked by the walls of Greyfriars, waiting and watching, and only disappointment had

followed. And within the walls of the school Mick was safe.

Barengro's gloomy reflections, as he smoked by the dying fire, were interrupted by the sound of a footstep.

He turned his head quickly.

A schoolboy, muffled in a coat, with his cap drawn down over his forehead, came out of the shadows, and approached the camp-fire with hesitating steps.

He saw Barengro, and came on more quickly.

The gipsy leaped to his feet.

"Mick!"

For a moment he thought that it was Mick who stood before him, and he stared in amazement.

He realised his error the next moment.

It was not Mick. It was the Greyfriars junior who so closely resembled the waif—so closely, that once Barengro had seized upon him, believing that he was Mick.

"You—Master Angel!" said Barengro.

"Yes."

Angel looked round him fearfully in the shadows. He had taken a great risk in stealing out of the school and visiting the gipsy camp. Only his hatred of Mick could have spurred him on to take the risk.

"All safe here," said Barengro, with a grin. "The camp's asleep. You've got something to tell me, Master Angel."

"Yes."

"About Mick?"

"Yes."

"Good!"

The gipsy eyed Angel curiously.

"You remember, when I saw you last"—Aubrey Angel spoke in a low voice hurriedly—"you told me you wanted Mick. You wanted a chance to get hold of him."

"I've waited here for weeks, for that," said Barengro. "We break camp the minute I've got my hands on Mick."

"I told you I could help you."

"I remember."

"He's stopped breaking bounds at night," said Angel. "I—I've been watching him. I thought I'd be able to give you the tip when he went out of bounds at night. But he's stopped it; he was nearly sacked for it, and he's clucked it. And—and he's more in favour than ever, owing to something that happened in Redclyffe Wood last week—"

Barengro started.

"What was that?"

"It doesn't matter what it was—I—"

"Tell me," said Barengro.

Angel made an impatient gesture. He was anxious to be gone. But he feared the dark, scowling gipsy, and he did not venture to deny him.

"My father came down to the school. I'd asked him to come, to get the gipsy turned out—"

"Sir Philip Angel?"

"Yes, yes."

"Colonel Angel's brother?" said Barengro, a strange light in his eyes. "You're a nephew of Colonel Angel."

"You don't know anything of my uncle, I suppose," said Angel. "He was killed in the war. I hardly remember him—"

"I remember him," said Barengro, between his teeth. "I remember him, and I fancy he remembered me, till he died. He and his son—"

"My uncle never had a son," said Angel. "I told you that, when you spoke of him before."

Barengro made an impatient gesture.

"Tell me what happened in Redclyffe Wood?"

"My father was attacked by some

gipsy ruffian, and Mick helped him out. So instead of turning him out of the school, my father is backing him up now."

"So that was your father!" said Barengro.

Angel started violently.

"Was—was it you—"

Barengro laughed harshly.

"Never mind that," he said. "Get on!"

Angel panted. He realised that he was standing in the presence of the gipsy footpad who had attacked his father, and it made him recoil. It was from the ferocity of this ruffian, Barengro, that Mick had rescued Sir Philip Angel. For a moment, Angel repented that he had come to the gipsy camp, and he made a movement to go.

"I never knew him," said Barengro. "He has changed in all these years. Not that I ever saw him much; but I remember he was like his brother in those days. It was Denys Angel, the colonel, who—" Barengro stopped, and gritted his yellow teeth. "Never mind that. He paid for what he did."

"You knew my uncle—you were his enemy?" asked Angel, with a scared look.

"What does it matter? You're going to help me to get hold of Mick," said Barengro, with rude abruptness. "Get on with it!"

Angel breathed hard.

This ruffian had attacked his father; but, after all, he was the only one who could serve the turn of the cad of the Fourth. Angel's repentance was brief.

"Yes; he's got to go!"

"You hate him?" said the gipsy.

"I despise him!" said Angel. "And—and he's so like me—so the fellows say—I'm sick of it! I've got enemies in the school—they chip me about it, making out that he's a relation of mine—that gipsy vagabond!"

Barengro burst into a harsh laugh.

"Do they say that?" he asked.

"It's only fooling, of course, just to make me sit up," said Angel, between his teeth. "I'm fed up with it! I want the brute out of the school. Are you ready to collar him?"

"Give me the chance; that's all!"

"And you'll clear off as soon as you've got him?"

"The same hour."

"Then listen to me. I can manage it easily. For some reason, I don't know why, the cad wants to make friends with me. I can pull his leg and get him safe out of gates for a walk—you understand?"

Barengro's eyes gleamed.

"I understand."

"Then it's only a question of arranging when and where," muttered Angel hurriedly.

"Good!"

For ten minutes more they talked in low tones. Then Aubrey Angel disappeared into the shadows again; and Barengro returned to his pipe by the dying fire, with a savage grin on his dark face. Through the gloomy night Aubrey Angel tramped back to Greyfriars, in a satisfied mood. He had taken a desperate step, and he knew that there was risk in what he had done. But he did not repent. Only a day or two more, and the gipsy schoolboy would be gone, for ever, back to the old life, back to hunger and blows and brutality, and Angel of the Fourth felt that it was worth the risk.

Read about the would-be "birdmen" of Greyfriars—next Monday!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Angel's Way!

"MICK!" The gipsy schoolboy started.

It was Wednesday, and morning classes were over at Greyfriars. The afternoon was a half-holiday; and as there was no match on that day, Harry Wharton & Co. had arranged to give the gipsy schoolboy some coaching, initiating him into the mysteries of Soccer.

Mick was going out into the quad after dinner, when Angel of the Fourth addressed him.

He spoke quite genially and familiarly, and gave the astonished gipsy a pleasant nod.

Mick simply stared at him. He was too surprised to speak.

"Busy this afternoon?" asked Angel.

"Eh! What? No!" stammered Mick.

"I'd like to speak to you——"

"To me?"

"Let's stroll round the Cloisters a few minutes," said Angel agreeably. "I want to tell you I'm sorry."

"Sorry!" repeated Mick.

"Will you come?"

Mick hesitated a moment.

He had been bitterly hurt; and after that insulting note from Angel of the Fourth he had given up entirely any idea of ever being friendly with the fellow. Angel's friendly advances now amazed him, and he felt a natural impulse to refuse to be drawn. But that was only for a moment. The next, he nodded and smiled.

"I'll come."

The two juniors walked away together, and strolled into the cloisters, a quiet and rather secluded spot.

As a matter of fact, Angel of the Fourth did not want to be seen with the gipsy, so far as that could be avoided.

There was nothing but rancour in his secret heart towards the gipsy schoolboy; indeed, only the bitterest rancour could have driven even Aubrey Angel to the treachery he now contemplated.

And he still regarded Mick, as he had always regarded him—with the disdain of a supercilious snob.

He was glad to get into the cloisters, out of sight of the crowd of fellows in the quadrangle. But several fellows noticed them strolling away together, and wondered.

"The giddy lion and the lamb over again," said Peter Todd. "I thought they were at loggerheads."

"So they are," said Skinner. "Angel's pulling his silly leg for some reason."

And Peter concluded that that was the case. Angel was just the kind of fellow to take another fellow up, in order to drop him in a marked way afterwards.

Mick was a simple fellow in his way, but he was no fool; and perhaps some suspicion of the kind was in his thoughts. He was rather reserved towards Angel.

But his desire to be friendly with this junior, whom he so strongly resembled, was keen; so keen that it surprised himself a little. He was glad to give the dandy of the Fourth every chance.

Angel could be very agreeable when he liked; and he liked now. His manner was very frank.

"I treated you rottenly the other day," he said.

"You did?" answered Mick.

"I'm sorry! Fellow can't say more than that, can he?"

"I—I s'pose not."

"The fact is," said Angel, "I was a bit wild at my pater making me make friends with you. I felt that I was being bullied in a way. Fellow chooses his own friends, doesn't he?"

"Of course," assented Mick.

"But after I'd sent you that note," continued Angel, "I thought the matter over. I'd have recalled it if I could have."

Mick's face brightened.

"I'm glad to 'ear you say that, Master Angel," he said earnestly. "I don't mind owning that it 'urt me hard."

Angel shuddered inwardly at the dropped aspirates. But he continued to smile.

"You see," went on Angel, "I remembered how you'd helped my father when a footpad went for him. That makes a difference."

"Yes," said Mick.

"The pater wanted us to be friends. Well, why shouldn't we be?"

Mick beamed.

"I don't see any reason why not," he answered simply. "Course, I ain't your equal, Master Angel. I don't pretend to be. But I did admire you ever since I first saw you, and I'd have been very glad if you'd have spoken a kind word to me. I dunno quite why, 'cause I ain't a feller to be friendly very easy with anybody. I s'pose it's because you're so like me in looks."

Even Angel's hard heart had felt a twinge for a moment. But it hardened again as the gipsy made that last remark.

"The fellers say, in their jokes, that we're related," said Mick. "They say so to get at you, because you don't like it, which is quite natural. But I've never had any relations, and I don't even know my own name, and so, although I knowed there was nothing in it, of course, it gave me a sort of pleasant feeling to be like somebody near enough to be his relation. P'raps you wouldn't understand that, you always having had people, and so on."

Angel did not understand it; there was little that was sensitive or imaginative in his hard nature. But he contrived to smile.

"I see!" he said.

"And now, if you really mean it——" said Mick hesitatingly.

"I mean it," said Angel. "Let's be friends. It will please my father, and he's a good sort. What are you doing this afternoon?"

"I was going to play football with the Remove blokes."

"Come out of gates with me instead. You're not keen on footer."

"Well, I've hardly played the game yet," said Mick. "I want to pick it up. But, of course, I'd rather go out with you, Master Angel."



A schoolboy, muffled in a coat, with his cap drawn down over his forehead, came out of the shadows, and approached the camp-fire with hesitating steps. Barengro, the gipsy, leaped to his feet. "Mick!" he exclaimed in astonishment. (See Chapter 4.)

Coker, the joker, is well to the fore! As an aeronaut he wants some beating!

"Then it's a go," said the dandy of the Fourth. "I'll meet you at the gates at three."

"I'll be there."

"Done!" said Angel.

And he nodded and walked away. Mick looked after him with a bright face; but Angel's brow was clouded as he went.

Somewhat to his own surprise, he discovered that he had, somewhere, a rag of conscience. He was uncomfortable at the part he was playing. He did not shrink from trickery; but his present conduct was of a kind that even unscrupulous fellows, like Kenney and Skinner, would have regarded with horror and scorn. Angel felt a sense of discomfort, but he did not change his determination.

"After all, he ought not to be here!" he muttered. The wretched trickster was trying to justify himself. "He's a pushing cad to shove into a school like this. He ought to go. He'll be all right among his own people. If he doesn't like it he can lump it. Greyfriars isn't a home for runaway gipsy vagabonds. Anyhow, I'm going on with it."

That determination was fixed in Angel's mind. He felt discomfited; he shrank from viewing his conduct in its true light. But he was going on with it. Mick had to go!

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Traitor!

"LETTER for you, Aubrey!" Kenney tossed it on the study table.

Angel threw away the stump of his cigarette, and glanced at his handsome gold watch. It was nearly three, and probably Mick was already waiting for him at the school gates. But it would do no harm to keep the presumptuous vagabond waiting a little while, Angel considered. He picked up the letter.

It was addressed in his father's hand.

Kenney eyed him as he slit open the envelope with a little pearl-handled pen-knife. It was not uncommon for handsome remittances to arrive for Angel;

his people were very wealthy. On such occasions his study-mate and today sometimes raised a little loan from him; date of repayment very uncertain. Angel had to pay for being toadied to.

The dandy of the Fourth drew out the letter, and glanced over it. His brows knitted.

"Not a fiver?" asked Kenney.

"No!"

"A jolly old sermon?" asked Kenney, reading Angel's frown. "Has the old scout had a bad report of you? I suppose he's not likely to have had a good one?"

"He's coming down to the school to-day," grunted Angel, regarding the letter with a puzzled frown.

"My aunt! He was here last week! Is he going to live here?"

Angel gave his study-mate a steely look. Kenney's manner was far from showing a proper respect for Sir Philip Angel.

"Mind your own bizney!" said Angel shortly.

Kenney shrugged his shoulders, and strolled out of the study. If there was no cash in the letter, his interest in it ceased.

Aubrey Angel sat staring at the letter. It puzzled him and angered him. The service Mick had rendered Sir Philip was little enough, in Angel's eyes, and he considered that the baronet attached a very undue importance to it. He had been intensely exasperated by his father's kindness to the waif of Greyfriars. But he had not supposed that Sir Philip had given the waif a further thought after leaving the school a week ago. This letter undeceived him. It ran:

"Dear Aubrey,—I shall be at Greyfriars this afternoon; you may expect to see me about four. I have something very important to tell you, which concerns the gipsy boy Mick. Since seeing him, I have reflected incessantly upon his strange resemblance to the Angel family. You must have noticed how very like he is to you, and he is still more like what your brother Claude was at his age. What I have to tell you will surprise you very much, and I think will please you. See that the boy Mick is present. It is essential for me to see

him and question him. I hope you are now good friends with him. This is of more importance than you can at present possibly suppose.

"YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER."

The dandy of the Fourth threw the letter on the table.

"Now, what can that possibly mean?" he muttered, setting his lips. "What on earth has come over the pater? I could see that he was taken with the cheeky cad. But this! Looks as if he's got some silly scheme in his mind for backing up the rotten outsider somehow—payin' his fees at the school, perhaps, now that old Popper seems to have turned his back on him."

Angel gritted his teeth.

"And I'm to chum with him—chum with that filthy outsider! I can see myself doin' it!"

He looked at the letter again.

"Four o'clock! Essential for Mick to be present, is it?" He sneered bitterly. "Well, Mick won't be present, that's a cert. I'll take jolly good care of that!"

There was deep anger in Aubrey Angel's breast as he quitted his study, and went down the stairs.

The cad of the Fourth was not all bad. He respected his father, whom he feared a good deal, and he was certainly not without natural affections. In ordinary circumstances Angel would have gone a long way to meet his father's wishes, even at considerable trouble to himself.

But on this special subject he was adamant. The bare thought of Sir Philip Angel "taking up" the gipsy infuriated him. The fellow had the impudence to resemble him—to look like a member of the Angel family—a family of which every member had a lofty opinion of himself and his connections. That resemblance was, in Aubrey's eyes, the head and fount of the gipsy's offending. And instead of angering his father in the same way, it seemed to draw the old gentleman towards the waif. What was Sir Philip thinking of? Seeing the gipsy through Greyfriars, and perhaps through the University afterwards? Adopting him! Even that was possible, judging by the letter.

Whatever remorse Angel had felt for his treachery towards Mick was quite gone now. He was thankful that he had seen Barengre, and made arrangements with the ruffian. It had come only in time! A few hours more, and it might have been too late. At four o'clock this very afternoon Sir Philip Angel would be at Greyfriars, and what might follow Angel could not guess. But at least the gipsy should not be there. By the time Sir Philip arrived Mick should be a prisoner in a gipsy caravan, in the hands of his old enemy, rolling away on the roads—to vanish for ever from the eyes of all who had known him at the school.

Angel arrived at the school gates. Mick was standing there, with a somewhat clouded brow. It was ten minutes past three, and from his previous experience of Angel, Mick could not help suspecting that the Fourth-Former had made the appointment intending to let him down. It was a saddening thought to the gipsy, and his dark face brightened up wonderfully as he saw Angel coming.

For once, at least, he had done Angel injustice; the dandy of the Fourth was keeping the appointment.

Mick was greatly relieved. He had already told Harry Wharton & Co. not to expect him on the football-ground, as he was going for a walk with Aubrey Angel. The chums of the Remove had

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said nothing, but Mick was keen enough to read their thoughts. They believed that Angel was simply pulling his leg to let him down again. Mick wished that they had been present now, to see Aubrey joining him at the gates, with a friendly smile on his face.

"Am I late?" asked Angel.

"A few minutes. It don't matter," said Mick.

"Let's get out."

"Right-ho!"

The two juniors walked out of gates together. Billy Bunter, who was adorning the ancient gateway with his podgy person, blinked after them in great surprise. He could scarcely believe the evidence of his big spectacles when they showed him Angel and Mick sauntering down the road on apparently chummy terms.

Angel took the direction of Courtfield. Mick would have preferred the opposite way, as he did not desire to go anywhere near the gipsy camp; but Angel's wish was law to the gipsy schoolboy. He walked on with the handsome Fourth-Former in a very cheerful mood.

"Let's cut through the wood here, and get out on the common farther on," suggested Angel.

"Right you are!"

Again Mick had a desire to choose another direction. Where the wood bordered the common the footpath would take the juniors within a quarter of a mile of Barengro's camp. But Angel walked on, and Mick went with him, not caring to gainsay his superb friend.

Angel made a remark occasionally, forcing himself to speak. But for the most part they walked in silence, and Mick's cheery look slowly faded away.

It seemed to him that the dandy of the Fourth had something on his mind, as was indeed the case.

Angel's heart was beating with unpleasant rapidity as they moved along the footpath. On the footpath farther on Barengro and Melchior were in ambush—waiting. Something like horror at his own treachery was seizing on Angel's mind. Even at that moment he might have repented and turned back. But the thought of Sir Philip's visit to the school that afternoon sustained him. Mick must be gone before the baronet came, and this was the last chance.

By a gnarled old oak-tree Angel halted.

"My hat! I believe I've dropped my cigarette-case!" he said, feeling in his pockets.

"Let's go back and look for it."

"No, I'll go back a bit. You wait for me here," said Angel.

"Oh, I'll come with you!" said Mick.

"Rot! Hang on here a few minutes."

Angel's tone was rather sharp. Mick said no more, but threw himself into the grass at the foot of the oak to wait.

Aubrey Angel walked back along the path. In a few seconds the winding of the footpath hid him from the gipsy's sight.

He halted.

He was not seeking a lost cigarette-case. He stood in the footpath under the trees with a white, strained face, listening.

The deep silence of the wood was round him—silence, deep and still. It was oppressive, almost terrifying, to Angel. Had the gipsies failed to keep the appointment; had the ambush never been laid? Angel almost hoped that it



THE HAND OF
JUDAS!

Mick heard a rustle in the underwoods—that was all the warning he had. There was a rush of feet and he was in the grasp of Barengro and Melchior before he could defend himself. "Help!" shouted the schoolboy. Angel, from the distance, heard the cry and the blood rushed to his heart. He had betrayed his enemy. (See Chapter 7.)

was so; that chance had saved him from crime.

Then suddenly, through the silent wood, there rang a cry from the spot where he had left Mick.

Angel started, and the blood rushed to his heart. He stood with white, tense face, trembling.

A cry—a cry for help! It was Mick's voice.

Too late now the repentance of the traitor, if he repented of his treachery! The gipsy schoolboy, the hapless waif of Greyfriars, was in the hands of his old enemy!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Judas!

SUDDENLY, resistlessly, the attack had come. Mick, as he was seated in the grass under the spreading oak, heard a rustle in the underwoods. That was all the warning he had. There was a rush of feet, and he was in the grasp of two pairs of brawny hands.

He made a spring, like a snared wild animal, but he was securely held. Barengro's grasp was on him like a vice, and Melchior gripped his wrists to keep him from striking. Mick's startled eyes gleamed at one and then the other.

"At last!" said Barengro, between his yellow teeth. "I've found you at last, Mick."

"Get him away!" said the other gipsy.

Mick struggled, but he knew that it was useless. Then, aware that Aubrey Angel was doubtless still within sound of his voice, he shouted.

"Help!"

He did not want Angel to face the brutality of the gipsies in an attempt to rescue him. Indeed, in his heart he knew that Angel had not the courage to do it. But if his comrade knew he

was in the hands of his enemy, it would mean rescue later on. Angel could tell them at Greyfriars.

So he shouted.

He had time for only one shout. The next moment Barengro's hard, rough hand was jammed on his mouth.

"Silence, you cub!" hissed the gipsy.

Mick panted, almost choking.

"Keep him quiet!" muttered Melchior. "There may be others in the wood. Besides—" He stopped.

Barengro nodded.

He jerked off a dirty neckcloth and bound it over the gipsy schoolboy's mouth. He bound it with cruel tightness, and Mick could not utter a sound.

The gipsy schoolboy's eyes gleamed round him, searching for a sign of Angel. If only the Fourth-Former knew what had happened all would be well. There would be a search and rescue. It was only necessary for them to know at Greyfriars to make sure of that. And surely Angel had heard his cry. He could not have been out of hearing.

Barengro understood the gipsy schoolboy's look, and he grinned.

"You young fool!" he muttered. "Do you think he will help you? He brought you here for this."

Mick gazed at the gipsy.

For a moment he did not take in the meaning of the words, so far had he been from suspecting Angel's treachery.

Then, as he understood, a chill as of death came upon him. It was like an icy hand touching his heart.

Angel had betrayed him!

That unexpected offer of friendship that had so amazed him, the ambush ready in the wood, Angel's excuse for leaving him alone—he could misunderstand no longer.

It was not as a friend, but as an enemy, as a bitter and implacable enemy, that Aubrey Angel had walked with him from the school that afternoon.

As if to prove the words of the ruffian,

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at that moment Mick caught sight of a face peering from a bush, a white, strained, scared face, with searching, anxious eyes.

It was Aubrey Angel's face.

The traitor had crept back towards the spot, driven by an irresistible desire to know what had happened, to see with his own eyes the fate of the boy he had betrayed.

He saw him, gagged, silent, helpless, in the hands of the gipsies. And for a second his eyes met Mick's.

For a brief second, which seemed like an age, they looked at one another, and Angel shivered. The scorn, the reproach in the gipsy schoolboy's eyes stung him like a lash.

He turned hurriedly away. Mick could hear him tramping away from the spot, rustling in the underwoods.

Barengro chuckled softly.

"You young fool! Do you understand now?"

Mick could not answer, and he did not wish to answer. He made no further attempt to struggle or resist. It was as if the discovery of Angel's treachery had dazed him. He lay helpless in the grasp of the gipsies as they bore him away.

By dusky woodland paths they carried him, watching and listening like beasts of prey as they went. On the edge of the wood, where it bordered the open, furzy common, they stopped, and Barengro scanned the common keenly. But on the wide expanse there was no one in sight, save where the gipsy encampment lay, with the halted caravans and the smouldering camp-fire.

"All safe!" muttered Barengro. "But take care!"

Mick was set on his feet.

"You'll walk now," whispered Barengro. "Do you understand? You'll walk between us, and if you play any tricks I'll twist your arm like that."

He gave the boy's arm a cruel twist that made Mick wince with pain.

"Understand?" grinned Barengro.

Mick did not look at him. He walked quietly between the two ruffians, and they headed for the gipsy camp.

He noticed, as they advanced, that the camp was broken up. The caravans were packed ready for a journey, even the horses being harnessed ready. It was obvious that Barengro had counted on the capture of Mick as a certainty, and prepared everything for instant flight.

Three or four gipsies gathered round the boy as he was brought into the camp.

The men laughed, some of the women looked compassionate, and the tattered children called to Mick. He had been a favourite with the little tattered ragamuffins in his days in the gipsy gang. Barengro drove them back with a curse.

Mick was tossed into a caravan, and Barengro followed him in.

With a strong rope he bound the gipsy schoolboy hand and foot, and then secured the gag in his mouth again. He grinned down malevolently at the helpless boy.

"Back again, Mick!" he said. "Back again in the old gang, Mick! You won't get away again in a hurry! Think you will?"

He chuckled.

"No more fine schooling for you, Mick—no more holmnobbing with the swells. No more fine clothes; rags and tatters for you, Mick, and the cudgel and the whip! You won't give me the

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slip again! Do you think your fine friends at Greyfriars will search for you? Burn you! They'll think you've run away—like you did from me! I've heard of your tricks—going off from school without leave, and all that! They won't worry about you, Mick—don't you think it! And if they do, they won't find you! Only young Angel knows which way you're going, Mick. And do you think he will tell them? Ha, ha!"

A spasm of pain crossed the gipsy schoolboy's face. Barengro's brutality he could confront without a tremor, but the brute had found a way to hurt him.

"You took to Angel, did you, Mick?" grinned the ruffian. "He never took to you! But you—did you ever wonder, Mick, why you was so like him? You did? You never knew your name. Did you ever think that it was the same as his? Burn me, if I'd known there was one of that lot in this district I'd never have brought the gang into Kent at all! But I'm glad of it now. I'm glad you've met him, Mick, now that he's sold you into my hands again! Sold, his own blood and kin like a dog!"

Mick quivered.

The gipsy, bending over him, nodded, with a savage grin.

"Yes. Do you understand now, you cub? Your own blood and kin! You're no gipsy, Mick—as you've often suspected, I know. Your father's name—Can you guess it now? You've found one of your own blood, Mick; and he's betrayed you into my hands! Your father was my enemy, Mick; and what I owed him, and could never pay, I'm paying to you! And I'm not done with you yet!" The ruffian's black eyes blazed at the boy. "Back to the old life, Mick, without a chance to cut and run agin—that's for you! Wait till I have time to handle you!"

He struck the boy savagely and jumped out of the caravan. The door was closed and locked on the prisoner.

Barengro's voice was heard shouting orders. The caravan moved. There was a jingling of harness, a trampling of hoofs, a buzzing of voices, and cracking of whips. The gipsy gang was taking the road again—moving at an unusual pace.

In the rocking caravan Mick lay, bound, gagged—plunged into the blackest misery. Every step of the horses, every roll of the caravan, bore him farther and farther from Greyfriars—farther and farther from the

faint hope of rescue. But he was not thinking of that. He was thinking of the revelation Barengro had made—the secret of the ruffian's hate was a secret no longer.

His own blood and kin—Angel of the Fourth! Angel, who had betrayed him—Angel, who, like Judas, had betrayed him!

For long, long years, young as he was, Mick had hoped and longed to find somewhere in the wide world someone who was of his own blood and name, someone who would not be a stranger in a world of strangers. He had found him—and by his own blood he had been betrayed. And in that black hour the gipsy schoolboy lost all hope and ceased to care what became of him—death itself would not have been unwelcome.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Unsuspected!

"WHERE'S Mick?"

Angel of the Fourth started violently as Wharton asked that question. The captain of the Remove met the Fourth-Former at the school gates as Angel was coming in.

It was a natural question, but to Angel it seemed for a moment like an accusation.

Harry Wharton was a little concerned about Mick that afternoon. He had been surprised when Mick told him that he would not be playing football, after all, as he was going out with Angel.

Wharton had no doubt whatever that Angel was playing some crooked game; he did not believe for a moment that the snob of the Fourth really had made friends with the gipsy schoolboy. Mick had believed a lying tongue, because he so much desired to be friendly with Angel; the wish was father to the thought with the gipsy schoolboy. But Harry Wharton believed that Angel was playing a trick of some kind, with the intention of letting the gipsy down in some way—it was, in fact, the only thing he could believe, knowing Angel as he did—though not for a moment did he dream of suspecting the real extent of Angel's treachery.

Angel had been thrashed for "kicking Bunter," but he was well aware of the real reason for the thrashing. And as he could not venture to tackle Wharton, he was "taking it out" of the gipsy in some underhand way. That was Wharton's belief.

So the captain of the Remove had left the other fellows at football practice, convinced that the "friendship" between Angel and the gipsy would not last long, and expecting to find Mick deserted by his new friend, and wounded to the quick by some supercilious snub. As a cure for that Wharton was going to march him down to the football-ground and make him play—which was quite a good idea.

But he did not find the gipsy schoolboy; and when he looked out of the school gates he sighted Angel coming down the road alone. So he asked him where Mick was, and he was surprised at the effect of the question on Aubrey Angel.

Angel started, and stared at him, and then made a movement to pass on quickly without answering. It seemed to the wretched plotter that Wharton was accusing him—that the Remove fellow knew, or guessed, what had

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happened, and was calling him to account. Between remorse and fear, Angel was far from being in his usual cool and disdainful frame of mind.

Wharton, astonished, stepped into the way, and stopped him. Angel eyed him with a kind of scared fierceness.

"Let me pass, hang you!" he muttered.

"I asked you where Mick was."

"Find out!"

"That's what I want to do," said Harry. "I hear that he went out with you, Angel. Why the thump can't you tell me where he is?"

Angel pulled himself together. He realised that Wharton had no suspicion—that he could have no suspicion—and he realised, too, that he would have to be careful not to awaken suspicion. With an effort he assumed a careless tone.

"I don't know where he is," he answered. "We parted near the river. He wanted to go through old Popper's woods, and we're not allowed there. I believe he's gone poaching."

Wharton whistled.

"Just like the young ass!" he said. "Then you haven't had a row?"

"Why should we?" muttered Angel.

"Why shouldn't you?" retorted Wharton. "No good beating about the bush, Angel. You hate that poor kid, and you took him up this afternoon to play some mean trick on him. You know why I licked you the other day, and you wanted to take it out of Mick."

"Nothin' of the kind!" said Angel more composedly. "My father wanted me to make friends with him—"

"A lot you cared for that?"

"Well, I didn't care much," said Angel, with an air of frankness. "But I had a letter from the pater, and he seemed keen on it, so I thought I'd make an effort. It hasn't answered, as it happens; but I thought I'd try it on, to please the pater."

"Oh!" said Harry, rather taken aback.

"We don't pull together," said Angel. "I don't like the chap, and it's no good trying. And, anyhow, I suppose I'm not expected to go poaching old Popper's rabbits with him, even if we're friends. We parted on good terms."

"Oh!" said Harry again. "Then he's somewhere in old Popper's woods now?"

"Yes—unless a keeper has found him and turned him out."

And Angel walked on towards the School House.

Wharton was satisfied; the explanation seemed frank enough. Certainly of late Mick seemed to have given up his wild ways; but it was not surprising if the call of the wild had once more proved too strong for the untamed gipsy. It was, in fact, just like Mick to take to the woods again for the afternoon; and certainly the dandy of the Fourth could not have been expected to join in a poaching raid. Wharton felt that for once he had, perhaps, done Angel an injustice; it was possible that the fellow had been playing straight, for once, under the influence of his father.

The captain of the Remove returned to the football-ground. If Mick was roaming the woods, it was useless to look for him—and there was no necessity to do so.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Didn't you find Mick?" asked Bob Cherry, as Harry rejoined the footballers.

Wharton explained, and Bob gave a chuckle.

"Just like old Mick!" he said. "Let's hope he'll turn up for calling-over anyhow."

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter rolled up. "I say, Bob—Harry, old chap, listen to a fellow! Coker's kicked me!"

"Coker has?" asked Bob.

"Coker of the Fifth, you know. Kicked me—hard!" said Bunter, blinking at the chums of the Remove. "You fellows ought to take it up, you know. Can't let a Fifth Form rotter kick a Remove chap!"

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

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! I've been kicked!" howled Bunter. "You licked Angel of the Fourth for kicking me, Wharton—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now, my idea is that you fellows should back me up, same as before," said Bunter. "Coker's coming down to the footer now. All of you get together and collar him—"

The Removites chortled. Evidently Billy Bunter was taking the case of Angel as a precedent. In his opinion, it had become the regular business of the Famous Five to avenge all the kickings he might receive in his career as a study-raider.

"There he is!" went on Bunter, jerking his thumb towards Coker of the Fifth, who had appeared in the offing with Potter and Greene. "Go for him, you fellows!"

"Coker!" roared Bob Cherry.

The great Horace stared round.

"Hallo, you fag!"

"Did you kick Bunter?"

"Yes," answered Coker.

"Hard?" asked Bob.

"Yes—jolly hard!"

"Good! Kick him hard again, will you?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the merry Removites returned to their game, leaving Coker staring, and Billy Bunter glaring with a glare that almost cracked his spectacles.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Angel's Punishment!

AUBREY ANGEL threw himself into a chair in his study, and lighted a cigarette with fingers that trembled slightly.

He had done it!

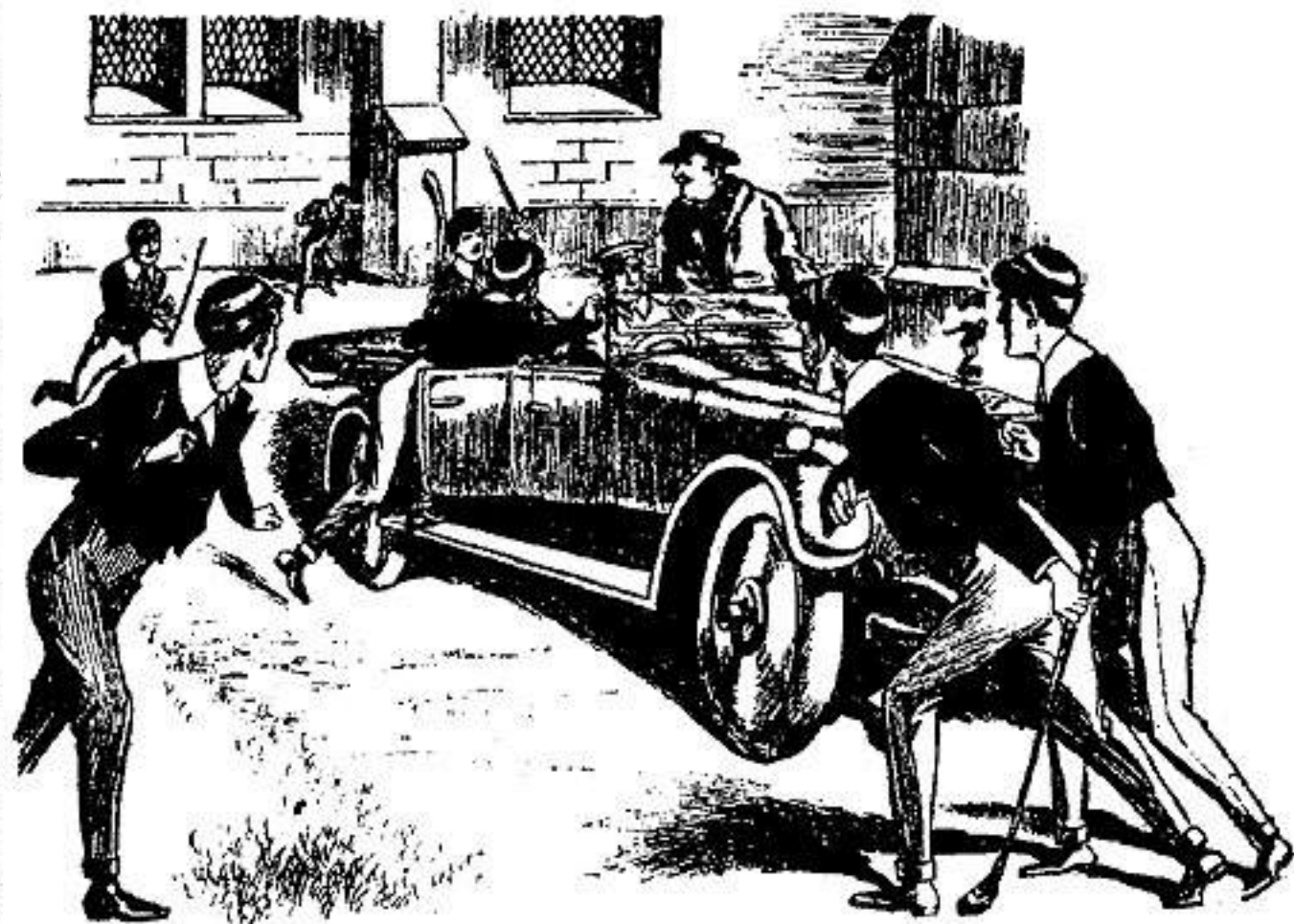
Whether he was glad that he had done it, he hardly knew. But it was done now, past recall.

Mick was a prisoner in a gipsy caravan, rolling away on the Canterbury road, vanishing for ever from the scenes that had known him. All was safe—all was quite safe! He would not even be searched for. A search, if it was made, would fail to find him—Barengro would take care of that. It would take time for searchers to learn in which direction the gipsy gang had gone—only Angel knew. Even if they suspected that Barengro had recaptured him—and days might elapse before such a suspicion was mooted, if it was mooted at all. For poor Mick's wild ways were against him. Even when he failed to turn up for roll-call that evening, it would only be supposed that he was staying out of gates in disregard of authority, as he had done many times before.

Even when he remained away all night the Head would only suppose that he had wandered far; and his subsequent absence—would not that look as if, having once more defied all authority, he did not dare to return to the school, but had gone his own wild way? For the gipsy had come very near to being expelled more than once for indulging his old wandering habits, and certainly if he had stayed out all night he would not have been allowed to remain at Greyfriars. No one would be surprised; most of the fellows would say that it was just what they had expected, in the long run.

And Angel had already put a possible search on the wrong track. He had told Wharton that Mick had gone into Sir Hilton Popper's woods—a direction

(Continued on page 16.)



"Wharton," panted Angel, "the gipsies have captured Mick. Will you come and help?" "Like a shot!" replied the captain of the Remove. The Famous Five grabbed anything that would serve as weapons and crowded into Sir Philip Angel's car. (See Chapter 10.)

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THE GIPSY MILLIONAIRE!

(Continued from page 13.)

opposite from that of the gipsy camp. That story he would have to repeat, which was easily done.

Mick was gone—and Barengro would take care that he did not return. If, indeed, in later days he escaped, and tramped back to Greyfriars—would his story be believed? The Head had been very patient—remarkably patient—with the untamed waif; but there was a limit. He would never be admitted to Greyfriars again.

But he would not escape! He had escaped Barengro once; but he would not be given another chance. The bitter hatred of Barengro for the hapless waif was a guarantee of that. Why the man hated him Angel did not know, and could not guess, but the fact was certain.

All was safe; his revenge upon the gipsy schoolboy had been complete. But somehow the taste of his triumph was bitter in his mouth.

No human being is wholly bad, and Aubrey Angel was not so unfeeling as he had believed himself to be. He had triumphed over his enemy; but with triumph came remorse.

Try as he would, he could not help remembering that last horrified, reproachful look in Mick's eyes when he had understood that he was betrayed by the fellow who had affected to be his friend. That look haunted Angel.

And what was happening to him now? A bound prisoner in the gipsy caravan, abandoned to the brutality of the ruffian who hated him. Curses and blows and hunger—that was Mick's unhappy lot now. Angel tried to drive the thought of it from his mind.

He rose from the chair, and moved restlessly about the study.

Did he wish his Judas deed undone? He hardly knew; but he knew that he wished to forget.

The sound of a motor-car on the drive banished remorse from his thoughts. His father had come.

Angel's face hardened.

Sir Philip had come to befriend the gipsy—with some scheme in his mind for the waif's benefit. At that thought remorse was banished. Angel was glad that the waif was gone.

He threw the stump of his cigarette into the fire, and waved a newspaper to clear off the smoke. Sir Philip was coming specially to see him, and he would come up to the study. Angel was very careful not to let his father know of the petty vices in which he indulged; he knew the old baronet's grim opinion on the subject of card-playing and cigarettes and sporting papers.

There was a heavy step in the passage, and Angel opened the door wide. He greeted his father with a smile on his face.

Sir Philip Angel's somewhat grim face softened as he shook hands with his son.

"I was expecting you, father," said Angel, as he pulled out the most comfortable armchair for the baronet.

Sir Philip sat down.

"Isn't Mick here?"

"He's out of gates."

Sir Philip's brow clouded.

"I asked you to have him here especially, Aubrey."

"I did my best, father."

"Should New Boys Be Pampered?" Prominent Greyfriars characters—

"You are on friendly terms with him now, I hope?"

"Oh, quite!" said Angel easily. "We've been for a walk together this afternoon. But he was determined to go into the woods, and I had to come back, as I was expecting you."

"I must see him," said Sir Philip. "But still, I wish to have a few words with you, Aubrey, before mentioning the matter to him. I have made, I think, a most amazing discovery."

"Indeed, father?"

"You must prepare yourself for a surprise, Aubrey."

"Yes," said Angel in wonder. "Won't you let me get you some tea, father? I've been making some preparations—"

Sir Philip waved that aside.

"Later. Sit down, Aubrey, and listen to me carefully! You remember your uncle Denys?"

"He was killed in the War," said Angel.

"Yes. It was not granted to him to live, to learn what I think I have now learned," said Sir Philip. "But you remember Colonel Angel?"

"Oh, yes! His money came to us," said Angel.

Sir Philip gave his son a rather sharp look. He was not himself thinking, just then, of his dead brother's money.

"Now you mention it, that is a point that must be referred to," he said. "My dear brother was a millionaire, and he had no children—he was never married. I was blessed with three sons—your elder brother, Claude, yourself, Aubrey, and your young brother, Maurice. It was the colonel's wish to adopt my youngest son and make him his heir. I could not consent to that, but I did everything I could to meet Denys' wishes. You will scarcely remember little Maurice."

"I remember there was a kid," said Aubrey, his wonder deepening. "I understood he was dead."

"It was useless to distress you by telling you what his fate was," said the baronet. "But he is not dead."

Angel sat silent.

"I have not spoken on this subject for many years," went on Sir Philip. "But I have a strong motive now. I could not part with my youngest son, but although I could not consent to his formal adoption by my brother, I allowed him to pass most of his time with the colonel when my brother was in England. Denys treated him in every way as if Maurice were his son, and his will was made, leaving his great fortune to Maurice."

"Yes, I think I knew something about that," said Angel. "But, failing Maurice, it came to us."

"Yes, yes. But now—listen! There was a gipsy who fell foul of my brother—a ruffian whose name I do not know. He was a poaching vagabond, and he came before the colonel, who was a magistrate, and who sent him to prison. After his release he waylaid Denys one night and attacked him savagely. But as it happened Denys was the stronger of the two, and instead of being left beaten on the road, as the gipsy intended, he turned the tables on the ruffian and gave him a terrible thrashing with his riding-whip. The wretch tried to use a knife, and Denys had no mercy on him. The man was in hospital afterwards."

"Yes," said Angel.

"A few weeks later, when little Maurice was at the colonel's place, he was stolen away."

Angel started.

"It was easily guessed who had taken him. Indeed, after a few days an ill-spelt letter was received, telling the colonel that, in revenge for the beating, the gipsy had taken away his son."

"His son?"

"The gipsy had supposed that the boy was the colonel's son, and did not know that Maurice was only his nephew."

Angel started violently.

Back into his mind came the strange words of Barengro, the gipsy.

Barengro had spoken of Colonel Angel—spoken of him as an enemy! And he had believed that the colonel had a son!

Angel's heart beat quickly.

"He was never found?" he panted.

"No. No stone was left unturned: money was spent like water, everything possible was done. But the gipsy had vanished, and the child had vanished with him," said Sir Philip, with a sombre look. "From that day to this no word has been heard of Maurice Angel."

"But—but—" stammered Angel.

"I think you begin to guess," said the baronet gently. "When I saw this boy Mick I was struck by his astonishing resemblance to you. I have thought incessantly over it—a thought forced itself into my mind, so strange and startling, that I hesitated to give it credence. There is little evidence, and yet I feel that I have made a discovery. The boy is of the age that Maurice would be if he lived. He is like enough to you to be your brother. He has lived among the gipsies; and I have heard from Dr. Locke that he was held in thralldom by a ruffian who has incessantly ill-used him. And this ruffian, a man named Barengro, has continually sought to recapture him, for no motive that can be discovered—no motive but hatred and the desire to have the unhappy boy in his power."

"Father!" breathed Angel.

"In a word," said Sir Philip, "I have been driven to suspect that this man Barengro is the gipsy who was my brother's enemy, and who stole my son, believing him to be the colonel's son. And it follows that the boy known as Mick is my lost Maurice—and your brother!"

"My brother!" said Angel faintly.

His face was white as chalk.

His brother!

He knew it—he knew now what Sir Philip only suspected, and desired to believe. Barengro's words supplied all the evidence he needed.

His brother!

It was his brother, his own flesh and blood, that he had betrayed into the hands of the gipsy.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

To Save Mick!

"AUBREY!" Sir Philip Angel started forward, alarmed by the look on his son's face. Angel staggered to his feet.

"My boy! What—"

"Oh, father!"

"Steady, my boy!" Sir Philip dropped his hand on the junior's shoulder. "I expected this to be a surprise to you—perhaps something of a shock—but, my dear boy—"

"My brother!" whispered Angel.

"I hope so—believe so—but—"

"I know it!"

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY—PRICE 2

"You know it?" exclaimed the baronet in amazement. "What can you know of the matter, Aubrey?"

"I know what Barengro said," answered Angel, with a ghastly look. "I did not understand at the time. My uncle was his enemy, he has said so. And he spoke, believing that my uncle had a son. I did not understand then—"

"Aubrey! He said this to you—"

"Yes, yes! And now I know why he hates Mick! Oh, Heaven forgive me!" groaned the wretched junior.

"Do you mean to say that you have spoken with this ruffian Barengro—"

"He caught me once, thinking I was Mick—"

"I never heard of this."

"I—I kept it dark. It was after lock-up. I was breaking bounds. And then—then he found I hated Mick—"

"What?"

"Oh, I was a beast—a beast!" panted Angel. "He liked me. He tried hard to be friends. I now know why. He felt what I never dreamed of feeling. He would have forgiven me anything for a kind word—"

"The call of the blood," said Sir Philip. "And you—"

Angel groaned.

"I hated him! I—I— Oh, father!" The unhappy junior burst into a wild sob. "I—I did it. I hated him! I was a beast! But it's not too late—it can't be too late—"

Sir Philip Angel's grasp tightened on his son's shoulder. His face grew grim and stern.

"Aubrey! What have you done?"

"I've given him up to the gipsies!"

It was impossible to keep it secret now. Angel did not even think of that. For Mick—his brother—had to be saved from the savage malice of Barengro, and he could only be saved by making the truth known.

"You—" stammered Sir Philip.

"I hated him!" groaned Angel. "Oh, father, if I'd known—if I'd only dreamed—"

"You hated him! Why?"

"Because I was a beast—a snob—a cad. I suppose," said Angel recklessly. "All the more because he wanted to be friends—I thought it was cheek—a gipsy vagrant. Oh, father!"

The baronet's look at his son was like steel. But the words that rose to his lips were never uttered. It was no time for reproaches, for bitter condemnation—nor were reproaches needed. Aubrey Angel was suffering more from his torturing conscience than the bitterest words of his father could have inflicted.

And there was no time to lose; Sir Philip realised that.

"Heaven forgive you, Aubrey!" was what he said. "It is your brother that you have betrayed."

Angel groaned miserably.

"We can save him," he said, choking. "It can't be too late! Barengro has got him—this afternoon—Courtfield common—they've taken the Canterbury Road—"

"You are sure?"

"Yes, yes—I knew the plans. I—I had a hand in it all—oh, father! For the love of Heaven, don't lose a moment—let us save him!" almost screamed Angel. He clutched his father's arm, and dragged him towards the door of the study. "You have your car—come—come—not a single instant—that brute will be beating him—perhaps killing him— Father!"

"Calm yourself, Aubrey! Come!"

A few moments more, and the baronet was rapping out an order to the

chauffeur. Walters started up the car at once. Sir Philip Angel stopped into it—he had to help Angel into it; the conscience-stricken junior was tottering. But it was Angel who thought of what had escaped the baronet.

"We shall want help—there's a gang of them," he panted. "Get some of the fellows to come—"

He leaned from the car.

Harry Wharton & Co. had come in from the football ground to tea, and they had just emerged from the changing-room. Angel shouted to them:

"Wharton! Cherry—Here—"

"What—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Wharton!" Aubrey Angel's voice cracked with excitement. The captain of the Remove, startled and alarmed, ran down to the car.

"What is it—"

"Mick—the gipsies have got him! Will you come and help? Get the other



Angel plunged headlong into the caravan and slashed at the bonds of the bound schoolboy. "Mick!" he panted. "Thank Heaven I've found you. Oh, I've been a beast. I'm sorry—I did it—I hated you—I—" he faltered. "It's all right, Master Angel," whispered Mick. "Don't call me 'Master Angel'—I—I'm your brother," breathed the Fourth Former, hoarsely. (See Chapter 11.)

fellows—and some golf clubs or something—for heaven's sake—"

Wharton was not generally taken by surprise, but now he stared blankly at Angel.

"What—" he stuttered.

"Calm yourself, Aubrey!" Sir Philip's quiet voice broke in. "Wharton, my boy, if you care to help, I shall be grateful—but there is not an instant to lose. Mick has been taken by Barengro, and I am going to save him."

"We'll help like a shot!" exclaimed Harry. "Half a moment!"

He ran back to his chums.

A word or two were sufficient. The Famous Five needed no more than to know that Mick was in danger. They grabbed up anything that would serve as a weapon—sticks, a golf-club, a poker from the changing-room grate. They piled into the car, cramming in anyhow. Scarcely more than a minute had been lost.

Sir Philip, in that brief interval, had spoken hurriedly to the chauffeur. Somewhere on the Canterbury Road, beyond Courtfield, there was a gipsy gang in motion—caravans that could easily be sighted at a distance. They were to be run down in the shortest possible space of time. Walters, who had driven cars under raining shells on the mud of Flanders, was the man for the job. The big car swept down the drive at a rate that made the Greyfriars fellows stare, and caused the Head to ejaculate, as he glanced from his study window. Out on the road, Walters fairly let her rip.

The autumn days were drawing in; there was little of daylight left. But in the falling dusk the car flew.

Harry Wharton & Co., crowded in the car, breathless with excitement, wondered greatly. Mick had been recaptured by Barengro—they understood that. Sir Philip Angel was going to save him—that was comprehensible, too. But Angel of the Fourth—what did he care—what did it matter to him?

The chums of the Remove could only wonder.

Yet, that it mattered was clear enough—Angel trembled with excitement, his gaze swept feverishly from the windows in search of the gipsy caravans.

Courtfield was passed; the car rushed on towards Canterbury, eating up the miles. Angel watched the road with fevered eagerness; Sir Philip sat like a statue, his hands clenched on the top of his heavy walking-cane. His stern face showed little of his emotions yet he was feeling deeply the discovery of his lost son—now in deadly danger—and the baseness of his other son, whose treachery had consigned his newly-found brother to danger and captivity. But the anguish in Angel's face showed how the punishment of his sin had come home to him.

There was a cry from Angel of the Fourth.

"There—there they are!"

The caravans were in sight, jogging

—air their views on this question next week!

along the road ahead in the gathering dusk. Angel turned to the Famous Five.

"Back us up, you fellows—Mick's there—a prisoner! We've got to save him—I've got to, if they kill me—"

"You!" said Bob Cherry.

"I betrayed him to Barengro," said Angel, with white lips.

"What?"

"And he's my brother—"

"Good heavens!"

The car rushed on.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

At Last!

BARENGRO, the gipsy, sat in the caravan, as it jolted and rumbled on the road. He looked down at the bound, gagged gipsy schoolboy, lying on the floor of the van, and grinned, as he smoked his pipe. It was the hour of Barengro's triumph! He was enjoying it to the full. For a long hour he had sat there, as the caravan jolted on, heaping bitter words upon the silent, tormented boy at his feet—bitter words varied with blows and curses. He seemed like some hideous beast of prey, as he sat with his black eyes fixed on his hapless victim.

Mick hardly heard him—he was plunged too deeply into misery and despair to heed. With Angel's treachery it seemed to Mick that all the brightness of life had gone—Angel, to whom the call of blood had drawn him, as he knew now—his cousin, as it seemed from Barengro's disjointed talk—his brother, if only he had known; but even Barengro did not know that. The gipsy's rough voice droned in his ears—the grinning, mocking, evil face loomed before him, in the thickening dusk in the dirty caravan. Was it all some evil dream? At moments it seemed so, to the gipsy schoolboy.

The hooting of a motor-horn, the rushing of a fast car, drew no attention from him, or from Barengro—many cars had passed them on the road. But this car did not pass.

There was a grinding of brakes—a shouting of voices. One stern, clear voice rang over the others.

"Halt, there!"

And then a shrill voice, shrieking:

"Stop, you hounds! Stop! Where's Barengro? Where's Mick? You brutes, you rotters, stop!"

It was the voice of Angel of the Fourth.

Barengro started at that, and rose with a curse. What was Angel doing there—what did Judas want, now that his work was done? The caravans lumbered to a halt. The gipsies had no choice about that, for the big car had shot ahead and turned in the road, barring it so that the gipsy caravans could not proceed.

Barengro jerked open the door at the back of the caravan and stepped out. Angel of the Fourth yelled at him.

"There he is! You hound! You brute! Where's my brother?"

He leaped up on the back step of the caravan, clutching furiously at the ruffian.

Barengro would have hurled him back savagely; but three or four Greyfriars juniors leaped at him, and dragged him down. Barengro went sprawling in the road in the grasp of Harry Wharton & Co.

There were loud exclamations from Melchior and the other gipsies, and they

gathered round in a threatening crowd. Angel did not even look at them. He plunged headlong into the caravan as Barengro fell, and stumbled over Mick.

"Mick!" he panted.

The bound schoolboy looked at him—quietly, but in wonder. Angel fell on his knees by his side.

"I've found you!"

He grasped at the boy's bonds, but they defied his fingers. He clutched out a penknife to cut them through. Round the caravan there were loud, angry voices, the sounds of a struggle. He did not heed. He gashed through the cords, and dragged away the gag. Mick sat up dazedly.

Angel was there to save him—Angel who had betrayed him. It must be a dream, but the gipsy schoolboy's face was bright. Had he been mistaken—had he misjudged the Fourth-Former? But he soon learned how matters stood, from Angel's incoherent words:

"Mick, I'm sorry! I did it—I did it! I hated you! I never knew—oh, I was a beast—a beast!"

"It's all right, Master Angel!" whispered Mick. He quivered with the pain of his cramped limbs, but he smiled.

"It's all right, Master Angel."

"Don't call me 'Master Angel.' I'm your brother!"

"You—my brother!"

Mick panted.

"Yes, yes, yes! I've only just found it out! My father found it out—your father, Mick! If I'd known—if I'd only guessed—" Angel's voice choked.

"My brother!" said Mick softly, and his dark eyes danced. "Oh, if it was only true—"

"It's true!" Angel breathed. "You're my brother Maurice, that I hardly remember as a little nipper. That brute stole you from my uncle's house—your uncle, Mick, who was killed in Flanders, and left you a millionaire!"

"Me—a millionaire!"

"Yes, you, kid—you! And I'm your brother! Oh, I've been a rotter to you, old chap—a rank rotter! But I'll make up for it—I'll make up for it somehow!" sobbed Angel.

"It's all right," said Mick, with shining eyes. "It wasn't anything, sir—it's all right! I don't mind anything now."

"Let's get out of this," said Angel.

He helped his brother from the caravan.

Barengro had torn himself loose from the Famous Five, and was standing, with scowling brow and gleaming eyes, in a circle of his enemies, like a wild beast at bay. Sir Philip Angel, in cool, commanding tones, had told the other gipsies how matters stood, and they had drawn back, no longer threatening. They were rough fellows, but they had no desire to back up a kidnapper in his wickedness. Melchior, the ruffian's confederate, had already disappeared; the rest hung back, and Barengro realised that he had no help to expect from them. Not that they could have turned the tables on the Famous Five, and the baronet and his chauffeur, and Angel of the Fourth, to stand by the rescued Mick.

Barengro's eyes fixed on Mick, as he descended from the van with Angel's help. He panted.

"My son—my boy!" said Sir Philip. "Saved from that scoundrel at last—and the prison is ready for him! Men, stand back, I have no quarrel with you, but that ruffian Barengro is my prisoner, to be handed over to the police!"

"Your son!" breathed Barengro.

"Yes, you scoundrel!"

"You lie!" said the gipsy between his teeth. "He was Colonel Angel's son; and that was why I took him—that was why I've beaten him like a dog all his days—and that's why you shall never take him, if I have to swing for it!"

"Look out—"

With the spring like a tiger, Barengro was upon Mick, tearing himself away from grasping hands that sought to hold him back. Something flashed in his dusky hand.

It was at that moment that Aubrey Angel atoned for all his wickedness. As the savage blow swept down at Mick, Angel of the Fourth flung himself before his brother, catching at the descending arm, and barring the murderous blow. The next instant half a dozen hands were upon Barengro, and he was torn backwards. But Angel of the Fourth reeled against the caravan, with the blood running down his sleeve.

A terrible cry rang on the air, as Barengro went down, struggling. His arm was twisted under him as he fell, and his savage hand still held the knife. And the keen blade, as he fell on it, was buried in his side almost to the hilt.

Mick had caught Angel—Sir Philip held him the next moment. The junior's face was white.

"Aubrey!" panted the baronet.

"My brother!" whispered Mick, the tears streaming down his cheeks.

Angel fainted.

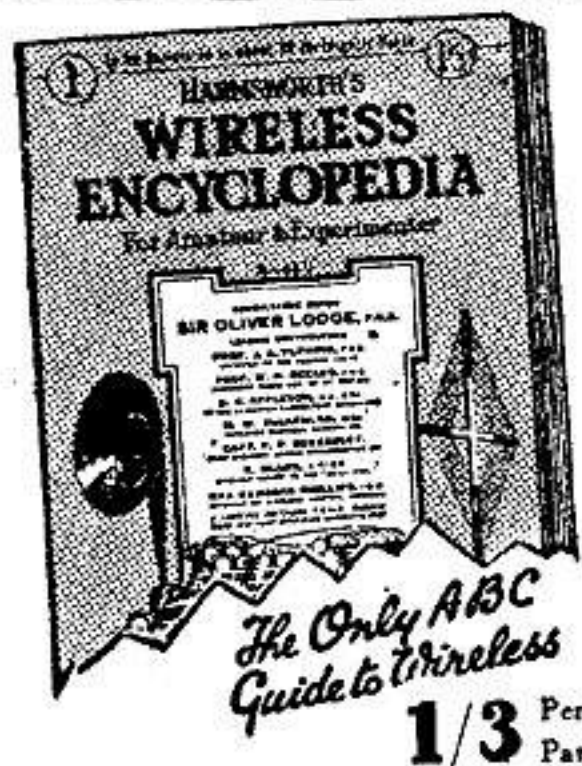
He was laid in the grass by the roadside, with a set, rigid face. Sir Philip bared his shoulder, where the knife had struck; and he cried aloud with relief as he saw that the blade had only gashed along the junior's arm. The blow, intended for Mick, had almost missed Angel as he interposed—it was a severe cut, but there was no danger.

"Thank Heaven!" breathed Sir Philip.

But Barengro was in a worse state. He was insensible already, and it was clear that he could not be moved. A life of lawless crime and cruelty was nearing its end.

It was a nine days' wonder at Greyfriars!

The school fairly buzzed with the news. Mick, the gipsy schoolboy, was Maurice Angel—brother to Angel of the Fourth—and a millionaire! Barengro, the
(Continued on page 26, col. 3.)



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THE GREYFRIARS HERALD





Supplement No. 149.

HARRY WHARTON
EDITOR

Week ending November 17th, 1923.



Described by
some of the
.. Greyfriars ..
Sharpshooters

H. VERNON-SMITH:

The best shot I ever fired was in the Public Schools' Shooting Tournament last year. Greyfriars needed four points to tie with St. Jim's and five to win. Only one shot remained to be fired, and the responsibility rested on my shoulders. There was a breathless hush as I carefully sighted my rifle, and then a mighty roar went up when the bullet pierced the very centre of the bullseye. That fateful shot gave us the necessary five points, and we beat St. Jim's on the post. As for my worst shot—well, that's a subject I should prefer not to talk about.

BILLY BUNTER:

The best shot I ever shotted—this duzzent sound good grammer, but it will have to pass—was when Peter Todd stuck a pin on the top of the Head's garden gate. I fired at it from a distance of a hundred yards, and my aim was so deadly that I took the head of the pin clean off! If you don't like to believe this you can do the other thing. As far as my worst shot is konserned, I can truthfully say that I've never fired a bad shot in my life!

DICK PENFOLD:

The finest shot I ever fired—a shot both clever and inspired—was at a bunny in full flight. I'd scarcely time to take my sight. I swiftly pressed the trigger—zip! The poor old bunny seemed to slip. Then it rolled over on its back, and I went hurrying on the track. I found I'd shot it through the brain. Now we'll have rabbit-pie again!

ALONZO TODD:

I am not a lover of rifle-shooting, with which I associate battle and bloodshed. I think it is a scandal that school-boys should be permitted to use rifles. Only the other day I heard Wharton say something about having "a shot in his locker." I shall protest to Mr. Quelch that it is a most perilous thing to keep ammunition in the dormitory!

DICKY NUGENT:

the best shot i ever fired was with a peashooter in the form-room. i hit

sammy bunter on the tip of the nose at a distance of 12 paces. the worst shot i ever fired was when i took aim at the same victim, and mist him kompletely, and hit mister twigg on the chin. he got into an awful stew, and i was in the soup!

MR. PROUT:

I once shot a raging lion at a range of five thousand yards. This may seem incredible, but I carefully measured the distance with a foot rule. You will all agree that my eyesight must have been excellent, and that my Winchester repeater—which has accompanied me in all my adventures—must be a wonderful rifle. I think that was my best shot; but I can tell you of several dozen more. (Mercy! Show a little consideration for the limitations of our space, sir.—Ed.)

WILLIAM GOSLING:

Which I once shot a partridge on the wing. Leastways, I thought it was a partridge till I went up to inspect it, and then I found it was a cock-sparrer! I also shot a hare once, but on closer inspection it turned out to be a field-mouse! I never has no luck with my shooting. My worst shot was when I shot a dustbin full of rubbish over the Head's garden wall, and the Head happened to be on the other side. Which he says to me, says he, "William Gosling, you are a lunatic at large! Take a month's notice!" That happened a good many years ago, but I'm still here. But the Head fair had the tantrums at the time, and no wonder, seeing as how he was covered from head to foot with cinders and waste paper.

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EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

RIFLE-SHOOTING is not nearly so popular as footer at Greyfriars. It hasn't the thrill and the glamour of the great winter game. At the same time, we like to try our skill with the rifle occasionally, by taking "pot-shots" at the little black bullseye in the centre of the target.

Greyfriars has a miniature rifle-range (25 yards), but for long-distance shooting we have to visit the open-air range at Courtfield.

Rifle-shooting is not compulsory. Lots of fellows at Greyfriars have never fired a single shot! Mr. Prout considers that everybody should be taught how to handle a rifle. I fancy he scents another war on the horizon. Anyway, he is always agitating for more rifle-shooting and less football. His view may be right, and it may be wrong. I'm not going to argue with a Form-master. I've found by bitter experience that it doesn't pay!

When you have read this Special Shooting Number, I think you will all agree that it's "well on the target"!

RIFLE-RANGE REFLECTIONS!

By Bob Cherry.

BILLY BUNTER shows a strong liking for "bullseyes"—of the edible variety!

WHY is Bunter such an erratic marksman on the range? Because of his faulty sight, of course!

MR. PROUT is anxious to make rifle-shooting a compulsory subject. But we get lessons in "trigger-nometry" already!

WHEN shooting the other day, Tom Brown remarked that he put two shots in the "magpie." Alonzo Todd overheard the remark, and is going to report Brown to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Birds!

WHAT is the difference between Georges Carpentier and a careless rifle-man. One shot out his left, and the other left out his shot!

TWENTY-TWO fellows were fined the other day for playing footer without a "game" licence!



BISLEY is a place where everybody shoots, just as Wigan is a place where they all wear wigs, and Mumbles is a place where everybody speaks with his mouth full.

I don't think Bisley is a very appropriate name for a place where they hold shooting tournaments. Why don't they hold them at Shooter's Hill, which is one of the suburbs of London?

However, I am wandering from the point, as Mr. Quelch said when he saw an inverted tintack on his stool in the Form-room. I have set out to tell you about my shooting experiences.

You wouldn't think that a short-sited fellow would be any good on the rifle-range, would you? But W. G. B. is an exception to the rule. I cheerfully confess that I can never see the target, but I've got a sort of sixth sense that tells

me where it is. I just shut my eyes, and press the trigger, and—bang! You'll find, on investigation, that the bullseye has been taken clean out of the centre of the target!

How is it done? Don't ask me! Jellus beasts like Wharton and Bob Cherry say it's a flook; but when a fellow scores a dozen bullseyes in succession, like I do, they can't all be flooks.

I went up to Bisley last year, and carried everything before me. I won the King's Prize, and the Queen's Prize, and the Public Schools Prize, and the Ashburton Shield, and every other trophy that was being offered.

To be quite frank, as Nugent would say, I didn't hit the bullseye every time. One of my shots went a wee bit wide, and hit a plump sergeant-major in the calf. You should have seen him hop,

and heard him holler! I felt awfully sorry for him; but these little things will happen, even on the best regulated rifle-ranges! After that painful incident that sergeant-major wouldn't come within a mile of me while I was firing!

I learnt my shooting at a very early age. When I was five years old I was a deadly shot with a water-pistol. The kids used to scatter in all directions when they saw me coming. At the age of seven I was the pea-shooting champion of the British Isles; and a few years later I carried off the catapult championship.

It was not until I came to Greyfriars that I first handled a real rifle. I did grate execution on that occasion, putting a bullet through Mr. Prout's trilby hat, and another through the roof of the rifle-range. I also punctured the Head's gown in two places. He said I was a dangerous young loonatick, and ought not to be allowed to use firearms; but that was a long time ago, and the Head has changed his opinion since.

Mr. Prout reckons he's a skilled shot, but he can't hold a candle to me. He can't shoot anything unless it's right under his nose, so it's about time he shot his bolt! He might be all right at shooting the Rapids, but he's no earthly use at shooting rabbits! (Rather a neat joak, that. He, he, he!)

I'm afraid I shall soon have to give up shooting. The strain of it is too much for me. I never eat a meal without getting violent "shooting" pains afterwards. However, I can look back with pride to my wonderful achievements on the rifle-range, and the name of W. G. Bunter will live for ever in the Greyfriars annuals as being the crack shot of his jennyration!

HUMOURS OF THE RIFLE RANGE!

By Tom Brown.

WHEN we were practising on the range last week the rumour went round that Billy Bunter had obtained a "highest possible." That is to say, five bullseyes in succession. And, sure enough, when we came to examine the fat junior's target, we found that it was so. We were simply staggered, for Bunter is a notoriously bad shot. But it transpired later that Vernon-Smith, who had been firing beside Bunter, had aimed at Billy's target instead of his own, and had hit the bullseye every time. We appreciate Smithy's little joke, but where on earth did Billy Bunter's shots go to? Echo answers, "Where?"

An old boy was telling us the other day of a Greyfriars fellow who was caught breaking bounds, and sacked on the spot. Surely a case of "rapid firing."

Coker of the Fifth, who prides himself on being a skilled shot, offered to show "the cheeky Remove fags" how it was done. He fired five successive shots, and not one of them hit the target. A couple went through the roof of the rifle-range, and goodness knows what happened to the other three! It was a case of:

"I shot a bullet in the air,
It fell to earth I know not where!"

Dicky Nugent has just made a merry jest. He says that fags should never use heavy rifles, because they've got such "small arms."

You wouldn't think a rifle was able to play footer, would you? Yet some of them "kick" like anything!

SNAP-SHOTS!

Released by Frank Nugent.

A CERTAIN rifle-shooting enthusiast wishes to know how to clean a barrel. Well, I saw Billy Bunter ducked in the fountain the other day, and that was the most effective way of cleaning a "barrel" that I've ever seen.

Mr. Prout will give an exhibition of rapid firing at the rifle-range on Wednesday afternoon. Those who are rash enough to be present will be in grave danger of stopping a lump of lead.

I understand that Hedley Scott, the author of "A Marked Man!"—the MAGNET's grand football and detective serial—has scored a "bullseye." Having read the first instalment myself, I would go one better. He's scored a "possible." Magnetites, this wonderful new serial is going to make a great sensation. Be advised. Start right now with the opening chapters.

ODE TO MY WINCHESTER REPEATER!

By Mr. Paul Prout.

Could there be a firearm sweeter
Than my Winchester repeater?
Though it only cost a trifle,
'Tis a tried and trusty rifle.

Oft, by Afric's sunny fountains,
Also in the Rocky Mountains,
It has been my life-preserver,
And I sing its praise with fervour!

Oft, beside the River Niger,
It has slain the fearsome tiger,
And has punctured many a "grizzly,"
Also done great deeds at Bisley!

With the butt against my shoulder
I have crouched behind a boulder,
Shooting savages in plenty—
(I've retained the scalps of twenty!)

Pheasants, partridges, and pullets
Have received my deadly bullets.
Stoats and badgers, rats and weasels,
Have expired—no, not with measles!

I have slain them with my rifle:
Shouts of glee I cannot stifle!
People say my aim's erratic,
But 'tis deadly—that's emphatic!

Could there be a firearm sweeter
Than my Winchester repeater?
Find its equal if you can, sir:
"Nay, impossible!" you answer!

Billiards in the home! See pages 14 and 15—

Ferrers Locke, the wonder detective of the age, has solved many an intriguing mystery, but the present case into which he is drawn by a strange tangle of circumstances bids fair to outshine them all.



The Idol of the Crowd!

"SHOOT, man, shoot!"

The supporters of the Middleham Rangers bellowed out their encouragements as one man, completely obliterating the less enthusiastic shouts of the Manton City faction.

"Shoot!"

The centre-forward of the Rangers steadied himself preparatory to testing the goalie. A huge full-back lumbered towards him with fierce determination written in every line of his rugged face. For a moment the supporters of the Rangers appeared anxious. But there was no cause for alarm. With consummate ease Jim Blakeney—the eighteen-years-old centre-forward of the home eleven—avoided the vicious charge of the back, controlling the ball as though it were part of him, and then—

Thud!

Away over the heads of the defending players sped the leathern sphere, anxious eyes watching it from all sides of the gigantic enclosure.

The goalkeeper of the City danced up and down in his citadel obviously puzzled. There was a peculiar twisting flight to the oncoming ball that disconcerted him. In his anxiety to follow its progress his eyes nearly started out of his head.

An expectant hush fell upon the thousands of enthusiasts ranging the touchlines. The forwards of the Rangers advanced in a formidable line, the half-backs of the City retreating step by step to assist the backs.

With a prodigious leap the 'keeper of the visiting eleven sprang in the air. His eager fingers grasped the ball almost lovingly.

Then the tension was broken.

"Well saved, sir!"

There was no mistaking the sincerity of the cry. The strained faces of the Manton City supporters broke into smiles; the rival faction shrugged their shoulders and settled down to watch the next phase of the game.

Meanwhile the ball had sailed into the Rangers' territory, and a regular ding-dong struggle ensued for possession.

The first half of the game had seen the visiting eleven "one up." True, it had been a lucky goal, but the Rangers had failed to equalise. With the opening of the second half, however, they had started off with a determined and

combined attack, and the visiting eleven had been hard put to it to defend their goal.

Still the Manton City eleven held the lead.

Young Jim Blakeney was the life and soul of the home eleven. With untiring energy he seized every opportunity that came his way. His speed was a remarkable feature of the game and a source of anxiety to the City defence. Twice in the second half had he run through on his own, weaving patterns round the half-backs in a manner that made them appear foolish. Twice had the City goalkeeper fisted out shots that would have caught a less active player napping.

And now, realising the danger that was likely to accrue from this slim young player, the skipper of the Manton City team had detailed two of his men to hang as close on the heels of Jim Blakeney as possible.

"Come on, Rangers!"

Glancing anxiously at their watches, the followers of the home club urged their representatives to further efforts. There were only fifteen minutes remaining to play.

From the midst of a struggling heap of players the centre-half of the Rangers was seen to emerge, the ball running smoothly at his feet. A quick glance over the field and Harold Digby had passed to the outside-right.

"Away with it, Micky!"

The popular winger trapped the leather in his stride and sped away like a hare. The red and white striped figure of the City's right-half came at him like a bull at a gate. But Micky Desmond felt no alarm. He was a past-master at evading heavy rushes. He stopped dead for a fraction of a second, and the half-back hurtled past to bring up against the ropes—a feat which evoked a roar of laughter and derision from the spectators.

But the City crowd soon changed their laughter into exclamations of anxiety. Micky had continued on his flight, the ball lobbing steadily at his feet. The whole forward line of the Rangers advanced as one man.

"Pass, Micky!"

The outside-right needed no instructions on that score. His quick eye took in the significant fact that two City players were speeding towards him—a move that weakened considerably the

defenders in the goal mouth. He passed.

In a flash Jim Blakeney fastened on the ball. His right foot came into play, and before players and spectators fully realised the fact the leather was speeding goalwards at a terrific pace.

The goalkeeper made a frantic dive to save his citadel, but he was a fraction of a second too late. A thrumming behind him told him that the ball was running up the rigging of the net.

"Goal!"

The Rangers had equalised.

The roar of applause that welled up from the spectators could be heard for miles around. It echoed over the ground long after the elevens had taken their places for the re-start.

Jim Blakeney threw a grateful glance at Micky Desmond. Despite the fact that the young centre-forward had netted the ball, he unhesitatingly gave the credit to the outside-right.

Up in the grand stand Mornington Hardacre, the managing-director of the Rangers, rubbed his hands with evident satisfaction. He turned to a director of the visiting team.

"Well, Chesney, what do you think of my protege?" he asked.

"Transfer him to us, Hardacre," replied the other, **"and I'll write you a cheque for fifteen hundred pounds this minute."**

"I wouldn't take a couple of thousand for him," said Hardacre. **"He's the find of the season—only eighteen, too!"**

"How did you get hold of him?"

"That's the remarkable part about it," laughed Hardacre. **"I didn't. He got hold of me. Came and witnessed a trial match, you know. Ben Simmonds, our centre, got crooked half-way through the game, and Blakeney asked me if I'd give him a trial. Why I consented I couldn't for the life of me imagine; but I did, and—"**

"You've blessed the day ever since," grinned Chesney. **"He's a wonder, there's no mistake! Look—look at him now!"**

The two directors turned their attention to the game. The whole forward line of the Rangers was sweeping down the field in a concentrated attack, the ball passing from wing to centre and again from centre to wing. With quick, decisive judgment Jim Blakeney nursed his forwards towards the goal.

Craning their necks, the spectators endeavoured to follow every movement

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of the game. The half back line of the City eleven was safely negotiated, and Jim Blakeney was in possession of the ball.

The burly back who had made such a poor showing against the slim centre-forward earlier in the match again lumbered forward. His colleague, with an expressive grimace, moved up, too. Another look was exchanged between them, and then, simultaneously, they charged.

"Look out, Jim!"

A score of voices yelled out the warning as the manoeuvre of the two backs became apparent.

Crash!

The two backs of the City eleven came together with a thud, but their intended victim had evaded their "pressing" attentions with an ease that brought a roar of laughter from the thousands behind the touchlines. The two backs, meanwhile, shot off at different angles and collapsed on the grass.

The old and rather despicable trick of "sandwiching" had failed dismally.

In the general excitement of the moment, for the Rangers' forward line was still continuing goalwards, the fate of the two burly City defenders was swiftly passed over and forgotten.

"Walk it in, Jim!" yelled one grizzled, old veteran of the king of winter games. "It's yours for the asking!"

And so it seemed.

The goalkeeper of the City eleven was decidedly nervous at the formidable line of opposition in front of him. He determined to rush out.

That was just what Jim Blakeney had anticipated. Acting as the decoy in this concerted movement, the slim young centre drew the goalkeeper in his direction.

With a headlong dive the City custodian flung himself at the feet of

Jim Blakeney. A moment previous, however, the ball had left Jim's foot on its way to Tony Williams, the inside-right.

With a playful smile on his lips, Tony ambled forward and dribbled the ball into the net. His action was the signal for another frenzied outburst from the Rangers' faction.

"A reg'ler cake-walk!" roared one enthusiast. "You could 'ave 'ad it yerself, Jim."

No one amongst the huge assembly doubted that fact. It had been a fine, unselfish piece of sportsmanship on the part of Jim Blakeney.

And the crowd in showing their approval of Tony Williams' effort were not forgetful of the young centre-forward.

"Good old Tony!"

"Played, Jim! Your goal!"

Jim Blakeney's handsome face broke into a good-natured smile as he shook hands with Tony Williams on his way back to the centre-line.

"Nicely done!" he said. "We want another one yet to let 'em know we mean it!"

Pheep!

The ball was in motion again. The City eleven were out to equalise or die in the attempt, judging by the general expression of determination written in every face.

But the Middleham Rangers were taking no chances now. With only five minutes to play before the final whistle shrilled out, and with a single goal lead, they could not afford to slacken their efforts.

And no one amongst that football-loving crowd was more mindful of the fact that Jim Blakeney's untiring, forceful exhibition had so far staved off defeat than Mornington Hardacre—the

managing-director of the Middleham Rangers.

Jim Blakeney was, indeed, the find of the season!

"Tiger" Sleek at Work!

"WELL, my lad, what do you think of the game?"

Ferrers Locke, the world-famous detective of Baker Street, newly returned from his amazing adventures in Russia, addressed the remark to a youthful figure at his side.

"Top-hole!"

Jack Drake, the detective's young and able assistant, replied with a warmth there was no denying. From the very commencement of the match the lad had scarcely taken his eyes off the pitch. Those twenty-two untiring players seemed to hold a peculiar fascination for him.

Ferrers Locke smiled.

"It's nearing the end now, my lad! Only three minutes to time!"

"So it is, guv'nor. But I bet you that fellow Jim Blakeney breaks through again. There's no one on the field capable of stopping him."

A perplexed frown crossed the finely chiselled face of Ferrers Locke at the mention of Jim Blakeney. Unknown to Jack Drake, the great detective's presence at the Middleham Rangers' ground was a matter of business and not pleasure, as Drake had fondly imagined.

By the wooden barrier in the next stand to him was a tall, burly figure with a forbidding cast of countenance. Ever and anon Locke's eyes would turn in this fellow's direction, and thence to Jim Blakeney in the black-and-gold colours of the Middleham Rangers.

It seemed hardly credible that there could be any connection between the handsome young footballer and this rough-looking fellow in the neighbouring stand. And yet such was the case, if Locke's information could be relied upon.

"Something a bit deep here!" murmured the great detective, shaking his head in a perplexed fashion. "That fellow Blakeney seems hardly the kind of chap to associate with this brute in the next stand they call 'Tiger' Sleek. Hum!"

Without a word to Jack Drake, who was still intent upon the closing stages of the game before him, Ferrers Locke moved to the little wooden barrier separating the two stands. With a nonchalant air he drew level with Tiger Sleek, and, with a jerk of the head in the direction of the pitch, addressed him.

"Who's this new player Jim Blakeney?" he inquired.

"Lor' bless yer, guv'nor, ain't you ever seed Jim before?"

"Can't say I have," remarked the detective easily. "He's a useful sort of player, though!"

"I should think he is useful!" guffawed the burly fellow, with more emphasis on the last word than seemed necessary to Locke.

The detective again turned his attention to the game, the last eighty seconds of which was being played out with a tenacity that kept the spectators in a state of feverish excitement.

Tiger Sleek glanced critically at the detective, noting his well-cut clothes and general prosperous appearance. Finally his eyes rested on a platinum chain that spaced the sleuth's waistcoat. Platinum chains usually accompanied gold watches, the Tiger reflected. And he



DRAWING THE DEFENCE!

With a headlong dive the City custodian flung himself at the feet of Jim Blakeney. A second before, however, the ball had left Blakeney's foot on its way to Williams, the inside-right. To the accompaniment of a roar of applause Williams dribbled the ball into the net. (See this page.)

"Tiger" Sleek and "Tiger" Ferrers Locke are well matched—

was by way of being a collector of gold watches, so he knew something about them.

Locke, from the corner of his eye, noted the look of greed that crossed his neighbour's face, and deliberately pulled out his watch, apparently to study the time.

It was a gold watch.

Sleek saw that, although he turned away his head quickly enough.

The detective replaced the watch in his pocket, and gave his attention to the game. Suddenly a hand reached out. It belonged to Tiger Sleek. With an ease born of long practice the watch was speedily transferred to his own pocket.

Ferrers Locke chuckled softly to himself. He was well aware of the loss he had sustained—it had suited his plans perfectly. Before he could make any further remark to the burly figure alongside him, however, a terrific roar welled up from all sides of the enclosure.

"He's going through on his own!"

"Stop him!"

"Go it, Jimmy boy!"

The black-and-gold figure of the Middleham centre was seen to be flashing down the field in a burst of speed that was astonishing.

"Go it, Jim!" roared Sleek in his stentorian tones.

And Jim was going it—with a vengeance.

The half-backs raced to intercept his passage, and were left yards behind. One of the backs swerved forward on slaughter bent, and received a shoulder charge that sent him staggering. Then the remaining back took the trail, as it were.

But with a bewildering series of feints Jim safely passed him, and, with a scorching ground shot, netted the leather practically on the stroke of time.

The rousing cheer that went up completely drowned the "phee!" of the referee's whistle, intimating that the game was over. Young Jim received the hearty thumps on the back that showered on him from his delighted team-fellows with protestin' smiles.

"Go easy, you chaps!" he exclaimed at length. "You'll break my blessed back!"

Up in the stands Tiger Sleek had bellowed out his applause and then retired. Thus, when Locke turned his head, he saw the burly figure of the man who had "snaffled" his watch pushing his way through the crowd at the exit.

"Must keep sight of him!" grunted Locke. "Besides, I want my watch!"

Beckoning to Jack Drake, Locke hurried towards the exit of his own stand. Once outside he walked swiftly to the exit of the cheaper stand. Even as he arrived the burly figure of Sleek lumbered out and mingled with the crowd departing homewards.

"Quick, Jack!" commanded the detective. "See that hefty fellow directly in front? Well, we've got to follow him; he's got my watch!"

"What! But—"

"No time for explanations now, my lad. Keep him in sight, you understand?"

"Right-ho, guv'nor!"

Jack Drake, sorely puzzled, stepped out briskly with his chief. The long, narrow lane to the football ground was traversed without the detective and his assistant losing sight of their quarry.

At the end of the lane it was a different matter. A steady stream of traffic

SWALLOWING THE BAIT!



Suddenly a hand reached out. It belonged to "Tiger" Sleek. With an ease born of long practice Ferrers Locke's gold watch was speedily transferred to the rogue's pocket. The detective, to all intents and purposes watching the game before him, chuckled grimly. He was well aware of the loss he had sustained.

(See this page.)

threaded its way along the main road running at right-angles with the lane, and "trailing" anyone under those conditions was difficult in the extreme.

"Put a spurt on, Jack!"

Locke and Drake redoubled their pace and gradually drew level with the man they were trailing. Something prompted Sleek to look over his shoulder at that moment. He saw the grim face of his late victim, and commenced to run.

"After him!" rapped Locke, breaking into a run.

A waiting taxicab was drawn up to the pavement, and Sleek, seeing there was no other way of escape, jerked out his destination to the driver, and clambered inside.

"Stop!" yelled the detective.

A few pedestrians turned to stare at Locke and his assistant as they reached the kerb just as the taxi drove off. The detective ground his teeth in annoyance.

"Fool that I was!" he muttered to himself. "We've lost him!"

"Here's another cab, guv'nor!" exclaimed Drake.

Hailing the taxi, Locke and Drake scrambled in. Through the speaking-tube the detective issued his instructions to the driver.

"Follow that taxi in front of you," he said, in quick, jerky tones. "Double your fare if you keep it in sight."

The driver touched his cap and let in his clutch with a jerk. The taxi leaped forward.

"Now you've got a moment," grinned Jack Drake, "perhaps you'll tell me what all this means. Funny kind of ending to a football-match!"

"Business brought me to the Middleham ground this afternoon, my lad," said Locke, in reply, "not just a mere

indulgence in watching a game of footer, splendid as it was!"

"Oh!"

"Lady Branton came to me this morning with the story that she had lost a pearl necklace, and requested me to devote my time to its recovery. I am on the track. I know now who has the necklace in his possession—"

"Do you, by Jove?" exclaimed Drake admiringly. "Who's the giddy culprit?"

"The same fellow who snatched my watch!" grunted the sleuth. "I wanted to arrest him on a charge of robbery so that his pockets could be searched. I tempted him with my watch—and he took it!"

"Smart chap!" said Drake.

"Very smart!" returned Locke grimly. "From information received, the man I am after is known in the underworld as Tiger Sleek. He's supposed to be a relative of Jim Blakeney, and—"

"What, the centre-forward of the Middleham Rangers!" gasped Jack incredulously.

"Exactly!"

"Well, I'm blowed!"

"He's— Hallo! We're held up!" exclaimed Locke. "Confound it! We shall lose our man!"

The white-gloved hand of a constable arrested the traffic at the cross-roads just as Locke's taxi drew level. The driver turned in his seat and shrugged his shoulders.

"Couldn't help it, sir!" he apologised.

"The cab I was following was the last to pass through. It turned down one of the streets on the left—lost sight of it after that."

Growing impatient with every passing second, Locke waited for the policeman to lower his hand. An interval of

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three minutes elapsed, what time the cab containing the Tiger, the sleuth reflected, might be anywhere amongst that crowded portion of the town.

"Hallo, we're off again!" said Drake hopefully.

"Not much use now, my lad, confound it!" returned Locke. "We've lost our man and my gold watch into the bargain. We'll give the Tiger the first hand in the game. Stop our driver. It's useless running through these back streets. We'll have a square meal, and then adjourn to the garage. The car will be ready to take us back to town. I rather fancy that in the recovery of Lady Branton's necklace we shall plunge ourselves into an absolute network of crime. A look at the records in my study up at Baker Street will undoubtedly furnish me with something material to work upon."

"But, sir—"

"The face of Tiger Sleek is familiar to me," continued the detective, unheeding the interruption. "That he is no common or garden pickpocket I feel positively certain."

"But what did you mean by saying that Jim Blakeney's a relative of his, guv nor?"

"Ah!" replied Locke gravely. "I can't explain at the moment; you must wait, Jack!"

A Definite Answer!

"GIVE him a cheer, boys!"

An ardent follower of the fortunes of the Middleham Rangers called upon his associates as the tired but jubilant home eleven came off the ground.

"Ay, lads; three of the best!"

The cheers were given with a right good will. Jim Blakeney's face crimsoned in embarrassment as his name was hurled heavenward in a long-continued bellow of appreciation. At that moment he was very happy.

The majority of the players fully realised that their victory over the Manton City club was due in no small measure to the energetic and fine display of their own centre-forward.

Ronald Swiveller, nephew of Mornington Hardacre, and inside-left in the Rangers' eleven scowled, however, as the crowd cheered the fellow he had already grown to hate. In the general excitement of the moment none seemed to notice the vengeful glare in the eyes of Hardacre's nephew.

The home eleven passed into the dressing-room. During the process of a bath and a rub-down Jim Blakeney listened to the effusive remarks of Jeff Dunstan, the trainer. The veteran was regarded by most as a very reticent old man, but on this occasion he unbent considerably.

"Jolly good performance, Jim!" he grunted. "If you go on like that we shall have all the leading clubs after you!"

"Don't be an ass, Jeff!" smiled Blakeney. "I did no more than any of the others would have done had they been in my place."

"Don't know about that, sonny!" growled Jeff. "I knows one or two the team could well dispense with. Howsumever, it's a great lad you are—and Jeff Dunstan's proud of you!"

Before Jim could make any suitable reply the tall figure of Mornington Hardacre appeared in the dressing-room. With a word of congratulation to the players, he passed into the adjoining bath-room.

"Hallo, Jimmy, my boy!" he greeted

enthusiastically. "A very fine performance indeed. You were splendid—so splendid, in fact, that the director of the City took a violent fancy to you. He offered me on the spot a cheque of fifteen hundred pounds for your transfer."

"But he ain't going to have him," growled Jeff Dunstan, "is he, Jim?"

Jim Blakeney laughed.

"Not likely!" he made answer. "I'm quite content with the Rangers, thanks very much!"

"That's the spirit, my lad!" beamed Mornington Hardacre. "With you in the front line, the Rangers will pull into a better place than bottom of the League this season."

"You're very good, sir!"

"And there's no bunkum in what I'm saying," continued Hardacre, heartily. "I don't want to turn your head, but I reckon you're the find of the season."

"Same here!" chimed in Dunstan.

"When you've changed, Jim," said Hardacre, "I'd like you to accompany

A WELL-EARNED COMPLIMENT!



Mornington Hardacre gripped the hand of Jim Blakeney and wrung it warmly. "A very fine performance indeed, my boy," he exclaimed, enthusiastically. "You were splendid!" (See this page.)

me to the Myrtles for a bit of dinner and a smoke—that is, of course, if you're free."

A startled look for the moment settled on Jim's handsome face, but he turned it aside, as it were, with a wry smile.

"I'm sorry to refuse you, sir," he said; "but I'm afraid I can't accept your invitation—not to-night, at any rate. I—I've an appointment, you know."

"Oh, well, of course, I don't expect you to break your word. Come along home some other time, will you?"

"Only too delighted!" replied Jim, although the startled look once again crept into his face.

Mornington Hardacre passed out of the dressing-room, the eyes of Ronald Swiveller following his every movement.

"That cub Blakeney is worming his way into the good graces of the old man too fast for my liking!" was Swiveller's

mental observation as he pulled on his coat. "I shall have to watch my steps."

Jeff Dunstan turned to Jim.

"Old man Hardacre has taken a fancy to you, sonny," he said. "I'm glad! He's the whitest man I know—and one of the cleverest."

That Mornington Hardacre was a white man was known throughout the town of Middleham. That he was clever in the sense that Dunstan meant was known only to a few. Besides being an all-round sportsman, and one of the wealthiest merchants in the town, Mornington Hardacre was by way of being an inventor.

"He's been a good friend to me," said Jim slowly, in a tone that made the old trainer look at him hard. "I couldn't—"

"Well," exclaimed Dunstan, "you couldn't what?"

"Oh, nothing!"

Jim bit his lip in his confusion, and avoided the inquiring eyes of Dunstan. Without another word upon the subject of Mornington Hardacre, the centre-forward of the Rangers pulled on his overcoat. A cheery "Good-night!" to the trainer, and Jim had passed out to the dressing-room.

Away from the glare of the light the young man strode out briskly, his handsome features no longer open and untroubled. A perplexed expression, which spoke of indecision to a marked degree, settled on his face.

"I can't do it!" he repeated over and over again. "Hardacre's taken me at my face value—he trusts me. I can't do it! I— Oh, confound the Tiger and his gang. They can do their worst! I won't do it!"

Deriving comfort from his heated outburst, Jim Blakeney squared his shoulders and stepped out briskly along the towing-path of the River Twa. The silver water of the river seemed to rivet his attention. The dusk had deepened into twilight, and the soft rays of a crescent moon played gently with the lapping water as it slowly wound its way to the Thames.

Suddenly the hoot of an owl rang out upon the still evening air—a cry that was immediately echoed from all points of the compass.

Jim Blakeney started.

He knew that signal. And the sound of it usually meant trouble ahead for someone. Undecided whether to move on or retreat, Jim suddenly found himself surrounded by six men. He knew them at a glance, and knew their mission.

"Don't be alarmed, Jim," chuckled the spokesman of the party. "We ain't goin' to 'urt yer—leastways, not if you're reasonable. Are we mates?"

The "mates" joined in with a coarse outburst of laughter, strengthened by a few adjectives. They were a tough-looking crew—the smallest member being a head taller than Jim Blakeney. There was silence for a moment.

"Well, what do you want with me?" at last demanded Jim.

"That's it, Jim; always ready to talk business—just like your uncle!"

"Haw, haw, haw!"

Two or three of the party found something amusing in the remark.

"Keep my uncle's name out of it!" snapped Jim hotly. "I'm finished with him! Finished with you, d'you hear?"

"Yes, I hear all right!" growled the spokesman of the party. "But in course, you don't mean it, Jim!"

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"I mean every word of it!" retorted Blakeney. "You'll never make a crook of me!"

"The bantam crows," grunted the leader, looking round upon his evil associates with a leer. "I allus reckoned the chief was wrong in eddicating this 'ere nipper to be a gentleman. See! He's jibbing already!"

"Knock some sense into him, Stubbins!"

Stubbins turned to Jim again.

"Now, look here, young feller. You know what we've come for. You ain't acting in with the chief's orders. Three weeks now you've been with Hardacre's crowd, and you've done nothing. The chief sent us down here to meet yer—to demand an explanation. If that ain't forthcoming—I think that's the word 'e said—we're to give you the hiding of yer life."

"Get on with it, then!" retorted Jim fearlessly. "I've told you once—I'm finished. You're getting nothing out of Hardacre through me!"

The bantering manner of Stubbins changed with startling suddenness. With a muttered imprecation, he lunged forward and aimed a heavy blow at the boy's face. Had it landed, Jim undoubtedly would have been felled like an ox. Instead, he side-stepped neatly, and the ruffian, meeting with no resistance, swung round and almost toppled into the stream.

"Set about 'im, mates!" he roared, as he regained his balance. "I've 'ad it in for this kid for some months. We're acting on the chief's orders this time. Pay him out what you owe him."

"Ay, Stubbins, we'll learn 'im!"

The crowd of toughs surged forward with evil intent, and Jim, realising that he was in for the fight of his life, for the odds were six to one, threw up his hands. A well-aimed right caught Stubbins full on the chin and sent him staggering backwards, to bring up sharp in the face of one of his cronies.

A left swing followed, and another of the toughs fell back uttering a string of imprecations, and nursing a damaged nose.

But the fight could not continue in the face of such odds. Already Jim's face bore ample marks of the fray; his left eye was darkening, where a gnarled fist had crashed home, his jaw was bruised, his knuckles cut and bleeding.

"You curs!" he hissed, striking out with a force that surprised his assailants. "You despicable curs!"

"Down him, boys!"

"Let me get at him!" roared the man who had previously caressed his nose, taking good care, however, to keep in the background of those whirling fists. "I'll tan him!"

"All together, boys!"

The six toughs advanced in a body, and Jim knew that his moment had come. With bleeding knuckles he swept aside three of the brawny fists that flashed out at him, and recompensed their owners with telling blows that were to be remembered for many a day to come. And then—

Smack!

A vicious blow took him on the chin, deadening his senses until he could scarcely distinguish the forms of his assailants. The face of Stubbins seemed to predominate in that huge blur, however, and Jim struck at it with all his remaining strength. Faintly he heard a howl of pain as the fist went home, and then all became a blank.

Tottering under that concentrated stream of blows, the young footballer sank to the ground and lay still.

Bill Stubbins breathed hard, and wiped away a stream of crimson from his mouth.

"Regular wild-cat!" he growled. "Didn't know he had it in 'im!"

The six, panting heavily, regarded one another in silence thereafter. Each was waiting for the other to make a suggestion. Stubbins shifted uneasily, and jabbed the prone figure of Jim Blakeney with his foot.

"What shall we do with 'im?" he grunted at length.

Another uncomfortable silence.

"What 'as 'e knocked you all dumb?" exclaimed Stubbins, with a leer. "I know what we'll do with 'im—the river! 'E knows too much for our comfort. What d'you say?"

"Ay; the river. Chuck 'im in with the fishes, Bill!" growled the ugliest member of the gang.

"Ay; the river!"

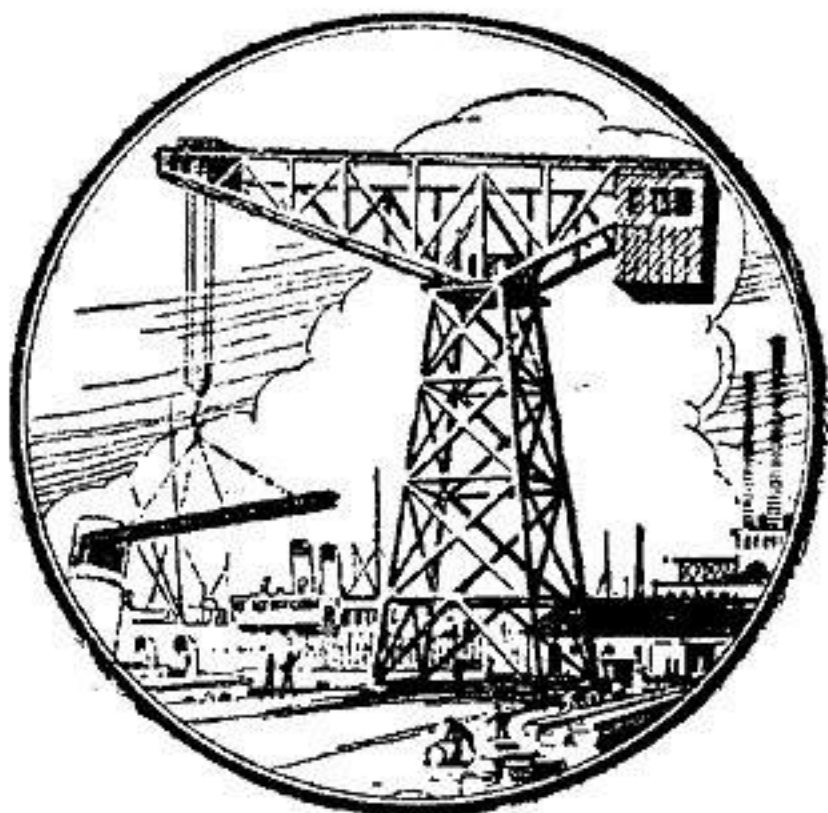
A general nodding of heads showed that the majority was in favour of such a proceeding. Stooping, Bill Stubbins and the ugly fellow caught hold of Jim Blakeney and swung him aloft.

Splash!

The unconscious figure of the young footballer hurtled riverwards, and the waters parted to receive him.

Peering over the bank, six faces showed pale and brutal in the soft rays of the moon. Six consciences were grappling with the murder of Jim Blakeney.

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Out of the Night!

TIME we were starting, Jack!" Ferrers Locke carefully tapped out the ashes from his pipe, and replaced it in his pocket. Jack Drake looked up from his perusal of the evening paper.

"Right-ho, guv'nor! I'll order the car!"

The detective and his assistant had partaken of a hearty meal at the Middleham Central Hotel after their exciting chase of the taxicab containing the Tiger, and Locke had retired to the lounge for a smoke.

The afternoon, despite the loss of a gold watch, had been an interesting one to the great detective. It had opened up vast possibilities towards solving an amazing series of crimes which had taken London by storm of late.

Even as Locke peered into the welcome, comforting light of the fire he seemed to visualise the ugly, brutal face of the Tiger.

"Ready, guv'nor?"

Jack Drake's remark aroused the detective from his reverie. He rose to his feet, and, accompanied by the youngster, walked over to the hotel garage. The big six-cylinder Hawk—a gift of appreciation from a former client to whom Locke had rendered a great service—at once took the eye of all who beheld it. Its long, stream-lined body, its finely-polished metalwork, the rhythmical purr of the great engine as the sleuth set it in motion, all spoke of workmanship of the highest skill.

"Running smoothly!" muttered the detective laconically. "Jump in, my lad!"

The clutch was thrust in, and the big car moved almost silently out of the garage to the accompaniment of a glance of admiration from the garage-keeper.

"We'll take the long road," said Locke, as he settled himself at the wheel. "We can open her out there!"

Jack Drake nodded. He liked nothing so much as a swift flight through the keen night air in a car of the Hawk's capabilities.

"Good idea, sir!" he said. "Let her rip!"

The detective swung the great car into the country road that branched to the left of the town, and accelerated the engine. It responded instantly. At a speed well on forty miles an hour the Hawk leaped forward, gradually leaving the twinkling lights of Middleham behind.

"See that building silhouetted against the sky?" said Locke suddenly, extending his arm by way of indication. "That's the Middleham Football Club's grandstand."

"Talking of Middleham, guv'nor," said Drake slowly. "I still want to know what you meant by saying that that chap Blakeney of the Rangers is a relative of the chap who pinched your watch."

"Your persistency does you credit, my lad," returned Locke. "All the same, I cannot answer you at this juncture. I can see, however, that you have followed the masses—ready to hero-worship young Jim Blakeney!"

"Well, he's a jolly fine footballer!" retorted Drake, with some warmth. "Only a kid of eighteen years, too!"

"That's so!" muttered Locke, half to himself. "Only eighteen years! A pity! Hum!"

He lapsed into silence, and Jack, knowing the whimsical moods of his beloved chief, refrained from continuing the conversation.

The big car was nearing the river now, and the lad felt his attention drawn in that direction. Idly he watched the lapping water curve in and out amongst the surrounding countryside. Suddenly he sat bolt upright in his seat, and listened intently.

"Did you hear that, guv'nor?" he demanded breathlessly.

"Hear what, my lad?" drawled the detective, rather sleepily.

"A shout—a shout for help. Listen! There it is again!"

Ferrers Locke slowed down the high-powered car, and finally brought it to a standstill.

"Help! Help!"

There was no mistaking the cry this time. It proceeded from the river.

"Someone in difficulties!" rapped Locke, jumping from his seat.

"Quickly, Jack! This way!"

But there was no need to urge Jack Drake. He was close on the heels of

THE CRY FROM THE RIVER!



With a dive that many a professional swimmer would have envied, Ferrers Locke entered the waters of the Twee, and struck out with forceful strokes in the direction of the cry for help.

(See this page.)

the detective as Locke sped towards the river-bank.

"Help! Oh, help!"

Peering through the gloom, Locke halted at the edge of the river to sense the exact direction of the sound, meantime peeling off his jacket.

"Catch hold, my lad!" he said, tossing the garment to Jack Drake, who panted at his side. "I'm going in!"

With a dive that many a professional swimmer would have envied, Locke entered the waters of the Twee, and struck out with forceful strokes in the direction of the cry for help.

"Hold on!" he yelled encouragingly.

From the darkness something like a great sigh of relief went up. Locke, with another reassuring cry, swam on strongly. A tree loomed up in front of him, its branches overhanging the river. Clinging to the end of one of the branches was a youthful figure.

Another couple of powerful strokes and the detective had reached the hanging figure. He took hold of it in

his strong grasp, and commenced to swim back—at a slower pace, for the person he had rescued was like a dead weight in his arms—towards the bank where stood Jack Drake, an electric torch in his hand, ready to direct his chief.

Five minutes later both Locke and the person he had rescued were safe on the bank, to the unbounded delight of Jack Drake.

Gently Ferrers Locke placed the unconscious figure he had rescued on a level piece of grass, and knelt down beside it.

Jack Drake, swinging the gleaming torch earthwards, darted back with a cry of amazement on his lips, for the light revealed the battered but still recognisable face of Jim Blakeney—the popular centre-forward of the Middleham Rangers!

(Now that you have been introduced to Jim Blakeney you are curious, no doubt, to pierce the mystery that surrounds his appearance in the Rangers' eleven. Next week's five instalment will enlighten you. Order your MAGNET early.)

THE GIPSY MILLIONAIRE

(Continued from page 18.)

napper, slain by his own savage hand, lay in the hospital at Courtfield—to repent before his eyes closed for ever.

Aubrey Angel of the Fourth was in the school sanatorium—to remain there for some weeks. And the school heard with wonder that he had received his injury in defending Mick from harm, in taking upon himself the blow aimed at his new-found brother.

"Even Angel's got his good points," said Bob Cherry, in Study No. 1. "Blessed if I thought he had it in him!"

"Blessed if I did!" said Wharton. "But he had! But fancy old Mick turn-out a giddy millionaire!"

"Rolling in it!" said Nugent.

"And fancy his turning out an Angel, my esteemed chums!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "Like the worthy Johnny in the story, Greyfriars has been entertaining an angel unawares!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mick—all the fellows still called him Mick—remained at the school till Angel came out of "sanny." Then he went home with his father. The gipsy schoolboy—now Maurice Angel, millionaire—was to return to Greyfriars later; for the present his father wanted him, and he was glad to be with his father.

"I'm to have a tutor, and all that, and be got in order to take my place here like the other fellows, you know," Mick told the Famous Five. "So you'll see me again, old chaps. I'm coming back—my brother Aubrey is keen on my coming back! I say, ain't it jolly?"

And Harry Wharton & Co. agreed that it was jolly—extremely jolly; as indeed it was. And they gave the gipsy schoolboy a great send-off when he left with Sir Philip, and looked forward, after that, to the time when they should greet, as a member of the Greyfriars Remove, the Gipsy millionaire!

THE END.

(There is another ripping story by your favourite author next Monday, entitled "The Greyfriars Gliding Competition"—a yarn that will add another laurel to the triumph of FRANK RICHARDS. Be sure you read it, boys.)

THE "HOLIDAY ANNUAL!"

Roll up and get your copies of the new "Holiday Annual." This is another way of making hay while the sun shines. As a matter of fact, there is enough sunshine in the "Holiday Annual" to turn the greyest winter day into a thing of sparkling radiance. But time is on the wing. So are the remaining copies of the magnificent book.

OUR COMPANION PAPERS!

As usual, there are superb programmes in our allied weeklies, the "Boys' Friend," the "Popular," and the "Gem." Rumour has it that a grand new highwayman serial, featuring Claude Duval, will shortly blossom forth in the "Pop."

A LIST OF GREYFRIARS STORIES!

G. Hale writes from Seaforth: "Do you think you could manage to publish in the MAGNET a list of all the Greyfriars stories since Number 1? You could publish as many each week as space will allow." The idea is a taking one, but it raises some wholesale objections. To begin with the list of yarns is enormous. I doubt if my correspondent quite realises the extent of the catalogue.—Ed.

FRETWORK IN YOUR SPARE TIME

You can make heaps of lovely things with a Hobbies Fretwork Outfit. A simple free design is given every week, and each Outfit contains enough tools for you to start. A lovely hobby, and one which takes very little pocket money!

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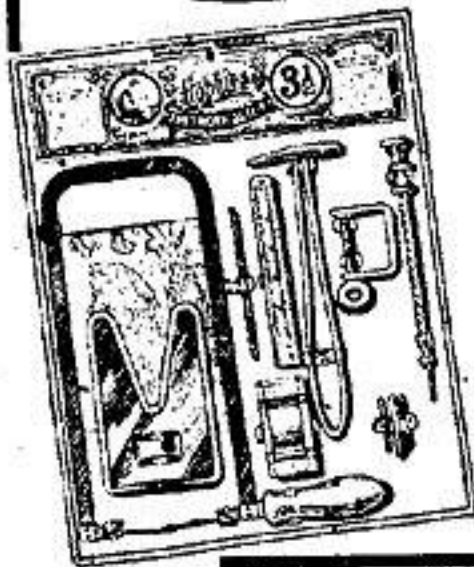


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MAGNET, 17/11/23.

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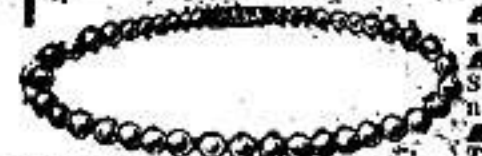
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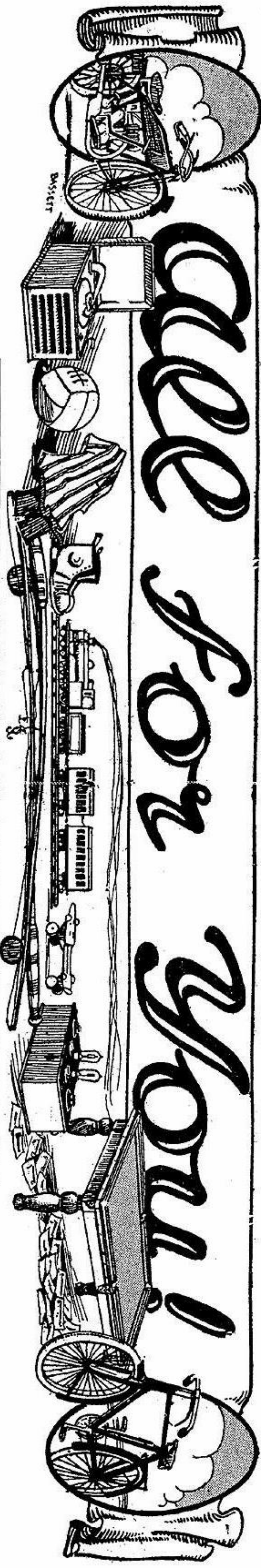
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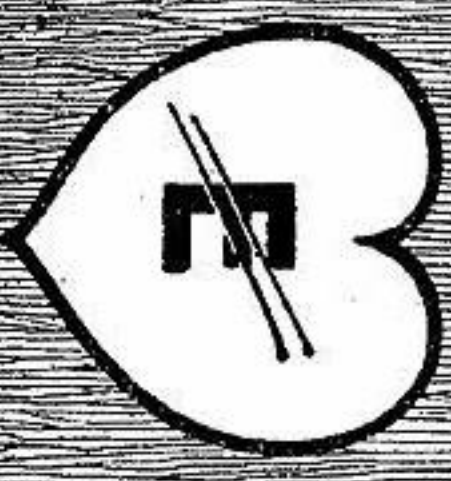
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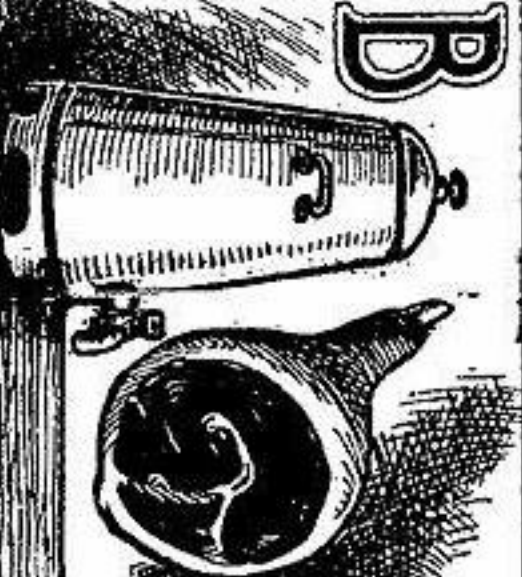
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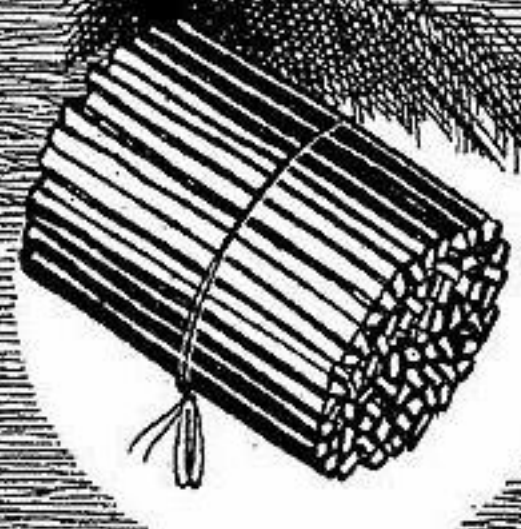
which must be strictly adhered to.

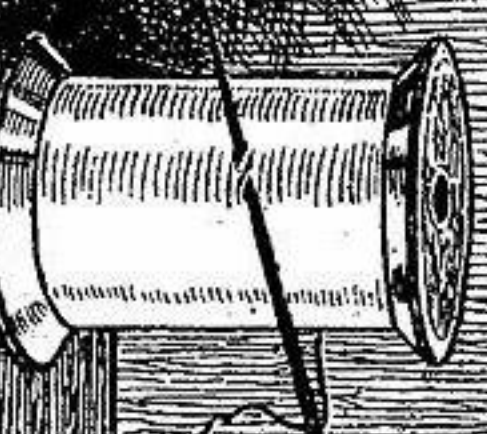
- 1.—The First Prize of \$100 in cash will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the correct, or nearest correct, solution of all eight sets of the pictures according to the Editor's official solution.
- 2.—The Second Prize of \$50, and the others in the splendid variety of prizes will be awarded in order of merit.
- 3.—All the prizes will be awarded. If two or more competitors tie, however, the prize or prizes, or their value, will be divided, and the Editor reserves full rights in this respect.
- 4.—No solutions may be sent in until all the sets of the pictures and the necessary coupon have been published. Full directions will then be given.
- 5.—The names under the pictures must be written IN INK.
- 6.—Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.
- 7.—Entry to this competition is on the full understanding that the Editor's decision is final and legally binding throughout.

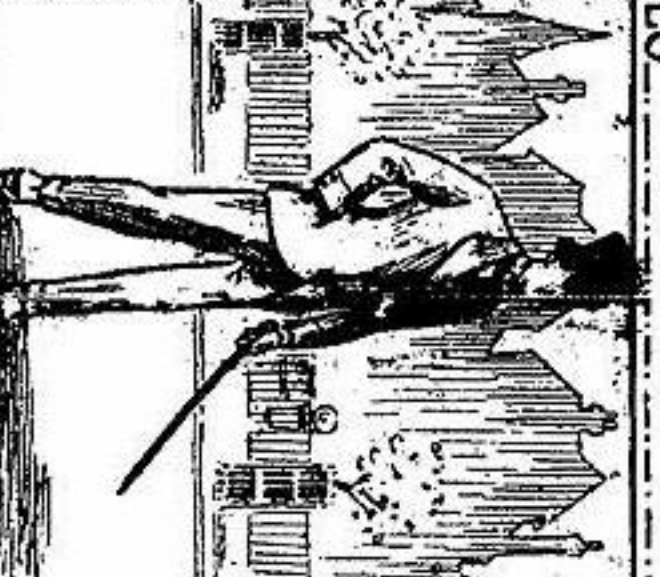
SET NO. 5. THREE MORE SETS TO COME!

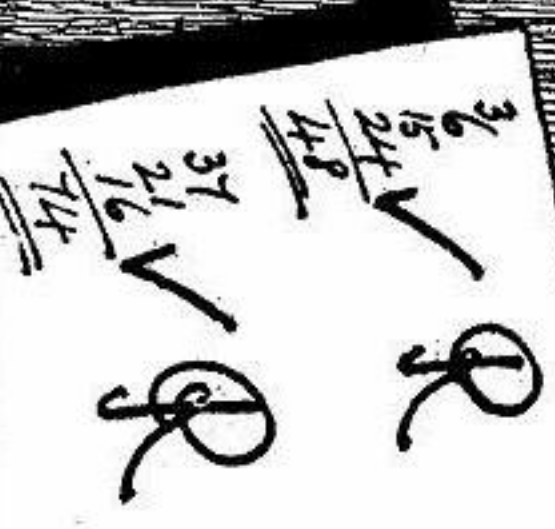
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ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

is to write IN INK in the allotted space under each of the puzzle-pictures the name of the Footballer which you think the picture represents. Surely a simple enough task—only six names to discover each week!

In all there will be EIGHT SETS OF PICTURES, so keep your solutions until the other sets appear.

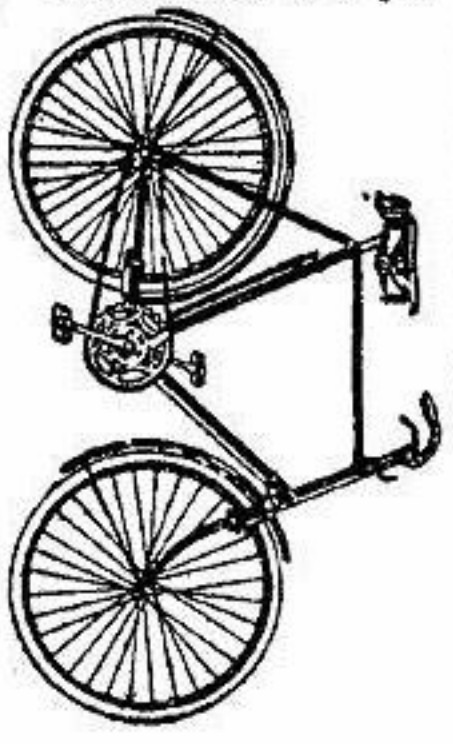
DO NOT SEND YOUR ENTRIES YET.

To help you still further we have published in the four preceding issues of the MAGNET a list of footballers' names, which contains the actual names of all the footballers represented by the pictures in this competition.

New readers desirous of entering this contest will also find in LAST WEEK'S issue of the MAGNET the FIRST FOUR SETS of the puzzle-pictures.

Back numbers of the MAGNET can be obtained on application to the "Back Numbers Dept.," Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C.4. For each single number required twopenny in stamps should be forwarded, also one penny stamp to cover postage. The postal rate for additional copies is an extra halfpenny per copy.

Readers of "The Champion," "Boys' Realm," "Union Jack," "Boys' Friend," "Pluck," "Boys' Cinema," "Young Britain," "Gem," "The Popular," "The Rocket," and "Nelson Lee Library" are also taking part in the Contest, so that additional attempts may be made with the pictures from these allied journals.



YOU'VE SOLVED THIS SET? GOOD! NOW LOOK OUT FOR SET NO. 6—APPEARS NEXT WEEK!