

POCKET KNIVES

AWARDED FOR
WINNING JOKE
AND LIMERICKS

POCKET WALLETS!

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The MAGNET

2^d

EVERY SATURDAY.



THE NEW BOY'S FEUD!

HUNTED DOWN!

A dramatic discovery by Harry Wharton & Co. in their sensational hunt for a "wanted" man, vividly described in the long complete school and adventure story inside.



Come Into the Office, Boys!

Always glad to hear from you, chums, so drop me a line to the following address: The Editor, The "Magnet" Library, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

NOTE.—All Jokes and Limericks should be sent to c/o "Magnet," 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

NOW that the football season is well under way, I wonder how many of you fellows know

WHO INVENTED FOOTBALL.

Alf Sydney, of Hexham, doesn't know, and he asks me to tell him. Well, the origin of football is hidden in antiquity, but you'll probably be surprised to know that it is believed that the Ancient Britons played football! In the Middle Ages the game was extremely popular, but when Edward II. came to the throne he tried to suppress it. So did several other kings—but footballers proved to be a pertinacious lot, and the result was that the game was carried on despite the opposition of the law. The Football Association, however, was not founded until 1863, although several Public schools and clubs had been playing the game for years before that.

I ran into a curious fellow last week—

A FELLOW WHO WOULD INTEREST YOU!

He is what is known in the cinema world as a "double," which means that when there is anything especially risky to do, he is willing to take the place of the "star" actor, and run the risk for him. You'll remember how, in our Hollywood series, some little time ago, Harry Wharton "doubled" for a Hollywood actor. Well, this fellow I met was preparing to "double" for an English actor, and the job which he had to do was to stage

A MOTOR CRASH AT 100 M.P.H.!

He has really got a couple of things to do. First of all, he must get a car into a skid, and then pull it right over on its side. Then—provided he's still O.K., he's got to get into another car and dash into the overturned one. He won't actually crash at 100 miles per hour, but he will have to do it at 50! The camera, of course, will speed up the affair and give the illusion of crashing at 100 m.p.h. Even then, I reckon there are very few fellows who would willingly take such a risk, even for the amount of money which "doubles" are paid. I'm all in favour of a little excitement myself, but I do draw the line somewhere.

As I told you some time ago, I very often get letters from fellows who are

TRYING TO PULL MY LEG!

I don't know whether it's the "silly season" just now, or not, but there have been quite a number of letters lately whose writers are trying to have a quiet joke at my expense. Very well—here are my replies to them:

"SANDY" (Glasgow).—You say you knocked your head against a window, and broke it. Your head or the window?

M. S. (Walthamstow).—So your old pal "cut" you the other morning! What is he—a barber's assistant?

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"THESPIAN" (Brighton).—You consider that you were cut out to be an actor. Who cut you out?

"INQUIRER" (Wallasey).—You ask: "What did Mr. Gladstone say in 1889?" Nothing to what I said when I read your letter!

"PEDESTRIAN" (Shoreham).—What steps can you take to prevent motorists exceeding the speed limit outside your house? If I were you I would take fast ones!

That's that! Any more of you fellows like to pull my leg? If not, we'll get on to the next item on the programme, which is a yarn which earns a penknife for J. Hanna, of 20, South View, Ballinlough Road, Cork.

THE SAME STORY.



Blogs: "Smith seems to be very well satisfied with his car. He tells me he has not paid a farthing in repairs all the



time he's had it."

Sloggs: "That's so. I heard the same story from the man who's done all the repairs."

Now to the serious questions. Don Porter, of Bristol, wants to know which is

"THE STREET OF ADVENTURE!"

This is a name given to Fleet Street, which is also known sometimes as "The Street of Ink." Fleet Street always has been one of the most romantic streets in London, and only this very morning, as I write, I have heard of the discovery of a secret cellar and passage under a building in Hanging Sword Alley, which is a narrow alley running down from Fleet Street. In bygone days this area was known as "Alsatia," which was a sanctuary for all sorts of rogues and vagabonds. This particular street cellar is supposed to have been the lair of body-snatchers, who carried on their nefarious business in this neighbourhood. Nowadays, however, all the old buildings are being destroyed—and many interesting souvenirs of "the bad old days" are being brought to light.

Here is

A CHANCE TO BECOME AN EXPLORER

which may appeal to some of you "Magnetites" who are always thirsting for adventure. One of my sub-editors, who has just returned from the Peak District in Derbyshire, tells me that during the last year about twelve caves have been explored for the first time, and that it is believed that there are a great number of caves which have not yet been properly explored. Cave-exploring is by no means an easy job, and you have got to have your wits about you, and watch your step carefully. Otherwise, you might find yourself precipitated down a hole from

which there is no escape. Not only in the Peak District, but in other parts of the country there exist caves and secret passages which have not yet been explored, but it is not always easy to get permission to do so. I remember once trying to get permission to explore a certain secret passage, but the permission was refused, because the last fellow who went to explore it never returned.

The greatest danger which has to be guarded against is the presence of poisonous gas, which may lurk in caves and passages which are not properly ventilated, and it is assumed that many cave explorers who have not returned have been overcome by these gases. I would like to tell you a lot more about caves but my space is running short. However, next week I'll return to the subject. In the meantime, here's a limerick for which J. H. Boot, of 99, Richmond Street, Stoke-on-Trent, gets one of our pocket wallets:

A certain young fellow named Skinner
Once attempted to pick out a "winner."
But his money all went
To a bookmaking gent—
Serve him right, the disgraceful young sinner!

Here's another question I must answer. Is it true that

WHITE PEOPLE ARE RULED BY BLACKS

in some parts of the world? Yes; but in one country alone. This is the Republic of Hayti, which has had a most chequered history. Originally discovered by Columbus, it was ruled by Spain and then by France. But the negroes arose in rebellion and established their own republic, where no white man has a say in the government of the country. At various times reigns of terror have been established in the country, and at one time white people were persecuted unmercifully. Things are a bit better nowadays, of course, but Hayti still remains a black man's country.

There is another negro republic in Africa—the country of Liberia—but this is a much better run country, as the inhabitants are mostly men who settle there from America, and they have a certain amount of education, which, I am afraid, is lacking in many of the Haytians. I have heard that the Haytian army numbers more generals than privates.

A BUMPER PROGRAMME!

Next Saturday's MAGNET programme is indeed a bumper one. First of all, there's a humorous long complete yarn of Harry Wharton & Co., and that crass ass Coker. In—

"COKER COMES A CROPPER!"

By Frank Richards,

the Fifth-Former excels himself in his weird and wonderful way of doing things—result, a story you must not miss. Secondly, there'll be another stirring instalment of Geo. E. Rochester's French Revolution serial. The third item on the programme is another lively, side-splitting story by that humorous character, Dicky Nugent, entitled:

"THE JIPSY'S WARNING!"

These fine features, together with another splendid flying article, and, of course, "Come Into the Office, Boys!" complete an unbeatable feast of fun and fiction.

YOUR EDITOR.

A SENSATIONAL COMPLETE SCHOOL-ADVENTURE STORY YOU'LL ENJOY!

THE NEW BOY'S

FEUD!

Featuring Harry Wharton & Co., the popular chums of Greyfriars, and Julian Devarney.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Matter of Importance!

"If—if you please, sir——"

"Well?"

Mr. Quelch rapped out that word like a bullet from a rifle.

His remark was short, but not sweet. It seemed rather to disconcert Billy Bunter. Instead of replying to that monosyllabic query, the Owl of the Remove stood in the doorway of the Form master's study, and blinked at Henry Samuel Quelch through his big spectacles.

It really was not quite safe to butt into Mr. Quelch's study on a half-holiday.

When the Remove had a half-holiday, the Remove master considered that he was entitled to a half-holiday also.

Having retired to his study like a lion to his lair, Mr. Quelch did not desire to see any of his Form again for awhile. No doubt he saw enough of them in the Form-room.

So when Billy Bunter tapped on his door and opened it, and blinked in, the Remove master's gaze turned on him rather like that of the fabled Gorgon. It did not, like the Gorgon's gaze, turn him to stone, but it certainly did dismay him.

"Well?" repeated Mr. Quelch.

"I—I——" gasped Bunter.

"Well?"

For the third time Mr. Quelch rapped out that word. But though the word was "well," his tone implied that it was far from well.

"I—I—I——" stuttered Bunter.

Bunter almost wished that he hadn't come.

"Boy!"

"I—I—I——" Bunter could get no further.

The expression on the speaking countenance of Henry Samuel Quelch was absolutely unnerving.

"What do you mean, Bunter, by this absurd reiteration of the first personal pronoun?" demanded Mr. Quelch.

"I—I——" gurgled Bunter.

Mr. Quelch's glance wandered to his cane.

"I—I've come——" stuttered Bunter.

"I—I've come——"

"I am aware of that, Bunter! If this is meant for impertinence——"

"Nunno, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"N-n-not at all, sir! I—I—I—If you please, sir, you gave me fifty lines, sir, and—and you told me, sir, that—that I was to bring them to you before I—I—I went out of gates this afternoon, sir."

"Lay them on the table, and go."

"I—I—I can't, sir——"

"What?"

"I—I—I haven't done them, sir."

Mr. Quelch sat upright in his chair, and fixed a more than even Gorgon-like gaze on the wretched Bunter.

"What do you mean, Bunter? If you

"Oh, no, sir; it's not so bad as that——"

"What?"

"I—I mean, my dear father ain't coming, sir. The—the fact is, my—my friends—my best pals, sir—are going out on a picnic, and—and they'll miss me, sir, if I don't go. They won't enjoy it at all, sir."

"A picnic?" repeated Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you call that important?"

Bunter blinked at him in astonishment. If Quelch did not think a picnic important, Bunter would have liked to know what he did consider important!

"Yes, sir!" he gasped. "Yes, rather, sir! You see——"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, really, sir! You see, it's a very special occasion. Wharton and his friends, sir, when I told them I was—was obliged to stay in to do my lines, they—they nearly cried, sir!"

"Absurd!"

"They—they feel it, sir," said Bunter. "It won't seem like a picnic to them without me, sir. They're starting in

a few minutes, and—and if they get away——"

"If they what?"

"I—I mean——"

"You need say no more, Bunter! You should not have come here with such a request. No doubt your friends will tell you where to find them when you have written your lines. You may go."

"They jolly well won't!" gasped Bunter. "If they once get out of my sight—I—I mean, that is to say——"

For a second a frosty smile crossed Mr. Quelch's face. No doubt he comprehended now how the matter stood.

Mr. Quelch doubtless knew, like every man in the Remove, that Billy Bunter was a butter-in at other fellows' spreads and a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.

The fat junior was anxious to join the

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Fierce is the enmity that exists between Julian Devarney and Monty Newland, but it is left to Fate to deal the final blow in this bitter feud!

have not written out your imposition why are you here?"

"I—I—I——"

"Upon my word!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch.

"I—I want you to let me off, sir!" gasped Bunter, getting it out at last.

"I—I wouldn't ask you, sir, if it wasn't important. Mum-mum-mum——"

"What?"

"Mum-mum-may I do the lines after tea, sir? It's really important, sir—awfully important——"

Mr. Quelch's stern aspect relaxed a little. If something of an "awfully important" nature had cropped up that Wednesday afternoon Mr. Quelch was the man to make a concession. It was well known in the Remove that Quelch's bark was worse than his bite.

"What is it, Bunter? You may tell me. Is your father coming to the school this afternoon?"

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picnickers. But the picnickers were not anxious to be joined!

"You may go, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Thank you, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"I mean, you may go to the Form-room."

"Oh, sir!"

"And write your lines!"

"I—I say, sir—"

"Bring them to me, as I have already directed you, before you go out of gates, Bunter."

"But, sir—"

"Enough!" rapped Mr. Quelch.

He made a gesture of dismissal, and turned to the pile of papers on his table. But Billy Bunter was not to be so easily dismissed, even by a Form master with a face like a Gorgon and an eye like a gimlet. The matter was, as he had said, important, though Quelch did not seem to realise its importance.

"If—if you please, sir!" stammered Bunter.

"Leave my study!"

"They—they're just going to start, sir!" groaned Bunter. "If—if you'd let me leave my impot till after tea, sir—"

Mr. Quelch rose to his feet.

"I gave you fifty lines, Bunter! They are now doubled!"

"Ow!"

"Go to the Form-room immediately and write a hundred lines of Virgil. Another word, and I will detain you for the whole afternoon."

Bunter's capacious mouth opened—and shut again. He dared not venture on a protest now. Quelch was the kind of beast who meant every word he said! Bunter did not want detention for the whole afternoon. That would have put "paid" to his last lingering chance of butting-in at the Famous Five's picnic.

Bunter suppressed his feelings and retired from the study. The door closed after his fat figure.

Outside the study Billy Bunter brandished a fat fist at the closed door for a moment or two. Then he trailed sadly away—to the Form-room.

He really had had little hope when he called on Mr. Quelch to ask to be let off. He had expected Quelch to be a beast! Quelch had fulfilled his expectations. Slowly and sadly Billy Bunter trailed away to the Form-room—what time Harry Wharton & Co. were packing a basket with good things for the picnic—the picnic that was to be made a happy success by William George Bunter's absence therefrom!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Left Behind!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

Five juniors turned their heads.

Harry Wharton & Co. had come out of the House. Bob Cherry was carrying a basket, and the other four had a package each. They were about to start for the gates, when a voice squeaked from a window in the distance.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" called out Bob cheerily.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Good-bye, Bunter!"

"I say, trot over here a minute!" called out Bunter anxiously. "It's rather important!"

The Famous Five grinned and kindly trotted over to the window of the Remove Form-room, which was adorned by a fat face. Billy Bunter was blinking out anxiously, evidently more mindful of the picnic than of his detention task. As the Owl of the Remove

couldn't possibly drop from the window and join them, the Co. did not object to wasting a few minutes on him.

"I say, you ain't starting yet, are you?" asked Bunter, blinking down at them from the window.

"This very minute," answered Wharton.

"Looks like rain, old chap!" said Bunter.

"Rain?" repeated Wharton. He looked up at the sky. Cloudless blue stretched over Greyfriars. It was the finest day the autumn had provided so far.

"Trust me to know the weather," said Bunter persuasively. "You'd better wait an hour or so. It will clear by then."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Clear enough for us now," chuckled Johnny Bull. "We'll risk the rain, old fat man!"

"The rainfulness will probably not be terrific, my esteemed fat Bunter," remarked Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh.

"Ta-ta, fatty!" said Frank Nugent.

"Hold on a minute, you men!" exclaimed Bunter. "I say, I've got a hundred lines to write. What about coming in and helping me?"

"Oh, my hat!"

"You could take twenty each," argued Bunter. "Twenty lines wouldn't take long. See? I—I'd mind that basket while you did the lines."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! Look here, you fellows, where are you picnicking? I suppose you're going to the old priory in Friardale Wood, what?"

"Guess again!" grinned Nugent.

"Are you going to Popper's Island?"

"Guess again."

"Well, then, are you going to Court-field Common?"

"Try again."

"Beast! Are you going to tell me where you are picnicking, or aren't you going to tell me where you are picnicking?" howled Bunter.

"Not!"

"Then how shall I be able to join you when I've done my lines?" demanded Bunter.

"The howfulness is terrific."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, I suppose you want me to come along?"

"My hat! What could have put that into your head, Bunter?" asked Bob Cherry, with surprise and interest.

"Beast! Look here, I jolly well know that the Cliff House girls are coming to the picnic!" hooted Bunter. "I know Hazeldene's gone over to fetch Marjorie. Well, then, you see, I'm bound to come. I know you're jealous of me when Marjorie is about; but that sort of thing is mean. It's not my fault if I'm good-looking—"

"Great pip!"

"It isn't!" gasped Bob. "Not a bit! You've got a lot of faults, Bunter, but that's not one of them."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You might think of Marjorie!" urged Bunter. "You know, the whole thing will be spoiled for her if I'm not there. You don't want to make a girl miserable."

"We jolly well don't!" agreed Bob.

"That's why you won't be there."

"It's pretty sickening for you fellows to be jealous like this because a girl won't look at you while I'm around," sneered Bunter. "Girls give me a lot of attention. It's not my fault. I don't ask them to. But hardly any girl ever passes me without a second look."

"They wonder how you got out of the Zoo, perhaps!" suggested Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast! I say, you fellows, don't go! You might think of Marjorie, at least. You don't want her to pine all the afternoon."

"The pinefulness will not be terrific."

"That's all you know!" said Bunter. "If you fellows weren't simply blinded by conceit you'd know that Marjorie's only coming to the picnic because she thinks I shall be there. You can't imagine that she wants to see any of you chaps, I suppose? Don't be silly asses, you know. Look here, I want to come. I'm not thinking of the grub—"

"Not!" ejaculated the Famous Five together.

"No!" roared Bunter. "Nothing of the sort! But when a girl gives me the glad eye I feel bound to play up. Now, Marjorie being spoony in my direction, you know—Yaroooooh!"

An orange, produced from Bob Cherry's pocket, was hurled with deadly aim. It smote Billy Bunter fairly on his fat little nose.

There was a roar in the Form-room, and Bunter disappeared suddenly from the window. A crash was heard and another roar.

"Good-bye, Bunter!"

"Yaroooooh!"

Five smiling juniors walked away to the gates. Sounds of woe still floated out of the open window of the Form-room. They did not heed. Near the gates they encountered Julian Devarney, the new fellow in the Remove. Devarney was loafing about with his hands in his pockets and a moody expression on his face—as was not uncommon with him. Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged glances, and then the captain of the Remove hailed the new junior.

"Come along with us, Devarney?"

Julian looked round.

"It's a picnic," said Harry. "We're going over the bridge and up the river. Hazeldene's bringing his sister from Cliff House and some others. Like to come?"

Devarney hesitated a moment.

There was no doubt that he would have liked to come; he was, as usual on a half-holiday, at a loose end, and he was fed-up with his own society. But the proud and touchy fellow hesitated to accept a favour; he did not want to be taken pity on.

"Come on, old bean!" said Bob Cherry. "You've never met Miss Hazeldene yet; now's your chance!"

Devarney smiled.

"I'll come with pleasure, if you want me," he said.

"The wantfulness is terrific, my esteemed and preposterous Devarney," said Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh solemnly.

"Right-ho!" said Devarney, laughing.

And, looking a little brighter than usual, Julian Devarney walked out of gates with the five. A dark and handsome junior was waiting outside the gates, and he turned to the Famous Five with a smile as they came out. It was Monty Newland of the Remove.

"Hazel's asked me to come along to the picnic," he said. "If you men haven't any objection—"

"Jolly glad to have you, old bean!" said Bob.

"The gladfulness is terrific."

"It's a go, then," said Monty.

Then his glance fell on Julian Devarney, and he coloured a little.

Devarney stopped dead.

"Is Devarney coming?" asked Newland.

"Yes."

"Thanks; I'm not comin'," said Devarney quietly. "Don't let that worry you, Newland! I'm not comin'."

"What rot!" exclaimed Harry Wharton testily. "You don't mind Devarney coming, Newland?"

"Not in the least," said Newland hastily. "I didn't mean that. I was thinking that Devarney wouldn't like me to join up."

"And you were right," said Devarney, coldly and deliberately. "The objection is on my side."

"I thought so!" said Newland dryly.

"Look here, Devarney," said the captain of the Remove, "if that's the kind of manners you learned at Barcroft, the sooner you go back to your old school the better."

"I'd be jolly glad!" said Devarney. "Unluckily, I'm landed at Greyfriars, and there's nothin' doin'!"

"Leave me out, you men," said

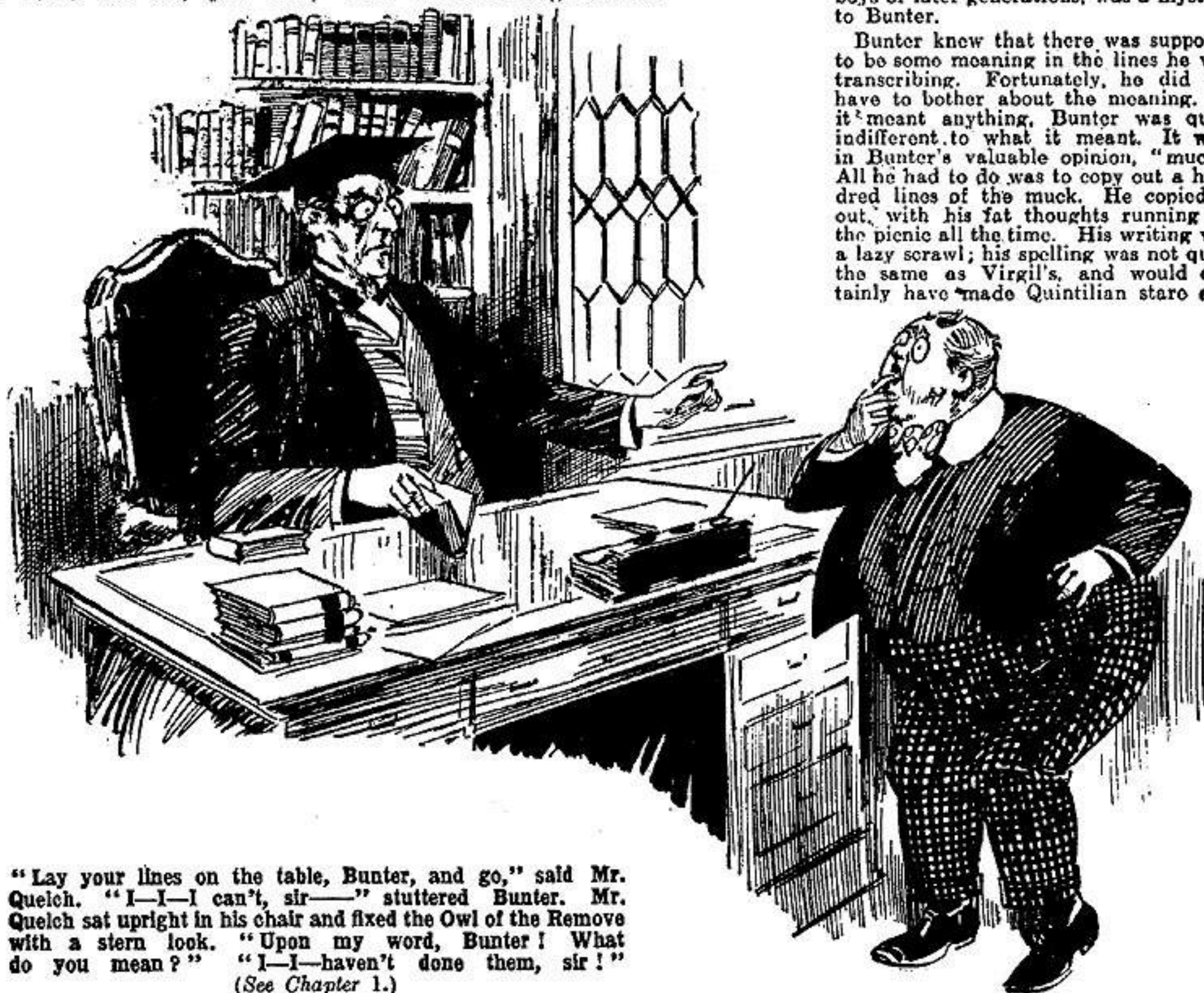
Bob slipped his arm through Newland's and led him on. The rest of the party followed, leaving Julian Devarney standing in the gateway, staring after them with a moody, clouded brow. As the juniors disappeared from sight, Devarney turned back into the quad, still frowning.

The picnickers did not miss the company of the sulky new fellow. They arrived at the bridge over the Sark, where Hazeldene was waiting for them with Marjorie, Miss Clara, and another Cliff House girl. The cheery party proceeded up the river; and the picnic commenced, not in the least clouded by the absence of Julian Devarney and William George Bunter.

It was a warm, sunny afternoon; very warm in the Form-room. Bunter would have nodded over his lines, but for the thought of the picnic. Once or twice he nearly napped; but he pulled himself together. He could not afford to sleep. He knew what good things had been packed into that picnic basket. He still hoped that some of them, at least, might be packed into W. G. Bunter. Slowly and wearily, but steadily, he crawled on with his lines.

He was transcribing Virgil—a fellow he hated. His feelings towards P. Vergilius Maro were quite bitter. Why the beast wanted to write all that stuff, and leave it behind him to worry school-boys of later generations, was a mystery to Bunter.

Bunter knew that there was supposed to be some meaning in the lines he was transcribing. Fortunately, he did not have to bother about the meaning. If it meant anything, Bunter was quite indifferent to what it meant. It was, in Bunter's valuable opinion, "muck." All he had to do was to copy out a hundred lines of the muck. He copied it out, with his fat thoughts running on the picnic all the time. His writing was a lazy scrawl; his spelling was not quite the same as Virgil's, and would certainly have made Quintilian stare and



"Lay your lines on the table, Bunter, and go," said Mr. Quelch. "I—I—I can't, sir—" stuttered Bunter. Mr. Quelch sat upright in his chair and fixed the Owl of the Remove with a stern look. "Upon my word, Bunter! What do you mean?" "I—I—haven't done them, sir!" (See Chapter 1.)

Newland. "Hazel didn't know Devarney was in the party when he asked me. Let it drop."

"Rot!" retorted Bob Cherry. "You're coming!"

"But I'd rather—"

"Rubbish!"

"You're acting like a cad, Devarney," said the captain of the Remove wrathfully. "I thought you'd got over your fatheaded feud with Newland since it came out that it was Monty who helped your father when he was set on by a tramp. Any fellow but you would feel obliged to him."

"I've thanked him for that," said Devarney. "But I suppose it's like a sheeney to make capital out of it!"

Monty Newland's face flushed darkly. "Who's made capital out of it, you worm?" he exclaimed hotly. "I never said a word about it, and you know it!"

"Oh, come on, and don't waste time on the sulky ass!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "You can go and eat coke, Devarney!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Beastly for Bunter!

THE picnickers did not miss Bunter. But Bunter missed the picnickers. He missed them sorely.

Never had a hundred lines seemed so many to Billy Bunter. Line after line crawled from his pen, and still it seemed as if they never would be done.

Bunter was not a rapid worker. He was not a worker at all when he could help it. Labour in any shape or form had never appealed to him.

When fifty lines had been done, Bunter paused to ejaculate, in tones of deep feeling:

"Beast!"

His remark referred to Mr. Quelch.

But for the fact that his impot had been doubled, he would have been finished now.

Now he wasn't finished! Fifty more remained to be done! Bunter groaned and got going again.

gasp, could Quintilian have seen it. But anything, Bunter considered, was good enough for an impot; on a half-holiday, even a beast like Quelch would not be too particular. It was quantity that Bunter had to turn out, not quality.

He turned it out at last.

Wearily he gathered up the lines, rolled out of the Form-room, and trailed away to Mr. Quelch's study.

He found the Remove master, fortunately, in a rather better humour.

Mr. Quelch had finished correcting a pile of papers, and was now reposing at ease in his armchair, reading a literary journal. In that literary journal certain views were expressed that agreed exactly with Mr. Quelch's own views. This discovery of unusual intelligence and perspicacity on the part of a journalist pleased Mr. Quelch. His glance was almost benign as it rested on a fat, fatigued face in his doorway.

"Bunter! You have finished your imposition?"

"Yes, sir."

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"Hand it to me."

Bunter suppressed his feelings and obeyed. Why couldn't the beast tell him to lay it on the table and go? Now the beast was going to look at it, and very likely find fault with the handwriting, or make out that Bunter's spelling was not up to the Vergilian mark—as if it mattered how the muck was spelled! But there was no help for it; and Bunter handed over the impot and stood awaiting judgment. He rather wished now that he had taken a little more care with it. If the beast gave him that impot to write over again, it was good-bye to the last chance of butting into the picnic!

"Upon my word!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch.

He stared at the written lines.

Bunter could hardly suppress a groan! The unspeakable beast was going to find fault!

"I—I hope it's all right, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"You must have a very hopeful nature!" said Mr. Quelch.

Bunter stared. Then he realised this was a jest, and gave a feeble chuckle. If the tiger was in a jesting mood, he was less likely to bite.

"Look!" said Mr. Quelch magisterially.

Bunter looked.

Even Bunter had to admit that the lines were not "all right." His thoughts had run rather too much on the picnic while he was writing Virgil. The result was rather striking:

"Urbs antiqua fuit ginger-beer cake
Lemonade Italianum contra Tiberinaque
jam-tarts
Ostia, dives opum studiisque cream-
puffs."

There was a great deal in that style. Bunter's thoughts had leaped to his pen, as it were, and mingled themselves with Virgil's.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

His last hope oozed away!

He would have to write this over again! It meant the rest of the afternoon in the Form-room—and no picnic!

Then—he could scarcely believe his ears—Mr. Quelch said:

"You may go, Bunter!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

"You must be more careful next

time," said Mr. Quelch. "You may go now, and I hope you will enjoy your half-holiday."

"Oh!" gasped Bunter again.

And he went!

There was a sound behind him as he drew shut the study door—a sound seldom heard in the study of Henry Samuel Quelch! Mr. Quelch was laughing!

Like his cheek to laugh at a fellow, Bunter thought! But he was quite willing to let Mr. Quelch laugh, so long as Quelch let him go. Bunter hurried out of the House.

In the quad he paused to look about him. It was well over an hour since the Famous Five had gone out. Still, Bunter did not suppose that they would scoff the stuff before tea-time. There was plenty of time yet, if he could get on their track. He looked round for a fellow to give him information. But most of the fellows were out of gates, making the most of that unexpectedly sunny autumn day. Coker of the Fifth was crossing the quad with lofty strides; but he did not trouble to answer or turn his head when Bunter hailed him. Coker had no time to waste on fags.

Temple and Dabney and Fry, of the Fourth, were sighted; but they had no information to give. Bunter rolled down towards the gates, and met Skinner; and Skinner, in response to his eager question as to whether he had seen Harry Wharton & Co., replied that he had.

"Oh, good!" gasped Bunter. "Which way did they go?"

"Down the passage," answered Skinner.

"Passage!" repeated Bunter. "What passage?"

"From the dining-hall."

"Eh?" Bunter blinked at him.

"When did you see them, then?"

"Dinner-time," said Skinner cheerily.

Bunter looked at him with feelings too deep for words. He wanted later news than that. Skinner was a humorous fellow, whose humour was not always popular. Never had it been so unpopular as now.

"Beast!" hooted Bunter.

And he rolled on, leaving Harold Skinner grinning.

Outside the gates Billy Bunter blinked this way and that way, like Moses of

old. Like Moses, he saw that there was no man!

Had the beasts gone to the old priory in the wood, or to Popper's Island, or across the river towards Cliff House, or what or where? There really was no telling. Bunter drifted down the road, and spotted Julian Devarney sitting on a fence reading a newspaper—an illustrated paper that gave a photograph of Mr. Shem Isaacs, the defaulting financier who was now being sought by the police. Devarney, for reasons of his own, had a very deep interest in Mr. Shem Isaacs, and he was eagerly perusing all the paper had to say about that unscrupulous and elusive gentleman.

"I say, old chap!" gasped Bunter.

Devarney glanced at him coldly over the top of the paper, and resumed reading, without replying. He did not like "old chap" from Bunter.

"I say, old fellow——"

No answer.

"Look here, you beast——"

Devarney looked up again impatiently.

"What do you want, you fat ass? Can't you leave a fellow alone?"

"Jolly glad to," sniffed Bunter. "Everybody seems to leave you alone, and it shows their sense."

"Well, you leave me alone, too, fat-head."

"Have you seen my pals?"

"Who may they happen to be?" inquired Devarney, with sarcasm. "I haven't come across anybody claiming that honour."

"I mean my special pals," said Bunter, with dignity. "You needn't dig at a fellow because he's got a crowd of friends, Devarney, when you haven't any. I mean Wharton and the other chaps—all bosom pals of mine. I know they wouldn't speak to you; but have you seen them?"

Bunter's way of asking for information was not perhaps so tactful as it might have been.

Devarney folded the paper, slipped from the fence, and walked away.

Bunter blinked after him.

"I say, Devarney——"

Julian did not look back.

"Beast!" roared Bunter.

Devarney walked on and disappeared.

"Well, of all the rotters!" said Bunter, in wrath. "Can't even answer a civil question! I'd jolly well go after him and lick him, only—I haven't time if I'm going to find those other beasts."

Finding the other beasts, however, was not easy. Bunter rolled on down Friardale Lane, and met three or four Greyfriars men, who either could not or would not give him news of the picnickers.

The fat junior knew half a dozen likely spots where the beasts might be. But obviously he could proceed to only one of them. So he had to make his choice.

He decided on the old priory in Friardale Wood. It was as likely as any other place, and it was the nearest. The least exertion was required to reach it. That appealed to Bunter.

So the Owl of the Remove clambered over the stile, and followed the footpath through the wood.

From the footpath he turned into a scarcely-marked track that led to the ancient ruin.

The old priory was in the heart of the wood, surrounded and overgrown by trees and thickets, seldom visited—indeed, its existence was hardly known outside the immediate neighbourhood. But picnickers sometimes went there in fine weather, and occasionally tramps camped there. It was quite a pleasant spot for a picnic, and quite a likely



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place to find the party of whom Bunter was in quest—though it did not happen to be the spot they had selected on this occasion. But Bunter was quite hopeful as he trailed through the thickets and bushes and fallen leaves.

He was puffing and blowing when he came into the old dismantled building at last. Great masses of the ancient stone walls remained, overgrown with creepers; and behind a mass of thickets was an opening that led down into ancient vaults. Bunter rolled in through the shattered doorway, and blinked round in the sunshine that fell on ancient stone and twining creeper. Ancient stone and twining creeper met his gaze—and nothing more!

The picnickers were not there!

With a groan, Bunter sank down on a lump of old masonry, and leaned wearily back against a section of tottering wall! His fat little legs declined further exertion. He had arrived at the wrong spot—nobody was there—there was no sign of a picnic! Bunter sat down to rest—and groan!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Man in Hiding!

BILLY BUNTER jumped.

Then he grinned.

"The awful beasts!" he murmured.

Bunter had been sitting down to rest for about a quarter of an hour in the solitude and silence of the old priory. Save for the twittering of birds and the buzz of insects there was no sound in the deserted old ruin. Bunter, as he sat and rested against a section of the old wall, was looking towards the spot where the opening to the vaults existed—though hidden from view behind thickets and creepers. And suddenly he observed a motion in the vegetation that hid the opening.

He blinked at it.

It made him jump at first, then it made him grin! Someone was hidden in that old archway, and was peering cautiously out through the creepers that covered the opening.

"He, he, he!" Bunter cackled.

He had no doubt who it was!

No doubt at all that the picnickers were there, and had dodged out of sight when they saw him coming! Fellows could always do that. Bunter's range of vision was limited; while his fat figure was visible at quite a distance; sideways, it took up quite a considerable part of the horizon. The beasts, Bunter concluded, were there—expecting him to go when he found the place deserted! Now one of them was peering out to make sure that he was gone. Bunter had no doubt of it.

He chuckled. He was not gone. He was still there, and he was going to stick. If those beasts pretended that they did not want his company Bunter was prepared to take that as a joke. Anyhow, they couldn't kick him out if the Cliff House girls were there.

Blinking at the screen of vegetation before the old archway, Bunter distinctly saw a movement, and then a hand came into view, holding a cluster of ivy aside. That settled it!

He was assured that a face was looking out, though he could not see it. He rose from his resting-place, and rolled across the uneven ground towards the hidden archway.

"I say, you fellows!" he bawled.

There was no answer, but every sign of a movement had ceased now. The hand had disappeared; the creepers were still.

Bunter grinned. If they fancied they were going to make him believe that

they were not there they were jolly well mistaken, that was all.

"I say, you fellows!"

Still no reply.

"You silly asses!" roared Bunter. "I know you're there! You footling chumps, I jolly well know you're there!"

But no voice answered; if the juniors were there they were keeping very quiet.

Bunter gave a contemptuous snort. He rolled on, and dragged aside a mass of ivy that hung down over the stone archways.

Within, all was deep gloom, with a musty smell. Bunter peered into the gloomy interior.

"I say, you fellows!"

Eerie echoes answered from the hollow.

"You silly asses! Think I don't know you're there!" exclaimed Bunter, in great exasperation. "Why can't you show up! What? Yah!"

He fancied that he heard a slight sound from the interior, but he could see nothing. He pushed through the creepers, and rolled into the gloomy archway. The ivy fell in place behind him. A dim twilight reigned in the

ONE OF THIS WEEK'S LAUGHS has been supplied by E. Frazer, 138, Desmarchais Boulevard, Verdun, Quebec, Canada, and he has been sent a MAGNET pocket-knife. Here is his joke:

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An itinerant collector of old iron was trundling his barrow along a very narrow road. Behind him was a somewhat ancient motor-car, the impatient driver of which was hooting loudly in his anxiety to pass. The old-iron merchant looked round at the car contemptuously, and then addressed the owner: "Orright, guv'nor, I'll call for that to-morrer!"

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archway, and Bunter blinked round in vain for a sign of those he sought.

"Beasts!" he roared.

Only the echo answered him.

Billy Bunter stepped on cautiously. The flagged floor was a little uncertain underfoot. There was a distinct sound now—the sound of suppressed breathing, and the brushing of clothes against the old stone.

Bunter stopped suddenly.

It came abruptly into his mind that possibly the person he had heard moving was not one of the Greyfriars juniors, and though his fat brain worked slowly, it did work, and he realised that if the whole party had been there, they could scarcely have found cover enough to hide them all from his sight.

Bunter's heart beat unpleasantly.

Tramps, he knew, camped in the old ruins sometimes, and if he had tracked some truculent tramp to his lair—

That thought was enough for Bunter!

"Oh, lor'!" he ejaculated.

He spun round, and made a jump for the opening. Now he realised that the picnickers certainly were not there, and that some unknown person certainly was, he was in a greater hurry to leave than he had been to enter.

His foot caught in a trailing tendril

of ivy in his haste, and he stumbled and sat down, clutching wildly at the hanging creepers.

"Ow!" howled Bunter. "Oh, crikey! Ow!"

He scrambled up, glaring wildly over his shoulder. His clutch on the creepers had torn away a whole mass of them, and the sunlight streamed into the archway, falling across the gloom like a golden bar.

Bunter's backward glance of terror showed him a white face in the sudden light—a white, startled face, with a stubbly beard, that stared at him.

There was fear in that startled face. But Bunter did not observe that. All he observed was the face and the glitter of the eyes and, with a shriek of terror, he went bundling out of the archway.

"Ow! Help! Help! Ow!" he howled, as he went.

Who the man was, what he was, Bunter had no idea—but it was evident that he was hiding in the old archway behind the creepers. A ferocious tramp, very likely, or—or what, Bunter could not imagine, but he knew that the glare of the startled eyes, the savage scowl on the white face, frightened him to the very marrow of his bones.

He tore across the old priory, towards the shattered gateway. The clatter of his own footfalls scared him still more. It seemed to Bunter that the hidden man was pursuing him.

He rushed out of the old priory into the wood.

There, panting for breath, and shaking with terror, he paused for a moment to look back.

He saw, or fancied that he saw, a scowling, savage face staring at him from the bushes that clothed the old masonry and, turning again, he fled into the wood, his fat little legs fairly twinkling as he ran.

Stumbling and falling, picking himself up again and plunging on, Bunter got through the wood somehow, panting, perspiring, and palpitating with terror. He reached the open footpath at last, and tore along it at frantic speed.

Crash!

Coming round a bend of the winding path like a steamroller in full career, Bunter crashed into a fellow who was coming from the opposite direction.

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped the unfortunate wayfarer, as he flew. A charge with Bunter's weight behind it was not a light matter.

Bunter staggered back from the shock. The other fellow sprawled in the fallen leaves, spluttering.

"Ow! Help!" roared Bunter. "Help! Yaroo! Help!"

"You silly fathead!" howled Julian Devarney, sitting up dizzily in the path.

"You howling ass!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"What the thump do you mean by biffing me over?" yelled Devarney.

"Eh?" Bunter blinked at him. "Is that you, Devarney? You silly chump, what did you get in the way for?"

"Why, you—you—" gasped Devarney, staggering to his feet. He came towards Bunter, with the evident intention of punching him, and the Owl of the Remove backed away hastily.

"I—I thought he was after me!" he spluttered. "I—I thought he'd got after me—oh dear! I—I say, can you hear him?"

"Hear whom, you fat idiot?"

"That awful villain!"

Devarney stared at Bunter in amazement.

"What do you mean, you ass? What villain? Is somebody after you?"

"Well, I thought he was!" The silence of the wood behind him showed Bunter, now he was at a halt, that there

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was no pursuit. "I—I ran for my life, you know. I—I know he's a villain—you should have seen his face—"

"Who?" exclaimed the puzzled Devarney. "Some tramp?"

"Well, if he was a tramp, what was he hiding for?" asked Bunter argumentatively. "A tramp wouldn't be afraid of me, would he?"

Devarney's angry face broke into a grin.

"Hardly!" he said.

"Well, then, ain't it queer?" said Bunter. "He hid under the old archway when I went into the priory, and peered out, you know—in a syrupstitionous way—"

"In a what?" ejaculated Devarney.

"Syrupstitionous way. Of course, I thought it was those beasts—but it wasn't—and when I saw him, he was as white as chalk—and his eyes glared like—like anything, you know. Oh dear!" Bunter shuddered at the recollection of his terror. "He must be some awful villain—a murderer, perhaps—"

"You fat ass!"

"Well, if he was hiding a body there, or something—" argued Bunter.

"Fathead!"

"Well, he was jolly startled, and I thought he came after me, but he didn't after all. What was he hiding for?" said Bunter. "Something jolly syrupstitionous about it, anyhow."

"Do you mean surreptitious, ass?"

"No, I don't—I mean syrupstitionous," answered Bunter. "You didn't learn everything at Barcroft, Devarney. Look here, you walk with me as far as the lane. I don't like your company, but with that horrid-looking villain hanging about the wood, I'd rather not be alone, see?"

Julian Devarney stood looking at Bunter, a strange expression on his face. His brows were knitted, his eyes glinting under them. He stepped towards the fat junior, and dropped a hand on his shoulder.

"Tell me the truth, Bunter! Did you see a man hiding in the ruined priory? None of your rot—speak plainly."

"Oh, really, Devarney—"

"Answer me, you fat idiot!"

"Yes, I did! I've told you so!"

"What was he like?"

"Think I stopped to look at him?" hooted Bunter.

"If you saw him, you must have noticed what he looked like, to some extent, you silly owl!"

"He was as white as a sheet," said Bunter. "Now I come to think of it, he must have been scared at my butting into him. He was hiding, and he was frightened at being seen."

"Was he a Jew?"

"Blessed if I know! He had a beak of a nose—something like yours, Devarney!"

"You fat fool!"

The Devarney nose was somewhat distinctive—a most aristocratic, aquiline nose. That type of nose, as a matter of fact, bears a remarkable resemblance to the Semitic type. That resemblance was not one that the lofty Devarney liked to dwell upon.

Leaving Bunter still gasping on the footpath, Julian Devarney plunged into the wood. Bunter stared after him.

"I say, Devarney!" he gasped. "That's the way to the priory! I say, you'll run into that man—"

Devarney did not heed. He disappeared into the wood, leaving Bunter staring. It dawned upon the fat junior that it was Devarney's intention to head for the old priory, to see what Bunter had seen.

"The silly ass!" gasped Bunter.

He headed along the footpath for Friardale Lane. That glimpse of the

mysterious lurker in the old priory had been enough for Billy Bunter—he did not want another. If Devarney wanted to hunt for trouble, he could hunt for it on his own, so far as Bunter was concerned. The Owl of the Remove did not breathe freely till he was out of the wood, and in the open, sunny lane, heading for Greyfriars.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

A Startling Discovery!

JULIAN DEVARNEY threaded his way swiftly through the wood in the direction of the old priory.

Although he had been only a few weeks at Greyfriars, the new fellow had learned his way about, and one of his solitary half-holidays had been spent exploring the ruined priory in the wood, for want of something else to do. So he was fairly well acquainted with the lonely spot where, according to Bunter's terrified tale, a mysterious man was lurking in hiding.

The junior stopped on his way, to cut a thick stick, and whittle it with his pocket-knife—for use as a weapon if needed. Then he hurried on again. His eyes were glinting under his bent brows.

With all his faults, Devarney had plenty of courage—a courage that amounted to recklessness. It did not even occur to him to feel afraid.

It was quite probable that Bunter had startled some tramp who was camping in the ruins. Devarney knew that. But there was a chance, at least, that the man was—Shem Isaacs.

The swindler who had fled from the police, as was well known, had been stopped at Folkestone, in an attempt to cross the Channel, and had fled with the police close on his track. Only a few days ago, he had been seen at Courtfield, where he had obtained a motor-car. The car had been wrecked in his flight, and the fugitive had disappeared into Friardale Wood.

Inspector Grimes, and a number of constables, had searched the wood from end to end, rooting through it with the greatest thoroughness, and Isaacs had not been found.

That he had escaped, and cleared off in some new direction, was taken for granted. Devarney had supposed so, like everyone else.

But the news that a man was lurking in the ruins put a different complexion on the matter.

The fugitive had not been seen or heard of since that day he had narrowly escaped Inspector Grimes and his men. If he was still in Friardale Wood—

Devarney's eyes gleamed at the thought.

The man who had ruined his father, the man in whose possession was most of the plunder—the man upon whose capture depended the restoration of the Devarney fortunes—if there was a chance of getting hold of him, Julian was not likely to consider the risk.

Likely enough, Bunter had been frightened by some wandering tramp. But the barest chance of getting on the track of Shem Isaacs was enough to rouse all Devarney's keenness.

He gripped his cudgel hard, and tramped swiftly towards the ruins. If the man was there—if only he was there—

In every illustrated newspaper there had been pictures of Shem Isaacs—and Devarney had seen him once in the flesh. If he saw him, he would know him again instantly.

It was true that, according to the papers, Isaacs had changed his appearance since his flight—adopting some disguise. But Devarney felt sure that no disguise would deceive him, if he

once came face to face with his father's enemy. Bunter's allusion to the "beak," disagreeable as it was, hinted that the man in the priory was probably a Jew, he considered. And Shem Isaacs was a Jew. It was because the man who had ruined his father was a Jew, that Devarney nourished a bitter hatred for all Jews—and had become the enemy of Monty Nowland, who belonged to that ancient race.

Devarney's face was black and bitter, as he tramped into the old priory, the cudgel gripped in his hand. He longed to find himself face to face with Shem Isaacs. There was no mercy in his heart towards the scoundrel who had ruined his father, and a score of other victims, and had fled with the loot. Since the crash had come, and Isaacs had been exposed as the swindler he was, much of the plunder had been recovered by the police—but it was well-known that Isaacs had taken a great sum with him in his flight. If he was caught, that sum would be taken from him—and in Devarney's mind was a vision of restored fortune—of Devarney Court once more in the hands of its rightful owners, of the bitter pinch of poverty relieved for ever. He would be able to leave Greyfriars, which was a place of exile for him, where he had been admitted at reduced fees by the kindness of one of the governors, an act of kindness that was a bitter blow to his pride. He would be able to return to Barcroft, where his friends were, where he had been happy, and could be happy again.

But he thought less of himself than of his father—the foolish, confiding old gentleman who had trusted to a sharper, and had been reduced to poverty as a consequence of his foolish trust. He would have cared little for himself, if he could have seen his father once more master of Devarney Court.

To accomplish that, he would have risked his life a dozen times over, reckless of what happened to him.

And there was risk—terrible risk—in seeking to run down a desperate fugitive, who carried a fortune with him, and for whom a long term of penal servitude waited in the event of capture. Devarney cared nothing for the risk. There was no time to get help—even now he might be too late, if the man in the ruins really was Shem Isaacs. He might have been frightened away by Bunter's blundering into him in his hiding-place.

Inside the scattered ruins of the old priory, Devarney stared about him. The place was silent, almost eerily solitary and silent, in the glow of the setting sun over Friardale Wood.

Devarney crossed the space towards the old archway screened by bushes and creepers. It was there that Bunter had seen the lurking man—there that Devarney would find him, if he had not fled.

With the cudgel gripped in his right hand, Devarney dragged the creepers aside with his left.

There was a faint sound within.

Devarney's heart thumped.

Someone was there! The hidden man had not fled—doubtless he had been afraid to leave the ruins in the daylight, and risk being seen on the paths in the wood. Likely enough, he had been hiding in the deep vaults under the priory, and had come up from that dismal refuge for light and air.

Devarney tore the creepers away with a rough hand, letting a stream of sunlight into the old archway.

He stood at the opening, looking in, his eyes glittering.

"I know you're there!" he said, in a quiet, steady voice. "You may as well show yourself, whoever you are."

There had once been massive doors to

the archway, but they had entirely disappeared since the place had gone to ruin. Now that the screen of creepers was torn away, the sunlight streamed in, and the Greyfriars juniors could see every corner of the place. He noted that the large flat stone which usually covered the opening of the vaults was tilted up on one side. That convinced him that the lurking man was no wandering tramp. Only a man with desperate need of concealment was likely to have ventured down into the dismal dark vaults, full of pitfalls for the unwary.

Standing in the opening of the archway, Devarney scanned the interior, with gleaming eyes. As he stood there, the sunlight fell upon him, and revealed him with the utmost clearness to any eye that might be peering from within. A shifting shadow in a shadowy corner caught Devarney's glance, and he fixed his eyes upon it.

"I can see you!" he said, in the same steady tones. "Come into the light and show yourself."

A gasping voice answered him.

"By gad, it's Julian Devarney!"

The junior started.

There was no trace of a Jewish accent in the voice, and well he remembered the thick "sheeney" voice of Shem Isaacs, on the occasion when he had visited the financier's office with his father.

And there was no trace of the Jew in the face that came into sight, as the lurking man stepped out of the shadows.

It was a haggard face—its looks told of fear, of privation, of desperate hardship.

The nose was, as Bunter had said, rather of the "beak" variety; but it was a "beak" of the aristocratic type—strangely like Julian Devarney's own!

Not a trace of the Jew was to be seen in that haggard face. It bore no resemblance whatever to the face of Shem Isaacs, as depicted in the newspapers, and as Devarney remembered it from his meeting with the swindler a few months before.

The junior was conscious of a deep and bitter disappointment.

The man, evidently, was a fugitive—must be a fugitive from justice, or he would not have been hiding in that desolate place. But that mattered nothing to Devarney, if the man was not the man he sought.

In his deep, overwhelming disappointment Julian was conscious of nothing else, for the moment—not even of the strangeness of the fact that the unknown man recognised him and knew his name.

The cudgel dropped from his hand. His fierce and eager look left him, and his head drooped.

The haggard eyes watched him.

"You know who I am?" muttered the man in the archway.

"I don't know, and I don't care!" said Julian. "I thought I should find Shem Isaacs here—"

The man started violently.

"Shem Isaacs! You were looking for Shem Isaacs?"

"Yes."

"And you found—me."

"You needn't be alarmed," said Devarney contemptuously. "I suppose you're some thief or other. But it has nothing to do with me. I am not a policeman."

"You are Julian Devarney."

It caught Julian's attention now that the haggard fugitive knew his name. He gave the man more attention.

"How the dickens do you know my name?" he demanded.

There was a soft laugh.

"I am not likely to fail to recognise

a Devarney. I have not so many relations that I should forget one of them."

"Relations?" repeated Julian.

"Look at me."

The man stepped into the full sunlight. Devarney, staring at the face that was not clearly revealed, felt a contraction at his heart. In spite of the haggard expression and the stubbly beard he could have fancied, for a moment, that he was looking on his father's face.

Every vestige of colour deserted the schoolboy's cheeks. He gazed at the haggard face as if it were that of a phantom.

He found his voice at last.

"You—you are a Devarney?"

"You know it."

"Good heavens!"

"Your father's cousin, Howard Devarney," said the man in the archway coolly. "Wanted by the police to finish serving a term at Dartmoor. You have heard of me, Julian?"

The boy did not reply.

He could only gaze at the wretch in horror.

He did not doubt the statement. He knew that it was true. He had never, so far as he knew, seen this shame of the Devarney family before. He had never heard of him till recently; the disgrace had been concealed from him. But now he knew!

"You've heard of me?" persisted the man, watching him. "Or did your father keep my existence a secret from you?"

"He kept it a secret," said Julian dully. "Only last week, as it happened, a man who had a grudge against you mistook my father for you and attacked him—an ex-convict named Ledger—"

The haggard man started in alarm.

"Ledger! Is he—"

"He is gone long ago—the police

were looking for him for attacking my father. He took my father for you—from the resemblance." Julian's voice was dull and lifeless. "I never knew before that—that a Devarney had brought disgrace on our name. You scoundrel, what are you doing here?"

"Hiding from the police," said Howard Devarney coolly. "I got away from Dartmoor, with some years still to run. They want me back. I've kept away from them for years. But now I—" He checked himself. "You are at Greyfriars School now, boy?"

"How do you know that?"

"I do know it. I am your father's cousin, I bear the same name, and my features would tell all the world that I am a Devarney. Do you want the police to arrest me here—to have all your schoolfellows know that your near relative is a convict—"

Devarney shuddered.

"You do not?" grinned the man in the archway.

"No," said Julian, in a low voice.

"Then—help me."

"Help you?" repeated the school-boy.

"I am famished. I had food, but it is all gone. I should have been forced soon to show myself, to risk capture, or give myself up. Help me—to save your name from disgrace. Blood is thicker than water. Your father always hated me, but you—" He watched the boy's tormented face eagerly. "You, Julian, you will help me, if only to save your name from disgrace. Howard Devarney, the escaped convict, is forgotten, but if I am taken the whole country will hear of it. Will you be able to hold up your head again? Help me, and once I am clear of this I have means of escaping—of leaving the country. And you will never hear of me again. Julian, you must help me."

Julian Devarney did not answer.

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He groaned aloud in bitterness of spirit.

He had come there seeking Shem Isaacs—seeking the man who had ruined his father, the man whose capture meant so much to him. And he had found Howard Devarney, one of his own blood, the shame of his family, a Devarney who was wanted by the police! Shame and misery almost overwhelmed the unhappy junior.

He could not speak. He could only gaze in horror and loathing at the wretch who claimed his help. And yet he knew—in his heart of hearts he knew—that he would accede to the claim—that against his conscience, against the law of the land, he would help this wretch to escape his just deserts, to avert disgrace from his name.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Thrilling!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. walked in cheerily at the school gates and headed for the House, just in time for call-over. They had enjoyed the picnic up the river, they had walked home to Cliff House with Marjorie and her friends, and had sauntered back to Greyfriars after a happy afternoon. And they had completely forgotten the existence of William George Bunter, till they were reminded of it, as they came into the House, by the sight of a reproachful fat face.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry genially. "Bunter, old fat bean, you made the picnic a success."

"Eh? I wasn't there," said Bunter.

"That's how," explained Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast!"

The juniors went into Hall for calling-over. Mr. Prout was calling the names; and among the Remove there was one that was not answered. The Fifth Form master repeated the name.

"Devarney!"

But no "adsum" replied, and Devarney was marked absent.

Bob Cherry glanced round at the ranks of the Remove.

"Devarney cutting call-over," he remarked.

"I say, you fellows, I wonder if he's been murdered?" said Bunter.

The fellows near Bunter jumped as he made that cheery suggestion.

"Wh-a-at?" ejaculated Bob.

"Well, I think it's very likely," said Bunter. "I had a narrow escape myself, and Devarney went——"

"Silence!" called out Wingate of the Sixth.

The roll finished, the Greyfriars fellows streamed out of Hall. In the corridor Bob Cherry tapped Bunter on a fat shoulder.

"You fat fathead——"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"What did you mean about Devarney?" asked Bob. "Has he been getting into any trouble?"

"I fancy so. I dare say that fellow knocked him on the head," said Bunter. "He would go, you know."

"Where did he go, ass?" asked Harry Wharton.

"You know the old priory in Friar-dale Wood?"

"Of course we do, fathead! Did Devarney go there?"

"That's it!"

"Well, nothing could have happened to him there, I suppose," said the captain of the Remove, staring at Bunter.

"That's all you know. If you'd seen that desperate-looking villain——"

"My hat! What villain?"

"The one who was hiding under the archway!"

"Was there a villain hiding under the archway?" grinned Johnny Bull.

"I saw him!" said Bunter, with dignity.

"Did he tell you he was a villain?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Bull——"

"Look here, fathead! Get it off your chest," said Harry. "Devarney's cut call-over, which is rather unusual for him. If anything's happened to him, Quelch must be told. Cough it up!"

"You see, I went to the old priory this afternoon," said Bunter, not at all averse to relating his thrilling adventure. "I wasn't going after you fellows—never thought of the picnic, you know! As you left me behind, I disdained to have anything to do with it. See?"

"The seefulness is terrific," assented Hurree Jamset Ram Singh; and his comrades chuckled. They did not need telling why Billy Bunter had meandered as far as the old priory.

"Well, there was a man hiding behind the bushes and things in the old archway over the vaults," said Bunter. "I rooted him out. I thought it was you beasts dodging out of sight at first—I mean, I didn't think anything of the sort! I—I just rooted him out. He was a frightful-looking ruffian! He sprang at me like—like—like"—Bunter paused for a simile—"like a tiger!"

"Go it!"

"I knocked him spinning," went on Bunter. "One of my right-handers, you know—straight from the shoulder! He fell to the earth with a sickening thud!"

"He would!" agreed Bob Cherry. "Did you kill him, Bunter, or only leave him for dead?"

"He fell at my feet," said Bunter. "Leaving him lying there, I retired from the spot!"

"Is he still lying there?" asked Bob.

"Very likely!"

"While you are lying here?"

"Eh?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! If you can't take my word——"

"Well, whether the frightful villain is lying there or not, you're jolly well lying here!" said Bob. "Leave off lying, and tell us what really happened."

"I've told you!" hooted Bunter.

"Well, where does Devarney come in?" asked Harry.

"Oh, Devarney! I met him on my way back, and told him about the man in the ruins, and the silly ass went there!"

"What on earth for?"

"Blessed if I know! He asked me whether the man was a Jew," said Bunter. "He doesn't like Jews, as a rule. But——"

Harry Wharton started. That little detail let in some light on the matter.

"My only hat!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove. "Bunter woke up some tramp who was taking a nap in the ruins, and told Devarney—and Devarney's got it into his head that it may be that man Isaacs!"

"Oh!" ejaculated Bunter. "I didn't think of that. That's it, of course! I dare say the man was Isaacs. He's never been found since he dodged into the wood days ago. He's been hiding in the ruins all the time!"

"Rot!" said Johnny Bull. "Mr. Grimes must have searched the ruins when he searched the wood. He knows all about the old priory!"

"Might have hidden in the vaults," suggested Frank Nugent. "There was a man hid there once."

"It's possible," said Harry Wharton thoughtfully. "Look here, Bunter! Did you really find a man hiding in the archway?"

"I've told you I did!" snapped Bunter.

"Yes, I know that. But did you?"

"If you can't take a fellow's word, then——" roared Bunter.

"Fathead! Tell us exactly what happened, then."

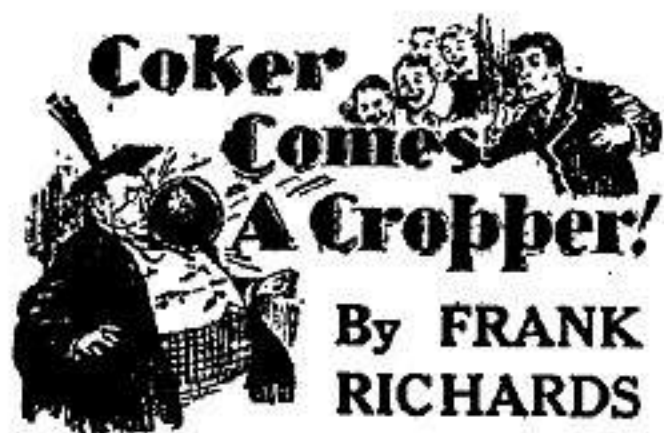
"I've told you once, but I don't mind telling you again. Hearing the sound of someone lurking silently in the old archway——"

"Oh, my hat!"

"I thought that it might be that man Isaacs."

"You—you thought that it might be Isaacs!" gasped Wharton. "Why, you never thought of him at all till I mentioned his name a minute ago!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! I suppose I



Watch out next week for this lively and humorous yarn of the Chums of Greyfriars—and the mighty man of the Fifth—Horace Coker

For having thrown a football in Mr. Prout's face, Horace Coker is caned good and truly! Think of it! The great Horace Coker of the Fifth Form, made to "bend over" like a Second Form fag! This is too much for Coker, and he is determined to get his revenge. And his idea of "getting his own back" is as humorous as it is startling.

Don't miss this great story—it's in next Saturday's MAGNET

ought to know what I thought!" exclaimed Bunter warmly.

"Can't you stick to the truth, you fat frump?" demanded Bob Cherry. "Just for once, and for only a minute?"

"Oh, really, Cherry!"

"Oh, go ahead, Bunter!" said Harry. "We may be able to sort out the facts from the fiction!"

"If any!" remarked Nugent.

"Thinking it might be that villain Isaacs," pursued Bunter, "I rooted him out. He sprang at me with a glittering knife!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"I did not flinch! You fellows would have flinched—in fact, you'd have hooked it! Not me! Fixing him with a calm, steady gaze, I seized his right hand and wrenched away the knife! Then I knocked him down! He fell with a sickening thud!"

"It's the same sickening thud, but the knife is new!" remarked Frank Nugent. "Bunter improves as he goes on! Trickle on, old fat bean!"

"You can cackle!" said Bunter disdainfully. "I fancy you wouldn't have faced that desperate villain as coolly as I did, with a loaded revolver staring you in the face!"

"A revolver!" yelled Bob. "It was a knife a minute ago!"

"I—I mean, a loaded knife!"

"Oh crikey!"

"That is, a—knife! I mean, he had a revolver in the other hand!" stammered Bunter. "That's what I really meant to say. I'd like to have seen you fellows face him, that's all! Only presence of mind and iron nerve saved me! I barely escaped the crashing blow of his bludgeon, as it was!"

"Great pip! He had a bludgeon, too?" gasped Bob.

"Which hand did he hold it in?" asked Nugent.

"Eh?"

"He had a knife in one hand and a revolver in the other. Did he hold the bludgeon in his teeth?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I—I mean—" stuttered Bunter. Bunter's love of thrilling detail had led him astray once more, as it often did. "Look here, you fellows! If you don't believe what I'm telling you—"

"If!" gasped Bob.

"Bunter saw somebody there!" said Wharton, after a little thought. "Most likely a tramp, taking a snooze. Still, it's a fact that Isaacs has never been seen since he took to the wood, and it's barely possible that it was he. It's pretty clear that Devarney thought so, if he went there to look for him and see who it was. And—he hasn't come in!"

The chums of the Remove became serious. Devarney had cut call-over, which was unusual; and it was clear, from Bunter's tangled yarn, at least, that Devarney had gone to the old priory in the wood to look for some man whom Bunter had seen hanging about there. If, by chance, it was the fugitive Isaacs, it was more than probable that something might happen to a schoolboy who rooted him out of his hiding-place.

"If he doesn't come in soon, we'd better go to Quelch," said Harry Wharton at last. "But I dare say he's only late. Give him till after prep, anyhow!"

"I say, you fellows!"

"Bow-wow!"

Harry Wharton & Co. went to prep, leaving Bunter to find other hearers for his thrilling story. He found hearers; but he did not find believers! That



Monsieur Charpentier whisked across to Devarney and caught hold of one of the junior's ankles as he was clambering over the wall. Devarney uttered a startled exclamation and looked down. "Let go!" he snapped. "Non!" said the French master. "You shall not go out!" (See Chapter 9.)

was often the fate of William George Bunter when he related the remarkable happenings that fell to his lot!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bitter Blood!

"DEVARNEY!"

"Oh, here you are!"

Wharton and Nugent uttered those ejaculations simultaneously. Prep was almost over in Study No. 1 in the Remove when the door opened and Julian came in.

The two juniors looked at him curiously.

Had not Devarney returned after prep they had intended to go to their Form master. But here he was, looking thoroughly tired, worn, and dispirited, but evidently unharmed.

He glanced at them.

"Yes, here I am," he answered; and he dropped rather than sat in the study armchair. Obviously he was very tired.

"Anything happened, kid?" asked Wharton.

"What should have happened?"

"You look dead beat."

"I'm tired," said Devarney curtly.

His tone did not invite further conversation, and the juniors devoted their attention to prep again. If Devarney

was in one of his sulky tempers they were quite willing to leave him to himself.

Julian did not make any move towards prep. He sat silent in the armchair, his brow blacker than his study-mates had ever seen it before, though they had often seen it black enough.

But it was not merely sulky temper that troubled Devarney now. They could see that. His expression was dispirited, despondent. He looked like a fellow who had had a shock, and a painful one, and had not recovered from it.

Wharton and Nugent had just finished prep when there was a tap at the study door, and Monty Newland came in.

He nodded cheerily to the two juniors at the table. The high back of the armchair was towards him, and he did not see Devarney sitting there.

"Trot in, old bean," said Harry.

"Finished?"

"Just."

"Good!" said Newland. "Look here, you fellows, Bunter's spinning a yarn about a man he's seen hiding in the old priory in Friardale Wood. I dare say you've heard it."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"We've heard it," he assented.

"Well, it's mostly gammon, of course," said Monty. "You know Bunter! But it seems clear enough that
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he did see somebody hiding there. He tells different lies every time he tells the story; but he sticks to that much all the time. Somebody was there! Well, you know the police lost that man Isaacs in Friardale Wood."

"That's so," assented Nugent.

"He's supposed to have got away," went on Newland. "But it's quite possible that he was in hiding in some underground nook under the old priory. There's a chance, at least, that the man Bunter saw hiding there is Isaacs."

"I was thinking so," assented Wharton.

"It's not much to go upon," continued Monty. "But—the man is an awful rascal, and ought to be laid by the heels. From what I've heard it would be a good thing for your study-mate Devarney if he were caught. Devarney doesn't like me much," Newland smiled, "but I'd be glad to do him a good turn to that extent. What about the Remove Scouts turning out to-morrow and rooting out the villain if he's there?"

"Jolly good idea!" exclaimed Wharton heartily.

"You see, Bunter's yarn is too flimsy to take to the police," said Newland, "and Inspector Grimes seems to be satisfied that Isaacs isn't still in this neighbourhood. It would be rather a feather in the cap of the Greyfriars Scouts if they rooted him out."

"Topping!" said Nugent.

"The fellow has swindled a lot of people, and he's supposed to have most of his plunder about him," said Newland. "Most likely he's hanging about the coast on the chance of getting out of the country. It would be a sin and a shame to let him get away with other people's money in his pockets if we could stop him. Of course, there may be nothing in it, but a Scout run in the woods after school would be a good thing, anyhow. You fellows on?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Devarney isn't a Scout, but I dare say he would like to join up, if you tell him there's a chance of bagging Shem Isaacs," said Newland. "He must be keen on that as it seems that Isaacs robbed his father. As there will be a crowd of us, he may be able to stand my company for once," added Monty, laughing. "If I lend him a hand getting hold of that swindler it may even make him understand that there are Jews and Jews—not all exactly alike."

"Not at all," said Devarney's bitter voice.

He rose from the armchair and faced round towards Newland.

The Jewish junior started.

"Oh!" he ejaculated. "I didn't see you, Devarney! If I'd known you were there—"

Devarney looked at him, his lip curving scornfully, his eyes gleaming under his knitted brows. There was not only scorn but actual hatred in the look he gave the Greyfriars Jew. In his present mood of bitterness, shame, and rage, fresh from seeing the man who was a disgrace to his name, Devarney was ready to wreak his rancour on any victim that came to hand. The wrong done to him, and to his father, by Shem Isaacs had filled his breast with a hatred concentrated on Monty Newland, the only Jew with whom he came in touch. In his present mood he was glad to see Newland, to pour out on him the bitter rancour that was poisoning his heart.

Monty reddened under his look.

"I didn't know!" he stammered. "I shouldn't have come in if I'd known you were here, Devarney."

"Rot!" said Harry. "You're always

welcome in this study, and you know it, Newland."

"I'm glad you came in," said Devarney bitterly. "It gives me a chance to tell you what I think of you, you sheeney! You helped my father the other day, when that brute Ledgey attacked him—well, my father made me shake hands with you. I've tried to get over the loathing I feel for you and all your kind. But I can't! I wouldn't stay in this school another hour if I could help it, with you in it. But I can't help it—I've got to stay here practically on charity because a Jew robbed my father—a Jew, like you!"

"Not like me, I hope," said Newland, very quietly. "You've just heard me suggesting to these fellows to hunt for Isaacs—"

Devarney laughed derisively.

"Gammon!" he answered. "Jews stick to one another. They're all tarred with the same brush!"

"How many Jews have you ever known?" asked Newland, still quietly.

"Only Isaacs—and you!"

"The fellows here think I'm pretty decent," said Newland. "You've formed your judgment on Isaacs. Are you really fool enough to condemn a race numbering millions on the actions of one man?"

"Devarney's fool enough for anything, old bean?" said Nugent.

Julian laughed harshly.

"If you'd been ruined by a Jew—if you'd seen your old father reduced to poverty by a Jew—he said thickly.

"Hard cheese," said Wharton. "But no reason for making a blithering idiot of yourself. Any man at Greyfriars would tell you that Newland is square as a die."

"You won't make me believe that."

"Oh, rats!"

"You can believe what you like," said Newland, with a shrug of the shoulders. "I can make allowances for a fellow who's been hard hit, as you've been, otherwise I'd take you by the neck and make you swallow all you've said."

"You're welcome to try," sneered Devarney.

"We've scrapped twice—and twice is enough," said Monty. "Look here, I came to this study to speak to Wharton and Nugent. I suppose even a Jew is entitled to speak to his friends without you butting in."

"If you stay here, I leave," said Devarney. "I won't breathe the same air with a Jew!"

"There's the door!" said Harry Wharton.

Devarney, with a bitter sneer on his face, quitted the study. He made a gesture of repulsion as he passed Newland; and Monty's hands clenched for a moment.

But he unclenched them again. His look, as it followed Julian, was compassionate. A fellow who hugged bitterness and rancour to his heart as if they were treasures was a fellow to be pitied. The door closed on Devarney, and it was a relief to Study No. 1 when he was gone.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Nothing Doing!

"FINE!" said Bob Cherry.

Bob alluded to the weather in break the following day.

It was fine, and prospects were quite agreeable for the Scout run planned to follow class that day.

The Famous Five came out in break with cheery faces, looked at the sky, and were pleased with the aspect thereof.

Of course, the Greyfriars Scouts would not have shrunk from a little

rain, or even a lot of rain. But undoubtedly they preferred a fine day for a Scout run in the woods.

It was going to be fine, and all was well! Quite a number of Remove men were joining up for the run. The barest possibility of rooting out a rogue like Mr. Isaacs from some den in the wood was exciting and attractive. Hunting such game gave a zest to the Scout run that usually was lacking.

True, few fellows believed that Mr. Isaacs really was hiding in the wood at all. Still, there was a chance.

Bunter, by this time, had fully decided that the lurker in the old priory was Shem Isaacs, and his fat imagination coming to his aid, he declared that he had actually recognised him by his picture in the newspaper. Drawing on his unlimited imagination, Bunter gave a description of the lurking man that would have suited Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice."

That would have settled the matter, had anyone believed Bunter. But nobody ever believed Bunter.

Still, from the maze of fiction in which Bunter had wrapped his story, one small fact could be sorted out; there had actually been some person in the old priory on Wednesday afternoon, hiding in the archway.

Some loafing tramp, most likely, the fellows thought, and long since gone on his dusty way. Still, there was a chance that it was the fugitive from justice; and if it was, the Greyfriars Scouts were going to bag him.

Most of the Greyfriars men were keen on Scouting. There were several patrols in the Remove. Even Billy Bunter was a Scout, though not perhaps a first-class one. All the Scouts in the Remove were going to join in the hunt, so it seemed very probable that if the elusive Mr. Isaacs was in the wood at all he would be roused out.

But there was one fellow in the Remove to whom the coming hunt in Friardale Wood brought nothing less than anguish.

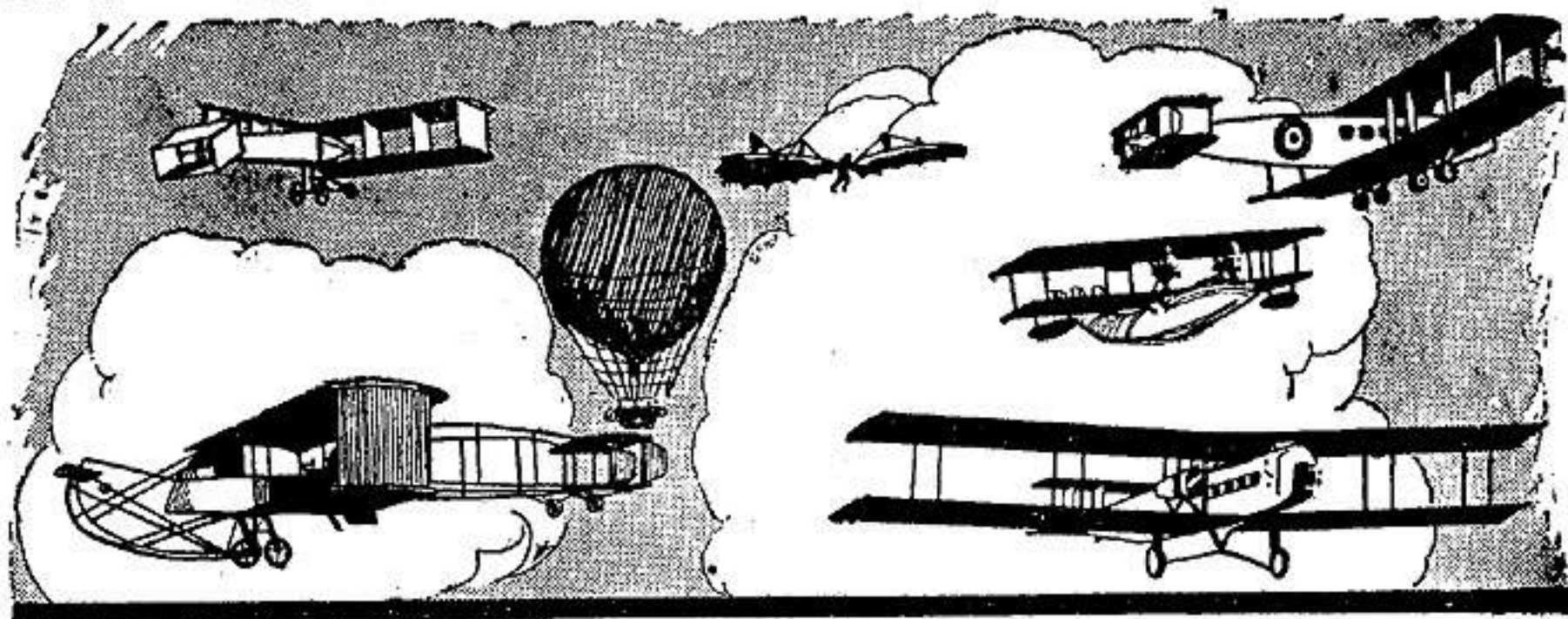
In class that morning, Julian Devarney was so moody and inattentive that Mr. Quelch called him to order several times, though as a rule he was very kind and considerate to the junior who had fallen from a high estate.

In break, Julian walked under the old elms by himself, his hands in his pockets, his brows lined with troubled thought.

After school that day, more than a score of eager Scouts would be rooting through Friardale Wood. That they would discover Shem Isaacs Julian did not suppose for a moment; he was sure that the fugitive Jew was not there. But it was very likely that they would discover Howard Devarney, the black sheep of the Devarney family, known to the police as the "Dandy," and wanted to serve the remainder of his sentence at Dartmoor.

The thought was torture to the proud fellow. He had made no friends at Greyfriars, but he had made enemies; even good-natured and tolerant fellows disliked his supercilious ways, and considered that he thought much too much of himself, and of the fact that he was a Devarney of Devarney Court. What would they think—what would they say—if it came out that his near relative—his father's cousin, a man so like his father in looks that he had been mistaken for him—was a convict, a thief, a man wanted by the police, a man who had lived for years among criminals, and was known among them by a nickname?

It was said of old that pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. Julian writhed at
(Continued on page 16.)



LEARNING to FLY!

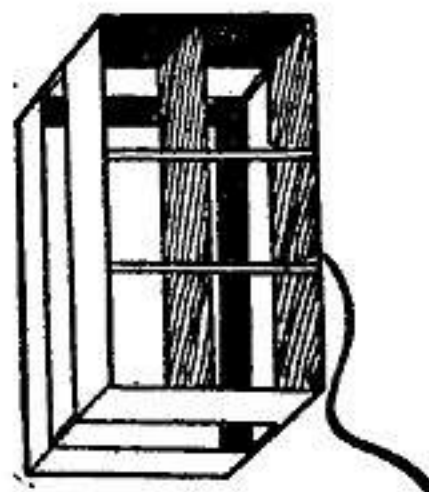
Kites have played a more important part in the conquest of the air than many people imagine; and in this article our flying expert tells you of some of the experiments that were made with kites in the years gone by.

WHEN all the world was talking of the great Scouts' Jamboree at Arrowe Park, last August, Baden-Powell—the very wonderful soldier Scout who was responsible for it—naturally came in for a deal of praise.

People and newspapers said all sorts of nice things about him, but scarcely anyone remembered what Baden-Powell did to help flying in its early days.

BADEN-POWELL'S KITE.

WHY, he was one of the very first to make it possible for a man to be lifted from the ground by a kite! And that was a very, very great achievement in those days—years before the first aeroplane rose with a man aboard and successfully set him down again.



The box-shaped kite, which is still popular to-day, was invented by Marvin.

The man who went up with Baden-Powell's arrangement of kites soared one hundred foot—sixty feet higher than the man who went up in an American kite the same year. Britain was still establishing records then, you see.

Really, Baden-Powell's man-lifting kite was a team of kites. There were five or six, of a special shape, linked together to get the utmost possible lifting power.

Another of the great pioneers of flight was Cody, who was attached to the British Balloon Department at Aldershot. He later managed to lift men 3,000 feet and more in the air with his kites.

You will probably be asking yourself: "What ever has kite-flying got to do with aeroplanes?"

Well, there was little indeed known about the air when these kite experiments were going on. Men had more or less solved the problem of gliding through the air in motor-gliders, but they were still puzzled by the flight of birds.

DISCOVERING THE SECRETS OF THE AIR.

FIND out the bird's secret, said they, and you were on the way to producing a flying machine that really would soar. The queer-shaped kites they were making then would soar well enough whilst a string or wire controlled them—holding the kite's surface to the wind. But if the controlling string or wire broke, down fluttered the kite at once.

The pulling power of the string or wire gone, the kite failed. So they set themselves to find some motive power that would act like that wire or string—pull the kite along, make it really fly.

A revolving screw would provide driving force to equal the kite-string's tension—the propeller of the aeroplane of to-day. Startling as it may seem, the aeroplane is, in effect, a self-propelled kite, fitted with motor, air-propellers, and a rudder.

It was by working out all the reasons for the behaviour of kites—box-kites especially—that the secrets of the air now well known to our flying-men were mostly discovered. No one knows when the first kite was made—savages were amusing themselves with kites hundreds of years before the people of the British Isles had even been heard of.

FORERUNNER OF THE AEROPLANE.

BUT it was not until about 1898 that they were used in connection with the solving of that terribly knotty problem of mechanical flight. Look at pictures of the early aeroplanes and you will easily trace the box-kite principle of the wings. When the aeroplane builders first tried out their ideas they kept to the monoplane style—a single pair of wings.

It was not till later, after many daring man-lifting experiments with box-kites had proved that a double plane was better than a single one, that biplanes came in for their share of attention.

Now that the aeroplane is an accomplished fact, the kite is mostly relegated to its earliest uses—as a plaything. No longer are automatic cameras sent up with kites to secure pictorial records from the air. Nor are they ever again likely to be used for military purposes.

But don't forget that this so-called "kid's toy" is an immediate forerunner of all aeroplanes—and that once upon a

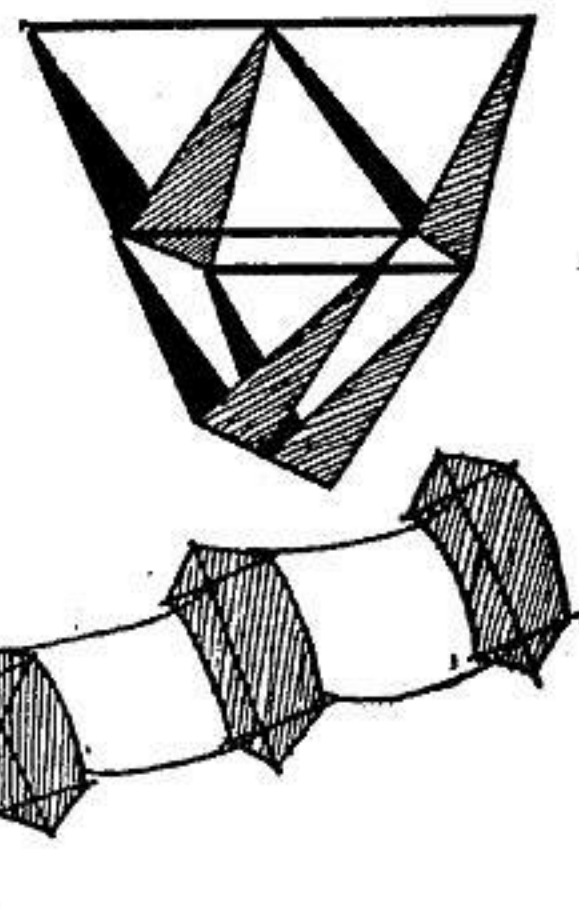
time a daring experimenter proved with a kite that lightning and electricity are one and the same thing. A few scientists had guessed that it was so, but Franklin with his kiteproved it beyond doubt.

FRANKLIN'S DISCOVERY.

HIS kite was made of silk and a thin wire was attached to the top of it. He tied the usual string to the kite, and to the hand-end of the string tied an insulator. He waited for a big thunder-storm, then sent up his kite.

He got his electric current, right enough, down the string to the insulator, and he was able to fill a Leyden jar with it. Not only did he help on aviation with his kite, but he discovered that as you could draw electricity from the air by means of a kite, so also it should be possible to prevent buildings being struck by lightning by enticing electricity from the clouds harmlessly into the ground by means of lightning conductors.

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(Above)—This sketch shows four of Bell's triangular-shaped kites joined together; and (below) Baden-Powell's man-lifting arrangement of kites.



By FRANK RICHARDS.

(Continued from page 12.)

the thought of the shame, the mockery, the disgrace—all the more bitter, all the more overwhelming, because he had held his head so high.

His thoughts were dark and miserable as he walked restlessly under the elms. The Famous Five came by, chatting cheerily, discussing the Scout run, and Julian glanced at them. Their cheery faces contrasted with his own gloomy and troubled looks. A sudden impulse made him call to the chums of the Remove.

"Hold on, you fellows."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"It's fixed about the Scout run to-day?" asked Julian.

"Yes," said Harry. "Like to come along?" he added politely. "That is, of course, if you can manage somehow to be civil to Newland."

"Thanks, I don't care for the company of Jews!" sneered Devarney. "I'm afraid I couldn't undertake to be civil to one."

"Suit yourself!" said Wharton curtly.

"That isn't what I was goin' to speak about," said Julian hastily. "It seems that you fancy that villain Isaacs may be in this neighbourhood, from what Bunter told you."

"That's so," said Harry.

"Well, I can tell you that it isn't so, and that may save you the trouble of looking for a man who isn't there."

The juniors stared at him.

"How the thump can you know?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"I mean, the man that Bunter saw at the old priory was not Isaacs," said Devarney.

"I don't see—" began Nugent.

"I went there to see who it was when Bunter told me about him yesterday," explained Devarney. "I thought it might be Isaacs—and you know, of course, that I'm keen on getting hold of that scoundrel. I saw the man who was hanging about there."

"You saw him?" exclaimed Wharton.

"Yes."

"And it wasn't Isaacs?"

"No; it was not a Jew at all."

"Who was it, then?" asked the captain of the Remove, eyeing Julian's face very curiously.

Devarney coloured uncomfortably. It was not his way to tell an untruth; but certainly he had no intention of telling the facts.

"I can't answer that question," he said. "But I know it was not Isaacs. I know Isaacs by sight, as well as from seeing his picture in all the papers. The man there was nothing like him."

"There goes our giddy capture!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Only some giddy tramp, after all."

"Was it a tramp, Devarney?"

"He looked as if he'd been tramping," said Julian.

"Was he hiding in the old archway, as Bunter said?" asked Wharton, his eyes still on Julian's face.

"He was in the archway, certainly," said Julian.

"Did you leave him there, after seeing him?"

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"I can't say where he went." Devarney was breathing hard. "I can answer for it that he was not a Jew, and you know that Isaacs is a Jew."

"That's nothing," said Harry. "The papers say that he has changed his appearance—disguised or something, and—"

"What rot!" said Devarney sharply. "He couldn't disguise the fact that he was a Jew."

"He might," said Harry. "Anyhow, there must be something fishy about a man who's hiding in a lonely place like that. If he's still there, it will do no harm to find out who he is, and what he's up to."

"I tell you he's not Isaacs."

"All serene! We'll see for ourselves, if we find him," said the captain of the Remove.

"You'll be wasting your time for nothing."

"A Scout run isn't a waste of time, old bean. We get the run, anyhow, even if we don't catch the Isaacs bird."

"I've no doubt that Isaacs is a hundred miles away by this time," said Julian, biting his lip.

Wharton shook his head.

"I don't feel sure of that," he said. "He's being watched for everywhere, and he can't show himself without being nabbed. We know that he was in Friardale Wood a few days ago. If he found out the vaults under the old priory it's just the place where he might hide himself."

"Well, the man that fat fool Bunter saw was not Isaacs," said Devarney sullenly. "If some other man is camping out there it's no business of yours to meddle with him."

"That's for us to decide," said Wharton dryly. "It seems to me that you are jolly concerned for this chap, whoever he is, Devarney. Even if he's not Isaacs, he ought to be made to explain what he's up to! Why should you care whether we root him out or not?"

"I haven't said that I care. I was only telling you that if you're going after Isaacs you're wasting your time," muttered Julian huskily. "As for any other man who may have camped there, you've no right to interfere with him that I can see."

"If he's up to no harm we shan't interfere with him. Why should we?" exclaimed Wharton. "Blessed if I see what you're getting at, Devarney. Anyhow, we're going."

Devarney turned and walked away, leaving the Famous Five staring after him in puzzled astonishment.

"What the thump does Devarney want to put the kybosh on our little run for?" exclaimed Bob Cherry, in wonder.

"Goodness knows! I should think he would have jumped at the slightest chance of nailing that man Isaacs," said Harry. "It means a lot to him and his people if Isaacs is caught."

"If he saw the man and saw that it wasn't Isaacs—" began Johnny Bull. "Still, there's no reason why we shouldn't see for ourselves."

"I can't make him out!"

"The makefulness out is not great!" remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "But the esteemed Devarney does not want us to find that preposterous person."

"Why shouldn't he?"

The nabob shook his head.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "There's the bell!"

The bell rang for third school, and the juniors trooped towards the House. But Julian Devarney was not among the crowd of fellows who headed for the Remove Form-room.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Up Against It!

"MON Dieu!" murmured Monsieur Charpentier.

Mossoo was astonished.

There being no French set to claim Monsieur Charpentier's attention for the next hour, the French gentleman was taking a little walk in the cloisters. And, as all the Greyfriars fellows should have been in their Form-rooms at that time, Mossoo was naturally surprised to see a Remove junior coming along the cloisters; and still more surprised to see him stop at the old wall that gave on the fir-wood, and begin to climb it.

Monsieur Charpentier stared at him.

It was Devarney of the Remove, and he was too busily occupied to notice the French gentleman at a little distance.

"Mon Dieu!" repeated Mossoo.

And he trotted across towards Devarney.

A junior might have an "exeat" entitling him to go out during a class; but in that case, of course, he would go out by the gates. A fellow who was climbing out over a wall evidently had no exeat. This junior was breaking bounds, instead of going to the Form-room for third school; a proceeding that was really unheard of. He would, of course, be missed immediately by his Form master; and Mr. Quelch was not a Form master to be trifled with. Punishment, sharp and severe, awaited the delinquent; and it was hard to imagine what motive he could possibly have for incurring such punishment.

It was not so much a regard for discipline as a desire to save the reckless fellow from that certain punishment, that made the good-natured French gentleman intervene; although, of course, as a Greyfriars master, he was bound to put a stop to such a lawless proceeding.

He whisked across to Devarney and caught hold of one of the junior's ankles as he was clambering over the wall.

Devarney uttered a startled exclamation, and looked down.

"Let go!" he snapped.

"Mon cher garcon—" remonstrated Monsieur Charpentier.

"Let me go!"

"Zat is not possible, petit," said the French master. "You must not go out, as you know verree well! You must go viz yourself to ze class."

"Will you let go?"

"Non!" said Monsieur Charpentier emphatically. "Venez, venez! You shall not go out! Ze good Quelch he will be, what you call, waxy! Allez done! Come, come!"

Devarney gritted his teeth. He made an effort to drag himself over the wall; but Mossoo held on to his ankle with the grip of a vice.

"Mon garcon, have you taken departure from ze sense?" exclaimed the French master. "You know verree well you must not break ze bounds. Allez! Come down viz you!"

"You're not my Form master!" snapped Devarney. "Leave me alone!"

"Mais, mon garcon—"

"Mind your own business!"

"Ceil!" ejaculated Monsieur Charpentier, astounded by that mode of address from a lower Fourth junior.

"I've got to go out," panted Devarney. "I'm ready to answer to Quelch for it! Now leave me alone."

"Pas possible!" said Monsieur Charpentier. "Venez!"

He jerked at Devarney's ankle, and the junior had no choice about coming down. He dropped from the wall, and

stood facing the French master, with flashing eyes.

Monsieur Charpentier dropped a hand on his shoulder. It was plain that the junior was waiting for a chance to bolt.

"Come, come, my boy!" said the French gentleman kindly. "You are one foolish garçon! You look for ze trouble, isn't it? Zat good Quelch he vill be, what you call, pretty wild! Come, come!"

"I tell you—" hissed Devarney.

"Venez avec moi!"

With a grasp of Devarney's shoulder Monsieur Charpentier led him back along the cloisters.

Devarney clenched his fists.

But he knew that he had to submit; and he submitted, with a black and scowling brow.

Monsieur Charpentier led him across the quad and into the House. The junior's conduct puzzled him extremely; such defiance of authority was very unusual, if not unknown, at Greyfriars. What the reckless fellow's motive might be the French master could not imagine, and he was very far indeed from guessing. But that did not concern him; what concerned him was to take Devarney to his Form-room; and he took him there. Not till they reached the door of the Remove-room did he release Julian's shoulder.

"Now you go in, mon garçon," he said kindly. "I forget all zose sheeky zings you say to me, but you go in, n'est-ce-pas?"

And as Devarney had no choice in the matter, he went in; and Monsieur Charpentier walked away, still very much puzzled.

The Remove were all in their places, and third lesson was in progress, when Julian entered the Remove-room.

Mr. Quelch's eye turned on him like a gimlet.

"You are ten minutes late, Devarney!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Take a hundred lines and go to your place."

Julian went silently to his place, followed by many curious glances from the Remove fellows.

During third school he sat there, silent, with a dark brow. Mr. Quelch, after some very keen glances at the sullen-faced junior, let him alone, and he was not called on to give attention. The Remove master was aware of the new fellow's strange circumstances, and he concluded that some trouble at home was disturbing Devarney; and, tartar as he often was, Mr. Quelch could be kind and considerate.

Third school was a long-drawn-out misery to Julian. It seemed to him that it would never end.

With a reckless disregard of consequences, he had made the attempt to get out of the school, to get to the hidden man in Friardale Wood, and warn him of his coming danger. He had failed! Somehow, he had to put Howard Devarney, the Dandy, on his guard.

Regard for the law, regard for the ends of justice, meant nothing to him in comparison with averting that terrible disgrace from his name—the undying shame of having it known throughout the school that his relative was a convict—that a man of his name—a Devarney of Devarney Court—was wanted by the police.

He did not even know for what crime Howard Devarney had been sent to prison; and he did not care. He wished that the man had stayed there, his disgrace hidden behind strong stone walls. His personal feeling towards him was one of loathing. But that made no difference to his intentions. The wretch must be saved—enabled to escape—

helped to carry his shame to a foreign country.

He shuddered at the mere thought of the Greyfriars Scouts getting hold of him—discovering that his name was Devarney, that he was a relative of a Greyfriars fellow! And, unless he was warned in time, he would be discovered and caught.

The murky recesses under the old priory were his last refuge, and the previous evening Julian had conveyed a supply of food to him there; it was that task that had made him late for calling-over. The police having given up searching the wood, Julian had supposed that the wretch would be safe there until an opportunity offered of getting away.

The projected hunt by the Greyfriars Scouts was a stunning blow to him. Somehow, the man had to be warned of what was coming. That murky den was his last refuge; but he had to find another—at least, to quit the old priory before the Boy Scouts arrived there. If they found him—

Third school ended at last, and Mr. Quelch dismissed his class. Julian rose eagerly, and then the voice of his Form master fell on his ears like a knell.

"Devarney!"

"You will remain and write your lines!"

"Oh!"

The Remove marched out, and Julian sat down to his lines. There was no chance now of getting out of gates before dinner.

At dinner, Julian hardly touched his food—he hardly saw it. He did not answer when one or two fellows spoke to him. The meal seemed to him endless, but it was over at last, and he got out of the House.

He was now free until afternoon school, and in that interval, the fellows were allowed out of gates, within certain bounds. The priory in the wood was far outside those bounds, but that mattered nothing to Julian. The moment he was at liberty, he cut down to the gates, and as soon as he found himself in Friardale Lane, he started at a run for the wood.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Grimes is Suspicious!

DEVARNEY halted, catching his breath, his heart almost dying within him. He had not stopped once since leaving the school gates, and he arrived at the old priory, in the heart of Friardale Wood, breathless. He had fully expected to find the place silent and deserted as on the previous afternoon. But as he came in through the shattered old gateway, he sighted a figure moving within the ruins. A man in a grey lounge suit and a Homburg hat, with a stick in his hand, was rooting about the old priory, and the sight of him filled the hapless junior with dismay. For he knew the plump, ruddy face, the steely eyes. Inspector Grimes of Courtfield was in plain clothes now, but Julian had seen him more than once before, and he knew him instantly.

He stopped, but it was too late to conceal his approach from the Courtfield inspector. Mr. Grimes turned towards him, his cool, steely eyes fixing on the junior very keenly.

As he had been seen, Devarney realised that it was useless to retreat, and that such a move could only excite surmise, if not suspicion. With as casual a manner as he could muster, he walked on into the ruins, striving to still the beating of his heart.

Mr. Grimes gave him a civil nod.

"Master Devarney, I think?" he remarked.

"Yes," said Julian.

He realised that the keen eyes were scanning him, with an expression in them that he could not comprehend. Surely Mr. Grimes did not suspect—could not suspect—

The inspector was very keen on the hunt for Shem Isaacs—the capture of the fugitive swindler would have been a feather in his cap. But he had no concern with the black sheep of the Devarney family. Probably he had never even heard of Howard Devarney, whose escape from Dartmoor had taken place years ago, and who had vanished from all knowledge after his escape.

Then it came into Julian's mind, in a dismaying flash, that the fact that the Dandy was hiding in the wood showed that the police must have got track of him again. They had lost sight of him for years, but unless they had spotted him once more, he would not be in flight.

Still, they could have no reason, he hoped and believed, to surmise that the Dandy was in that neighbourhood. Isaacs had been tracked there, but, so far as Julian knew, nothing had been reported in the papers concerning Howard Devarney.

Yet, why was the inspector eyeing him in that curious way? What thoughts were passing in Mr. Grimes' mind behind those searching, steely eyes? Julian would have given a great deal to know.

"Interesting old place, what?" said the inspector genially, with a gesture at the mossy, creeper-clad ruins round them.

"Very!" assented Julian.

"You are a new boy at your school, I believe?" said Mr. Grimes.

"I came this term."

"So this place is rather new to you, I suppose?"

"I've been here once or twice," answered Julian.

Mr. Grimes was talking in quite a casual way, and yet Julian felt that there was some intention behind his talk. Did he suspect? Could he suspect? How could he?

"You find these ruins interesting, what?" said Mr. Grimes.

"It's a pleasant old place," said Julian.

"Quite!" agreed Mr. Grimes, with a smile. "You are rather out of school bounds, I fancy, Master Devarney."

"Yes, a little," said Julian. He smiled, too, with an effort. "You won't be mentioning it to my Form master, Mr. Grimes?"

"I learned at school not to tell tales," said the inspector, with solemn humour. "Honour bright!"

Julian laughed.

He was careful not to look towards the old archway—now open to view, owing to the pulling down of the creepers. Mr. Grimes was not to know that he had any interest in that direction.

While the police-inspector was there it was, of course, impossible to make any attempt to carry out his design of uttering a warning to the lurking malefactor. But he had no doubt that the sound of someone moving in the ruins had had the effect of sending the Dandy scuttling down into the deepest and darkest retreat he could find.

"No news of Mr. Isaacs yet, I suppose?" asked Julian. He had a keen desire to find out for what the inspector was there—whether he was seeking Mr. Isaacs, or another rascal.

"None, so far," said Mr. Grimes, still with his eyes on Julian's face, and that odd expression in them. "We nearly,

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had him the other day—but he is a slippery customer, Master Devarney."

"He must have got away from here, Mr. Grimes."

"It looks like it, doesn't it?" assented Mr. Grimes. "But you never know your luck. I have not given up hope of laying him by the heels."

Julian compressed his lips.

"I hope you'll get him," he said. "I'd give a good many years of my life to see him taken."

"I understand," assented Mr. Grimes. "From what I hear, your father was one of his principal victims."

"He ruined my father," said Julian savagely. "He is said to have most of his plunder about him now."

"I believe that is the case. So it will make a good deal of difference to you, Master Devarney, if he is taken?"

"A lot of difference!" said Julian.

"Then we must hope for the best," said Mr. Grimes genially. "Have you ever seen this man Isaacs—I mean, before he appeared in this neighbourhood?"

"My father took me to his office once, in the City," said Julian. "I should know the brute again anywhere. A Jew!"

"You did not know him when you saw him in a car the other day?"

"Not in his goggles," said Julian. "He had his face mostly covered up. He knew me, and spoke my name."

"Did you recognise his voice?"

"No. It was quite different. When I heard him speaking to my father, in his office, he spoke like a Jew, with a strong accent—but when he spoke in the car the other day there was no trace of it." Julian's brows contracted in thought. "It puzzled me, thinking of it afterwards. But I suppose he could drop the accent when he liked."

"And other things, too, I fancy," remarked the inspector, a remark that perplexed Devarney.

Would the man never go? Julian wondered desperately. Inspector Grimes showed no signs of going.

Obviously, he had a motive for rooting about in the old priory, whether it was Shem Isaacs or the Dandy that he was seeking. But surely it could not be the Dandy. Surely there would have been something in the newspapers if an escaped convict was being hunted. Then again came the reminder, if the Dandy was not hunted, why was he in flight, in hiding? Devarney searched the inspector's face, but nothing of Mr. Grimes' thoughts could be read there.

Then suddenly the inspector looked at his watch.

"By Jove! I must be moving!" he exclaimed, and, with a nod to the junior, he walked away.

Devarney almost panted with relief. But he affected to stroll idly about the grass-grown ruins, till the inspector's burly form disappeared beyond the dismantled old walls.

Then he made a swift stride towards the archway.

But he stopped suddenly.

That curious searching look in the inspector's eyes haunted him. It was ten to one, a thousand to one, that Mr. Grimes was there seeking to pick up some trace of Isaacs. But if by some unlucky chance it was the Dandy he was seeking, he would know that the Dandy was a relative of Devarney, and might very easily suspect that the wretch had got into touch with the schoolboy. Julian's breathless arrival at the priory might very likely have confirmed such a suspicion. And it came into the boy's mind that in all probability Mr. Grimes had not gone far—and that an eye was still upon his movements.

If that was so, he dared not attempt

to warn the Dandy, it would be placing him in the policeman's hands.

Turning from the old archway, Julian strolled about the ruins. He had to make sure. He was already late for class at Greyfriars, but that hardly entered his thoughts. He moved about for some time aimlessly, and then walked quickly out of the shattered gateway. A swift glance round him, outside the ruins, revealed a Homburg hat showing over a mass of dislodged masonry amid clambering ivy.

He caught his breath, and walked on as if he had seen nothing.

He was suspected—or, at least, the inspector had decided to keep an eye on what he did in the ruins. That was clear now.

With his heart beating painfully, Devarney walked away into the wood. He knew now what was in Mr. Grimes' mind.

The inspector, certainly, could not suspect him of befriending the Jew who had ruined his father. He could only suspect him of seeking to help his relative who was in sore straits. It followed, then, that it was Howard Devarney, the Dandy, of whom Inspector Grimes was now in pursuit.

With a police-officer watching suspiciously, it could only bring disaster upon the hunted man to attempt to warn him. Devarney walked away through the wood, only hoping that his departure, without having seen anyone, would dismiss that suspicion from Mr. Grimes' mind.

He hurried back to Greyfriars, a prey to dismay and uneasiness. When he was gone, Inspector Grimes strolled out of his cover, and stood looking in the direction the junior had taken, a doubting expression on his face.

The Remove were in class when Devarney reached the school. It was the second time he had been late that day, and he received some acid words, and a heavy imposition, from his Form master. But he gave little heed to Mr. Quelch.

He had been unable to warn the fugitive in Friardale Wood. Immediately after school, the Greyfriars Scouts would be on the trail. Luck had been against him—and all was lost!

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Scouts!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. changed into Scout rig immediately after school. Julian Devarney had gone up to his study, and from the window of Study No. 1 in the Remove, he watched them below in the quad. His eyes glittered under his bent brows at the sight of Monty Newland, who looked very sturdy and handsome in shirt and shorts. More bitter than ever were Devarney's feelings towards the "sheeney" for the misery and anxiety through which he was now passing.

He looked gloomily down at the cheery Scouts, about a score of them, all very fit and keen. The Scouts smiled, but Devarney did not smile, when a fat figure rolled out to join the array; William George Bunter, looking on the point of bursting out of his garb. Bunter's skill was rather limited by his short range of vision, and his activity by his circumference, but he was not going to be left out. He had a suspicion that there was something good in some of the haversacks.

As the Scouts made a move for the gates, Julian Devarney hurried downstairs.

All he could do now was to go with the Scouts, and trust to good fortune for a chance to help the hidden man to

elude them. It was a remote chance, but if it failed him, the game was up.

He overtook the Scouts as they marched out at the gates. Several fellows glanced round at him curiously as he came breathlessly up.

"Coming along, after all?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Yes—if you fellows don't mind."

"The more the merrier," said Bob, but he spoke rather slowly, and glanced at Monty Newland. Devarney was welcome to join up, so far as that went, but the juniors wanted no more of his sulks or quarrelling.

"You're welcome, Devarney, if you'd like to come," said Harry Wharton, rather shortly. "But we don't want any rowing. Better put it plainly, I think."

"The betterfulness is terrific."

"Nothing like plain English," said Johnny Bull. "Come along, by all means, Devarney, but you're expected to behave yourself, and keep a civil tongue in your head."

Devarney's cheeks crimsoned, and his eyes flashed. An angry retort, followed by his turning on his heel, was what most of the fellows expected. But Julian swallowed his irritation. He had to go with the Scouts, and his angry pride had to take second place.

"That's all right," he said, in a low voice. "I haven't come along for a row."

"All serene, then," said the captain of the Remove cheerily. "I'm glad you've joined up, Devarney—you're really the one most interested in getting hold of that rotter Isaacs."

Julian nodded, and walked with the Scouts, in silence. He hardly realised the duplicity of the part he was playing, marching with the Scouts in order to defeat them. Certainly he would have been glad enough to help them seize on Shem Isaacs, if that had been possible. But there was no chance of that. It was not for that purpose that he was there. He was there to prevent them from finding the Dandy, if he could.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as they reached the border of Friardale Wood. "We're not the only lot on the trail."

A horseman was riding slowly along the lane where it bordered the wood. It was a mounted constable.

It was obvious that he was patrolling that side of the wood. That looked as if the police were not, after all, blind to the possibility that Isaacs was still in the vicinity.

Devarney's heart sank at the sight of him.

"That bobby's after Isaacs, you bet!" remarked Vernon-Smith.

"Looks like it," agreed Wharton. "I dare say they're keeping watch all round the wood. If they are, Isaacs won't have much chance of getting clear—if we root him out."

"If he's there, we'll jolly well root him out," said Bob Cherry.

"The rootfulness will be—"

"Terrific and preposterous!" chuckled Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Scouts entered the wood by the footpath. From the path they turned into the track that led towards the old priory.

"I say, you fellows," called out Bunter, as the Scouts swiftly threaded their way through the wood.

"Put it on, old fat bean," called back Bob Cherry.

"I say, you fellows, hold on!" gasped Bunter. "What about tea?"

"Tea!" ejaculated Bob.

"We've brought grub with us, haven't we?" said Bunter. "Well, what about having a snack now? No good starting on a trail hungry, you know."

"Bow-wow!"

"Look here, when are we going to feed, then?" demanded Bunter anxiously.

"Say a couple of hours," said Bob.

"A couple of hours!" gasped Bunter. "Why, you silly ass, I shall be perishing of hunger long before that."

"No such luck!" said Bob heartlessly.

"Beast! I say, you fellows—"

"You can scoff the grub you've brought with you, any time you like, fathead."

"But I haven't brought any!" wailed Bunter. "I've been disappointed about a postal-order—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"I was relying on my pals!" said Bunter, with dignity.

"Then your pals are jolly well going to let you down!" said Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

cap ahead of the party, among the ruins. It disappeared the next moment.

"I suppose a Devarney of Devarney Court was bound to take the lead!" remarked the Bounder sarcastically.

"Well, come on!" said Harry.

And the Scouts, at a run, approached the old gateway, and entered the ruins of Friar's Priory.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

The Hunted Man!

JULIAN DEVARNEY had cut ahead of the party, and reached the old priory some minutes ahead of them. He was relieved to see that the place was deserted when he hurried into the ruins. There

"Get out of sight—quick! They're coming!"

"The police?"

"No. A crowd of Boy Scouts!"

"A thousand curses!"

"Fool!" hissed Devarney. "Get out of sight! They will search the vaults—they know all about them! Find some corner to hide in—quick! I will close the stone!"

The hunted man disappeared into the darkness below.

Julian grasped the stone that was tilted up on its side, and turned it, and it dropped into place. He wondered whether the thud, as it fell, reached the ears of the approaching Scouts.

Footsteps were already ringing on the grassy old flags. Devarney stood panting, the colour coming and going in his cheeks.



As Devarney walked out of the shattered gateway of the ruins, he caught sight of a Homburg hat showing over a mass of dislodged masonry amid clambering ivy. He caught in his breath and walked on, as if he had seen nothing. (See Chapter 10.)

"That is, if they're here! I don't see them," said Bob. "Anybody here Bunter's pal?"

There was a chortle, but no other answer.

"Your pals seem to have stayed behind, Bunter!" said Bob. "Best thing you can do is to go back and look for them."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast!"

The Scouts marched on cheerily, Billy Bunter bringing up the rear, puffing and blowing.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Where's Devarney?" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as the Scouts came out into the open near the ruins. As Devarney was in Etons he had been rather conspicuous among a crowd of fellows in Scout garb. Now he was conspicuous by his absence.

"Dropped behind, I suppose!" said Wharton, glancing round.

"The dropfulness was not terrific!" remarked Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh. "I thinkfully opine that I saw the esteemed Devarney cutting on ahead-fully."

"There he is!" exclaimed Monty Newland.

There was a glimpse of a Greyfriars

was no sign of the obnoxious Mr. Grimes.

Julian cut across at once to the old archway, over the entrance to the vaults. He had a few minutes—and if the hidden man was at hand that was time enough to warn him. It was too late for him to seek to leave his hiding-place; the Scouts would have spotted him immediately if he had done so. But at least he could be warned to hide himself in the remotest nook he could find.

The flat stone that covered the stair down to the vaults was open. Julian's heart thumped as he saw it. That meant that the man who hid himself in the vaults had come up for fresh air and light. That was not to be wondered at, for the dismal recesses under the ruins were hardly preferable to a convict prison, but for the hope of ultimate escape. Julian glanced round, and the next moment saw the white, scared, savage face of the Dandy looking up from the underground stair. He had dodged down into the opening at the sound of footsteps, but had not had time to close the stone.

"You!" breathed Howard Devarney.

Julian panted.

Fortuno had smiled on him, for the moment. But for his hurried warning the Scouts would have found the stone open, and might have followed at the very heels of the fugitive. Now at least he had a chance of seeking some hiding-place in the gloomy recesses below.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" came Bob Cherry's booming voice. "Where are you, Devarney?"

Julian looked out of the archway.

"Here!" he called back.

"Seen anybody?"

"Nobody here but me."

"I say, you fellows," squeaked Billy Bunter. "That's where I saw that villain yesterday."

"There's nobody here now!" said Devarney, breathing hard, as the Scouts came up in a crowd.

In a few minutes the juniors had rooted through every inch under the old archway. It was evident that the man they sought was not there.

Harry Wharton fixed his eyes very curiously on Devarney's flushed face.

"Did you find that stone open, Devarney?" he asked.

"The—the stone?"

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"Did you close it?"

Devarney caught his breath.

"I thought I heard it," said the captain of the Remove.

"Same here!" said Bob Cherry. "It sounded like it, anyhow. If it was open it shows that somebody has been here."

"Was it open, Devarney?" persisted Wharton.

"Yes!" stammered Devarney. "I—I closed it! It's hardly safe—a fellow might tumble in—"

"You should have left it alone!" said Wharton curtly. "You'd better try to get it into your head, Devarney, that you're not leader here. Get the stone up, you men!"

"You're not going down there?" asked Julian.

"Of course we are. If the man's here that's just the place he would dodge into."

"Isaacs is not here!" snapped Devarney. "I told you that the man who was here yesterday was nothing at all like him—not a Jew at all."

"I know that; and you needn't tell us again," said the captain of the Remove. "We're here to satisfy ourselves; and we can manage without directions from a new kid."

"Oh, go and eat coke!" said Devarney.

Wharton's glance lingered on him. Devarney's conduct struck him as peculiar; and he was vaguely suspicious. Devarney was the fellow he would have expected to be keenest of all in the track of Shem Isaacs; yet it seemed that in many ways he had tried to place difficulties in the way of the search. Wharton could not understand it; but he was feeling a vague distrust.

"Somebody's been here pretty recently!" said Monty Newland.

Devarney spun round towards him. Monty had picked up something from a crevice in the old flags.

"What's that?" asked Harry.

"Look!"

It was a fragment of cheese rind. Wharton took it from the Jewish junior, and it passed from hand to hand.

"That's fresh!" said Bob Cherry. "Somebody has been feeding here, and not so jolly long ago."

"The tramp I saw here yesterday, most likely!" said Devarney, his heart throbbing painfully.

"Sure he was a tramp?" asked Harry, his eyes searchingly on the new fellow's face.

"He looked like one!"

"Well, if he wasn't a tramp, I dare say he's gone long ago!" said the captain of the Remove. "I believe that tramps sometimes camp in these ruins—but it's rather queer for one to pick out a dark and dismal place like this to feed in."

"The queerfulness is terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh. "My preposterous opinion is that the esteemed person who was skulking under the archway was desirous of blushing unseen, like the ludicrous flower in the absurd poem."

"He was hiding there, you fellows!" said Billy Bunter. "I can jolly well tell you that he was hiding there, and when he saw me he—he was frightened."

"Your face might have done that!" remarked Peter Todd.

"Beast!"

"Up with that stone!" said Bob. "We'll jolly soon find out whether the giddy tramp has travelled or not. If we find him down below, it's jolly certain that he's a merchant with a good reason for keeping out of sight."

The flat stone was quickly prised up

and turned aside. The Scouts gathered round the dark opening.

All was dark and silent below; and the slimy old stone stair did not look inviting. That did not make the Greyfriars Scouts hesitate, however. Most of them had explored the recesses under the old priory before, and knew the place well enough.

Lanterns were lighted, and electric torches turned on. Almost every fellow had brought a light of some sort.

"Follow on!" said Harry Wharton.

Feeling the way with his quarter-staff—for the old stairs were none too safe—the captain of the Remove led the way.

The Scouts followed him down.

In the dim old vault below lights flashed round on all sides. Creeping things crawled in the light, but there was no sign of a human being. Julian Devarney was the last to descend. He stared round at the gloomy arches of the vault with uneasy eyes.

Somewhere in those murky recesses Howard Devarney, the Dandy, his relative, was lurking. There was no way out save by the stairs; no escape for the hidden man, unless he could remain hidden. Once, as Devarney had heard, a subterranean passage had existed from the old priory to Greyfriars; but that had long ago been blocked up. The fugitive was somewhere in the

WALTHAMSTOW WINS!

W. F. Toynbee, 140, Chingford Road, Walthamstow, London, E.17, has won one of this week's pocket-wallets for his clever limerick:

Bunter once had a glorious dream
Of the tuck-shop, and buns
and ice-cream.
To his ire he gave vent,
When the rising-ball went,
For as usual he hadn't a
"bean."

Your Greyfriars limerick will be welcome, chum, so send it along without delay!

vaults; and more than a dozen lights were gleaming to and fro, dissipating the shadows. Julian's hopes sank to zero.

"Not here!" said Johnny Bull. "Try the next vault!"

"Hold on!" said Harry. "Half a dozen fellows will stay here and guard the stairs. If the man's here, he may dodge back!"

Devarney gritted his teeth.

"Good egg!" agreed Bob Cherry.

"You can leave me on guard here, if you like," said Devarney, trying to speak naturally, though his voice was shaking in spite of himself. "One will be enough, I think."

"You can think what you like!" said Wharton curtly. "I've pointed out before that you're not in command here, Devarney! Bob, you stay here with Frank, and Toddy, and Smithy, and Redwing, and Brownie. If anybody tries to pass you, bag him!"

"You bet!"

"If it's Isaacs, you mean!" said Devarney.

Wharton looked at him.

"If it's anybody," he said. "Anybody who is hiding in this place is going to be collared, and made to give an account of himself!"

"Are you taking it on yourself to make arrests?" asked Devarney, with a bitter sneer. "Hasn't anybody who likes a right to come into these vaults, just as you are doing yourself?"

"Quite! And if he's up to no harm, he won't mind explaining himself!" said Harry. "I don't understand you, Devarney! I thought you'd be keen after that rascal Isaacs! And you seem to know that there's some man hidden here, and to want him to get away!"

Devarney's heart almost ceased beating.

"What—what do you mean? I—"

"I mean what I say! Guard that stair, you fellows, and mind you bag any man that dodges past us!"

"Leave it to us!" said Smithy.

"The rest of you, follow me!" said the captain of the Remove.

And giving Julian Devarney no further heed, Wharton led the way along the gloomy vaults. The Scouts followed him, and Devarney brought up the rear, with misery in his face and despair in his heart.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Enough for Bunter!

"LOOK here, you fellows!"

Monty Newland stopped, concentrating the light of an electric lamp on the damp, slime-encrusted flags of the floor. Here and there damp had gathered in little pools; no doubt there was a trickle of rain from above in wet weather. In the light of Monty's lamp a track showed plainly—the track of a boot.

It was in the second vault; and the Scouts gathered eagerly round the tell-tale sign.

"That's a footmark," said Johnny Bull.

"No doubt about that! Someone has been here—and, I fancy, is here still," said Harry.

"Here's another footprint," said Monty.

He flashed the light farther on.

"We're on the jolly old track!" said the captain of the Remove, tracing the print in the damp slime. "Here's another—and another!"

"Going both ways," said Mark Linley. "The man has been walking about. That means he was here for some time—not a chance visitor looking in."

"It's pretty clear," said Harry.

"The clearfulness is terrific."

"What rot!" said Julian, in a husky voice. "Any man might have come down here to look at the place. I intended to do so myself one half-holiday."

A stare from some of the Scouts was the only answer he received.

All the party had perceived by this time that Devarney was in a state of unaccountable uneasiness, and that he desired in every way to put a stop to the search. The reason was far to seek, but the fact itself was plain enough. Devarney's opinion was not likely to be listened to.

"Look!" said Newland.

He picked up a cigarette-end from the floor in the third vault. Two or three burnt matches were picked up by other fellows.

"That knocks the tramp idea on the head," said Harry. "No tramp in his senses would come down here to smoke cigarettes!"

"Not likely," said Newland. He held the cigarette-stump to the light. "And look at it! It's an expensive brand of Turkish. Tramps don't smoke cigarettes of that variety—as a rule!"

"No fear!"

Devarney gave the Jewish junior a look of hatred. But Monty was not looking at him.

"I think that settles it," said Newland. "Whoever smokes these cigarettes does himself well in smokes. He's a well-off man. It wasn't Devarney's tramp, that's a cert!"

"Somebody exploring the vaults!" muttered Devarney huskily. "He would naturally smoke here, as the air's rather foul!"

"That's possible, of course," assented Monty, with a curious glance at him. "But it's only once in a blue moon that anybody comes down into this old place!"

"We know that Inspector Grimes and his men searched the wood for Isaacs," said Devarney. "They would have searched this place, too."

"That's so," said Johnny Bull.

"But Isaacs would not have been here then," said Newland. "We know he was a stranger in these parts, and he would know nothing about these vaults. He couldn't have made for this place first shot. More likely he hid in a tree while he was being searched for—and came on this show later, when he was hunting for a safer hiding-place. That would be after the police were gone."

"Clever Shylock!" sneered Devarney. He could not restrain his bitterness. Harry Wharton & Co. had no doubt that Monty was right, and that he had correctly followed the movements of the man who had fled into Friardale Wood. Indeed, it would have seemed equally certain to Devarney had he not known that the hidden man in the vaults was the Dandy.

Newland made no reply to the gibe. He was moving on, lamp in hand, and the others followed.

"Hark!" exclaimed Wharton, as they entered the fourth vault under the gloomy stone arch.

There was a sound from the darkness ahead—a faint scuttling sound. The juniors paused, and gathered a little closer together.

"Somebody's there!" breathed Johnny Bull.

"Keep your staves handy!" said Harry, with a deep breath.

It came into the minds of the Greyfriars Scouts—rather late—that it was a desperate man whom they were tracking in the priory vaults. That he was there, they had been almost certain before, and were quite certain now. That scuttling sound in the darkness told them so beyond doubt. Not for an instant did they doubt that it was Shem Isaacs.

"Look out for a rush!" muttered Newland.

"I—I say, you fellows!"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"B-b-but, I say!"

"Listen, you fat ass!"

"I—I say! It—it's jolly stuffy down here!" gasped Bunter. "I—I feel quite faint! I—I think I'd better go back, you know. Of course, I'm not afraid!"

"Of course not!" said Johnny Bull, with deep sarcasm. "Bursting with pluck—what?"

"Yah!"

"Go back, and shut up, you fat duffer!" said the captain of the Remove.

Billy Bunter trailed back to the first vault, moving with uncommon celerity. Bunter was prepared to carry on with the trail to the bitter end, so long as there was nobody to be found. But a tussle with a desperate man in the deep vaults was not to Bunter's taste. He preferred to be "off" in such a scene as that.

Harry Wharton & Co., in a group, with lights flashing and eyes wary, pushed on, while William George

Bunter, much more swiftly, pushed off. He reached the stone stair in the first vault, where Bob Cherry and his companions were on guard.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Not going to desert us, are you, Bunter?" asked Bob. "If we find that villain you'd frighten him——"

"I dare say he'd be more frightened of me than of you chaps," said Bunter.

"Of course he would! Nobody else has got a set of features like yours."

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter clambered up the steps and emerged into the archway above. He did not linger there; he rolled out into the sunlight.

There he sat down on a mossy fragment, to rest his fat limbs. The other fellows were welcome to what they might find in the priory vaults; Bunter was more than willing to leave it to them.

He sat with his face to the archway, watching, ready to dodge at a sign of a desperate man bolting away from the Scouts. A sudden touch on his shoulder startled him.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter. "Keep off! Oh, help! I—I didn't come here after you! Yaroooooh! Keep off!"

He spun round in terror.

Then his expression changed at the sight of the well-known, plump figure and ruddy face of Inspector Grimes, of Courtfield.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Grimes. "What are you afraid of, Master Bunter?"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "I—I thought—I mean—nothing, you know. I—I——"

"What are you doing here?" The inspector stared at Bunter, and looked into the archway, and noted the open stone. "What is this——"

"We're the Greyfriars Scouts," said Bunter importantly. "We're jolly well searching this place for that villain Isaacs. I—I'm on guard here, you know! I'm going to stop him if—if he bolts."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Grimes.

He moved on into the archway. There he stopped beside the opening and stood looking down into the darkness, broken here and there by a fitful gleam of light. Whether the Courtfield inspector approved of the schoolboy Scouts taking this matter into their hands, cannot be said; but there was no doubt that he was interested in their proceedings—and extremely interested to learn whether they had any luck.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

An Amazing Revelation!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. advanced steadily along the series of deep, dark vaults that stretched under the old priory.

They were no longer looking for "sign" of the hidden man, but for the man himself. That scuttling sound in the darkness told that he was there—at least, that someone was there. At every moment, they looked for a rush, and they were ready for it.

Through vault after vault they passed, slowly and steadily, flashing the lights round them into every corner; and twice again they heard faint sounds ahead in the gloom—sounds that told of a hidden fugitive who retreated before them.

They stopped in the last vault.

In that vault was the opening of the old stone-walled passage that in ancient days, when Greyfriars was a monastic foundation, had communicated with the priory in the wood. That passage had been securely blocked up, but for some

little distance it could be followed from the vault. In the gloom, the opening would have escaped the eye of anyone unacquainted with the place. But the Scouts knew where to look for it.

"Here we are!" said Johnny Bull.

"Look out!"

Half a dozen lights flashed into the tunnel-like opening in the wall of the vault. Harry Wharton advanced into it, his staff held out before him, a lantern in his left hand. Close behind him the others followed.

Devarney, slightly in the rear of the Greyfriars Scouts, felt his heart beating faster now that they had reached the last possible retreat of Howard Devarney, his uncle. He had done his best for the black sheep of the Devarney family, but circumstances, over which he had no control, had been against him all along.

The disgrace to the Devarney name was what the new boy felt most of all. If only the Scouts hadn't searched down in these vaults, all would have been well. Devarney felt sure that his father would have helped his rascally brother to get abroad to save their name from being dragged in the dust. But now——

There was no help for it—he had to see it through—stand the disgrace, and trust that Harry Wharton & Co. and the other juniors would keep the matter a secret—a trust for which he did not hold out much hope, especially as Bunter was close at hand. He would make it common knowledge if none of the others did.

Suddenly Devarney was brought back to earth as there came a shout from Monty Newland—a shout which increased the bitter hatred of Julian Devarney for the Jewish junior.

"There he is!"

Across the passage was the wall that had been built to block the way. Crouching in a corner, driven to his last retreat, was a haggard figure.

Only a single glimpse the juniors had, when the figure bounded up and made a desperate rush.

In a moment he was struggling with the crowd of Scouts.

"Collar him!"

"Hurrah! We've got him!"

Fiercely and desperately the cornered man struggled. So furious were his efforts that he broke away and ran. Monty Newland made a spring after him as he broke loose, and with the force of his charge brought the fleeing man to the floor.

There was a crash as the man went down, with Monty sprawling over him.

"Help, you fellows!" panted Newland.

Devarney rushed at him.

He was the first to reach Newland, but he did not reach him to help. He struck the Jewish junior a savage blow, and Monty, taken by surprise, went rolling over on the floor.

In the fraction of a moment the fallen man had leaped up and was running along the vaults, as if for his life.

"Devarney!" roared Wharton, almost stupefied with amazement at the action of the desperate junior.

"After him!" yelled Johnny Bull.

Wharton threw Devarney roughly aside. Julian was in the way, and seemed to be trying to check the rush in pursuit. He went sprawling on the floor, and the juniors dashed on.

"Look out, you men!" bawled Johnny Bull. "Bob—Smith—Toddy—look out! Bag him, you men—bag him!"

There was a shout from the party on guard at the steps in the first vault. They heard the racing footsteps of the fugitive, and the shouts of the juniors in pursuit.

Julian staggered to his feet.

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He had done as he could. But there was no hope—no hope! He knew that the Dandy could not get away.

He hurried after the pursuers. There was a roar of voices, and the sounds of trampling feet, in the first vault.

"They've got him!" shouted Johnny Bull.

"The gotfulness is terrific."

Harry Wharton & Co. came up with a breathless rush. They arrived on an exciting scene.

The desperate man, fleeing from the Scouts behind, had rushed right into the half-dozen Scouts stationed at the foot of the stone stair. They had collared him on all sides.

The struggling man went down, with half a dozen sturdy juniors clinging to him like cats.

He resisted frantically, furiously, fighting like a wildcat. But six pairs of hands were on him, and they did not loosen their grasp.

Then the pursuing Scouts came up with a rush, and innumerable hands were on the desperate wretch.

"Got him!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Hold him!"

"Sit on him!"

"Hurrah!"

The panting, exhausted wretch fairly collapsed under the swarm of juniors. He had no chance—not the ghost of one. Collared on all sides, helpless in the grip of many hands, he was dragged to his feet, a prisoner.

"Now let's have a look at him," said Bob Cherry.

He turned the light of a lamp on the white, haggard, stubbly face of the captured fugitive. There was a shout of surprise from the juniors. Not for an instant had they doubted that it was Shem Isaacs who had fallen into their hands. But the face that they looked at in the light bore little or no resemblance to the pictured face of the swindler that they had seen a score of times in the newspapers. Except for the beaky nose the man they had caught had no resemblance whatever to Shem Isaacs.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Great pip!"

"It's not Isaacs!"

"Not the ghost of him!"

"Who the thump are you?"

"Let him go!" panted Devarney. "Let the man go! You can see he's not Isaacs! Let him go! You've no right to touch him!"

"Hold him!" said Harry Wharton quietly. "Don't let him loose for a second!"

"No fear!" said Johnny Bull. "If he's not Isaacs, he's some sort of a blighter! What was he hiding for? And why was he so jolly keen on getting away?"

"That's no business of yours!" hissed Devarney desperately. "You can see that he is not Isaacs! Let him go!"

"Who is he, Devarney?" asked Harry Wharton very quietly.

"How—how should I know?"

"You do know," said the captain of the Remove. "You've been trying by every kind of dodge to prevent us from catching him, and now you want us to let him go without inquiry. Do you dare to say that he is a stranger to you?"

"The strangeness is not terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "If you will examine the preposterous features of this person, my esteemed chums, you will see that he is remarkably like the esteemed pater of the absurd Devarney."

"I'd noticed it!" said the Bounder. "Give that merchant a wash and a shave, and he would be Devarney's father over again."

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"What?" ejaculated Wharton.

"He's a relation of Devarney's," said the Bounder, shrugging his shoulders. "Not quite in the high and palmy taste of the Devarneys of Devarney Court, though."

"Great Scott! Devarney, who—?" Wharton turned again to Julian. "You'd better speak out! Who's this man?"

Devarney gave a groan of misery. There was no chance now of the secret being kept. The evil eyes of the prisoner were on Julian, and if he was taken away, to be handed over, it was plain that he would not hold his tongue. The wretched secret had to come out—and there was in Julian's heart a faint hope that if he admitted the whole truth, the Greyfriars fellows might take pity on him. After all, Howard Devarney was nothing to them; they knew nothing of the Dandy and his crime record.

"I—I—I'll tell you." Devarney's voice was thick and husky, and the shame and misery in his proud face touched the hearts of those who liked him least. "He—he's a relation of mine—my father's cousin—Howard Devarney—he's been in trouble of some kind, and had to run. Now—now you know! He's not Isaacs, as you can see. He knows nothing about Isaacs—he's my relation—and for pity's sake let him go, and don't cover me with disgrace."

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob, in a hushed voice.

Devarney's head, usually so proudly held, was bowed now. Shame and humiliation covered him like a garment.

"Oh!" said Wharton slowly. "You knew he was here—that's why you tried to stop us—"

"Yes! I don't know what he's done. I found him here when I was looking for that villain Isaacs. I—I— He's been in prison, and will have to go back if you hand him over." Devarney groaned. "I know you fellows don't like me. I've made no friends here, but—but you don't want to shame me—for nothing! The man's nothing to you. For pity's sake, let him go, and take his chance."

The juniors looked at one another.

That startling revelation had amazed them, and little as they liked Devarney, they could not help pitying him.

"After all, we came here for Isaacs," said Harry Wharton. "This man is nothing to us, as Devarney says—he's a rogue of some sort, but we—we're not policemen. Let him run."

The grasping hands fell away from the prisoner.

The Dandy lost no time. With a bound he was on the stone stair and fleeing up the steps.

Almost in a moment he disappeared out of the opening.

"That's that!" said Bob Cherry. "Hallo, hallo, hallo! What the jolly old thump—"

There was a yell from above, the sound of a fall, and a clink of metal. Then the Dandy's voice was heard uttering a string of imprecations.

"What the dickens—"

Devarney rushed to the steps and tore up them. The Scouts followed him fast. They emerged into the archway above, and a startling sight met their eyes. On the ground lay Howard Devarney, with handcuffs on his wrists, and over him stood the burly form of Inspector Grimes of Courtfield, with Bunter's fat visage grinning behind.

"I say, you fellows," squeaked Bunter, "he's got him!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"I rather think I have," said Inspector Grimes. "Howard Devarney,

alias the Dandy, alias Shem Isaacs, you are my prisoner."

And the plump inspector smiled down on the captured rascal, as if congratulating him on the fact.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Not a Sheeney!

ALIAS Shem Isaacs!" The words were repeated by all the juniors.

"Alias Shem Isaacs!"

"Great pip!"

"Shem Isaacs!" said Bob Cherry dazedly. "Is this a giddy dream? Alias Shem Isaacs! Oh, scissors!"

A thunderbolt could not have startled Harry Wharton & Co. more. They fairly gasped.

Julian Devarney stood still, as if turned to stone. The inspector's words came clearly to his ears; but his brain seemed numbed, and unable to grasp their sense.

Monty Newland was the first to recover from the surprise.

"Mr. Grimes! That man—is he Shem Isaacs?"

"I don't think he will deny it now that the bracelets are on him!" smiled Mr. Grimes. "I may say that I am much obliged to you young gentlemen. The vaults here were thoroughly searched, and nothing found. But I was not quite satisfied." His glance lingered on Julian. "I even had an idea in my head that a—hem—a relative of this scoundrel had been giving him aid. However, I need say nothing about that. I've got the man!"

The prisoner lay silent now, staring up at the crowd of faces, with black and bitter evil in his haggard face.

Looking at him, it was impossible to trace a likeness to the face of Shem Isaacs, as given in the newspapers.

That he was the same man seemed incredible, but the inspector evidently had no doubt on the subject.

"But—but Isaacs is a Jew, Mr. Grimes!" exclaimed Monty Newland. "That man isn't a Jew."

Mr. Grimes smiled.

"Isaacs was no more a Jew than I am," he answered. "That was one of his many tricks. This man, Howard Devarney, alias the Dandy, has been wanted for years—ever since he escaped from Dartmoor. He vanished from all knowledge, but it was pretty well suspected that he was at his old game in the City, in some new outfit! But this time he was deep—very deep. He was always a clever hand at disguise, and he got himself up as a Jew, and named himself Shem Isaacs—so cleverly that even his own relation, who had business dealings with him, never dreamed of suspecting that he was not what he seemed."

"Oh crikey!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"In fact, he might have died at a good old age, as Isaacs, if he had been able to keep honest," said Mr. Grimes. "But he couldn't—he's a crook to the marrow of his bones. I don't mind telling you that it was a surprise to the police when they came down on Isaacs to find evidence that he was really the man they had wanted for years—the Dandy who had vanished for so long. But there was no doubt about it! He threw off his Isaacs disguise when he bolted, but we knew whom to look for!" said Mr. Grimes complacently. "I fancy Isaacs' plunder will be found on him when he's searched at the station."

"Isaacs!" said Devarney, in a husky voice. "Isaacs! Oh!" He made a stride towards the handcuffed man, his eyes blazing at him. "Howard

"He's not Isaacs—he's a relation of mine!" Devarney's voice was thick and husky, and the shame and misery in his face touched the hearts of the juniors. "For pity's sake let him go, and don't cover me with disgrace!"
(See Chapter 14.)



Devarney, is it true—are you the man who swindled and ruined my father?"

"You'd have known it when you found me here if you hadn't been a fool!" sneered the rascal. "What did you think I was doing here—did you think Shem Isaacs had vanished into thin air?"

"I never dreamed—"

"You are a fool, like your father!" gibed Howard Devarney. "They've got me, but I've given them a good run! Dartmoor won't hold me when they get me back there."

"You robbed my father!"

"The old fool asked to be robbed," jeered Howard Devarney. "He came into the City to make a fortune, and dealt with the relative he had turned down, and refused to help, and cast off! Don't you think I was glad of the chance to get back on him?"

"You villain!" muttered Julian. "You rascal! You—one of my own blood, a Devarney—robbed my father, you have the plunder about you now—and you would have cheated me into helping you to escape! Disgrace or no disgrace, I am glad that you have been taken. If I had even dreamed that you were the man who robbed my father, I would have been the first to lay hands on you! Oh, I am glad—glad that you are taken! Let my name be dragged in the mud, so that you get your deserts, you scoundrel!"

He turned away from the sneering rogue with loathing in his face. Inspector Grimes tapped the man on the shoulder.

"Come along, Mr. Isaacs!" he said.

And Howard Devarney, alias the Dandy, alias Shem Isaacs, moved away, the handcuffs on his wrists, and the inspector's hand on his arm.

The Greyfriars Scouts watched them till they were out of sight.

"Well," said Bob Cherry, with a deep breath, "that's that!"

"The thatfulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "But who would have thought it, my esteemed chums?"

"Thank goodness we got him, and that the inspector was on the spot!" said Harry Wharton. "Of all the thorough-going rascals and rogues, I think that rotter takes the cake."

"I say, you fellows, he wasn't a Jew, after all," said Bunter, with a fat grin. "Fancy Devarney being down on Jews because of Isaacs, when it was his own relation, after all! He, he, he!"

Some of the juniors laughed, and Devarney coloured. Monty Newland grinned. He could not help it.

Devarney's feud, in the light of this discovery, had its comic side.

The rascality of Shem Isaacs had made him a Jew-hater, and Shem Isaacs was not a Jew at all, but a Devarney of Devarney Court!

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob, with a chuckle. "Devarney, old bean, I think it's time for you to own up that you're a prize ass!"

Devarney stood silent, with a crimson face.

"You owe Newland an apology, I think," said Harry Wharton quietly.

"That's all right," said Newland, with a smile. "But really, Devarney, you've been rather an ass."

"The ratherfulness is terrific."

"I—I," Julian stammered, "I—I suppose I've been rather a fool—"

"No supposing about it!" said Johnny Bull. "You started a feud with Monty because Isaacs was a Jew! It turns out that he isn't one, but one of your own family! You'd better start a feud with the Devarneys next!"

"I—I'm sorry, Newland!" stammered Devarney. "Of course, I never dreamed—never thought of guessing—but—but—well, I own up! Even if Isaacs had been a Jew, as I believed, that would have been no excuse for me. I own up that I was in the wrong, and—and I'm sorry."

"All serene," said Monty Newland cheerily.

Julian hesitated a moment, and then held out his hand.

"Give us your fist, old man, if you

don't feel sore about it," he said, his clouded face relaxing into a smile.

And Newland, smiling too, gave him his fist. The "feud" was evidently over at last.

Greyfriars felt justly proud of its Scouts when the story was told.

No doubt it was probable that the hidden rascal would have been rooted out and captured had they not intervened in the matter. Still, it could not be denied that it was the Remove Scouts who had rooted him out.

Julian Devarney remained only a few days longer at Greyfriars. The capture of "Shem Isaacs" made all the difference to him; but the revelation that the rogue was in truth a Devarney was a crushing blow to his pride.

The name was on every lip, and in every newspaper, for now that the man was taken the police were no longer reticent on the subject, and the whole story was widely known.

Devarney was glad to leave; but when he left he was on better terms with the chums of the Remove than during his days as a Greyfriars man—and especially with Monty Newland. They parted friends, and Julian went home, to restored fortunes, with the satisfaction of finding his father once more master of Devarney Court. And he could only hope that the story of the Dandy would be forgotten, when the time came for him to return to Barcroft—and that he would hear no more of the Devarney who was now behind prison walls—Howard Devarney, alias Shem Isaacs!

THE END.

(Well, that was a splendid yarn, wasn't it, chums? But typical of what you always get in the MAGNET. Order your copy now to make sure of reading: "COKER COMES A CROPPER!" It hits the bullseye!).

THIS AMAZING STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION WILL HOLD YOU SPELLBOUND!



The SHADOW of the GUILLOTINE!

By
GEO. E. ROCHESTER.

(Introduction on
next page.)

Will-o'-the-Wisp!

SLOWLY dawning consciousness returned to Paul. His eyes flickered open, and he looked about him with a wonderment which grew as recollection came.

He was lying on a heap of rags on the floor of what appeared to be a large and indescribably dirty basement kitchen. Seated on an upturned box in front of a glowing brazier and puffing at a blackened, broken-stemmed clay pipe, was the unkempt fellow who had felled him. Squatting on the floor against the farther wall, knitting needles clicking assiduously, were the two filthy hags whose views on the execution of Paul had certainly not coincided with those of the individual smoking in front of the brazier.

Three other men, villainous fellows clad in ragged red shirts and tattered trousers, were lounging by the small square of unwashed window, conversing in low tones.

Truly a veritable thieves' kitchen, thought Paul, closing his eyes for a moment in an attempt to ease the intolerable, racking pain in his head. Opening them again as he raised a weak hand to his throbbing temples, he made another discovery. His head had been roughly bandaged, and instead of his neat black garb, he was now dressed in ragged red shirt and trousers. He had obviously been stripped whilst unconscious, and the things he now wore pulled on to him.

Seeing him awake, the fellow by the brazier rose to his feet, and slouching to where he lay, stood looking down on him.

"Well," he asked—and there was a strange kindness in his voice—"and how is the citizen-deputy?"

Hearing his voice, the three men by the window turned. And as they did so, Paul struggled up on his elbow with an exclamation of astonishment. For one of them, recognisable in spite of the dim light and the dirty garb he wore, was D'Espany.

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Following the direction of Paul's amazed stare, the unkempt fellow nodded.

"Yes," he said, with a laugh which was singularly pleasant, "we got him as well. A good morning's work, I think, to bag a brace!"

"But who are you?" demanded Paul. "And how came I here?"

He still felt sadly dazed, bemused, and bewildered, hardly certain that all this was not some dream. He could remember reaching the tumbril; could remember the surging, frenzied, fighting mob sweeping round him, and one of them—this very man—screaming a curse at him, with clubbed pistol upraised. And after that, nothing, until this.

"Who are you?" he repeated. "And how do I come to be here? What is this place?"

"Ma foi," laughed the other, "but

Like some elusive shadow, Will-o'-the-Wisp flits 'twixt the prison and the guillotine, rescuing the victims of the revolutionary mob from the jaws of death Who is Will-o'-the-Wisp?

here is a host of questions. Let us take them in reverse order. This place serves my friends and myself as headquarters for the moment. Secondly, you are here because we brought you here. And as to who I am—well, I am that cursed Englishman, monsieur, for whom you and your Committee of Public Safety have been searching with such diverting earnestness and perseverance."

"Will-o'-the-Wisp!" ejaculated Paul incredulously.

"The very same," assented the other cheerfully. "But first drink this, and then we will talk."

One of the two hags had approached with a basin of steaming soup, and as she proffered it to Paul, she said, in musical, drawling tones which had about them no trace of femininity:

"There, my citizen-deputy! No finer soup than that in Paris. I know, for I made it myself."

Paul stared at the hideous creature in amazement. For this vile bundle of rags was a man; and a man, if his voice were any criterion, of culture and refinement.

But, taking the bowl, Paul tackled the contents without question. For there were such a lot of questions which he was burning to ask that he hardly knew where to begin. Also, he was still feeling somewhat befuddled, although the pain in his head was easing. But the soup put new life into him, and draining the bowl, he placed it on the floor beside him, and turned questioning to the strange fellow who had calmly claimed to be the elusive Will-o'-the-Wisp.

"Monsieur," he said, "will you tell me how you got me here, why you have done this thing, and what you now intend to do?"

Will-o'-the-Wisp sat silent for a moment.

"It was not difficult to effect your rescue," he said quietly. "Since the night of your arrest, my comrades, in the guise which they are wearing now, have haunted the drinking booths and dens of the city, bitterly denouncing and reviling those who would send the Citizen-deputy Paul Darc to the guillotine. They found more than one of the same mind as themselves. There are still a few amongst the people who have not forgotten that once you were their good friend, monsieur."

"I am uncommonly glad to hear it," remarked Paul grimly.

"At an early hour this morning," went on the other, "my comrades, and some who took them for what they appeared to be and who were also in sympathy with you, arrived outside the prison. My comrades mingled with the mob, expressing the same sentiments as before—namely, that it was a shame Paul Darc should die. Such sentiments, I might say, involved them in more than one brawl, but gained for them some further adherents. They were, you understand, sowing the seed of what was to follow."

"You mean the riot?"

"Yes—and a pretty riot it was. Passions are easily roused in France to-day, and the mob is always ripe and

eager for mischief. By the time you appeared there were two distinct hostile factions in the crowd—those that were for you and those that were not. I, who had purposely kept out of the altercation, was the individual who bellowed, 'Death to the traitor!' That, as it were, was the signal for hostilities to begin. My comrade there—he indicated the one who had served Paul with the soup—"flew at me, a veritable bundle of fury. Some leapt to her aid, others to mine. That was the spark which commenced the uproar. In a moment we were a stampeding, howling, fighting mob. We, in the forefront, broke the rabble of frightened soldiery, and then it was that I rushed at you.

"You must forgive me," he went on, with a faint smile, "for that blow I struck. But a cracked crown is better than a severed head, and only by striking you down could I get you away. My comrades were around me, and we were acting strictly to the programme which we had planned. We had cut you off effectively from the soldiery, and the instant you went limp a long military, ragged coat was whipped round you to cover the garb you were wearing. Pig's blood, carried in a flask for the purpose, was smeared over your face by a deft hand, and within a few seconds you were no longer Paul Darc, but one of the mob, who, judging by your appearance, had certainly received a stomachful of fighting. We got you out of the seething scum, bundled you into a cart—and here you are in the basement of a deserted and tumbledown house standing in a cul-de-sac off the Rue St. Celia."

"And D'Espany?" questioned Paul.

"Ah, Providence was good to us there! The mob got him before he had stepped into the tumbril. He fought as I never thought one of his years could fight, but they clawed and wrenched his finery off him, and he went down in the mire, with some half-dozen of the animals on top of him. A kick on the head had left him senseless, and he was mud and filth from head to heels. They thought him dead, and so did we; but we dragged him out of the crowd, with the loudly expressed intention of throwing his body into the Seine. One could not imagine anything less like an aristocrat than him by the time we got him to the fringe of the mob. We bundled him into the cart, his head lolling out of the back, and those who had time to notice us undoubtedly thought that he was but another worthy citizen who had fought not wisely but too well."

He paused a moment; then added:

"I must confess that we had not hoped to be able to rescue any other than yourself. All our efforts were concentrated on you."

"Why, monsieur," asked Paul quietly, "should your efforts be concentrated on rescuing me? Why, indeed, should you have rescued me at all?"

"Because," was the reply, "you are a brave man, Paul Darc. We would not stand idly by and see such a one as you done to death. The saving of Armande de St. Clair from the guillotine was a more noble and chivalrous act than any in the whole history of these unhappy times."

Paul was silent as for a long moment he earnestly studied the dirty, unshaven face of the man who had saved him from death on the guillotine. And there came a thrill to his heart with the thought that he also was an Englishman, as was this Will-o'-the-Wisp. They were fellow-countrymen!

"I would like to thank you, monsieur," he said haltingly, "for what you have done for me. But there are times when words must needs prove so sadly inadequate—"

"Nay, say no more of that," cut in the other, "for no thanks are needed.

And now for the future. It is essential that for your safety you leave France. Beyond which frontier do you care to seek sanctuary, monsieur?"

"I am for England!" replied Paul stoutly. "To seek my father!"

"I beg your pardon!"

"To seek my father," repeated the boy. Then with a rush came the words: "I am English, like you; I am not French. My father is Sir Crispin Hungerford, of Dorset, in England."

The effect on Will-o'-the-Wisp was remarkable. He leapt to his feet, hands clenched.

"Who?" he shouted. "Who do you say you are?"

Without waiting for an answer, he dropped on his knees beside Paul, gripping the boy fiercely by the shoulders, peering into his face with devouring eyes.

"Paul Hungerford?" he said hoarsely. "Are you—Paul Hungerford?"

"Yes, indeed I am!" replied the boy, amazed by this outburst. "Do you know my father, then?"

Slowly Will-o'-the-Wisp straightened to his feet.

"Yes," he said sombrely, "I know your father—and I know some little of the grief which has been his since you were lost to him. He mourns for you as dead. Some day," he went on, turning away, "I must hear your story—"

He broke off sharply as the door of the room was thrown roughly open, and the huge, bearded fellow who had been so much in evidence outside the Conciergerie that morning strode into the room.

"We'll have to get Paul Darc out of this at once, Will!" cried the newcomer. "They're combing Paris for him, and the Committee of Public Safety have offered a reward of ten thousand francs for his recapture!"

The Citizen-Captain!

"PAH!" exclaimed Sergeant Cassolat, stalking indignantly to and fro behind the barricade at the Western Gate. "Never have I heard of such blundering stupidity! Name of a name, to get the treacherous dog away from the very tumbril itself—"

INTRODUCTION.

It is the year 1789, when the first rumblings of the coming revolution in France are heard. Paul Darc, a peasant, and the Chevalier de St. Clair, an aristocrat, both young lads, are staunch chums, but they are soon forced to realise the barrier that lies between them. For daring to bathe in the lake at Chateau Fontnoy, Paul is brutally flogged at the order of the Marquis D'Ermonde de Fontnoy, the chevalier's uncle, who gives further evidence of his fiendish cruelty by killing Paul's father. The lad swears vengeance on the tyrant and is sent to Paris by a revolutionary named Sansarge, there to be placed in the charge of the notorious Robespierre. Three years pass, and the long-threatened revolution has burst into flame. The shadow of the guillotine lies over France, and both the hated Marquis de Fontnoy and his innocent nephew, the chevalier, are arrested, tried, and condemned to death. Paul Darc, now Commissioner of the Revolutionary Tribunal, saves his friend, but only at the cost of his own life, for he is sentenced to the guillotine for treachery to the people. It is then that Sansarge tells him, too late, that he is in reality Paul Hungerford, the son of Sir Crispin Hungerford, an English nobleman. The lad had been kidnapped and brought to France when only a few months old, and now Paul knows he will never see the father who has long since mourned him as dead. Then comes the last journey to the guillotine. The crowd outside the prison is silent as its former idol appears, but before Paul reaches the waiting tumbril a fight has started that soon turns the mob into a struggling mass. "Death to the traitor!" screams one lanky, unkempt fellow. "That for you Paul Darc!" and a clubbed pistol descends on the lad's head, stunning him. (Now read on.)

He appeared so utterly at a loss for words with which to express his deep disgust that he spat contemptuously, and resumed:

"What that fool of a captain was thinking about is beyond my comprehension. They say he is to lose his stupid head on the guillotine to-morrow—and a good job, too, I say! I only wish that I had been in charge of those soldiers! There would have been a different tale to tell if I had been in command!"

Thus he strutted and bragged and boasted for the edification of the crowd who, towards sunset on the day of Paul's sensational escape from the guillotine, had gathered about the barricades at the Western Gate.

Sergeant Cassolat seemed to have entirely forgotten the fright which had been his a few evenings ago when that cursed Englishman, Will-o'-the-Wisp, had walked into Paris through the Western Gate beneath his very nose!

That particular episode had nearly cost Sergeant Cassolat his head. But he had had a good record behind him, and the Committee of Public Safety had, for once, been disposed towards leniency. But Sergeant Cassolat felt neither humbled nor chastened by that experience. On the contrary, he was more pompous, more boastful, more loud-mouthed than ever.

He quite realised that the bubble of reputation which had been his had been somewhat deflated, as it were, by the lamentable incident, and if he couldn't blow it up again by deeds, then he'd do so by words.

So he held forth to the crowd about the gate as to what should have been done and what should not have been done when the mob had got out of hand in front of the Conciergerie that morning.

"It is thought," he went on loftily, "that Paul Darc and the cursed interfering Englishman who saved him from our vengeance may attempt to slip out of Paris at any hour. That is why the guards at the barricades have been doubled. Sacre nom, but I hope they come this way! They will not get past me!"

An old hag, squatting in the filth of the gutter, laughed shrilly.

"Words—words—words!" she screeched malevolently. "You said that before when I sat here, and within the hour the cursed Englishman walked past your nose!"

Sergeant Cassolat scowled.

"The luck of the devil was with him that night!" he retorted. "Twice on the fingers of one hand could be counted the times I have been hoodwinked by either aristocrat or Englishman. He got by me once, but he shall not do it again!"

He broke off to examine a cart which had rumbled up to the gate, outward bound from Paris. It was driven by an old crone, who poured at him a shrill stream of abuse, to the delight of the onlookers.

"What are you poking your long nose in there for?" she screamed, as the citizen-sergeant lifted the tarpaulin of the cart and peered inquiringly below it. "Do you think I've got some cursed aristocrat lying snug inside? I wish I had, for your snout would come out from under there spouting blood!"

A roar of laughter from the crowd greeted this pleasantry, and, encouraged, the hag continued:

"Such a crack on the nose you would get as would cure you of your inquisitiveness! Morbleu, but your pay is easily earned when you get it for interfering with such as me! Do I not pass through this gate every night and morning?"

She did, and, what is more, Sergeant THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,128.

Cassolat knew her evil, wizened face quite well—as well as he knew the faces of many who daily passed that way. But it had suited him to display this officiousness. It impressed the mob with the keenness and zeal of those who guarded the barricades.

Withdrawing a crimson and furious face from beneath the tarpaulin, which had covered nothing save a few wisps of straw in the bottom of the cart, he snarled:

"Pass on!"

With a venomous, parting oath the crone whipped up her horse and rumbled out through the gate.

"Curse these women!" growled the citizen-sergeant to his corporal, glaring after the retreating cart. "Men I can handle, but these hags have no respect—"

A clatter of hoofs cut in on his words, and a captain of the National Guard rode up, accompanied by two soldiers. He was a burly, florid-faced fellow, that captain, and looked as though he spent more time in drinking booths than in barracks.

"What news, citizen-sergeant?" he demanded, reining in his horse.

"No news!" growled Cassolat. "All is quiet."

"Good!" exclaimed the captain. "See to it that none pass without the closest of scrutiny."

"I know my duties, citizen-captain!" retorted Cassolat brusquely.

"That is Sergeant Cassolat, citizen-captain," murmured one of the soldiers.

His respectful tone implied that such an exhortation was unnecessary as far as the sergeant was concerned.

"Ah, you are Cassolat, are you?" said the captain, staring at that sullen individual with a new interest. "I have heard of you. But I am from Versailles, citizen-sergeant, and this being my first round of the barricades, I must be forgiven for having failed to recognise one who so enjoys the confidence of both the people and the Committee of Public Safety that he is shortly to be raised to a higher rank. Sergeant Cassolat—this with a clumsy bow—"I am happy to meet you!"

The sergeant's brow cleared at these complimentary words. This was not the first time that he had heard talk of promotion coming his way. That affair of a few evenings ago had been somewhat in the nature of a set-back, of course, but it seemed now as though it were not to be allowed to affect his chances of promotion.

"It will take a clever one to get past me, citizen-captain," he announced confidently. "The guarding of this barricade is in good hands!"

"It could be in none better!" agreed the captain courteously.

"I only hope," went on Cassolat, his voice rising in blatant swagger, "that Paul Darc and the cursed Englishman choose to come this way! Mordieu, but they will rue it if they do!"

The captain laughed boisterously.

"You capture them, citizen-sergeant," he cried, "and I will wager that promotion will come within the hour—"

"Out of the way there!" bellowed a voice. "Since when has this been a parade ground?"

The captain wheeled in his saddle. Then, with an oath, he took his horse short by the reins and backed it to avoid a cart which had almost run into him.

"Look where you are going, you drunken fool!" he snarled.

The driver of the cart, a dirty, florid-faced fellow with coarse red shirt unbuttoned over tanned and hairy chest, and with red woollen cap pulled at a jaunty angle over his tousled hair, dug

a vicious elbow into the skinny ribs of an old hag seated by his side.

"Do you hear what he says?" he roared. "He says I am drunk!"

The hag laughed shrilly.

"So you are!" she screeched. "And so am I. But let the pig mind his own business! Drive on, I say. Out of the way there, blue-coats!"

She waved scraggy arms at the soldiery, and, losing her balance, would have pitched head foremost off the cart had not the fellow beside her grabbed her with rough hand.

"Sit still, you baggage!" he commanded with an oath. "Do you want to break your neck?"

Thus adjured, the hag relapsed into silence, and sat regarding the captain with a drunken leer made none the more pleasant by the black patch which she wore over one eye.

Sergeant Cassolat stepped forward.

"Where are you going with this cart?" he demanded sharply.

The hag switched a bleary eye to his upturned face.

"Why, if it isn't the citizen-sergeant who used to be at the Northern Gate!" she exclaimed delightedly, before her companion could utter a word. "Morbieu, but how handsome you have grown, citizen-sergeant, and how fat about the paunch!"

The dubious compliment brought a flush of anything but pleasure to the heavy features of Sergeant Cassolat, who was acutely conscious of the laughter of the crowd and the presence of the captain.

"Silence, you slut!" he snarled. Then to the fellow beside her: "Where are you going?"

"Home!" replied the other blusteringly. "So let us pass!"

"You appear very eager to pass!" growled Cassolat suspiciously. "First I will see what you have under here."

Lifting the cover of the cart, he gave vent to an exclamation of triumph. For lying in apparent drunken slumber in the bottom of the cart was a pallid-faced youth.

"Who is this whelp?" demanded Cassolat, withdrawing his head and

turning sharp, inquiring gaze on the driver.

"You leave him alone!" shrilled the hag. "Don't you dare lay your dirty hands on him!"

"Who is he?" rapped Cassolat.

"He is my nephew, if you must know, and he is not well. So leave him alone!"

Sergeant Cassolat laughed unpleasantly.

"Not well?" he repeated. "No; he seems to have consumed more liquor than he can stomach. I am not satisfied. I am going to have him out of there—"

"What is the matter, citizen-sergeant?" cut in the captain, sidling his horse towards the cart.

"That cub in there, reeking of liquor," explained Cassolat. "I am going to have him out and have a better look at him—"

"Leave him alone, curse you!" screamed the hag. "He is not well, and we have given him a little wine to cure him. If you lay a finger on him I will tear your eyes out, you officious pig!"

Ignoring her protests and frenzied abuse, the captain lifted the cover of the cart with his riding-crop, and, leaning forward in the saddle, peered at the pitiable spectacle of the ragged, unkempt boy huddled on a heap of filthy straw in the bottom of the cart.

Suddenly he tensed, peered closer still at the pallid, upturned features, and tugged savagely on his reins.

"The plague!" he roared. "The brat has the plague! Back, I say! Back, you fools!"

The hindquarters of his rearing horse caught the horror-stricken Cassolat, sending him reeling into the crowd, which was already surging back from the cart with oath and curse.

The plague!

No other word could strike such terror to the hearts of the people; no other word could rout them so completely.

"Get out of this, you scum!" screamed the captain, his voice shrill with fright and passion. "Get out of this with your cursed cargo of death!"

The thong of his riding-whip rose and fell viciously about the head and shoulders of the hag and those of her companion. Shrieking and shouting, foul-mouthed and blasphemous, the pair snatched at their reins and frantically galvanised their horse into action.

"Get you gone!" yelled the captain. "And if either of you show your face in Paris until that brat is under the earth, then you'll hang from under the nearest gallows-post!"

The cart rumbled away through the gate, the hag waving a backward, skinny fist and screaming in drunken fury.

"Morbieu!" panted the captain, mopping at his brow with trembling hand. "To think I had my head under that cursed cover—"

He broke off with a shudder, staring at the shaken Cassolat.

"And you also, citizen-sergeant!" he went on. "Come, let us wash away the foulness at the drinking booth!"

Nothing loth, Sergeant Cassolat accompanied the captain to the near-by drinking booth, where the pair of them drank copiously and with gusto.

"Close the barricades for the night!" ordered the captain, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand and swinging himself up into the saddle. "Ma foi, let us hope we have escaped any cursed infection!"

He terminated the words with another shudder which spoke only too obviously



Sansarge, who informed Paul that he was of English parentage.

of the sickening dread at his heart. Then, gathering up his reins, he nodded adieu to Cassolat, and rode off, accompanied by two soldiers.

"I am the Englishman, monsieur, for whom you and your Committee of Public Safety have been searching," said the unkempt fellow. "Will-o'-the-Wisp!" ejaculated Paul incredulously. "The very same," assented the other cheerfully. (See page 24.)

In Pursuit!

**"CLOSE the
barricades!"**
ordered
Sergeant Cassolat
hoarsely.

Name of a name,
never had he felt
so uneasy! One did
have some chance
of life when at-
tacked by an enemy
who was human.
But not a chance
did one have when
attacked by the
plague! What if
he had got it!
What if it was
already laying
grim, insidious
hold on him?

With a muttered oath, he turned back towards the drinking booth. He would find courage in a further brimming cup. And it was while he was so engaged that there came clattering up to the barricades at breakneck gallop a posse of soldiers, led by a slight, foxy - faced man who was clad from head to heels in sombre and unrelieved black.

"Malliard!" ejaculated Cassolat, in astonishment, staring with mouth agape.

Malliard it was—the cleverest and most cunning spy in the service of the Committee of Public Safety.

"Cassolat!"

He rapped out the word, and obediently the citizen-sergeant hastened towards him.

"Has a cart passed this way, carrying an old woman, a man, and a boy?" he demanded tersely.

"Yes, yes!" babbled Cassolat. "A whelp with the plague——"

"Plague?" shouted Malliard, his sunken eyes blazing with sudden, unbridled fury. "He had no plague, you blundering fool!"

"But—but the citizen-captain said so!" gasped Cassolat. "He saw him, and—and——"

"Curse you and the citizen-captain!" shouted Malliard, and lashed Cassolat savagely across the face with his whip. "The captain was one of the Englishman's comrades, and so wore the soldiers who were with him!"

Again he struck with biting thong, and Cassolat cowered away, hands up-raised to protect his head.

"Do you know what you have done?" shouted Malliard, his voice rising to a scream. "You have allowed Will-o'-the-Wisp, the traitor, Paul Dare, and that cursed D'Espagny to slip through your fingers! Sacre nom, but this time you

will pay with your head, you clumsy fool!"

He wheeled on the corporal who had been supervising the closing of the barricades.

"Open the gate!" he snarled. "And, for the sake of your heads, pray that we catch the traitors before they reach the coast!"

With frantic haste the barricades were lifted and the gates reopened. Malliard, his face fiendish with overmastering passion, barked out an order, and next instant, at the head of his soldiers, he was galloping through the gateway to take the road which led north-west towards the coast.

He rode like a man possessed, for never before had he been so close on the heels of the elusive Englishman. And never before had he been in such a white-heat of passion.

It was less than an hour ago that in the Rue St. Celia, where he had discovered the abandoned headquarters of the hated Englishman and his gang, a crumpled note had been thrust into his hand as he was elbowing his way through the press.

"My dearest Malliard," it had read,—
 "A thousand pardons for my seeming discourtesy in not being at home to receive you. Your visit, I confess, has

not been unexpected, but my apologia must be the pressing business which takes me beyond the Western Gate.

"The Western Gate, my Malliard! The hag, her man, and her plague-stricken nephew. An unholy trinity, I grant you, but with a guardian angel in the person of the citizen-captain and his two soldiers.

"So, forward, my zealous one, and who knows but what judicious use of whip and spur might not bring about an early meeting with that thrice-condemned enemy of the people.

"P.S.—Deal lightly with Sergeant Cassolat, that prince of buffoonery whose zeal is second only to your own!"

The insolence of the dog! To write such a letter! There was a taunt in every word of it. Morbleu, but sooner or later there would come a grim reckoning of all this! And that it might be sooner, Malliard rode with frenzied whip and spur, sparing neither himself nor his horse nor his men.

The sun had set behind a pall of leaden cloud and rain was threatening. But he knew that somewhere along the darkening road ahead were the fugitives whom he sought. What a capture it would be if only he could lay his hands on them!

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(Continued from previous page.)

Will-o'-the-Wisp, that son of Satan, who not once, but many times, had cheated the people of their prey. Paul Dare, a proved traitor to the people. Sacre nom, but no mercy would be shown to them should they be caught! It did not matter so much about D'Espany.

Will-o'-the-Wisp and Paul Dare!

Crouched forward in his saddle, his black cloak streaming out behind him, Malliard rode like some malignant, relentless demon, and to his ears it seemed as though the racing hoofs beat out the names of those for whose capture he would have sold his very soul.

Suddenly, with hand upraised, he reined in his horse almost to its quanches. By the side of the road stood an abandoned cart. It might not be the cart he sought, but he suspected it was.

Throwing himself from his saddle, he bent down and scrutinised the grass.

"Horses have stood here!" he rapped, straightening up. "The men we seek have obviously mounted, and are now riding for the coast. I'll wager that is it. See to your horses, for we may have a long ride in front of us!"

The soldiers slid from their saddles, girths were tightened, and carbines reslung. Then the order to remount was given, and they set off.

Less than half an hour of hard riding brought them to the little wayside hamlet of Rouelle, where Malliard came to a sliding halt in front of the lighted windows of the inn.

"Hallo, in there!" he shouted. And in response to the summons the innkeeper appeared at a hasty, waddling run.

"Have any riders passed this way?"

demanding Malliard tersely. "Answer me, you wapping fool!"

"Yes, yes!" replied the innkeeper eagerly. "Three men rode through some little time ago. They were flogging their horses and riding as though the very devil himself was at their heels! Were they thieves or—"

"How long since they passed?" cut in Malliard, with savage impatience.

"It would not be more than twenty minutes by the clock," responded the innkeeper, in alarm. "Not more than that, I will swear. I know, because the clatter they made brought me to my door and—"

He broke off, scratching his poil and staring in dumb amazement after the soldiers, who, instead of waiting to hear the termination of his remarks, had clapped spurs to their horses and were already galloping away along the road into the night.

It was raining heavily now, and there was no moon.

Twelve kilometres farther along the road brought them to the village of Sulle, and here a few precious moments were lost in giving their mud-bespattered, lathering horses a much-needed breather. But they were on the right track. Three men, riding like the wind, had passed through the village but ten minutes before. Yes, ten minutes. Maybe less; certainly not more.

"We're gaining, men!" cried Malliard exultantly. "One hundred francs for each of you if we take them!"

(Only ten minutes ahead of their pursuers! It is still touch and go for Paul Dare and his companions. Will they reach England and safety, or— But read next week's splendid chapters of this trenchant serial!)



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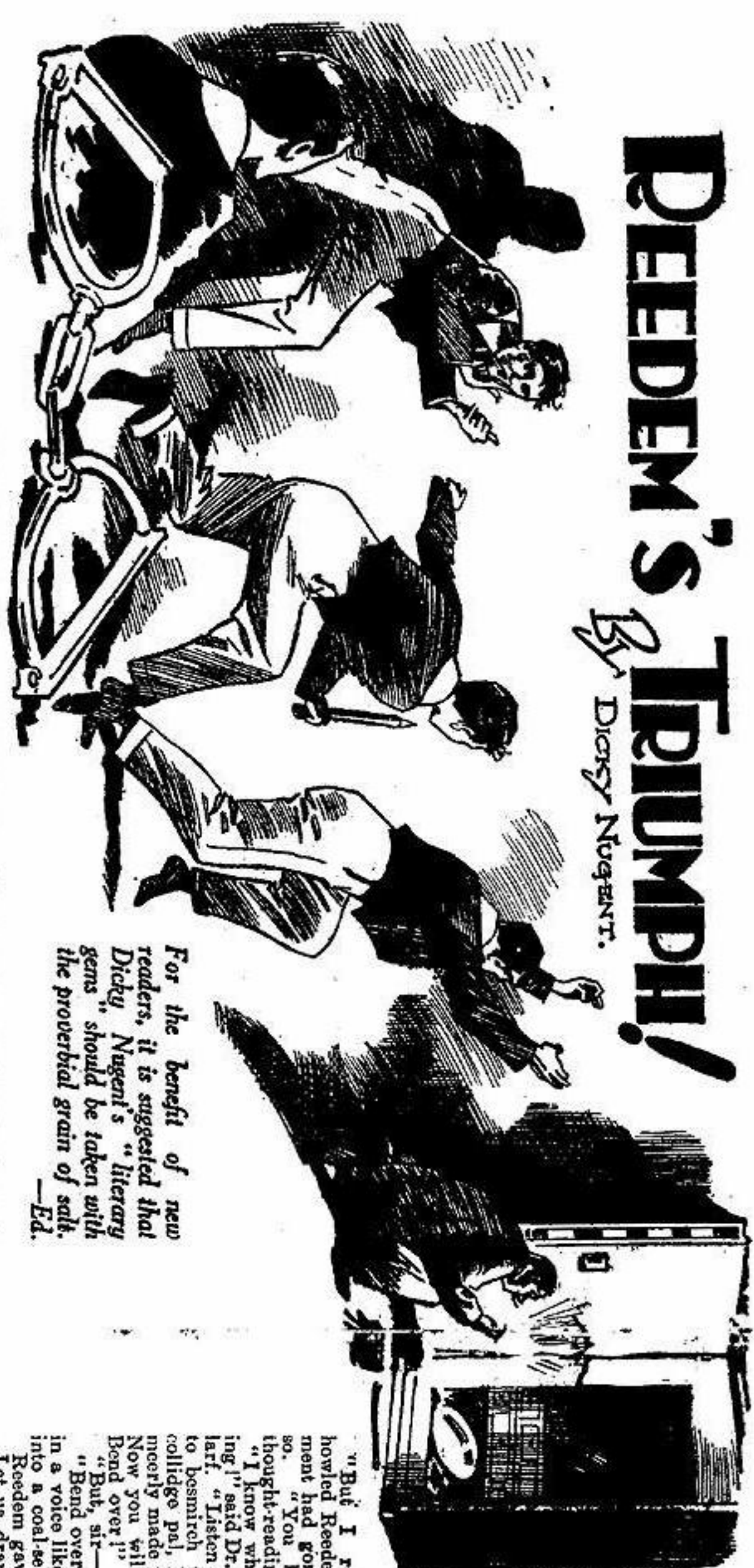
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DEEDEN'S TRIUMPH!

By DICKY NUGENT.



For the benefit of new readers, it is suggested that Dicky Nugent's "Literary Gems" should be taken with the proverbial grain of salt.

—Ed.

I.

KAN REEDEN, the thoughtful reader of the Fourth at St. Sam's, was reading the notices on the notice-board in the hall when a flashy-looking gentleman stroled up and gave him a whack on the back with his heavy mallecker cane.

"Yaroo!" roared Deeden.

"What did you do that for?"

"To attract your attention, of course!" answered the newcomer, with a broctal lair. "Now kondukt me to your head-master immediately."

"What, after getting a whack on the back with a mallecker cane?" asked Deeden indignantly. "Not likely! Who are you, anyway?"

"My name is Kaplin Snooker, an old pal of your Head's. I warn you that he will deal severely with anyone who treats his old pal with diskontemp," was the flashy-looking gentleman's reply.

Reeden fixed his piercing, hipnottick eyes on Kaplin Snooker, and gave him a long, stiddy look.

It was the look he gave people when he was reading their thoughts and probing the deepest depths of their brainboxes. That was what he was doing with this high-handed stranger, as a matter of fact, though, of course, Kaplin Snooker didn't know it.

It took Reeden less than half-a-minnit to get the measure of the gallant kaplin. In that time he had got to know his inmost as well as his outmost thoughts. What he learned fairly took his breath away.

Kaplin Snooker, while posing as an old pal of Dr. Birchmell's, was in his heart of hearts, contemplating a fowl deed later on. In the dead of nite it was his intention to break into St. Sam's and pinch, purloin, and appropriate the skool plate, which had been in the old collidge for centuries.

Reeden was fairly staggered. The skool plate was the apple of the Head's eye, and it would break his heart if it was pinched. Apart from that, it was awtully valuable. Experts had stated that it was worth a fortune.

frekvently that in the auction-room it would fetch at least three-and-sixpence.

"My hat!" murmured Reeden.

"How dare you mumble to yourself when I am waiting to be kondukted to Dr. Birchmell?" roared Kaplin Snooker ferociously.

"Lead the way, my ladd, before I lay this mallecker cane about you!"

Reeden was just wondering whether to do so or not, when the problem was solved by the arrival of the Head himself.

"Bless my sole! If it's not my old friend, Snooker!" exclaimed Dr. Birchmell, who was apparently pleased to see the newcomer.

"How do, Birchy?" responded Kaplin Snooker. "I was just arguing the loss with this disrespectful young brat. He has treated me with grave diskontemp."

"Then I will treat him with a dozen of the birch!" said the Head grimly. "Report to me in half-an-hour's time, Reeden. Insult my pal, Snooker, indeed! What next, I wonder?"

"But, sir—"

"Bunff!" thundered Dr. Birchmell. "For the time being, Reeden, you will buzz off, or, as the vulgar would put it, go! When you return you will be well advised to stuff your bags with exercise-books, for you are going to get it thick and heavy!"

"Oh, crickey!"

The Head bestowed a fierce scowl on the luckless thought-reader, then swept away, taking his visitor with him.

Reeden wandered off towards the Fourth passage, where he ran into his study-mates, Jack Jolly & Co.

"Hello, old scout! Wherefore the worried fazz?" asked Jack Jolly cheerfully.

Reeden explained, and Jack Jolly & Co. listened with grute interest.

"Well, I'm not a bit surprised," remarked Jack Jolly, when Reeden had finished. "That suspicious-looking bouncer, Snooker, always did look like a thief in the nite. It's a good job you've found him out in time, old chap."

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"But suppose the Head refuses to believe me?"

"He'll believe you all right. Hasn't he seen for himself a dozen times what a wonderful thought-reader you are?"

But for once in a way the kaplin of the Fourth was wrong.

After an interval of half an hour Ikan Reeden presented himself at the Head's study.

Dr. Birchmell greeted him with his most majestic frown.

"Well, Reeden, what have you to say in your defence, before I birch you black and blue?" he barked.

"Only this," answered Reeden, "that Kaplin Snooker is a booby and a broot. He whacked me across the back with his mallecker cane."

"Quite right, too!" nodded the Head. "What else were boys made for but to be whacked, pray?"

"Well, apart from that, sir, Kaplin Snooker is not a fit and proper person to visit St. Sam's."

"Rattle—and many of 'em!" said the Head cheerfully. "Old Snooker is one of the best. Why, I've just won tup-pence-half-penny from him at snakes-and-ladders, and he took his loss with a smiling fazz, like a sport."

Reeden lairied.

"I don't wonder at it, sir. What is tup-pence-half-penny, compared with the stakes he is playing for?"

Dr. Birchmell's frown deepened.

"Reeden, you are speaking in hey-diddle-diddles, or, as it is vulgarly expressed, in riddles!"

"Perhaps I'd better make myself more clear, then," said Reeden. "As a matter of fact, your precious pal, Snooker, is a thief!"

"A whatter?" cried the Head, agast. "A theef—a purloiner of propperty and a pincher of plate?"

Reeden explained, and Jack Jolly & Co. listened with grute interest. Dr. Birchmell regarded Reeden for a few secs, as though he could hardly believe his carcase. Then he gave a snort of rage.

"Nevertheless, sir, Kaplin Snooker is a theef," said Reeden obstinately. "To get down to brass tax, he is contemplating breaking into the skool to nite and pinching the plate."

"Bosh! Likewise, tosh! What ever are you saying?"

"It's true, sir!"

"Rattis!" jeered the Head. "You're dream-ing!"

"I'm not!"

"You are!"

"I'm jolly well not!"

"You jolly well are!"

"You know what I'm like at leg-pulling!" said Dr. Birchmell, with a sinical lair. "Listen to me, Reeden! By trying to besmirch the faro name of my old collidge pal, Kaplin Snooker, you have necerly made your offence more heinous. Now you will suffer the consequences. Bend over!"

"But, sir—"

"Bend over!" roared Dr. Birchmell, in a voice like a ton of coals being shot into a coal-beller.

Reeden gave it up.

Let us draw a veil over the painful scene that followed. Suffice it to say that when Reeden at last staggered away from Dr. Birchmell's study, he was covered all over in grate wireels and felt properly in the cart.

But Reeden's triumf was at hand!

II.

BOOM! Midnite crashed out from the old clock tower at St. Sam's.

Ikan Reeden sat up in bed.

"You fellows awake?" he asked.

"Yes, rather!"

Jack Jolly, and Merry, and Bright, and Fearless slid out of their beds, slipped into their togs, and stithered out of the dormitory.

Ikan Reeden led the way.

"Don't make too much noise, you fellows!" he whispered, shutting the door of the dorm with a terrific slam.

"No fear!"

Softly and silently the chums of the Fourth clattered down the stairs towards the Grate Hall of St. Sam's, where the valuables were kept in a safe.

It was Reeden's idea to keep guard over the skool plate that nite, and the Co. had voted it an eggcellent wheeze. Lots of fellows nite have felt funky at the idea of waiting in the cary, sinister nite for a despit burglar. Not so our heroes. They were all as keen as mustard on it. Reeden knew he had got fellows who were worth their salt in a scrap when he paid them the compliment of asking them to turn up.

The juniors arrived at the Grate Hall and consolated themselves in various nooks and crannies to await the arrival of the eggpected visitor.

They hadn't long to wait. No sooner had they taken their places than a sound broke the stillness of the nite—a sound that made our heroes feel awtully thrilled.

Crack! It was the well-known sound of a burglar cracking a crib. Jack Jolly & Co. had never heard it before, but almost by instinct they knew what it was.

Half-a-minnit later, the blinding glare

of a sixpenny electric torch shot across the gloom of the vast hall.

"Anybody about?" yelled a cautious voice.

Jack Jolly & Co. crouched back in their nooks and crannies and made no answer.

The burglar waited for a few seconds, then crossed over to the safe, satisfied that he was alone.

The watching juniors saw him pull out a jemmy, and a malle, and other sinister implements. Fasnated, they watched him go swiftly and silently about the bizness of opening the safe.

Crash! Bang! Wallop!

Scarcely a sound broke the uneasy stillness as he forced open the door of the safe. Jack Jolly & Co. could see that he was an eggpert in the game by the sure and silent way he went about the job.

At last the door of the grate safe swung back on its hinges.

The juniors heard a low growl of triumf from the midnite marorder.

An instant later his theefing mawlers were at work, yanking out pieces of plate from the glittering array inside the safe.

That was the signal for Jack Jolly & Co. to act. Without hesitation the heroes of the Fourth flung themselves at the burglar, sniting him hip and thy.

The astonished crook let out a yell of dismay.

"What the thump—Yaroo!"

"Pile in, you fellows!" yelled Reeden.

There was a short, sharp struggle; then the juniors' opponent threw in the sponge.

"Merzy!" he yelled. "I promises not to do it again if you'll let me go, young gentlemen!"

"Likely, isn't it?" cried Reeden skornfully. "I wonder how much you'd have reformed if we hadn't captured you, you skoundrel!"

Before the theef could make answer there was an interruption from the rear.

"Boys! What are you doing?"

"Dr. Birchmell, a majestic figger in his dressing-gown and nitecap, came striding on the scen. Before reaching the safe he pawsed to switch on the electric light, which flooded the hall with illowmination.

"Now, what's all this here about?" he demanded, in his skollerly tones.

"Why, bless my sole—"

The Head broke off in amazement as his eyes fell on the Fourth-formers' kaplay, for he recognised him immediately as his old and trusted friend, Kaplin Snooker.

"Snooker!" he cried. "What is the meaning of this?"

Before the skoundrel could reply Reeden had stepped fourth.

"The meaning of this is that what I told you this morning is correct," he said. "We have just caught this villain nabbing the skool plate!"

"Good heavens!" In his eggstement Dr. Birchmell even forgot to correct the slangy eggpression, "nab," which he usually would have suppressed immediately in favour of "pinch."

"Does this mean, then, that my old collidge chum is nothing but a common theef?"

"It do—it does!" broke in Kaplin Snooker. "My secret is a secret no longer. Wot, you give me another chance of auld lang syne?"

"Certainly, sir!"

Fearless rang for the perlice, and half an hour later Kaplin Snooker, loaded with handcuffs and manacles, was taken off to durance vile for the punishment he so richly deserved.

Natcherally, the affair was the talk of St. Sam's on the following day. Reeden was the hero of the hour, and everybody agreed that the Head had been an awtful cadd to ignore his warning and Rog him as he had done.

But the Head made it up. After dinner the entire skool was mustered in the Hall, and the Head addressed the serried ranks as follows:

"Gentlemen, chaps, and fellows! Last nite a despit bandit broke into St. Sam's, intent on plunder. His navish trix were brought to nought, partly by the bravery of Jolly, and his friends (loud cheers), but more especially by the unek and remarkable powers of another junior belonging to the same form as Jolly. I refer to Reeden. (Thunderous applause.) Gentlemen, no words of mine can eggpress the gratitude I feel to Reeden. I therefore propose to stop chewing the mop (hear, hear!) and conclude by announcing that I have decided to make him kaplin of St. Sam's!"

If the Head had dropped a bombshell he could not have created a bigger sensation.

"Look here, sir," said Burleigh, the eggsting kaplin, starting to his feet, "you can't do this! It simply isn't done. What about me?"

"Nothing about you, my dear Burleigh," was the Head's bland retort. "You didn't save the skool plate from the bandit, did you?"

"Nunno, sir. But—"

"But no no 'buts,' Burleigh. It's settled. Reeden is kaplin of St. Sam's, and I now call for three harty cheers!"

It was Ikan Reeden himself. The thought-reader of the Fourth broke through the serried ranks and jumped on to the platform beside the Head.

"If it's all the same to you, sir, I'd rather Burleigh remained kaplin of St. Sam's," he said. "You see, it duzzent matter much, anyway, as I'm leaving soon."

"Leaving?"

Reeden nodded.

"I had a letter from my father yesterday, telling me that the circus isn't half the sixkses it used to be since my thought-reading act has gone. Come, twenty, I have decided to go back and start my old act again."

"Dear me! I am sorry to hear that," murmured the Head. "However, if you are joining the giddy circus I suppose you can't very well be kaplin of St. Sam's. In the circumstances, Reeden, you are eggssused!"

"Thank you, sir!"

So Reeden didn't become kaplin of St. Sam's, after all.

Needless to say, everybody at St. Sam's felt full of regret at Reeden's departure. A tremendous crowd assembled at Miggleton Station to see him off, and he was accorded full mevical honours.

And for quite a long time after that there was but one topic of conversation among the juniors at St. Sam's, viz., namely, and to wit, the short but eventful career at the old skool, of Reeden, the thought-reader of the Fourth!

THE END.

(Another mirth-making yarn by Dicky Nugent appears here next Saturday. You must not miss "THE JIPSY'S WARNING!" If you make you with laughter.)

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