

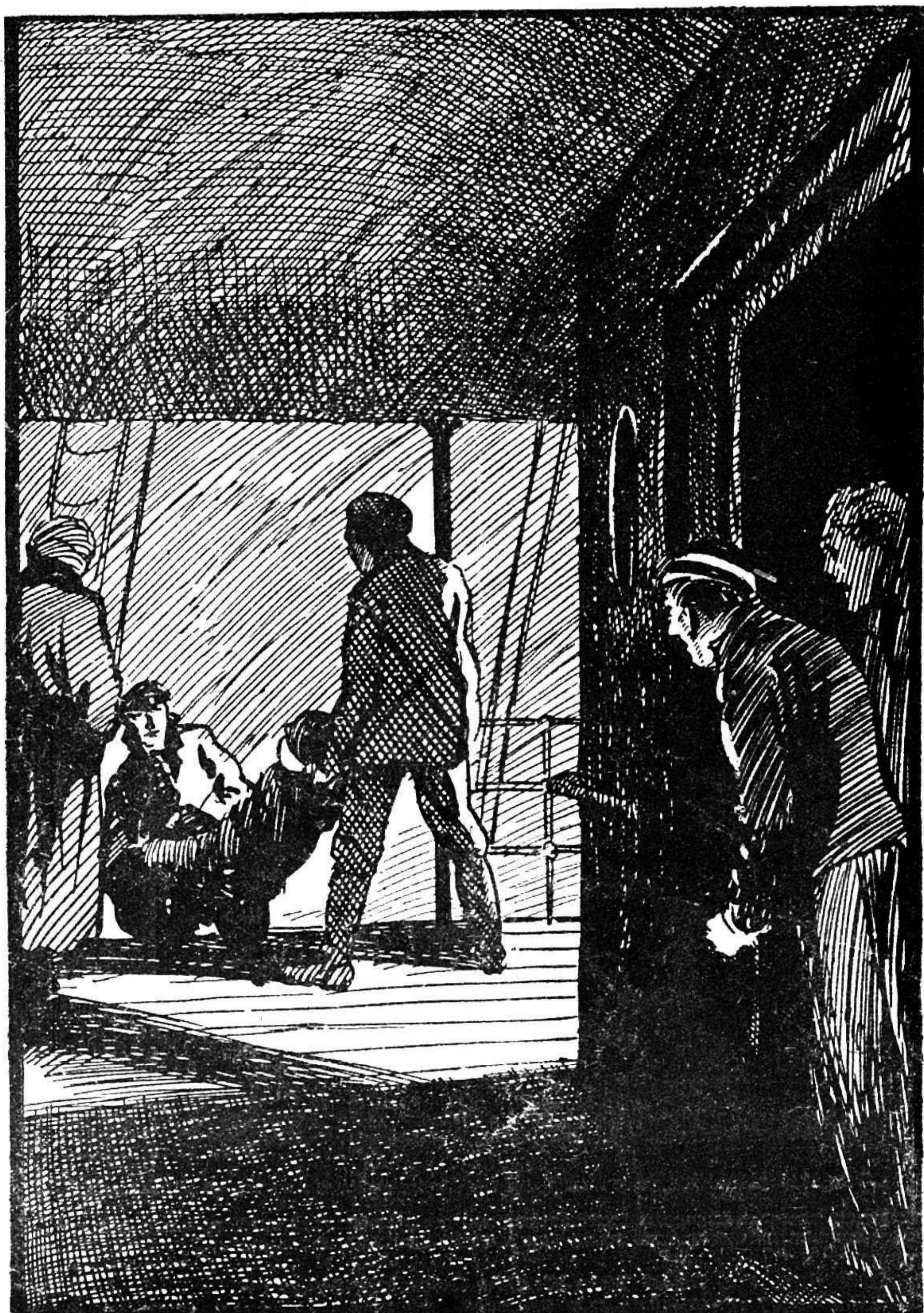
COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD - Part 1 On Sale TO-DAY 1/3

THE
NELSON LEE
LIBRARY & ST. FRANK'S MAGAZINE.
2D



From their perilous position Handy and the Bo'sun watch the explosion of the yacht !

Read This Week's Gripping Story :—
THE SCHOOLBOY SPY ; or, THE WAGES OF TREACHERY !



The two juniors saw Dr. Karnak, gagged and bound, brought on board by two burly men in peaked caps. And the Egyptian with the turban was directing operations.



THE WAGES OF TREACHERY!

In the following powerful story, packed with thrilling incidents, the fate of Dr. Karnak and his avengers once and for all disposes of this strange and sinister personality, and brings to an end a series of events that will be remembered at St. Frank's for a long time to come. I

should very much like to have your opinion of this story, and to know whether you agree with me that it is one of the finest narratives Mr. Brooks has written this year.

THE EDITOR.

The Narrative Related Throughout by Nipper

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN IN THE PEAKED CAP.

RALPH LESLIE FULLWOOD crumpled the morning newspaper into a ball, and savagely hurled it into the fireplace.

"Hang the rotten thing!" he muttered. "Came in fourth! An' I was bankin' on it for a certainty! What's the good of paying ten bob for a trainer's tip, an' then bein' let down like this?"

The leader of Study A in the Remove at St. Frank's felt that he had a grievance. Judging by the expression on his face, his feelings were even more bitter than his words indicated.

He thrust his hands into his trousers pockets, strode to the study window, and glared morosely out into the sunlit Triangle. It was a clear, bright February morning, and it seemed that the sunshine and the blue sky already contained a promise of Spring.

For once Fullwood had got down almost before anybody else. And he had succeeded in borrowing the morning paper from the prefect's room without anybody knowing. Apparently there was going to be a newspaper short this morning, for Fullwood had no intention of putting it back.

"An' I was so jolly sure, too!" he muttered savagely. "That rotten fool told

me to rely on the wire, an' I shoved all my cash on the horse—over four quid! An' now I'm broke—absolutely stony!"

The prospect was not particularly brilliant. For Ralph Leslie Fullwood to be broke was an unusual state of affairs. Somehow or other, he generally managed to have a goodly supply of ready cash. And he had been confidently anticipating that his supply would be larger than ever to-day.

For on the advice of a sporting friend in Bannington, he had paid ten shillings for a "special late wire from the course," the sender of this telegram guaranteeing that he would name a cast-iron winner.

So Fullwood, notwithstanding the fact that he had been let down by these telegrams on many an earlier occasion, once more fell into the trap. He found that the horse looked promising, and put four pounds on it to win, the starting-price being five to one against. So Fullwood had been fooling himself that he would have twenty-one pounds to collect from the bookie.

Instead of this, the bookie kept his four, and Fullwood went empty-handed. And he didn't like it at all. It had nearly given him heart failure when he saw the name of his horse among the also-rans. And yet it should not have done. Fullwood had had this shock many a time, but it never seemed to lose its novelty.

"Four quid!" snarled Fullwood, under

his breath. "An' I can't get any more before Saturday! By gad! I'll tell that tipster chap somethin' when I see him, the swindling beast!"

He caught sight of Gulliver and Bell, who had strolled out of the Ancient House, and were now sunning themselves near the fountain. Fullwood turned quickly, and strode out of the study.

"Seen the result?" asked Bell eagerly, as Fullwood came out.

"Yes! Have you?"

"No," said Gulliver. "Did you win?"

"Do I look as if I'd won?" snapped Fullwood sourly.

"As a matter of fact, you don't——"

"Marvellous!" sneered Fullwood, who was ready to quarrel with anyone. "It's a wonder you chaps can walk about with brains like that! That rotten horse came in fourth. Fourth! An' I had four quid on it—to win!"

Gulliver looked rather superior.

"Dash it all, there's no need to bite our heads off," he protested. "We can't be answerable for your folly——"

"Folly?"

"Yes," said Gulliver. "Didn't we both warn you that the tip was a dud? Didn't Bell tell you that Carpet Sweeper was a blessed traction engine? Why, he hasn't won a race this season!"

"That's all the more reason he ought to have won yesterday," growled Fullwood. "They're tricky with these horses, an' do things like that to fool the public. But I got a tip from the stable, didn't I?"

"A tip from my boot would have been just as good," said Bell. "It's your own giddy fault, an' it serves you right. We both told you to bet a quid only. An' we wouldn't risk our money, would we?"

Fullwood turned away, scowling.

The very fact that his chums were right annoyed him all the more. They had urged him to take no notice of that wire. But he, fired by the prospect of winning twenty pounds, had gone the whole hog.

He knew that Gulliver and Bell had at least three pounds between them, and he turned back to them.

"Oh, it's no good arguing!" he grunted. "The money's lost; an' it's not my habit to cry over spilt milk. Which of you fellows will lend me a quid?"

Gulliver looked at Bell, and Bell looked at Gulliver.

"I—I've only got a few bob," said Bell lamely.

"Same here," agreed Gulliver. "Hang it, Fully, it's a bit thick to come on us like this! If you'd been sensible with your money, you'd have had four quid in your pocket. It's your own silly fault!"

Fullwood glared at his chums with surprised anger.

"Only got a few bob!" he repeated fiercely. "Why, you lyin' rotters, I know for an absolute fact that you've got over

a quid each! Don't I always lend you money when you're broke?"

"Sorry," said Gulliver. "I'm a bit more careful than I used to be. If I lend you a quid, you'll only go an' shove it on another horse an' lose it. I can't spare any cash to-day."

"Neither can I," said Bell.

They both walked off, and Fullwood was nearly speechless. This base ingratitude was a shock to him. Time after time he had advanced money to these fellows, and now, when the tables were turned, they spurned him.

He took several sharp steps, and pulled them back.

"Look here, you miserable worms; are you goin' to lend me that quid or not?" he snarled.

"No, we're not!" snapped Bell. "Leggo my arm!"

"If you don't lend me that quid I'll never speak to you again!" said Fullwood thickly. "You crawlin' worms! You get all you can out of me, an' when it comes to a pinch you leave me in the lurch! You're nothin' better than a pair of toads!"

Gulliver bristled.

"If you think we're goin' to lend you money after insultin' us like this you've made a mistake!" he exclaimed. "I was just goin' to lend you that quid; but I'm blessed if I will now! You shouldn't be such a blithering fool with your own cash. We're always tellin' you not to be reckless, but you'll never take our advice. This ought to be a lesson to you!"

But for the fact that Mr. Pagett happened to be passing near by at the moment, Gulliver and Bell might have been sent crashing to the ground. For Fullwood was in such a temper that he would have lashed out with all his strength. He was easily capable of thrashing the pair of them.

But seeing the Fifth Form master, he crushed back his fury, almost choked, and strode away. In that moment he resolved never to speak to Gulliver and Bell again.

Once or twice they came near him before morning lessons commenced. He did not even glance at them or acknowledge their existence. And Gulliver and Bell, who had been talking things over, felt a bit repentant. It was rather a foolish thing to fall out with Fullwood.

Just before lessons they encountered Fullwood in the lobby. And they approached him, looking rather sheepish.

"I say, old man, about that quid——"

"Keep it!" broke in Fullwood curtly.

He walked away, without even looking at them, his mood sour and morose. He knew well enough that they had been about to offer him the money he required, and he abused himself for a fool. Why hadn't he accepted their overtures? But it wasn't in his nature to forgive so easily.

He turned into the Remove passage, his head sunk on his chest, his eyes glowing. And he nearly bumped into three juniors

who were just turning the corner. Handforth & Co. paused.

"Your face gives me the pip!" said Handforth bluntly. "You've been looking like a lost cow all the morning. What's up with you, fathead? Lost all your money on a horse?"

"Go and boil yourself!" said Fullwood harshly.

He walked on, inwardly raging. Everybody knew it. He couldn't even lose money on a horse without all the Remove talking about it.

And Handforth, who had been advised to go and boil himself, gazed after Fullwood rather blankly.

"Did you hear that?" he asked in a faint voice.

"Horrible!" said Church, scandalised.

"Disgraceful!" declared McClure. "He told you to go and boil yourself, Handy. Perhaps he thinks you didn't wash properly this morning."

Handforth gave one roar and rushed after Fullwood, intending to lay him flat on the spot. But just then the bell for lessons started going, and the project had to be abandoned.

During lessons Fullwood was morose and sullen. Even Mr. Crowell made some remark on the fact, and gave Fullwood lines for inattention. The very instant the class was dismissed Fullwood mooched off, as disconsolate as ever. He absolutely hated being broke. And no power on earth would make him accept a loan from Gulliver and Bell.

He had only just got to the lobby when he heard a hail, and Wilson of the Sixth beckoned to him.

"Somebody wants to talk to you on the 'phone," said the senior. "You'd better tell your friends that they mustn't do this. It's a bit thick when I have to go searching about the school for a junior."

As a matter of fact, Wilson hadn't searched at all. He had intended telling the first junior he met that Fullwood was required, and to leave it at that. It was just pure luck that had led to this encounter with Fullwood himself.

"Thanks!" said Fullwood shortly.

He went off to the prefect's room, and found one or two seniors chatting round the fire. They looked up as he came in, and Morrow nodded towards the telephone on the opposite wall.

"Don't be too long," he said briefly.

"I'm waiting for the 'phone."

Fullwood went to the instrument, and put the receiver to his ear. He hadn't the faintest idea who was ringing him up. He had expected no call, and it could hardly be from any of his sporting acquaintances, for he had repeatedly warned them against communicating with him in any way except by letter.

"Hallo!" he said. "Who's that?"

"Half a mo, young gent," came a full, somewhat beery voice. "Do you 'appen to

be Master Ralph Fullwood, belonging to a Form they calls the Remove?"

"Yes; I'm Fullwood," said the junior. "Who are you?"

"Seein' as I'm a stranger to you, young gent, my name wouldn't interest you," replied the voice. "But it so 'appens that I want to speak to you important. The fact is, I've got some good news for you, Master Fullwood. But it's of a privit nature, an' I daresn't say it over the telephone."

Fullwood couldn't speak very fully in front of the prefects.

"What do you mean—something important?" he asked guardedly.

"I'll tell ye when we meet, which will be right soon, if so be you're willin'" said the other voice. "Mebbe you know the stile which leads into Bellton Wood, down in the lane? It's an old rustic stile—"

"Of course I know it!" interrupted Fullwood. "What about it?"

"If you'll meet me there in fifteen minutes from now—that is at twelve-thirty—I'll tell ye something that will be to your advantage," said the stranger. "Is it a go? Mind ye, it's important!"

"I'll be there," said Fullwood briefly.

And he hung up before the man could finish his reply. Fullwood walked out of the prefect's room, thinking deeply. Who on earth could the fellow be? A perfect stranger, and yet he had news of great importance for him.

A faint hope began to stir itself within the junior that something may have gone wrong with that bet. Perhaps the money hadn't been put on, after all. But this, as Fullwood knew, was a forlorn hope.

He dropped all conjecture, and after donning his overcoat, he walked out into the Triangle and set off to keep the appointment. Again Gulliver and Bell tried to stop him—they even wanted to accompany him. But this would never do. Fullwood turned to them grimly.

"Clear off!" he said, his voice cold and threatening. "You fellows make me sick! Clear off, an' don't interfere! If you try to hang about like this, I'll smash you! You're not fit to black a navy's boots!"

Under the sting of this insult Gulliver and Bell became freshly incensed, and they stalked off with their noses in the air, which was exactly what Fullwood required.

And seven minutes later the leader of Study A was at the old stile. A man was sitting there, idly smoking a pipe, and twisting a piece of grass between his coarse, gnarled fingers.

He was by no means a handsome individual. He wore a peaked cap and a blue reefer suit of thick heavy material. Without any question, he was a seafaring man, and his face was coarse, bronzed and villainous.

Fullwood paused and looked at the fellow uncertainly. Thoughts were beginning to stir in his mind. He seemed to remember

that he had heard something about this man before, but only during the past day or two.

"Morning, young gent," said the stranger affably. "Nice and bright, hey? Mebbe you'll be Master Fullwood, now?"

"Yes, that's my name."

"Glad to meet ye, young gent," said the other, altering his cautious tone and becoming businesslike. "I didn't want to say too much before I was sure. Y'see, I couldn't say much over that blamed telephone."

"What do you want with me, anyhow?" asked Fullwood.

"Just a simple matter, and it's going to put money in your pocket," said the man in the peaked cap. "But let's get into the wood, Master Fullwood. We don't want pryin' eyes to see us, because that would mean awkward questions for you arterwards. My name's Cap'n Dodge—at your service."

Fullwood followed the man into the wood rather uncertainly. He had heard of Captain Dodge. The name was slightly familiar to him, for some of the juniors had been recently talking about this man. In fact, they had declared that he was something of a nuisance, having stopped them in order to ply them with all sorts of questions.

Fullwood would not have been flattered if he had known the reason for Captain Dodge's simple investigations. In short, the man had set himself to find out the name of the most unscrupulous junior in the school. And as a result of his inquiries, the unanimous voice had proclaimed Fullwood to be the fellow whom the cap fitted.

"Look here, Captain Dodge, how did you know my name?" demanded Fullwood, as they came to a pause amid the trees. "I'm a stranger to you, and you're a stranger to me."

"That's an easy one, young gent," said the man glibly. "I've made it my business to question some of your pals, an' by puttin' it tactfully, I've found out the name of the young gentleman who could be most trusted."

Fullwood gave Captain Dodge a slightly suspicious glance, suspecting sarcasm. The junior knew, better than anybody, that he was hardly the fellow to fit in with that description. But the man was quite serious, and there was an air of mysterious importance about him that could not be overlooked.

"What's the game?" asked Fullwood bluntly.

"Well, in a nutshell, could you do with ten quid?" asked Captain Dodge.

Fullwood started. Could he do with ten quid! The very thought of such a sum almost made his brain reel. He was broke, and never had he wanted cash more than he wanted it now. Certainly Captain Dodge's encounter could not have come at a more opportune moment.

"Yes, I think I could manage to find a use for ten quid," said Fullwood with a

grin. "But I don't expect you'll hand over a sum like that easily. Cut out all this mystery an' tell me what you want."

Captain Dodge bent closer.

"Well, naturally there's conditions," he said softly. "But they ain't conditions that'll frighten a careful, clever young gent like yourself. It just amounts to this, Master Fullwood. I want you to find out exactly what Dr. Karnak's plans are."

Again Fullwood started.

"Oh!" he said slowly. "So this is connected with Dr. Karnak!"

CHAPTER II.

THE SCHOOLBOY SPY.



DR. KARNAK'S name gave Fullwood something to think about, and for a few moments he stared at Captain Dodge in thoughtful silence. The stranger in the meantime waited patiently.

Dr. Karnak, the Egyptian science-lecturer, was still at St. Frank's. After the recent stirring events it was impossible, of course, for him to remain in any official capacity. He had, indeed, resigned, and Dr. Malcolm Stafford had accepted his resignation.

It was now three days since that adventurous night when Dr. Karnak had been trapped by his relentless enemies and had been spirited away into the old, disused quarry workings, there to suffer the penalty for his treachery by being burnt at the stake.

Nelson Lee had saved Dr. Karnak from that frightful death, and Dr. Karnak himself really failed to understand it, since he was sure that Lee knew that he deliberately attempted to murder him. The detective had returned good for evil, and Karnak could not understand this.

The mysterious Moon Worshipers had completely vanished now, leaving no trace behind them. The police, of course, knew nothing, since both Nelson Lee and the Head decided to keep this matter private.

I had accompanied the gov'nor on a tour of the old tunnels, and although we had found much evidence of the recent occupation, the Egyptians themselves had made off to good purpose.

And Dr. Karnak, knowing full well that it was impossible for him to remain, had resigned, to forestall being dismissed. He would have gone at once, only the dreadful shock of his experience had left him unnerved and very much of a wreck.

For the last three days he had been confined to his room, not in bed, but too weak and shaken to move about much. In the meantime, Nelson Lee had been making various arrangements for the hastening of Karnak's departure. And these arrangements, to tell the truth, were now almost completed.

"I'm not sure that I'll have anythin' to do with it," said Fullwood at last. "I don't want to interfere with Dr. Karnak—"

"Steady young gent, steady!" interrupted the other. "There ain't no question of interference. It's just a little matter of obtainin' information. An' it seems to me that you're just the man for the job."

Fullwood thoughtfully stirred the dead leaves under his foot.

"I don't know whether to take this business as an insult or a compliment," he said. "So you reckon that I'm capable of bein' a spy?"

Captain Dodge gripped Fullwood's arm.

"There's no need to waste my time, an' no need to waste yours," he said grimly. "You've said the right word, kid! We'll understand one another proper, and then there can't be no squabbling. I want you to spy out everythin' you can, an' if the information is worth it, you'll get a tenner. You can bet your boots I wouldn't give ten quid for nothin'!"

For a moment Fullwood was inclined to be indignant. But then the prospect of getting ten pounds urged him to be cautious. After all, this man knew his character pretty well, and it was no good blinking the fact.

"But how can I get any information?" he asked, hedging.

"That's not for me to say. You don't expect me to earn the money for you, do you?" asked Dodge impatiently. "It don't matter to me how you get it, as long as you bring the information to me. An', as I say, if it's the real goods, you'll get paid. I just want to know when Dr. Karnak is leaving, how he's goin' to make the journey, an' where he's bound for."

"Oh, is that all?" asked Fullwood, with slight sarcasm. "By gad! If I can find out all that I shall have earned ten quid. But I'll take it on—"

"Good!" said Captain Dodge, with obvious relief.

"On conditions," added Fullwood calmly.

"Conditions?" The man's voice was sharp.

"You give me five quid now an' I'll get busy on the work," said Fullwood smoothly. "I'll take the other five when I bring the information. That's fair an' businesslike."

"Oh, is it?" snapped Captain Dodge. "I'll give you five quid, an' mebbe I'll never see you again! Nothin' doing, young gent!"

Fullwood shrugged his shoulders.

"All right; the thing's off," he said easily. "Why, I'd be a fool to take your word! Supposin' I get no information at all? Haven't I got to do the spyin' just the same, and risk gettin' the sack? I'm not takin' on this job unless it's worth my while. A fiver down, Captain Dodge, an' I'm your man!"

The seafaring stranger gazed at Fullwood with some admiration. He had heard that this junior was pretty fly, but this example



"Morning, young gent," said the stranger affably. "Mebbe you'll be Master Fullwood?"

of Fullwood's ingenious methods rather pleased him, now that he came to consider it. And he could not help admitting that the junior's argument was perfectly sound.

"Well, look here," said Captain Dodge. "We'll say two pound ten—"

"You can say it if you like, but I won't!" interrupted Fullwood curtly. "Five quid, old man, an' nothin' less. Why, hang it, you ought to be deuced pleased that I'm game for such a fishy bit of business."

Captain Dodge saw that there was no getting out of it, and although he was taking a big risk he paid over the fiver. He would have to chance whether Fullwood unscrupulously stuck to this money without making an attempt to earn it. But the prospect of a similar sum was undoubtedly alluring, and Dodge need not have feared much.

They parted, after Fullwood had learned that his employer could be found at any time at the White Harp Inn, just at the end of Bellton High Street. And Fullwood returned to St. Frank's in a thoughtful mood, his active mind already evolving some scheme whereby he could get this information which would mean the doubling of his present wealth. And it seemed to him that the task was not so very difficult.

The one quality that was required was boldness. It wouldn't be any good adopting Teddy Long's policy of listening at keyholes. That was too crude. He would have to try something much more daring—much more certain of success.

Fullwood didn't wonder much at Captain Dodge's inquisitiveness. It was nothing to do with the junior why this man required the information concerning Dr. Karnak. Indeed, Fullwood knew very few of the

facts, so his interest was only skin deep. He vaguely suspected Captain Dodge was merely the agent of others, but that was no concern of his.

The school as a whole believed that Dr. Karnak was suffering from a slight attack of pleurisy, and was confined to his bed. Only a few fellows knew the exact truth of the Egyptian's indisposition, and these were the fellows who had been present during that strange episode in the Temple of Silence.

And now Dr. Karnak was going. He was a menace to the school; for while he remained there might be other attempts to spirit him away. And even the Head saw that Karnak was not the man he had always thought he would be.

When Fullwood got back into the Ancient House he was again approached by Gulliver and Bell, who were thoroughly miserable, and eager to make up the tiff. But Fullwood, with plenty of money in his pocket, spurned them contemptuously, adding such bitter insults that they were only too ready to keep up the quarrel.

The fact was, Fullwood did not want to be bothered with them just now. He preferred to be alone, so that he could think and plan. And after turning over all sorts of ingenious schemes in his mind, he determined to try a very simple expedient. If the simple plan failed, then he would adopt more complicated tactics. But it is generally the simplest mechanism that works the smoothest.

During afternoon lessons Fullwood repeatedly held his head and made obvious signs of distress, although he made no objection. And at length, after half an hour, he achieved his object. Mr. Crowell began to notice these signals and finally spoke on the matter.

"Are you feeling unwell, Fullwood?" he asked concernedly.

"It's nothing, sir," said Fullwood wearily. "I've got a rotten headache, that's all. I expect it'll pass off, sir. I feel a bit sick, too—just a touch of biliousness, sir, I think."

"You certainly look somewhat forlorn, my boy," said the Form master. "This is a penalty for partaking of too much dinner, I presume. Perhaps you had better go to the window for a while."

"Thank you, sir," said Fullwood gratefully.

He went, but appeared to be no better. A good many of the other fellows watched him, and Handforth uttered an audible snort.

"Spoof!" he muttered gruffly. "It's just laziness!"

Presently Fullwood went back to his place, and staggered so giddily on the way that he nearly fell. And Mr. Crowell, who was rather more credulous than Handforth, went straight to Fullwood and took him by the arm.

"You are obviously unwell, my boy," he said kindly.

"I—I think a little fruit salt would take the sickness away, sir," muttered Fullwood. "I've got some in my study—"

"Very well, you had better go at once," said Mr. Crowell. "Take a short nap, or go for a turn in the fresh air. And when you are feeling better, return to your place."

"Oh, thanks awfully, sir!" said Fullwood, with a breath of relief.

He did it so well that all the juniors were now convinced that he was really bad. Even Handforth grudgingly admitted that Fullwood looked decidedly groggy. But the Remove wouldn't have thought so if they had seen Fullwood a few minutes later.

He went to his study giddily, still acting, for it was possible that he would meet somebody. But as soon as he got into the room his sickness left him like a cloak, and he grinned triumphantly.

"Worked it!" he muttered. "I thought I could fool old Crowell!"

As quickly as possible he removed his boots and donned a pair of rubber-soled shoes—gymnasium shoes, to be exact. Wearing these, he would make no sound as he went about his unscrupulous work. For Fullwood had decided to make an attempt to get that information this very afternoon. It struck him that he could not have a better opportunity. The school was at work, and all the passages were silent and deserted.

He cautiously slipped out of the study, but took care to look ill as he made his way upstairs. And when he was in the upper corridor he slipped along as noiselessly as a shadow.

He came to a halt outside the door of Dr. Karnak's bed-room. All was silent and still. Very faintly he could hear the drone of the Third Form as they repeated one of their lessons in unison—probably much to the secret horror of Mr. Suncliffe, who was unfortunate enough to preside over them.

Fullwood gently turned the handle of Dr. Karnak's door and looked in. He was ready for any eventuality. If Dr. Karnak was awake he would have a simple excuse on his lips. But to his joy he saw that the Egyptian was lying back in his easy chair, in dressing-gown and slippers, sound asleep. The fire was crackling merrily.

Fullwood, his heart beating rapidly, slid into the room and gently closed the door. He hardly dared hope that he would meet with success so early. His object in coming here was to look round. It was more than likely that he would find some letters or documents that would give him the information he desired. A telegram, perhaps—a railway ticket, or something of that kind.

But it was a risky job.

If he should be discovered in there it would mean nothing less than a flogging and probably expulsion. However, Fullwood was too experienced a hand to be dismayed by this prospect. In the words of

Ulysses Spencer Adams, he was a hard-boiled egg.

But hard-boiled or not, Fullwood got a bit of a start a few seconds later. For before he could even attempt to look round the room he heard voices out in the corridor. And, to his horror, these voices were those of Dr. Stafford and Nelson Lee.

Fullwood's brain worked like lightning. He had not been anticipating anything of this sort. It gave him a jar. And he was quick-witted enough to realise that the appearance of two such gentlemen in the upper corridor could mean but one thing—they were coming to Karnak's room.

If Fullwood attempted to get out he would be seen. If he stayed in the bed-room his discovery there would mean explanations, and, unfortunately, there were no explanations. At least, none that would satisfy the Head.

The trapped junior looked round rather wildly. His gaze halted upon the door of a cupboard. To hesitate was to be lost. Swift as a flash, he reached the cupboard, opened it, and nearly sighed aloud with relief when he found that there was plenty of room within.

Even as he closed the door on himself the other door opened and Nelson Lee and Dr. Stafford entered. They had given a preliminary tap which served to arouse Dr. Karnak from his doze.

"I regret, Dr. Karnak, that we should have disturbed you in the middle of your nap," said the Head smoothly. "However, I am sure that you will forgive us. Our business is of great importance."

Dr. Karnak rose to his feet.

"I beg of you not to be concerned, sir," he said in his soft, purring voice. "I am honoured by your presence."

Fullwood, in the cupboard, had rapidly got over his scare. And he marvelled at the utterly astounding luck that had fallen to his lot. In the wildest imaginings, he had never dared to hope for such success as this. Instead of being trapped, it really seemed that he was about to obtain the very facts he needed. It was a reward for his reckless daring.

"We have come, Dr. Karnak, to inform you that all arrangements are complete," said Nelson Lee. "As you know, I have considered it my duty to prepare accommodation for you elsewhere—at your own suggestion, Paris."

"You are overwhelming me with your consideration, Mr. Lee."

"You will surely realise, Dr. Karnak, that my consideration is not entirely on your behalf," replied Lee drily. "It is essential that you should leave St. Frank's at the earliest possible moment. Indeed, you have stayed too long as it is!"

"I am aware of that, Mr. Lee," said Dr. Karnak. "I should have departed at once but for my indisposition. You have brought news?"

"Yes," said the detective. "Here is your

ticket by steamboat from Newhaven, and another ticket which will carry you to Paris. I have booked rooms for you there at the hotel you mentioned, and as far as I can see, you will have no trouble whatever. Your passport, I believe, is quite in order?"

"Quite," agreed the Egyptian. "I thank you exceedingly, Mr. Lee, for all the trouble you have taken."

They spoke in cold, formal tones. There was no actual hostility; but it was clearly understood that Dr. Karnak's room was much preferred to his company. He was to get out as speedily as possible.

And Fullwood, listening in the cupboard, nearly gave himself away in his excitement and joy. The simple plan had proved to be the best after all. He knew everything, even the route that Karnak was taking, his port of departure, and his destination.

"Regarding your journey to Newhaven, it will not be necessary for you to endanger your life by travelling on the railway," went on Nelson Lee. "For you must understand, Dr. Karnak, that these enemies of yours are probably quite on the alert. If possible we wish to avoid all publicity, and therefore I have arranged that you shall have an escort to the boat."

"An escort?" repeated Dr. Karnak sharply.

"A police escort," said Nelson Lee.

"But—but this is carrying matters too far, surely!" protested the Egyptian. "My enemies have gone; they do not beset me now. It savours of—of suspicion that you should thus bring the police into this affair."

"I am afraid, Dr. Karnak, that you misunderstand Mr. Lee's motives," put in the Head gently. "The escort is entirely for your own protection—for your own safety. The police know nothing of the details. They are simply aware that your life is endangered by political opponents from Egypt, and that they are to see you safely on board the cross-Channel steamer. Mr. Lee suggested acting as your escort himself, but I would not hear of it," he added coldly.

Dr. Karnak winced. There was a very good reason why Nelson Lee should not act in that way, and the Egyptian suspected that even the Head knew of his attempt at murder a week earlier.

"At seven o'clock this evening a closed car will be at the headmaster's private door," said Lee. "The two police officers will be in plain clothes, so you will have nothing to fear in that respect. You will please make all arrangements, Dr. Karnak, to be ready for immediate departure as soon as the car arrives. That is why we have given you this early notice."

Dr. Karnak bowed.

"And I am indeed grateful for your consideration," he said quietly.

Without another word Nelson Lee and the Head left the room. There were no unnecessary words spoken. Dr. Karnak was

thankful indeed that he was getting away so easily. It would not have surprised him greatly if he had found himself within a prison cell. It was only the fear of publicity, he felt convinced, that had led Dr. Stafford to take this present course.

For some time Dr. Karnak paced his bed-room. And Fullwood was now impatient and rather uneasy. It was stuffy in that cupboard, and moreover, he feared that Karnak would begin to make preparations. Perhaps he would even come to the cupboard.

Mingled with Fullwood's uneasiness was a great feeling of satisfaction. For he could now tell Captain Dodge at precisely

bed-room. From down the corridor he heard the hiss of rushing water. So Karnak had gone to the bath-room. Nothing could have happened better.

Less than two minutes later Fullwood was in Study A, and he dropped into the arm-chair and took a deep breath.

"Well, if I had told myself that I should get the information in that way, I should have called myself a bally fool!" he muttered. "Talk about luck! The biggest stroke I ever hit upon! Absolutely money for nothing!"

But Fullwood was wrong. He had thoroughly earned that tainted money. For the risks he had undergone were far greater

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what minute Dr. Karnak was leaving, and the nature of his conveyance.

Fullwood was released from his uncertainty a few moments later.

For Dr. Karnak, throwing a towel over his arm, passed out of the bed-room. Fullwood heard the door close, and then followed dead silence. He gently opened the cupboard door and took a glance round.

"By gad!" he muttered, with surprised relief.

In two strides he was at the door. He opened it, glanced out, and saw that nobody was in sight. In a second he was outside and had closed the door of Karnak's

than he had dreamed of. It was only by sheer luck that he was still secure.

He glanced at his watch, and saw that he had been absent from the Form-room for only eighteen minutes. He stared at his watch. It seemed too extraordinary to be true.

His desire was to speed down to the White Harp at once, but he realised that this would have been a technical blunder. Mr. Crowell would surely make inquiries if he found that Fullwood had been well enough to go to the village. Besides, there was no desperate hurry.

So the leader of Study A changed

into his ordinary shoes and returned to the Form-room. He was looking much better, and announced that he was now quite fit to carry on with lessons.

In this way nobody suspected a thing, as they certainly would have suspected if Fullwood had failed to return. It was believed that he had been genuinely bilious for a brief spell.

But as soon as lessons were over Fullwood hurried off to the village. It would not have been good policy to enter the White Harp openly, so he strolled past, whistling noisily. And he caught a glimpse of Captain Dodge's face at the parlour window.

Fullwood turned and strolled along a little footpath which led towards the river. And as he had anticipated, the burly captain overtook him in a few minutes. He was looking eager.

"Five quid, please," said Fullwood cheerfully.

"None o' them larks, young man," said Captain Dodge. "You ain't tellin' me that you've got the information yet. Why, you ain't had time!"

But after he had heard Fullwood's story, which he poured out in all its detail, he could not help being convinced. At first he had a vague suspicion that the junior was just telling a concocted story for the purpose of getting the rest of his money.

But the junior was so certain about his details that Captain Dodge was satisfied. Under the circumstances a certain amount of risk was unavoidable—the risk of paying Fullwood ten pounds for nothing. But as Captain Dodge paid over the second five, he did so with the conviction that he was paying for information well worth the money.

And Fullwood took his leave, free from any twinges of conscience. It didn't matter a hang to him why this man required information concerning Dr. Karnak's movements. As for Karnak himself, he could go to the dickens, for all Fullwood cared.

For Fullwood the matter was over. For Dr. Karnak it hadn't even started!

CHAPTER III.

WILLY HANDFORTH ON THE JOB.



"THIS," said Willy Handforth firmly, "is suspicious!"

He lurked behind one of the trees close against Bellton Wood. A minute or so earlier he had been strolling down to the village with his hands in his pockets, and whistling shrilly—much to the consternation of any birds that happened to be within earshot.

Willy ceased whistling, not because he was out of breath, but because he was trying to think of another tune. It didn't really matter which tune he whistled, because they all sounded alike. Chubby Heath always maintained that Willy's whistle was like the

shriek of an unoiled axle; but possibly Chubby was prejudiced, being something of a whistler himself.

The fact remains, however, that Willy allowed the denizens of Bellton Wood to have a little peace. And while he was thus silent he spotted a squirrel, hastily climbing a young sapling a little distance from the road. No doubt the squirrel had been upset by the recent disturbance.

Willy, who was something of a naturalist, went after the squirrel without hesitation, optimistically believing that he might be able to catch it. There was really no end to Willy's optimism. He was quite hopeless in that respect.

By the time he got to the sapling the squirrel had vanished into thin air. And Willy looked round with disgust. And then he beheld Ralph Leslie Fullwood in close and earnest conversation with a villainous looking man of seafaring type.

"What-ho!" murmured Willy. "What dirty work is this?"

He naturally associated Fullwood with dirty work, particularly as the leader of Study A was consorting with such an obviously low character. Willy, himself unseen, continued to watch.

"This," he repeated, "is suspicious. Dashed suspicious. I'll bet they're fixing something up for the two-thirty to-morrow afternoon."

And yet he dismissed this supposition almost at once. The man didn't look like a member of the racing fraternity. Indeed, Willy remembered that this seafaring fellow had been hovering about the school a good bit of late.

His suspicions were deepened when Captain Dodge took out a bundle of notes and handed some of them over to Fullwood. Indeed, Willy distinctly saw five counted out.

"Five quid!" murmured the fag. "My hat! It's dirty work all right! It seems to me that this affair ought to be looked into. If Ted was here he'd talk about investigating, and then give the show away. I'm blessed if I don't do a bit of detective work myself!"

He kept quite still when Fullwood and Captain Dodge parted. The junior went straight back to St. Frank's. And Captain Dodge made off through the village, without even pausing to go back into the White Harp.

It was obviously pointless to follow Fullwood. So Willy set himself the task of finding out where Captain Dodge was bound for. If possible, he wanted to get to the root of this matter, if only to satisfy his own curiosity.

But Handforth minor began to be very sorry for himself before long, and if it hadn't been for his natural obstinacy, he would have given up his self-imposed task. But once Willy started a thing he finished it.

Captain Dodge walked on and on, taking the Caistowe Road. And after a while he turned off on to the Downs, making for the cliffs. There seemed nothing particularly sinister about this, and Willy grunted to himself as he kept on the track.

"An ass, that's what you are!" he told himself curtly. "Wasting your time like this. Why the dickens don't you turn back!"

Even while he addressed himself in this manner, he knew very well that nothing would make him turn back until he had discovered the destination of his quarry. And he kept straight on until Captain Dodge suddenly vanished.

The man seemed to drop out of existence. But actually he had commenced descending the cliff by leaping down on to the steep slope which descended to the beach itself.

Willy approached the cliff edge cautiously and peered over. It was rather a dull evening, and the light was already failing. But he could manage to see everything quite clearly.

Below him lay a natural cove, a kind of miniature harbour, almost concealed from the rugged coastline by jutting masses of rock. And there, in the harbour, lay a small steam yacht at anchor.

"The mystery deepens!" murmured Willy. "What the dickens is that yacht doing here? Nothing good, I'll bet!"

His interest was revived, and he lost no time in scrambling down the cliff with the agility of a mountain goat. He made the descent at a spot where Captain Dodge would never have dared to go. It was rather extraordinary that the fag wasn't dashed to pieces. The reckless way in which he slithered down the steep cliff, hanging on by just his toes and fingers, was enough to make anybody's hair stand on end.

He was so swift that he reached the beach long before Captain Dodge; and the headland of rocks at this point concealed his movements from the seafaring man. And unless the people on the yacht were looking direct at the cliff they would never have seen that nimble figure slithering down.

Willy got behind some convenient rocks and waited. He was just at the back of the cove, and from this position he could see the yacht quite distinctly; and a moment later Captain Dodge hove into view. The man stood high on a pile of rocks and signalled by waving his arms.

"This is rummy, if you like," murmured Handforth minor. "If these people were honest and above board, they'd be in Caistowe Harbour, instead of here. Shouldn't be a bit surprised if they're smugglers!"

He was very interested when a boat put off from the yacht side and came rapidly across the smooth stretch of intervening sea and grounded on the shingly beach. Two men jumped ashore and walked up to

the spot where Captain Dodge was still standing.

Willy received a fresh surprise, for these newcomers were dark-skinned fellows, and although they were dressed in ordinary European clothing, they were obviously Arabs or Turks.

"Well, this is a queer go!" Willy told himself. "I'm blessed if I can make head or tail of it! I'll bet I'm wasting my time!"

All the same, he stuck to his post. And he suddenly remembered Dr. Karnak. This recollection gave him a start. Dr. Karnak! He was a Turk, or something like that. And just recently there had been some funny things going on at the school. Willy had heard one or two chance remarks, thoughtlessly dropped by his elder brother, and it didn't take him long to put two and two together.

"Ted was saying something about old Karnak having some enemies," thought Willy shrewdly. "They even tried to pinch him the other day. And now old Karnak's going. By gum! I wonder if these rotters are going to try to get hold of him again?"

And then the thought of Fullwood came to him, and it led his mind into another channel.

"Fullwood's a cad, of course," he murmured. "Perhaps he's been paid to spy things out—to get some information about Karnak. Fully's quite capable of filthy work like that."

Even Willy himself would have been a bit startled if he had known how near to the truth his conjectures were. And yet they were not without foundation. Furthermore, the fag intended to pursue this affair until he got hold of something definite.

The two dark-skinned men talked with Captain Dodge for a considerable time. And finally the three of them went down the beach and got in the boat.

And Willy, knowing that he could do nothing further on the spot, climbed the cliff and raced off back to St. Frank's.

It was nearly dark by the time he arrived, and most of the fellows were still partaking of tea. It was rather lucky that Edward Oswald Handforth came striding into the lobby just as Willy entered. Handforth was breathing hard, and he was setting his collar straight.

"I'll teach them!" he said grimly. "Trying that rot with me!"

"I say, Ted!" exclaimed Willy. "Just a word, old man!"

"You can go and fry your face!" said Handforth curtly. "Or better still, boil it! What the dickens have you been doing, you young sweep? You're all grubby, and your boots are all covered with mud, and you've torn your bags, and there are two buttons missing from your waistcoat!"

Willy snorted.

"Never mind about my appearance," he said tartly. "What about your own? Who splashed your jacket with raspberry jam like that? And what's the idea of going

about with a slice of bread and butter sticking to your back? And you've got the skeleton of a sardine in your hair."

"By George!" said Handforth thickly. "I've just had a row with Church and McClure. We were having tea, you know, and Church started cheeking me. So I emptied the teapot in his lap—"

"And Church chucked the jam at you, I suppose," asked Willy. "I'm blessed if I can understand you Remove chaps. All you can do is to chuck good food about, and wreck the study every two or three hours. You're old enough to know better, my lad. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Handforth paused in the act of pushing up his sleeves.

"Detective work!" he repeated sharply. "Look here my son; if you're trying to be funny with me I'll tie you into a giddy knot and chuck you outside."

"I never knew such a chap for boasting," said Willy sourly. "If you tried to tie me into a knot, you'd get biffed before you knew what had happened. Somehow we can't talk to one another without squabbling. Listen to me."

And before Handforth could think of anything else to say Willy rapidly told him what had occurred. While they were talking



The man stood high on a pile of rocks and signalled by waving his arms.

Handforth gave a kind of gulp.

"Why, you—you cheeky young rotter!" he roared. "I'll—I'll—"

"Oh, cut it short, old son!" said Willy with a sigh. "You know jolly well you'll do nothing. Talk about fiddling while Rome was burning! Here you are, wasting valuable time, and I've got some important news to tell you."

"I don't want to hear any news."

"Well, you've got to hear it," said Willy.

"It's about some Arabs."

"Arabs!"

"Well, chaps with brown skins," said Willy. "Fact is, I've been doing a bit of detective work. I've got on the track of a mystery."

like this Tom Burton strolled up, and stood listening, without grasping the fact that he was overhearing something that was supposed to be strictly private.

"By George!" said Handforth at length. "I can find an explanation for this affair. It doesn't take my brain long to start working. It's trained so highly that I can spot things in a minute. These black chaps are Dr. Karnak's enemies," he concluded triumphantly.

"Fathead!" said Willy. "I just told you that!"

"And Fullwood has been spying," went on Handforth. "That's the truth of it. Why, now I come to remember it, he slipped out of class for nearly half an hour

this afternoon. I'll bet he was up to his dirty games then!"

"Marvellous, Sexton Blake!" said Willy sarcastically. "I've just been telling you all this, and you calmly make out that you've been doing some deduction."

"Souse me, shipmates, what's the argument about?" asked Tom Burton. "Perhaps I can help to settle it?"

Handforth turned.

"Sorry, Burton, we're talking privately," he said curtly.

Tom Burton grinned.

"Bust my maindeck!" he exclaimed. "If this is what you call talking privately, how do you go on when it isn't private? Why, shipmates, you've been bawling as loud as a mate stirring up the fo'c'sle hands."

"That's your fault, Ted," said Willy. "It can't be helped now, so it's no good wasting time over it. Look here, Burton, you'd better come in with us and give a hand. I suggest that we keep this affair to ourselves and go back to the coast. I spotted an old fisherman's boat lying on the beach. We can take that and nose round the yacht and find out a few things."

"I'm game," said the Bo'sun. "It strikes me that this affair needs looking into, too. Why, swab my decks, there may be a whole plot afoot for all we know, and perhaps we can nip it in the bud. We'll get the truth about it and then steer our course for port and tell the skipper."

Handforth pursed his lips.

"Well, I suppose you'd better come with us," he said grudgingly. "I'm blessed if I'll say anything to Church and McClure, though I've been thinking, and I've got a plan in mind. It just came into my head—a pretty brilliant scheme, too."

"Look here, Ted—" began Willy.

"You dry up, kid!" said Handforth, with an air of importance. "I'm the leader of this party, and I'm going to adopt my own plan. It's a masterpiece of planning. We'll go to the beach, find an old boat, and then nose round the yacht until we can see what the game is."

Willy nearly fainted.

"Is that what you call an original scheme?" he asked feebly. "Why, you rotter, that's my plan! Didn't I suggest it two minutes ago?"

"I don't want any arguments!" said Handforth, glaring. "And if you start any of your rot with me, my lad, I won't let you come!"

"You—you won't let me come?" gasped Willy. "And it's my affair from the very start! Why, for two pins I'll go straight to Mr. Lee and tell him the whole thing. In fact, I think I'd better do it. I was an ass to tell you. You'll only go and mess everything up."

It was rather fortunate that Tom Burton was present, otherwise Handforth minor and Handforth major would have had a scrap on the spot. The bo'sun managed to

restore peace, and the three juniors started off together.

They had told nobody of their project, and, in fact, none of the other fellows saw them depart. The whole thing was decided upon on the spur of the moment, and the result was to be rather startling.

CHAPTER IV.

THE AMBUSH!



DR. KARNAK, with a small bag gripped in one hand and gloves in the other, bowed ceremoniously to Dr. Stafford and Nelson Lee.

"I bid you good-bye, gentlemen," he said. "If I have been troublesome during my short sojourn at St. Frank's, I can only express my keen regret. I thank you for the courtesy and consideration you have shown me during these past few days."

"I trust, Dr. Karnak, that you will have a safe journey to Paris, and that your troubles will then be at an end," said the Head gravely. "I am grieved that you should leave in this way, but there is no alternative."

A minute later Dr. Karnak stepped out of the Head's doorway and into the waiting car. He found two men already seated in the dark, enclosed interior. The door was shut, and the big limousine glided off with scarcely a sound. It passed out of the deserted Triangle and thence into the night.

In this way, without a single boy to give him a send-off, Dr. Karnak took his departure from St. Frank's. Indeed, the school knew nothing of his going. If any fellows saw the car, they probably gave it but scant notice, thinking that perhaps the Head had visitors, or was going visiting himself.

After he had gone, the Head turned to Nelson Lee and smiled.

"Well, Mr. Lee, I must admit that I am feeling relieved," he said. "Upon my soul, the man was worrying me more than I thought. St. Frank's is well rid of him. At the same time, I have a sneaking sympathy for Karnak. His life is not a pleasant one."

Nelson Lee looked rather grim.

"You need have no sympathy for Dr. Karnak, Dr. Stafford," he said quietly. "I have no doubt that he deserves all that his enemies tried to inflict upon him. But we are in England, and such atrocities cannot be allowed. I know more of Dr. Karnak's character than you do, and I shall be further relieved when I learn that he is safely across the Channel."

"Yes," said the Head thoughtfully. "The scoundrel is answerable for poor De Valerie's condition. It was touch-and-go with the lad; but I heard from his father.

to-day that he is making an excellent recovery."

In the meantime, the smoothly-gliding limousine made its way down Bellton Lane, passed through the village, and then went on its way towards Bannington. The plan was to make a nonstop run to Newhaven, where Dr. Karnak would be seen safely on board the night steamer for Dieppe.

The two plain-clothes men were silent. Dr. Karnak sat between them, hunched up in the cushions, apparently indifferent to all that went on around him. But he was compelled to admit to himself that he felt secure. Police protection was more than he bargained for, and it eased his anxiety. Even if his enemies were on the alert, they could never assail him now.

But Dr. Karnak was too optimistic.

He knew nothing of the measures that had been taken by those enemies to acquaint themselves of his movements, and he was ignorant of the success of those measures.

The car was proceeding along a quiet stretch of road, and the driver was putting on a little speed. He was rather puzzled by the appearance of lights some short distance ahead. At first he believed that a bunch of cyclists were approaching, for those lights were moving about.

But after a few seconds he saw that he had been mistaken. There were four lights altogether, and they were now stretched across the road and they were waving about significantly. It was evident that a barrier had been placed across the fairway.

The driver hesitated. He knew something of the nature of his trip and he wondered whether he should dash through or stop. But he had his own skin to think of, and it occurred to him that the barrier might possibly be other than human.

And it did not seem worth while to risk a bad smash up. He closed the throttle and jammed his brakes on. At the same time he quickly pushed one of the glass slides over which partitioned off the rear.

"Look out!" he said sharply. "Something queer in front here!"

As he spoke the car came to a halt, and Dr. Karnak started forward.

"What is this—what is this?" he snapped. "Why do you stop?"

Before either of the detectives could reply, both doors of the car were flung open, and the dazzling light from electric-torches gleamed upon Dr. Karnak. He sat there, his face drawn and haggard.

"Protect me!" he said hoarsely.

The two plain-clothes men did their utmost. But although they had been ready for an emergency, they had not anticipated any such ambush as this, particularly on this road between Bellton and Bannington.

They had been informed that there was practically nothing to fear, since it was impossible for Dr. Karnak's mysterious foes to get wind of the plans. And it was hardly likely that they would hold up a car

just because it came from St. Frank's. They had obviously had positive information.

Both the plain-clothes men attempted to draw their revolvers, but were not allowed to do so. Being in the confined space of the car, they were at a disadvantage, and before they could draw their weapons, they were thrown back on the seat and held.

And in the ensuing confusion Dr. Karnak was dragged out and swiftly silenced, for he had commenced shouting for help. A scarf was pulled round his face and drawn tight. And before he could do much struggling, his hands and ankles were bound, and he was left lying on the road.

There were six assailants all told. Thus Dr. Karnak's escort was hopelessly outnumbered. The driver had done his best, but after a short hard fight he was sent reeling back from a blow on the head with a heavy club.

He, too, was bound and gagged. The six attackers now had only two to deal with, and it was a matter of a few minutes to truss them up in a similar manner. The detectives could not be blamed for the plight they were now in for they had never really had any chance to show determined fight.

They, with the driver of the car, were carried behind the hedge and dumped there. And without waiting to perform further mischief the ambushing party made off.

Incidentally, they borrowed the limousine, and Dr. Karnak was borne swiftly away in the midst of his captors.

It seemed that retribution was to fall upon him, after all. For there could be no escape now. At last the Moon Worshipers had got him grimly in their hands, and they meant to carry him beyond the aid of all.

Bound and gagged, he could do absolutely nothing to help himself. He raved and cursed behind his gag, but this was of no avail, except to relieve some of his own fury.

And the car, skilfully driven by one of the Egyptians, turned off the Caistowe road, and bumped along a ratty, narrow footpath. In due course it arrived at the entrance to a gully.

The car was driven straight down the steep descent until at length it came to rest on the shingle itself. Here the door was opened and the prisoner was hauled forth.

One member of the party went round to the rocks at the base of the jutting headland and he stared out into the little bay near by. The steam yacht lay there, a dark blob against the black background of the sea. Not a single light was showing, and unless one had knowledge of the boat's presence, it was practically invisible.

The man on the rocks gave three flashes with his electric-torch.

A slight pause and three flashes came back to him. He turned, thrusting his torch into his pocket and rejoined his party. Then, without further ado, they carried the

helpless Dr. Karnak over the rough, awkward rocks, and thus on to the beach of the cove itself.

They waited, absolutely silent. They did not even converse in whispers, but stood there like so many statues. And in the intense gloom they could just manage to see a boat coming towards them from the yacht.

The car, of course, had been abandoned in the gully. It was of no further use now. And by the time it was discovered—probably in the morning—Dr. Karnak would have been carried far beyond all hope of rescue.

The boat grounded on the shingle and two men leapt ashore. Even now no word was spoken, but Dr. Karnak was carried to the boat, bundled in, and the others all took their places.

The boat started back for the yacht, and in due course arrived at the accommodation ladder. The prisoner was carried swiftly up, hurried across the deck, and then below. He was thrust into a cabin, and here he found a man waiting, a tall, impressive Oriental with a flowing white beard, and attired in costly robes of silk.

Karnak was relieved of his gag, and he stood there between two of his guardians. He gazed at the high priest, or whatever he was, with hopeless fear expressed in his bloodshot eyes.

"Thy time has come, O traitor of traitors!" said the bearded one, and talking in Arabic. "Fool! Thinkest thou it were possible to elude the punishment of Allah?"

"I beseech thee, O master of my fate!" said Dr. Karnak hoarsely. "I am thy slave—I am as fungus beneath thy feet! Give me speech, that I may plead my case!"

"Enough!" broke in the other. "Thou art accursed! Thou art no longer of the faithful! For hast thou not given thyself up unto infidel ways? Bah! Thou art an unbeliever—"

"Nay! Thou art wrong!" panted Karnak. "At heart, my faith is even as thine still. Allah will be merciful, for Allah knows all, and will not permit this monstrous thing to overwhelm me. It is written that I shall suffer no more."

"Take the dog hence!" commanded the other. "See that he is placed where none can hear him, and where there is no possibility of escape. He will be dealt with later. For, by the beard of the prophet, this pig of treachery shall pay the full price!"

Dr. Karnak was taken from the cabin, nearly mad with fear, for he knew only too well that his fate was to be too horrible to contemplate.

Whatever his sins were in regard to these fanatics, he was undoubtedly doomed to pay for them with his life. But apart from all this, he was a black-hearted scoundrel, as many of the St. Frank's fellows were well aware, and his fate now was nothing more nor less than justice itself.

CHAPTER V.

NOT ACCORDING TO PROGRAMME.



"HERE we are!" said Handforth briskly.

He and his two companions came to a halt on the dark beach. They had just scrambled down the sloping cliffs at a point where the descent was fairly safe. And so far they had seen no sign of the steam yacht. Willy was rather anxious, for it seemed that he had been telling a false story.

"Yes, here we are, souse me! But where's the ship?" asked the bo'sun.

"You young bounder, where is it?" demanded Handforth darkly.

"Well, it's not in my pocket!" retorted Willy. "Don't be such an ass! The yacht's gone—must have pulled her anchor up while I've been away. Just our rotten luck."

Handforth gazed at his minor with suspicion.

"By George!" he said, breathing hard. "Is this one of your little jokes, my son? Have you deliberately dragged me here on a fool's errand?"

Willy bristled.

"It couldn't help being a fool's errand if you came," he retorted tartly.

"Why, you—you—"

"Oh, don't get huffy!" growled the fag. "What's the good of blaming me? I haven't been trying to spoof you, old man—honest Injun! When I came away, the yacht was here, and—"

"Avast there, shipmates!" breathed the bo'sun. "Yacht ahoy!"

"Eh?" said Handforth.

"She's lying right in front of us all the time," whispered Burton. "Splinter my mainmast! There's something fishy about this affair. No respectable ship douses all lights like this."

Handforth stared out to sea.

"I can't see any yacht," he grunted. "It's all dark—Hullo! Yes, there does seem to be something there! I thought it was a chunk of jutting rock, but now that I come to look more closely—"

"Yes, that's the yacht!" grunted Willy, shading his eyes. "What did I tell you? Didn't I say the giddy ship was here? The best thing we can do is to hurry along to the next bay, and grab that boat."

"Which boat?" asked Handforth.

"Oh, help!" groaned Willy. "You've got a memory like a piece of muslin! Didn't

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY—PRICE 2:

I tell you there was an old fisherman's boat lying on the beach? It won't take us more than five minutes to get there, and then we can steal out, and go right close to the yacht, and see what port she belongs to, and what kind of a ship she is!"

"He's right, messmate," said the bo'sun. "And we'd better not waste any time, either. The moon will be up soon, and we want to take advantage of this darkness."

"Oh, all right," said Handforth gruffly. "You chaps seem to be doing all the jawing—yet I'm the leader!"

"That's only a rumour," said Willy. "Come on!"

They went off along the beach, Burton walking between Handforth and his minor, so that there should be no ructions. The distance was not so very great, but they were somewhat impeded by the loose sand and shingle.

However, at length they came to a short piece of steeply-sloping beach, where the waves were breaking with a fair amount of hiss and roar. And just here, drawn well up beyond high-water mark, lay a ramshackle fisherman's boat. It was big and clumsy and decidedly ancient. As the juniors bent over it, they were assailed by a mixed odour of salt water, tar, and stale fish.

"Is this what you call a boat?" asked Handforth, with a sniff. "You young fat-head! I thought you meant something we could row!"

"If this boat isn't good enough for you, go and find another one," said Willy impatiently. "And I don't see that it matters to you, anyhow. You can't row a boat on a river, let alone the sea!"

Handforth started back.

"I can't row a boat?" he demanded thunderously.

"Of course you can't!"

"Belay there, messmates!" protested Burton. "Avast squabbling! We'll never get anything done if you chaps keep on like this!"

"I knew there'd be trouble if we brought this young duffer," said Handforth bitterly. "He's all right, only he thinks he knows too much. And I'm blessed if I'm going to have him saying that I can't row a boat."

Willy sighed.

"Oh, have it your own way," he said. "I don't care. Only, for goodness' sake, dry up! Do something instead of wasting all this time. But I maintain that when it comes to rowing, Burton's the chap for the job."

"That's the idea," said the bo'sun briskly. "Just leave the rowing to me—I was born aboard ship, and I practically had a boat for my cradle!"

"You fellows don't seem to understand that this job has got to be done carefully," said Handforth. "I wish I'd left you behind now, and brought Church and McClure!"

"Of course you do," said Willy. "You

can twist those poor fatheads about just as you like. But now you're finding the difference. And Burton's the chap for taking the oars. Compared to him, you're not fit to row a wash-tub!"

"Easy, shipmate!" muttered Burton, as Handforth grabbed his minor.

"Hi! Leggo!" gasped Willy, struggling.

"I'm not fit to row a wash-tub, eh?" snorted Handforth. "Unless you take that back, my lad, I'll chuck you head first into the sea."

"Oh, my goodness!" groaned Willy, exasperated. "I'll take it back! I'm an obliging sort! You are fit to row a wash-tub!"

"What?" gasped Handforth.

Tom Burton chuckled.

"You can't keep it up now, Handy," he grinned. "Willy's taken it back, and there's an end of the matter."

"But he says I can row a wash-tub!" howled Handforth.

"There's no pleasing you!" exclaimed his minor, with a sniff. "And here we are, arguing the giddy point like a couple of fishwives, and the yacht's probably making out to sea all the time. You'll make a fine detective—I don't think! Why, if you were shadowing somebody, and you bumped into a passer-by, you'd stop to have an argument and let your quarry go!"

Burton began to think that it had certainly been a mistake for Handforth minor to come. Somehow, whenever he and Edward Oswald got together, there was one long, continuous wrangle.

But the bo'sun settled the matter by urging his companions to help with the boat. And together they succeeded in pushing it down to the water's edge. A pair of ancient oars had been found tucked away beneath the seats. And some tarnished rowlocks were fished out of the locker.

Burton had his way about the rowing.

Not at first, of course. Handforth never gave a thing up willingly, and he had seriously believed that he was a more expert oarsman than Burton. However, after he had pulled the boat out for two or three hundred feet, accompanied by much splashing, he was glad enough to relinquish the clumsy oars to Tom Burton.

And it was really surprising how the motion of the boat altered as soon as the bo'sun was in charge. It glided forward noiselessly, and such was Burton's skill, he made not the slightest creak as he wielded the oars. It was just an exhibition of expert rowing.

Very wisely, Willy refrained from making any comment. And by this time they were approaching the black, silent yacht. And it was highly necessary to keep perfectly still.

With scarcely the slightest of bumps the boat nosed against the yacht's side. And then it crept along foot by foot, until the juniors could faintly discern some thick ropes hanging down overside.

"This'll do all right," breathed Burton. "We can climb up here."

"And what about the boat?" whispered Handforth.

"Your minor had better take the oars and lay off a fathom or two, until we give him the signal," said the bo'sun. "Sorry, Willy, but we can't all go up. Somebody's got to stay behind."

"Go ahead," said Willy. "I'll wait for you."

He was keenly disappointed, for he wanted to go on board as much as the others. But he knew very well that if he suggested any such thing, his major would instantly start another argument—and that was not to be thought of.

"Wait a minute!" he added. "You can't signal to me—you haven't got any torch. And even if you had, it would be risky to use it. I'll come back in exactly ten minutes, and be waiting. How's that?"

"First class," said Burton. "Good for you, shipmate."

Stealthily the bo'sun climbed his way up one of the thick ropes, and soon landed on the deck—for the yacht, after all, was a comparatively small vessel, and the distance to the deck was slight.

Everything was dark, but the murmur of voices could be heard from several parts of the yacht—proving that it was not as deserted as it appeared to be. There was some sinister reason for this strange secretiveness.

And the juniors, if their methods were not carefully conceived and well thought out, were undoubtedly going the right way to work. They were taking the direct method, hoping that they would succeed.

And luck was with them.

For when they arrived on the deck they were enabled to creep over to a small deck-house—which proved to be empty. They lost no time in slipping in here, in order to take their bearings.

"What's the idea?" breathed Handforth. "We're going below, aren't we?"

"Souise me, you're in too much of a hurry!" murmured the bo'sun. "I don't reckon we'll go below just yet—better have a look round first, and make sure we're safe."

Handforth was not agreeable.

"We're simply wasting time," he said. "You stay here, and I'll slip forward and creep down the companion. If I meet somebody, I'll ask him who he is, and if he doesn't answer, I'll punch him on the nose! It's no good going about this business gently."

"Yes, but if you ask for trouble——"

Burton paused, for at that moment a gruff voice sounded outside on the deck. The two juniors stood stock still, intent and listening.

"Signal showing ashore, sir," came the words, from somewhere in the darkness.

There was a brief pause, and then further orders. A boat was ordered away at once.

A shrill whistle blew, and men came hurrying along the decks. From far below came the echo of the engine-room telegraph.

This was followed by a curious clanking noise, and almost at once there was a sound of hissing steam. Men continued to run up and down the decks, and where all had been quietness before, now the dark ship was alive with bustle and activity.

"Split my mainsail!" breathed Burton. "Hear that, shipmate?"

"Hear what?"

"Those chains—and the winch!"

"I can hear a rummy noise, if that's what you mean," said Handforth.

"They're hauling the hook up," whispered Burton tensely.

"The hook?"

"Anchor."

"Great Scott!" whispered Handforth, grasping Burton's arm. "You—you mean they're getting up the anchor? I say, we'd better slip overboard while we've got the chance, and get back into the boat."

"It's too late," said Burton. "Or, to be more exact, it's too early! Willy won't be back for another five minutes, at least, and we can't dive in. He might not see us, and the water's like ice. Besides, we'd be spotted in a minute if we went out on deck. Even as it is, some of these lubbers might look in here and find us."

The juniors were quite helpless. They daren't move, for Burton's statement was perfectly true. The deck was alive, and if once they emerged from their hiding place, they would be seen and questioned and undoubtedly detained.

They could do nothing but crouch in that deck-house.

They were both startled now—fully realising their folly in coming on board. But how could they have foreseen that the ship would spring into life in this unexpected manner?

"There's a light out here now," whispered Handforth, peeping round the slightly open door. "It's only dim, and—— My hat! Willy was right about those giddy brown chaps! There's one of them out here, wearing a turban."

It was quite safe for the juniors to talk, for the bustle and noise had now become so pronounced that all such sounds as whispers were drowned. They crouched there, thoroughly excited.

And then some figures were seen coming out of the gloom from the side of the deck. And as the two juniors peered round the partly open door they saw Dr. Karnak brought on board. He was bound and gagged, and was being carried towards the companion by two burly men in peaked caps. And that Egyptian, with the turban on his head, was directing operations. Dr. Karnak vanished below, and Tom Burton turned to Handforth with a rather scared face.

"Swab me, old man, what does it mean?" he asked huskily.

"They've got him again!" muttered Edward Oswald.

"Got him again—what do you mean?"

"Karnak!" said Handforth. "These heathen blighters had Karnak once before, you know. They took him down into the old quarry tunnels, and tried to make a bonfire out of him."

"Bonfire!"

"Yes, they were going to burn him at the stake!" whispered Handforth tensely. "Don't look at me like that, you ass! It's true, I tell you. I was there, and I ought to know! It was Mr. Lee who saved old Karnak—only just in the nick of time."

only get ashore, we can rush away to the coastguards and give the warning and have this boat captured by a few destroyers."

"I didn't know they kept destroyers at Caistowe," grunted Burton. "Still, it's the only thing we can do, I suppose. No good staying here like this until it's too late."

"You ought to have taken my advice from the very first," said Handforth grimly. "My idea was to stay in the boat, and not come aboard at all. You know that as well as I do."

"Well, drop me in the bilge!" gasped Burton. "I say, you lubber, it was your



The two juniors had become numbed with cold, and both realised that unless rescue came quickly they would soon be beyond human aid.

The bo'sun breathed rapidly.

"They must have been waiting for him," he said. "Somehow or other, they captured Karnak to-day and brought him straight on this yacht. Splinter my top-sail! We're in a queer position, Handy. Karnak's a rogue, and I don't see that we're called upon to help him. But yet we can't leave him here, in the hands of these swabs of pirates!"

"I'm blessed if I know what we can do," said Handforth. "Perhaps we'd better chance it, after all."

"Chance what?"

"Slithering down the side to see if Willy's there," replied Edward Oswald. "He ought to be by this time, you know. And if we

idea all along to come on board! Didn't you agree with Willy——"

He paused, for the vessel had begun to throb in an ominous manner. Burton clutched at Handforth's arm, and held tight.

"What's up?" asked the leader of Study D.

"The engines are going!"

"Eh?"

"She's moving!" whispered the bo'sun, in a scared voice. "It's too late, messmate! We can't get off now, even if we want to. It would simply mean drowning in this cold sea!"

They crouched there, almost too startled to say anything further. And the hard, un-

alterable fact remained—they were on board this strange, mysterious vessel, and were being carried out into the open sea!

CHAPTER VI.

THE HUE AND CRY!



WILLY HANDFORTH stared fixedly, and his heart beat with thumping force against his ribs.

"Here's a go!" he murmured. "Those asses are on board, and the blessed ship's full of life! I'll bet they're collared by this time—and here am I, all alone, unable to do a thing!"

He was genuinely alarmed. For hardly had he pulled a short distance from the yacht's side, according to the agreement, when the sound of much activity floated across the water to him. That sound was significant.

For it indicated to Willy that Handforth and Burton had been discovered. This sudden activity on the yacht was caused by the fact that the two juniors had been detected, and made prisoners. Probably they were now being questioned.

"Well, I can't do anything, that's certain," murmured Willy anxiously. "It's no good my going alongside and investigating. If I do that, I shall only get collared, and that'll make the position twice as bad. I'll bet it was Ted who messed the whole thing up! He's always a giddy blunderer!"

Willy watched, with his concern growing more acute.

He could distinctly hear, too, the hissing of steam, and all sorts of other slight sounds, which could have but one meaning. The fag himself lay quite unseen on the quiet sea, for that black old boat merged with the surrounding water until it was invisible.

Willy wondered whether he should carry out the agreement and approach the yacht's side at the end of ten minutes. It was a difficult point to settle. If he did go, he might get himself into a similar plight to the other two, and if he didn't go, they might be prevented from escaping.

For, although he believed them to be captured, he had no certain knowledge of this. It was only an assumption. Perhaps the commotion was caused by quite another set of circumstances.

Willy reasoned it out, and he was pretty shrewd, too. At least, he was at liberty, and would be able to go ashore and give the alarm. But if he got captured, then the position would be well-nigh hopeless. For Handforth minor remembered that all three of them had left St. Frank's without telling a soul of their intentions.

If they failed to return, their absence would be a mystery, and there would be no clue whatever to indicate the cause of their mysterious disappearance. So it was

essential that Willy should keep himself a free agent.

However, the desire to approach the yacht and carry out the original programme was strong within him. And at last, after thinking deeply, he decided to creep a little nearer.

"Perhaps I'll be able to hear something," he muttered. "But I don't like this business at all. Now I come to think of it, it was a dotty idea to go on board at all. And I suggested it, too! Thank goodness Ted claimed it as his own idea! He can't blame me now!"

Willy took the oars and used them with considerable skill, for they were clumsy and heavy. The calm sea was in favour of this whole enterprise, and there was practically no danger of capsizing, or any such tragic happening.

Willy's plan, however, could not be put into execution.

For he had only covered half the distance to the yacht's side when he heard the thud, thud, thud of revolving machinery. He stopped rowing in his sudden, sweeping consternation.

"She's going!" he gasped. "Oh, my only granddad's whiskers!"

He sat there, utterly at a loss. To even approach the yacht now was out of the question—indeed, fraught with great peril. He could see the vessel moving, and now her port and starboard lights were gleaming, in addition to one at the mast-head.

"She's making for the open channel—I'll bet my Sunday bags on it!" muttered Willy. "What the dickens am I to do? Where's that brain of yours, you idiot? Can't you think of something, instead of sitting here like a stuffed monkey?"

But, although Willy addressed himself in this caustic manner, the result was nil. Rack his brains as he might, he found but one solution to the problem—this problem that had cropped up so unexpectedly.

He could do nothing now but row ashore, rush to the school, and give the alarm. Perhaps Nelson Lee would be able to do something. Willy knew no certain facts, beyond the one that this yacht had been lying there in secret, with some dark-skinned men on board. Willy had seen them with his own eyes, so he knew there was no mistake about it.

Being on the seaward side of the yacht, he was not even aware that a boat had put ashore, and had come back with Dr. Karnak, a prisoner.

Willy waited for five or ten minutes after the yacht had commenced to move. He waited, in fact, until the vessel was well clear of the narrow bay. He had a vague idea that Handforth and Burton might jump overboard at the last minute, knowing that Willy was hovering about in the boat. And Willy dutifully stuck to his post, although he was thrilling with eagerness to get away. But by the time the yacht had got beyond

the headland it was obvious that the two juniors were still on board.

So Willy put his back into the work, and rowed ashore with all his strength. He found the task more difficult than he had imagined. He pulled at the oars until he perspired freely, but the sluggish old boat was clumsy and awkward to manage. And many precious minutes had sped by before the rusty keel grounded upon the shingle.

The fag leapt ashore nimbly, and simply allowed the boat to drift back again on the tiny waves. He didn't care what happened to it—which was rather a thoughtless disregard for other people's property. However, the circumstances were exceptional, and, in any case, Willy could have done nothing. It was quite beyond his powers, single-handed, to drag that heavy craft up the steep slope of the beach.

He looked round uncertainly, breathing hard.

The darkness was not quite so intense now. The black clouds had dispersed, and the stars were twinkling above. And Willy could see that he had come ashore close against the narrow gully.

The tide had drifted him a considerable distance from the starting-point, and it was really lucky in the extreme that Willy had not come to grief on some of the jagged rocks which lurked just beneath the surface of the water.

The gully was, perhaps, more favourable to the junior than any other point of the beach. For there was no steep cliff to climb, and much time would thus be saved.

Willy hardly paused to get any breath.

He hurried up the beach, and was about to dash for the gully itself when he paused. Something dark and big was standing on the sand near by—something that Willy had first taken for a pile of rock. But as he was about to pass, he saw the stars reflected on glass, and he halted.

"My goodness!" he exclaimed. "It's a motor-car!"

He approached quickly, and found that the car was perfectly whole, and in splendid condition. He opened one of the doors, and the interior proved to be empty. Willy was greatly surprised.

"Anybody here?" he shouted, looking round.

But no sound came in reply. Willy felt the radiator, and started. The engine was still hot, proving that the car had only just recently been used. The wheels were sunk into the sand, but not deeply. Any ordinary driver could have got the car free in a very few minutes.

"This car wasn't abandoned because it stuck," Willy told himself. "By George, I wonder—"

He suddenly thought of the activity of the yacht, and the hurried, dramatic departure. It became clear to him that somebody had arrived on the beach, had gone on board,

and the instant departure of the yacht was the result.

For a moment Willy thought of starting up the engine of the car and attempting to drive it. But he put this thought aside. He didn't know whose car it was, and he didn't want to wreck it. Furthermore—and this was just as important—he had no desire to wreck himself.

So he commenced racing away up the gully, determined to get to St. Frank's as quickly as he knew how.

And while these stirring events had been taking place on the coast, St. Frank's itself had not been entirely devoid of excitement.

Nelson Lee had gone to his study after Dr. Karnak's departure. The detective was relieved that the affair was over, and that St. Frank's would no longer be bothered by the strange Egyptian, with his mystic ways.

Lee spent some time in making a long entry into his diary. Having completed this, he thoughtfully filled his pipe, and lay back in his easy-chair, thinking of the recent events.

He considered that he had taken such precautions that Dr. Karnak would not enter again into the life of the school. And the detective was getting busy on a pile of neglected work when there came a sharp rap at the door, and Tubbs, the page-boy, burst in. He was flushed with excitement.

"Please, sir, the 'Ead wants you!" gasped Tubbs.

"There is no necessity, Tubbs, for you to shout," said Lee sternly.

"Sorry, sir—it's important!" burst out Tubbs. "There's three men in the 'Ead's study, sir—all dirty and muddy, they are! Seems there's been an accident, sir, or somethink, with that there car. They do say as Dr. Karnak 'as been murdered!"

Nelson Lee rose to his feet, his face suddenly grim.

He strode out of the study without a word, and several seniors were rather scandalised to see their respected House-master shooting down the passage at the double, with his gown flying in the wind.

Nelson Lee entered Dr. Stafford's study, and one glance told him that Tubbs had told a certain amount of truth, at least. For there, excitedly talking to the Head, were the two plain-clothes men and the chauffeur of the car. All three were looking much the worse for wear.

"Ah, Mr. Lee, I am glad you have come!" said the Head, with relief. "A shocking thing has happened. Upon my soul, is there to be no ending to this succession of alarms and excursions?"

"Tell me precisely what has happened, Johnson," said Lee, turning to one of the plain-clothes men. "One moment, though. Has Dr. Karnak been murdered?"

The flustered policeman shook his head.

"Why, no, sir," he said. "But it wouldn't give me a pain if he was!"

"I am glad, at all events, that such a tragedy has not taken place near the school," said Nelson Lee. "Now, Johnson, your story!"

The plain-clothes man lost no time in relating exactly what had happened. It was quite a brief account. There was, indeed, very little to tell. Simply that the car had been stopped midway between Bellton and Bannington, that a gang of six men had attacked, and that they had gone off with Karnak at once, commandeering the car for the purpose of their flight.

Johnson explained that he had freed himself from his bonds after a considerable struggle. Then he had released his companions, and they had all three hastened back to the school to make their report."

"So Karnak has been kidnapped again," muttered Lee. "Well, I really don't know what we shall do, Dr. Stafford. It will be necessary to inform the police, of course, but I shall take no personal part in this chase. We must be thankful that Dr. Karnak has been taken out of the district."

"But the publicity, Mr. Lee—the publicity!" said the Head. "If anything tragic happens to Karnak, there will be an inquest, and then St. Frank's will be dragged into the whole affair, and it can only result in misunderstanding and a whole tissue of misstatements by the Press. It's bad for the school—very bad indeed. I wish to Heaven I'd never urged the governors to appoint that man! This is the result of my own folly."

The situation was not quite so distressing as the Head indicated. At least, it didn't seem to be so at present. Nelson Lee lost no time in starting a hue and cry. He telephoned to Bannington, and informed Inspector Jameson of the whole circumstances.

He gave instructions that all roads should be watched, and a full description of the missing car was circulated broadcast throughout the southern counties.

And while this was going on, a hot, breathless junior almost staggered into the Triangle. The newcomer was Willy Handforth, and he was pretty nearly exhausted after his long run from the coast. He had not paused once during that tense race.

By a piece of luck, Reginald Pitt and I were just about to pass out through the gateway, having an errand in the village. And we were hurrying, because there was not a large amount of time before locking-up.

Willy Handforth nearly charged into us at full speed. He pulled up with a lurch, and stood there, in front of us, panting so much that he could hardly speak.

I saw at once that he was quite spent, and there was an expression of alarm in his eyes that told me a good deal. Something

startling had apparently happened. I took Willy by the arm.

"Anything the matter?" I asked sharply.

"My major!" gasped Willy, his voice cracked and harsh with running.

"What about him?"

"He's gone—carried out to sea!"

"What?" said Pitt, in sudden alarm. "You don't mean to say that Handforth has been ass enough to go swimming——"

"No—he's been taken out on a yacht!" panted Willy. "Burton was with him, and I was standing by. I couldn't do a thing, so I rushed here to give the alarm. There's been some fishy business, too."

And, while we stood there listening, Handforth minor poured out the whole extraordinary story. I realised that there was no time to be lost, and I was filled with anxiety.

For it only took me a second to grasp the fact that Handforth and Burton were in the hands of Dr. Karnak's enemies. The whole affair was complex at present, but it was soon to become much clearer.

"We'll go straight to the gov'nor," I said crisply.

I didn't allow Willy any further time to talk, but rushed him straight to Nelson Lee's study, which, of course, was empty. But as I looked up and down the passage, I caught sight of Tubbs.

"He's with the 'Ead, Master Nipper," said Tubbs promptly.

We raced to the Head's study, and burst in without even performing the formality of knocking. Nelson Lee was just hanging up the receiver of the telephone, and the Head was sitting in his chair, looking grave.

The other three men stood by, their very appearance proving that something unusual had happened.

"Sorry to burst in like this, sir, but it's very important," I said quickly. "Handforth minor has got some important news, and I think it's connected with Dr. Karnak."

"Is there to be no end to this terrible affair?" groaned the Head.

Nelson Lee dealt with the situation calmly and briskly. He told Willy to relate his story as briefly as possible. By this time Handforth minor had recovered a great deal of his breath and assurance.

And, feeling that he had become an important person, he told the story with all his usual coolness. I noticed that the gov'nor looked very intent while Willy was talking about the deserted car on the beach.

"It becomes quite clear," exclaimed the Head, with a touch of excitement. "Karnak was obviously taken to the beach and conveyed to the yacht, which immediately put to sea. Good gracious! And two of my boys are on board that vessel! This is appalling!"

"Why, how do you know Dr. Karnak was taken on board, sir?" asked Willy.

"At seven o'clock Dr. Karnak left the school, and he went by car, escorted by police," explained Nelson Lee briefly. "The car was ambushed, and Dr. Karnak was taken away."

The whole thing became as clear as daylight to me.

All the facts dovetailed into one another perfectly. While Willy had been waiting in that boat, and while Handforth and Tom Burton had stolen on board, Dr. Karnak had been rushed to the beach and placed on the yacht. It was a relief to know that the Egyptian had been removed from British soil, for he had caused quite enough trouble, one way and another.

But the fact that those two juniors were on board the yacht complicated matters exceedingly. Probably, Nelson Lee would have let the matter drop but for that one significant fact.

It was, however, impossible to delay a moment while Handforth and Tom Burton were being carried to sea by Karnak's enemies. It made little difference whether they had been discovered or not. They were on board, and they could not possibly escape.

The only solution to the problem was to have the yacht stopped, at all costs. And Nelson Lee, with his usual promptness, lost not a second in getting to work. Even while Willy had been telling the story, Lee had made his plans.

He wasted no time in talk. He knew the facts, and that was enough. His first move was to seize the telephone, and to get into communication with the coastguard station.

He knew the officer in charge well, and requested that wireless messages should be broadcast in the channel to have the yacht stopped at the first opportunity. Then Lee got into communication with the police again, and suggested further activities.

Finally, Lee rang up a certain gentleman named Mr. Fielding, of Caistowe. He was a great sportsman, and made a speciality of racing motor-boats. On more than one occasion Nelson Lee had taken advantage of Mr. Fielding's rapid motor craft. And here was urgent necessity for such a vessel.

To Lee's satisfaction, he learned that Mr. Fielding had been trying out a new craft only that day. It was indeed the fastest racer he had yet built. And Mr. Fielding being an up-to-date gentleman, this latest product of his was fitted with wireless. Nothing could have been more satisfactory.

"We are in luck," said Lee, as he rang off. "Mr. Fielding has the very boat we require, and will be ready with it by the time we arrive at Caistowe. Nipper, shoot down to the garage and get out the racer."

"Yes, sir!" I said promptly.

I was off like the wind, and in less than five minutes the gov'nor's racing car was ready, throbbing with suppressed power against the Head's door. I didn't budge out of the seat, for I intended going on this adventure.

Lee came hurrying out a second later, and he made no comment. He jumped straight into the driver's seat, gave me a swift, significant glance, and smiled expressively.

"All right, Nipper," he said. "I suppose you'd better come."

He was about to depress the clutch and slip in the gear when Willy Handforth jumped on the footboard, his face alight with eagerness and intense anxiety.

"Ain't I coming, sir?" he asked breathlessly.

"I'm afraid not, my boy."

"Oh, but please, sir!" pleaded Willy. "Don't forget, I brought the news, sir. And if it hadn't been for me you wouldn't have known anything about that yacht at all."

"H'm! I agree with that, Willy. But—but—"

Lee paused, and Willy seized his advantage.

"My major, you know, sir," he said earnestly. "I'm absolutely dying with anxiety, and if I stay here I shall go absolutely dotty. Oh, thanks awfully, sir! You're a brick!"

Willy leapt into the car with such force that he landed in my lap. And he had really taken Nelson Lee's consent for granted, for the gov'nor hadn't said a word. Willy had just caught a gleam in Lee's eyes, and that was enough for him.

And ten seconds later we were off, Reggie Pitt, standing on the Head's steps, looking wistfully at us as we shot out of the Triangle. He, too, would have given anything to be in this adventure. But he had sense enough to realise that we couldn't all go.

Nelson Lee did not take any desperate chances on the way to Caistowe. He drove fast, but not recklessly. His reason, I believe, was to give Mr. Fielding time to prepare the boat in readiness for our arrival.

And, as a matter of fact, we found the racing craft all ready, waiting at the steps of the little pier. Mr. Fielding was there, cheerful and eager. From past experiences of Nelson Lee, he guessed that there was to be some excitement.

We tumbled on board, and a few minutes later we were speeding over the dark sea, in chase of that mysterious yacht.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WAGES OF TREACHERY.



HANDFORTH scratched his head in perplexity. "Well, this is beyond me!" he said gruffly. "We're making out for sea, and we can't get ashore now at any price. And there's Willy, still waiting in that giddy boat."

"Don't be so sure about that, messmate," said Tom Burton. "Willy wouldn't wait there a minute after we'd gone. He's steered his course for port by this time, and he's probably dropped his anchor."

"Well, that doesn't help us, does it?" growled Handy.

"Souise me! I've got faith in that young brother of yours," said Burton. "He's not the swab to stand still and do nothing. He'll go straight to the skipper and report that we've been shanghied."

"It doesn't matter what he reports; we're in a tight corner," said Handforth. "Karnak's been brought on this boat, and we know what these rotten Arab chaps can do. It was only by luck that Church and McClure and I escaped from them before. But how do we stand this time? We're on this boat, entirely at their mercy, and it wouldn't surprise me if they tied a couple of weights to us and dropped us overboard."

The bo'sun looked at Handforth rather curiously.

"Swill my scuppers!" he said. "You're not yourself, old man. It's not usual for you to talk like this during a storm. You're the fellow who weathers any hurricane."

"Can't you talk plain English, instead of using that sea stuff?" growled Handforth. "I suppose you mean I'm scared? Well, I'm not. But I do know that our position is ghastly."

The yacht was now out in the open Channel and a full hour had passed. The juniors had been undisturbed, and the more they pondered over their position the more hopeless it seemed. They couldn't very well remain in hiding for long, for they were thirsty and hungry even now. And for all they knew this voyage would last several days.

And there was always the possibility that one of the sailors would come into the deckhouse for some of the gear that was lying about. It was really a matter of luck the two juniors hadn't been discovered so far.

The problem, as it happened, was solved for them almost at once.

For while they were whispering together they heard the thump of heavily-booted feet on the deck, and a moment later a light gleamed in the half-open door. The door was pushed open, and a burly man in a peaked cap entered, carrying a storm-lantern.

His gaze fell upon the two juniors, and he stood there, staring blankly.

"By thunder!" he said at last. "What's this? Who the blazes are you kids, and what are you doing here?"

"Mind your own business!" said Handforth, who couldn't think of anything else.

The man turned, stepped quickly outside, and slammed the door. The moment he had fastened the catch, he turned and hurried amidships.

"Hey, there!" he shouted. "Cap'n!"

"What's wrong with ye?" growled a voice

from the bridge. "Anything the matter down there, Mr. Fletcher?"

"Yes—stowaways on board!" said Mr. Fletcher, who was apparently the mate.

The other man came down from the bridge, after giving some instructions to the sailor at the wheel. The newcomer was Captain Dodge, the crafty individual who had bribed Fullwood.

"What's that ye say?" he asked gruffly. "Stowaways?"

"Yes—in the for'ard deckhouse."

"You're dreaming!" said the skipper. "I've got no stowaways on this craft; they've never had a chance to get aboard."

The mate didn't argue. He led the way to the deckhouse, flung open the door, and Handforth and the bo'sun were revealed. Captain Dodge stared at them grimly, and his face grew dark.

"Durn my hide!" he ejaculated. "You're St. Frank's boys, ain't ye?"

"Yes," said Handforth. "What of it?"

"How did you get on board this craft, my lads?"

"We climbed on board, of course," retorted Handforth. "We suspected there was something fishy about it, and so we decided to investigate. And now what are you going to do?"

Captain Dodge stroked his scrubby chin.

"I'm sorry for ye, young shavers," he said slowly. "I've got no grudge agin you, and if it was up to me I'd put you ashore. But that can't be done. I shall have to take you before my employers an' let them decide. It was a bad day's work for you youngsters when you stepped on board this craft. You ought to have known better."

Captain Dodge was not unduly harsh. Indeed, he seemed quite sorry for the two juniors, and was rather puzzled. But it was also clear that he was a mere underling, even on his own ship.

He had been employed to navigate this craft, but he was completely in the power of his owners. And forthwith Handforth and Burton were ordered to step out, and to follow the skipper below.

They had been expecting to get rough treatment and possibly a fight. But Captain Dodge made no attempt to handle the boys. And they followed him without question. There was nothing else to be done. To make a break for liberty on this small yacht was worse than useless.

They soon found themselves below, and they were ushered into a neat and cosy saloon. Here there were two or three turbaned men, all with dark skins. They were Egyptians or Arabs.

"Found these two youngsters hiding on board, sir," said Captain Dodge briefly.

The Egyptians gazed at Handforth and Burton with surprise and momentary alarm. Then one of them strode forward and gazed at them more closely.

"From school?" he asked in perfect English.

"Yes."

"Why you come on this ship?" demanded the Egyptian.

He proceeded to put the two juniors through a long course of questioning, but failed to get much satisfaction. Even Handforth was cautious, and refrained from blurting out the full truth, in his usual reckless manner.

At last the Egyptian grew tired.

"You take boys and put them in cabin," he said, turning to the skipper. "Lock them up. We will deal later with question what shall be done. See they are given food."

So Handforth and Burton were taken out, and Captain Dodge paused in the passage.

"You've let yourselves in for a fine time, you have," he said grimly. "This is going to cost you a whole pile of trouble, me lads. It's a lucky thing you ain't chucked overboard. Come on. I'll take ye on deck first, and then down the other companion-way."

The prospect was not exceedingly alluring. But, in a way, Handforth and Burton were feeling somewhat relieved. They had been vaguely expecting a worse fate than that which apparently awaited them.

"What are they going to do with us?" growled Handforth defiantly.

"Ask me!" said Captain Dodge. "Like as not they'll take you as far as Algiers and drop ye there. Or mebbe they'll keep you aboard until we get to Port Said."

"Port Said!" said Burton, startled. "Shiver my deckplates!"

This fresh piece of news startled them. But at least it was comforting in the knowledge that they were to be put ashore. These Egyptians had a quarrel with Dr. Karnak, and not with them.

And it was now clearly obvious that the Moon Worshippers had gone to enormous expense and trouble to take their prisoner away, their object now being to take Dr. Karnak straight to Egypt, where, no doubt, a particularly unpleasant fate awaited him.

The two juniors reached the deck, with Captain Dodge leading the way. The night was fairly clear now, and the moon had appeared. It was possible to see over the water for a considerable distance. One or two twinkling lights were visible in the distance.

And the yacht was ploughing along sturdily and at full speed. The sea being calm, there was only a very slight motion.

"Now then, me lads, this way," said the skipper gruffly.

The juniors followed, and they had scarcely taken a step forward when an extraordinary shudder ran through the yacht from stem to stern. Simultaneously there sounded a grinding, crumbling sound from below, accompanied by the shriek of loosened plates and the harsh straining of bolts.

And the shock was so great that Captain Dodge and his two charges were flung headlong to the deck. The skipper was the first



Stealthily the bo'sun climbed his way up one of the thick ropes, and soon landed on the deck of the yacht. (See page 16.)

to pick himself up, and his face had gone grey with apprehension.

"By thunder!" he roared. "We've struck something! Hey! Mr. Fletcher, tell that fool to stop her engines! The telegraph, man—the telegraph!"

In a moment confusion reigned.

Men came running along the decks, and others were tumbling up from below. And continuously now there came an ominous sound of fiercely hissing steam and rushing water. Handforth gazed at the bo'sun as they picked themselves up. Both were rather scared.

"Look!" muttered Burton. "She's listed to port already!"

"It—it was a collision," said Handforth. "Either that or we've gone on the rocks!"

All sorts of shouts were going to and fro. Several of the Egyptians had come up and were excitedly demanding to know what had happened. Captain Dodge was now on the bridge in charge of the situation.

"There's no need to get in a panic!" he roared violently. "We've struck something—derelict most likely! Mr. Fletcher, see that the boats are lowered straight away. We can't take any chances!"

Fletcher came running up the deck, his face white.

"The chief's dead, sir!" he shouted. "Steam pipe burst!"

"The second engineer will take command of the engine-room then!" snapped Dodge, who was in almost total darkness as to the true nature of the disaster.

"Her keel's ripped clean off!" snapped Fletcher desperately. "Man alive, there's no time to waste! We'll sink in two minutes! I tell you the bottom plates are completely ripped off. She's taking water like a sieve!"

Captain Dodge grasped the bridge-rail and swallowed hard.

For the moment he was at a loss. The situation was desperate, as he knew. The slight list of a minute before had now become almost acute. The yacht was simply wallowing drunkenly, and already there came the sounds of crashing glassware and crockery from below as the furniture and fixtures shifted.

But above all there was that dreadful roar of rushing water. And before anybody else could speak in this tense minute a greasy, grimy engineer came up from below.

"To the boats for your lives!" he screamed. "The water'll get to the furnaces in two minutes and we'll blow up to smithereens! She's sinking like a stone!"

The man was obviously distraught. He rushed to the side and leapt clean overboard. But his words and his action had due effect. Everybody was electrified into action, including Tom Burton.

The men went for the boats in a panic, struggling, screaming and fighting one another wildly in order to get them lowered. The two British officers—Captain Dodge and Mr. Fletcher—were practically helpless against the wild and unreasoning panic.

So far as the juniors could see the ship's company consisted of lascars and suchlike—a mixed motley crowd, composed of the dregs of seafaring men. The boys and Captain Dodge and Fletcher were the only Britishers on board.

And Burton realised the danger, even if Handforth didn't.

"We struck a derelict all right!" muttered the bo'sun. "Souse my scuppers, shipmate, if we don't move ourselves we'll be in Davy Jones' locker within five minutes!"

"But what can we do?" gasped Handforth.

"It's a waste of time to wait for the boats. That screaming mob'll never get them lowered!" snapped Burton. "There's one chance, Handy, and only one. The greaser was right—we'll blow up in next to no time."

Burton tore along the sloping deck, with Handforth at his heels. For once Edward Oswald was content to leave the leadership to his companion. Burton knew a great deal about the sea, and his ready brain was capable of dealing with the situation. The boys, of course, had been totally forgotten in the tense excitement of the situation.

"Here we are!" shouted Burton. "Lend a hand, messmate!"

They were on the forward deck, just abaft the little deckhouse they had previously sheltered in. And Burton was looking down at a heavy, cumbersome hatch-cover, or, rather, a kind of criss-cross grating. It was lying on the deck loose.

"What's the idea?" asked Handforth breathlessly.

"We're going to heave it overside and make a jump for it," replied Burton.

Exactly how they got that heavy thing overboard they could never quite remember. Undoubtedly the steeply sloping deck assisted them and made it possible. Had the deck been level they could never have succeeded.

The grating splashed into the sea with a dull, heavy plunge, rose to the surface, and floated away on a strong current.

"Quick!" shouted Burton. "It's now or never!"

Together they jumped overboard, and the icy grip of the cold water as they dived in was utterly and absolutely numbing. Handforth felt that he would never be able to move a limb. His muscles appeared to be paralysed. But when he rose to the surface, he struck out automatically.

Burton was near by, and they were both caught in that same current which had floated the grating away from the ship. In their clothing and boots, it was rather remarkable that they swam at all. And they could never have kept it up for longer than a brief minute or two.

But, thanks to Burton's foresight, the grating was there, handy—capable of supporting half-a-dozen men. Indeed, if any members of the crew had kept their wits about them, they would probably have taken advantage of this chance of life.

But they were still in a mad panic, for only a matter of seconds had elapsed—although it seemed to the two numbed juniors that hours had gone by.

Burton was the first to scramble on to the grating. He managed to haul himself up, and look round. Handforth was within a few yards, and swimming gamely.

"Come on—come on!" said Burton hoarsely. "You'll do it, Handy!"

"Lend—lend me a hand!" stuttered Handforth desperately.

Burton leaned over the edge of the rocking grating, and waited for Handforth to come near, so that he could haul him up. Both the juniors were relieved, for they knew that they were not to perish at once. This grating would keep them afloat for hours. But they gave no thought to the effects that exposure would have upon them, drenched with icy water as they were. There was no time for such thoughts now.

Glancing up, Burton was astounded to see how far they had drifted from the doomed yacht. That surface current was enormously strong, and it had carried them far astern. And at that moment came the disaster that the panic-stricken engine-room hand had foretold.

For as Burton glanced at the yacht, he saw a blinding, lurid flash, accompanied by a terrific burst of steam and debris. A second later came the report—dull, booming, utterly shattering.

The yacht had exploded into a pitiful mass of wreckage!

Burton's ears sang from the effects of the tremendous report. And at the same

time Handforth clutched the grating, and in a moment or two he was hauled safely up. This had occupied the juniors for a full minute. They were too full of horror to speak. And their own position, and their miraculous escape, affected them greatly.

When they glanced round, they saw nothing but blackness.

The yacht had gone—in that brief space every vestige of it had vanished, with all her human company. Dr. Karnak had at last come to the end of his ordeal, and retribution had fallen upon him!

CHAPTER VIII.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL!



WELL, sir?" I asked eagerly.

We were in the tiny cabin of the Caistowe Flyer—as Mr. Fielding had named his latest motor boat. The little place throbbed and quivered with life, for the boat was rushing along at nothing less than thirty miles an hour, spreading two enormous curling waves from her bows.

"By what I can gather, Nipper, the yacht is now only three or four miles distant," replied Nelson Lee. "For the past hour we have been making up the time lost when we went up channel instead of down."

It seemed that half the night had passed.

We had been tearing over the water, and our quest had appeared hopeless. Lee had been using the wireless almost continuously, talking with any number of vessels. Of course, we had started out at random, not knowing where the yacht was bound for, and which way she would steam.

Thus, for a considerable time, we had been shooting along entirely out of our proper course. But, as last, Lee had picked up some information which seemed promising. A cargo-boat had informed him that a vessel, answering to the description of the yacht, had passed her, almost hull down, a short time earlier. But it was still uncertain. Although the moon was now shining, definite identification of any vessel was impossible.

However, it was the most promising piece of news we had yet learned, and our course was immediately altered. We now raced onwards at greatly increased speed. I went on deck, and found Willy Handforth there.

Strictly speaking, there was no deck at all, but just a tiny gangway between the boat's side and the cabin. Willy was leaning against the rail, gazing out to sea, hatless, his hair blowing about wildly.

"Oh, this is awful!" he said dully. "I'm worrying about Ted, you know. Goodness knows what's happened to him by this time. Any news yet, Nipper? We've altered our course, I notice."

"Yes, I think we're on the right track now," I replied.

Willy was intensely eager—for if this information proved to be correct, there would soon be an end of our chase. The motor-boat would be able to overhaul the yacht in under half an hour, for our speed was enormous.

Mr. Fielding was at the wheel and the controls, thoroughly revelling in this unexpected night jaunt. The excitement of the chase had taken possession of him, and he was proud of the fact that this boat, his creation, was proving to be of such genuine assistance. It was gratifying to know that the vessel was useful for other purposes than pleasure.

And so we kept on, dipping and charging through the short waves with remarkable cleanness. Scarcely a drop of spray came inboard, although the bows were covered in a constant smother.

The hiss of the sea, and the powerful throbbing of the enormous motor, made us feel that there was something alive about this craft. It seemed to respond to our wishes, and was doing its best to make haste.

Shading my eyes, I stared direct ahead. All was darkness. Not even the light of another ship could be seen. There was a clear-cut line where the sky divided off the sea, and the pale moonlight was causing a weak, shimmering luminosity to touch the wave-tops.

And, as I watched, I saw a bright flash, far in the distance, a point or two to starboard. It flickered curiously for a second, and then vanished. And, almost at once, there came a faint, strange throb. It could be felt rather than heard, in spite of the movement and quiver of the motor-boat.

"Did you see that?" asked Willy, turning his head sharply.

"Yes, by Jove, I did!"

"What was it?" he asked tensely.

"An explosion," I replied. "A pretty serious explosion, too. Hello! We're altering our course a bit. I believe Mr. Fielding's making for the spot. Didn't you feel the boom just now?"

Willy grabbed my arm.

"That's the right word," he said. "We did feel it, Nipper. I—I say! I hope it wasn't anything to do with that yacht! Do you suppose a ship blew up, or something?"

"Well, it was remarkably like it," I replied slowly. "The explosion was on the sea right enough, and it was a tremendously powerful one, too. The flash went right up into the sky!"

I noticed that the speed had increased again, and we were now shooting along at a truly appalling rate. Indeed, we found it impossible to keep near the rail, for the spray was now hissing inboard with the force of machine-gun fire.

It appeared that Mr. Fielding had seen

the explosion, and had immediately steered for the spot. It would only take us a point or two out of our course, and the motor-boat owner was curious.

Nelson Lee said hardly anything. He stood there, in the cock-pit, gazing ahead, and waiting. And now a silence had fallen between Willy Handforth and myself.

We instinctively felt that something terrible had happened.

And although we had no knowledge that this happening was connected with our chase, the facts were significant. For the explosion had occurred—as I now realised—at the approximate position where the fugitive yacht was reckoned to be.

The disaster had occurred just below the horizon, for we had seen no sign of ship's lights before the explosion took place. But this matter was soon remedied. For we were travelling so rapidly that we covered the distance in record time.

And now, indeed, we were practically on the spot.

As I looked round in all directions, I saw nothing but moonlit sea, not even a ship's light. Being so low in the water, our horizon-line was necessarily limited. Nevertheless, the absence of any lights was not only significant, but dreadfully ominous.

For it was here we should have seen ample evidence of the ship we were chasing—if she was still above water. Glancing at Nelson Lee, I saw that his face was haggard and strained. He was constantly consulting the instruments, and I gathered that we were in the desired position.

And the ship we sought was not here!

The one inference was almost too awful for contemplation. It must have been the yacht itself that had exploded to a million fragments. And Edward Oswald Handforth and Tom Burton had been on board!

I was afraid to look at the guv'nor squarely, for I could read what was in his thoughts. He had said something to Mr. Fielding, and the motor-boat was now slowing down to a mere glide, her throbbing almost stilled.

And if I was afraid to look at the guv'nor, I was more afraid to turn to Willy. But when the fag repeatedly clutched at my arm, I was compelled to turn.

"I—I knew it all the time!" he moaned. "It was that yacht! Ted's gone—he's gone! Oh, Nipper, what can we do? Ted—Ted!" he finished leaning over the side, and shouting with passionate agony.

"Steady, old son," I said miserably. "Perhaps——"

"What was that?" gasped Willy, suddenly.

"Pull yourself together," I commanded.

"Perhaps it wasn't the yacht at all—we don't know for certain——"

"Listen!" he breathed, clutching my arm so fiercely that I winced. "I heard something! A shout! It was Ted's voice!"

He stood there, silent, gazing across the smooth water. The sound of our own progress was now so quiet as to be almost imperceptible. I felt a kind of lump in my throat, and I gazed sideways at Willy. His face was alight with hope and excitement.

"There!" he shouted wildly. "I heard it again!"

"Don't old man!" I muttered, my voice husky. "It's no good buoying yourself up with hope like that. It's just your imagination."

"It isn't—it isn't!" screamed Willy. "I tell you I heard Ted's voice! Oh! Why can't we do something?"

He looked round desperately at the cockpit, and during those few seconds of silence, a new sound came to my ears.

"Help! Motor-boat ahoy! Help!"

The words came to my ears clearly—but faint and very thin, as though unreal. But the result was startling. In a second I was quivering with excitement, for I knew that Willy's acute ears had not deceived him.

"There!" he panted. "Did you hear that?"

"Yes—yes!" I muttered. "Guv'nor! There's somebody calling for help——"

"Don't get excited, Nipper—we are making every effort," said Nelson Lee quietly. "Ah! Here we are! Just a point to starboard, Fielding. That's right. Now keep straight ahead. Splendid!"

I saw that the guv'nor had night-glasses to his eyes, and he had evidently seen something which was invisible to our naked eyes. And now we were in a fever of impatience and uncertainty. Were Handforth and Burton among these survivors, who called for help?

But if those survivors were invisible to us, we were by no means invisible to the survivors. For on that grating, practically awash, and level with the water, two shivering figures were crouching.

Handforth and the Bo'sun had seen us as we came rushing up at full speed. At first they had had a horrible fear that the motor-boat would go tearing by, without noticing them—for, being level with the water, they were almost indistinguishable from the surrounding sea, in spite of the moonlight.

The two juniors had been on their improvised raft for only a short spell—indeed, but little over a quarter of an hour. But during this short period they had become numbed and chilled with cold. And they had both realised that unless rescue

came quickly, they would be beyond human aid.

Two hours of that exposure, and they would collapse—to be probably tossed off the grating to their doom. And at first it had seemed to them that any chance of rescue was utterly remote—and, indeed, it would have been, but for the fact that Willy had given Nelson Lee the warning, and for the added fact that Lee had lost not a second in taking instant action.

The English Channel is popularly supposed to be thronged with shipping, and those who have never been upon it may imagine that a ship is practically always in sight. Nothing is further from the truth. An immense liner can travel up channel, at mid-day, and hours may speed by without a sail or a puff of smoke being seen.

What, then, is the position at night, on a tiny grating at the very sea level? The chances of being picked up by a random vessel are so remote as to be almost non-existent. But the juniors didn't know this, although they vaguely suspected it deep in their minds.

Therefore, when the motor-boat hove in sight, they could hardly believe their eyes. And they had more than an idea that friends were on board that powerful craft. The very way in which it sped up, and then slowed down, proved that it was no mere chance voyager.

In unison, the two juniors shouted with all the strength of their lungs. Their first effort was rather a miserable failure, but after repeated trials, they found their voices in earnest.

And, at length, the motor-boat came gliding alongside. Even before it got quite near a shout came from the rescuer.

"Ted! Ted! Is that you?"

"Willy!" roared Handforth. "Aloey, there, you young bounder!"

Willy grabbed hold of me and went nearly mad.

"It's Ted!" he gasped joyfully. "He's safe!"

And the knowledge appeared to have a remarkable effect upon him.

"The fathead!" he added. "I'll jolly well give him a lecture for this! It'll teach him not to be such a reckless idiot in future! Of course, I wasn't very anxious, but after all he's my brother."

I grinned.

"Burton's there, too," I said. "Thank goodness for that!"

The knowledge that these two were safe bucked us up wonderfully—but we were still completely in the dark regarding the fate of the yacht herself. But not for long.

The motor-boat slid alongside the grating, and the two dripping juniors were hauled on board. They were so stiff that they could hardly move their limbs. But

fifteen minutes later they felt more themselves. Down in the cabin, they had been stripped of their clothing by Willy and I, and were now wrapped in all the rugs that we could lay hands on. The cabin was warmed from the engine, and it was fairly evident that the two healthy juniors would come to no serious harm.

"Where's Mr. Lee?" asked Handforth, after a while. "I want to tell him about the yacht."

"I'll go and fetch him," said Willy quickly.

He went outside, and was rather surprised to see Nelson Lee coming along, staggering under a heavy burden. This proved to be the unconscious form of Captain Dodge. He had been picked up a few minutes earlier, with a life-belt strapped round him.

It was almost unnecessary for Nelson Lee to ask any questions of the survivors, for the sea was strewn with wreckage and debris—to say nothing of other gruesome objects.

Captain Dodge, it proved, had leapt for his life only a few seconds before the explosion occurred. He remembered nothing but his leap, and his escape was miraculous. Apparently the explosion had absolutely stunned him, and he was still weak and in a critical condition.

By the time we got back to Caistowe Handforth and Burton had recovered so effectively that they protested strongly when Nelson Lee informed them that they would go straight into the school sanatorium.

We all went to St. Frank's by car, and thus the series of strange episodes came to an end.

Two days later, Handforth and Burton were about as usual, none the worse for their startling adventure. But Captain Dodge was in hospital. He had, however, been able to give a clear account of the affair. He had been engaged to navigate the yacht to Egypt, and knew very little else—except for the fact that his pay was enormously high, and that he was expected to ask no questions.

As for Dr. Karnak and the mysterious Moon Worshipers, they had vanished for all time, for they had perished in the dreadful explosion. And, as Nelson Lee informed me, it would be better for all concerned if the whole grim business was forgotten. That chapter in the history of St. Frank's was closed.

But, although we didn't know it at the time, the next chapter was to prove even more interesting and startling. Not so uncanny, and not so mysterious, but for sheer excitement and thrills, it was destined to have the Dr. Karnak chapter beaten hollow.

THE END.



MY AMERICAN NOTE-BOOK

By the Author of our St. Frank's Stories.



NO. II. THINGS YOU SEE IN NEW YORK STREETS

THE New York police, while being excessively severe on erring motorists, are surprisingly lax in many other respects. Often, while taking a stroll through many of the thoroughfares, I was astonished at the latitude which is permitted to small boys—and, indeed, children in general.

When a heavy fall of snow has taken place, and the streets are absolutely glassy, it is quite the usual thing to see hordes of children tobogganing gaily on the public highway—not merely in the quiet streets, but even on Broadway itself, and other thoroughfares almost as important.

On Riverside Drive, at 125th Street, there is a sharp dip, which slopes down, turns sharply to the right—this being Tiemann Place—and then joins up with Broadway. Children will come shooting down this slope on sledges at the most reckless, dare-devil speed, utterly careless of taxicabs and other vehicles that might shoot suddenly out from other roads. The only wonder to me is that children are not killed by the dozen every day. The police, it seems, permit that sort of thing with impunity.

Even on such a well-known thoroughfare as 45th Street, between 8th and 9th Avenues, I have seen a crowd of urchins calmly and fearlessly making a huge bonfire in the gutter, with a policeman walking by and taking not the slightest atom of notice.

And these bonfires that the children make are not tiny conflagrations, but just the opposite. Tradesmen will frequently throw out boxes, old barrels, and leave them lying in the road. And the urchins gather these together, make a big pile, and set fire to it.

On the average, there are scores of fires daily in New York. I am not at all surprised at this, if the authorities allow such things to happen without taking any steps to stop them.

The big apartment houses—the buildings that we should call blocks of flats—have their coal delivered in large quantities—ten or twelve tons at a time, perhaps. Generally the coal is shot down a shoot, and straight into the building. But if this

doesn't happen to be convenient, the coalman calmly dumps his whole consignment on the pavement.

And there it will lie perhaps for hours, while a couple of negroes languidly shovel the obstruction away. In the meantime, the unfortunate pedestrian is obliged to make a detour into the road—which, in all probability, is two or three inches deep in slush and mud. Sometimes these coal heaps will remain on the side-walk until the next day.

It is not exactly pleasant to stroll past many of these big apartment houses at night. For the garbage cans—or, in English, the dustbins—are all lined up on the pavement, ready for the dustmen to empty. And they are just as frequently seen in the day-time, too.

What would our staid Londoners think if, taking a stroll down Regent Street or Piccadilly, they were to see numbers of dustbins littering up the pavement? Somehow, I can't quite imagine anything like this being allowed in London. But in New York it is the common practice.

It is no good looking for a red pillar-box in America. There are no such things. The mail-boxes are quite small affairs, generally clamped to a lamp-post. In order to post a letter, you must use two hands, for the slot is fitted with a sliding lid. Quite a happy arrangement when you have parcels.

Talking about parcels, I may mention that it is not necessary to take these to a post-office if you want to dispatch them. At intervals in the streets there are big iron bins on the edge of the pavement. All you do is to drop your parcel into one of these. And if the bin happens to be full, you need not let this worry you. Just balance your parcel on the top, where, no doubt, a few others are already reposing. One would think that these parcels, in the open street, would be a temptation to passers-by, but I have been told that they are perfectly safe. Personally, I should prefer to hand mine over the counter at the nearest post-office.

A New Trackett Grim Mystery This Week!

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St. Frank's Magazine

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OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.
Magnificent Pen Sketch of
ROSSALL SCHOOL.

By Mr. E. E. Briscoe.

SCISSORS AND PASTE.

By the Editor.

ANYTHING AND EVERY-
THING.

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THE PROBLEMS OF
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PAINFUL PARODIES.

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E. SOPP'S FABLES.

The Fable of the Five Pounds
and the Five Shillings.

By E. Sopp of the Fifth.

MR. CLIFFORD'S
POW-WOW.

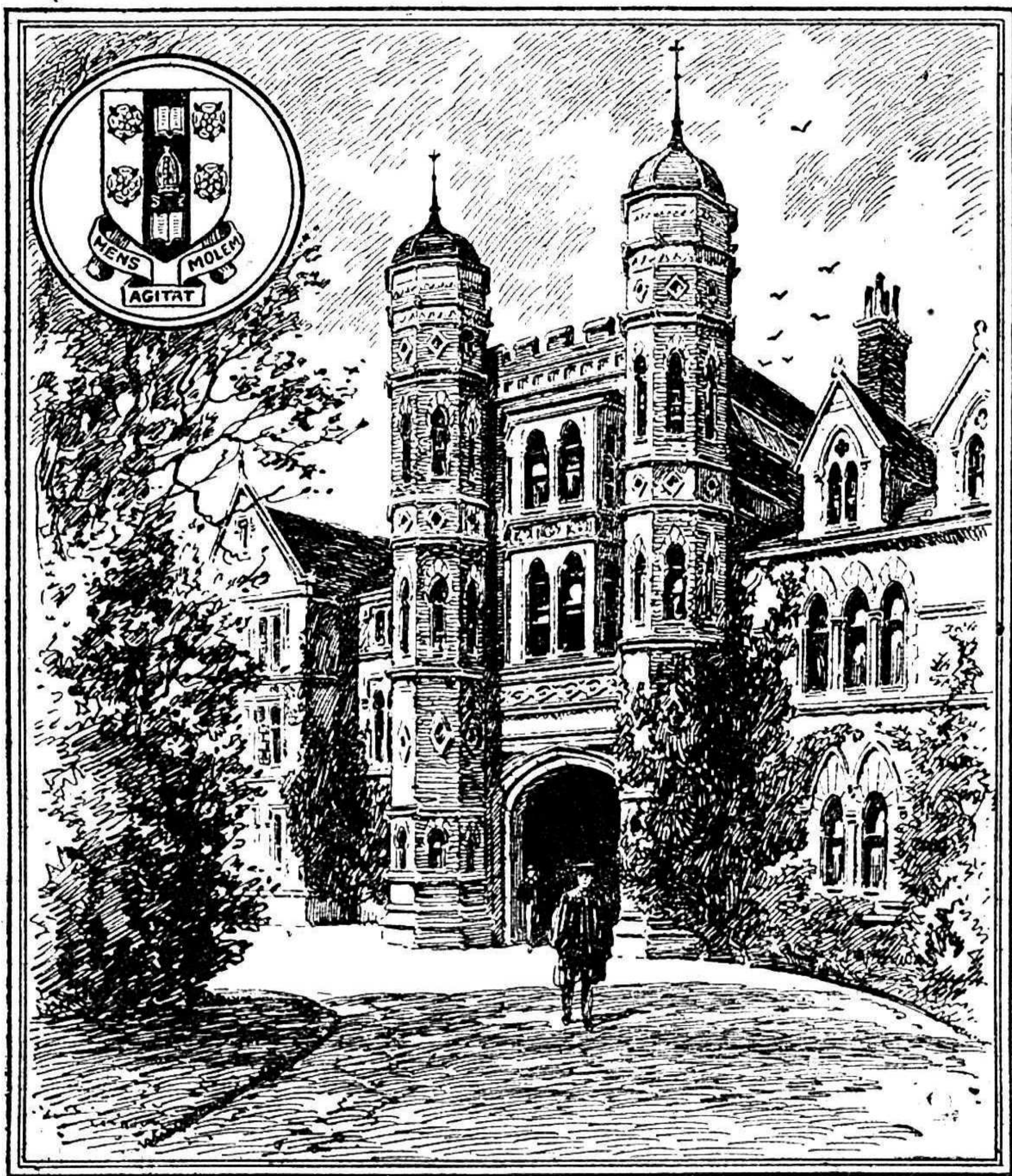
A Breezy Chat on Sport by
our Sports Master.

DO YOU KNOW THE OFF-SIDE RULE? SEE WHAT MR. CLIFFORD SAYS ABOUT IT INSIDE!

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

SPECIAL SERIES OF ART SKETCHES BY MR. E. E. BRISCOE.

No. 13. ROSSALL.

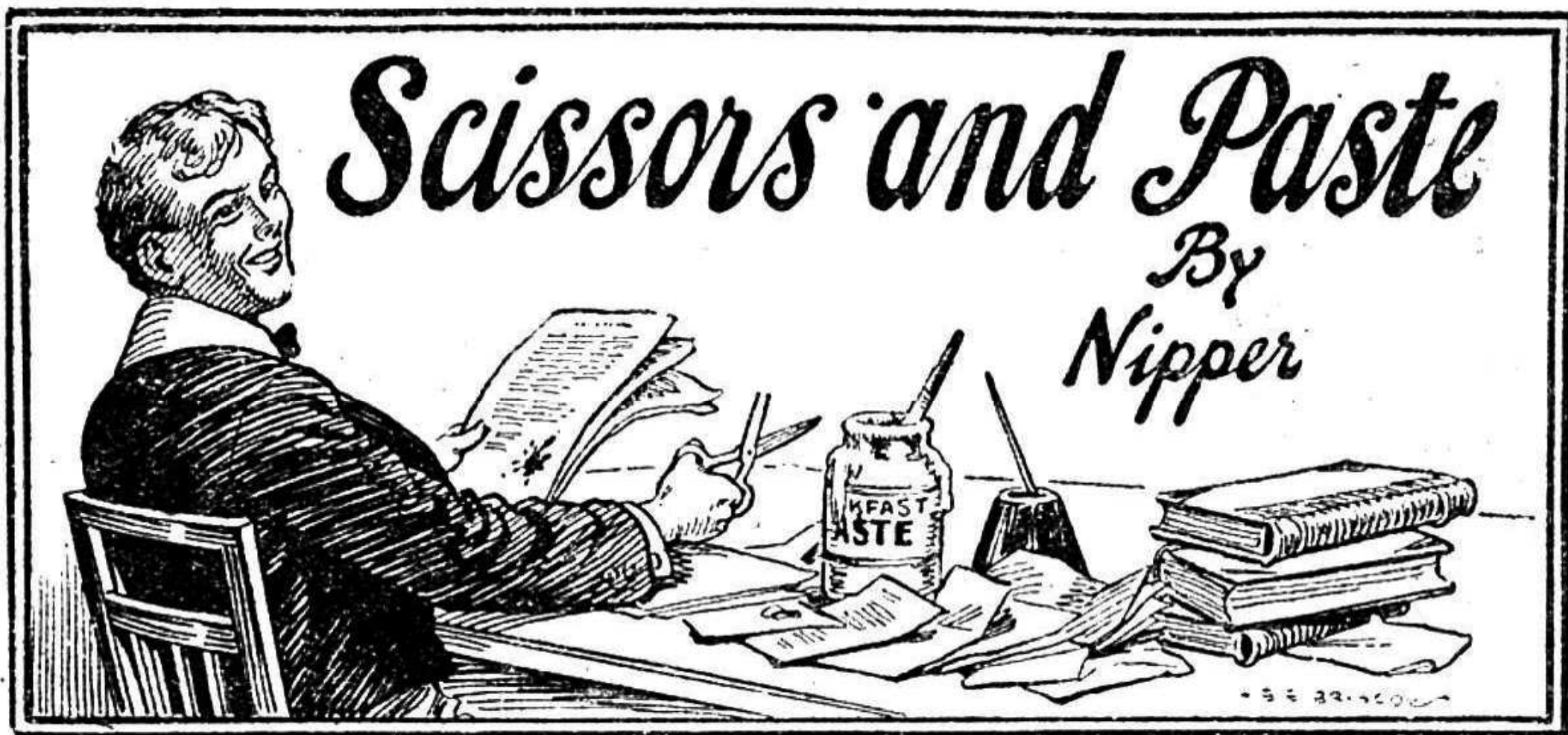


ROSSALL SCHOOL.

The most famous public school in the north of England, Rossall was founded in 1844 for the sons of the clergy, becoming incorporated in 1890. It is situated on the seashore at Rossall, in Lancashire, three miles from Fleetwood, its station. The school accommodates from four to five hundred boys in nine houses. The school building was formerly known as Rossall Hall, and was then the seat of Sir Peter

Fleetwood. It dates back to the time of Queen Elizabeth, and has many historical associations. The school chapel is a magnificent structure.

(If your school has not appeared in this series, send along a photo with a few particulars and the school badge, and the original drawing made from it will be presented to you, provided the photo is used by the artist.)



Editorial Office,
Study C,
St. Frank's.

My Dear Chums,

There is a difference of opinion between myself and other members of the staff as to whether Mr. Clifford's articles will be appreciated by you all. My colleagues—I will not mention names—want only humorous articles and stories in the Mag. They say they get enough instruction in sport and other things without wanting to read about it. They may be right, but I think it is only fair that you, my chums, should have the opportunity of deciding the question. You are therefore invited to write to me through the Editor of The Nelson Lee Library, The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4., stating your opinion. I will count up all the votes and the majority for or against will settle the matter. So if you are keen on the Sports Master's continuing or discontinuing his articles, drop me a line—a postcard will do. Remember that one vote may turn the scale one way or the other, and that vote may be yours.

A NEW COVER EVERY WEEK!

Some of my chums tell me that they are getting tired of the same cover which adorns the Mag. every week. Why not have a different one for each number? Why not? When I spoke of it to our artist to-day, he looked at me as much as to say, "If you want a better cover, draw it yourself!" I quickly assured him that there was no aspersion intended against his design, which I considered was beyond all praise. At that moment Buster Boots came into the office, and being our publicity man, I asked him what he thought about the suggestion. He was not long in thinking, and there and

then emphatically declared for a new cover every week—something with a bit of pep in it. Exactly! We must get pep into it. Easier said than done. However, we put our heads together and the nett result is a brilliant brain wave. I won't give it away yet. It must be kept a surprise for you.

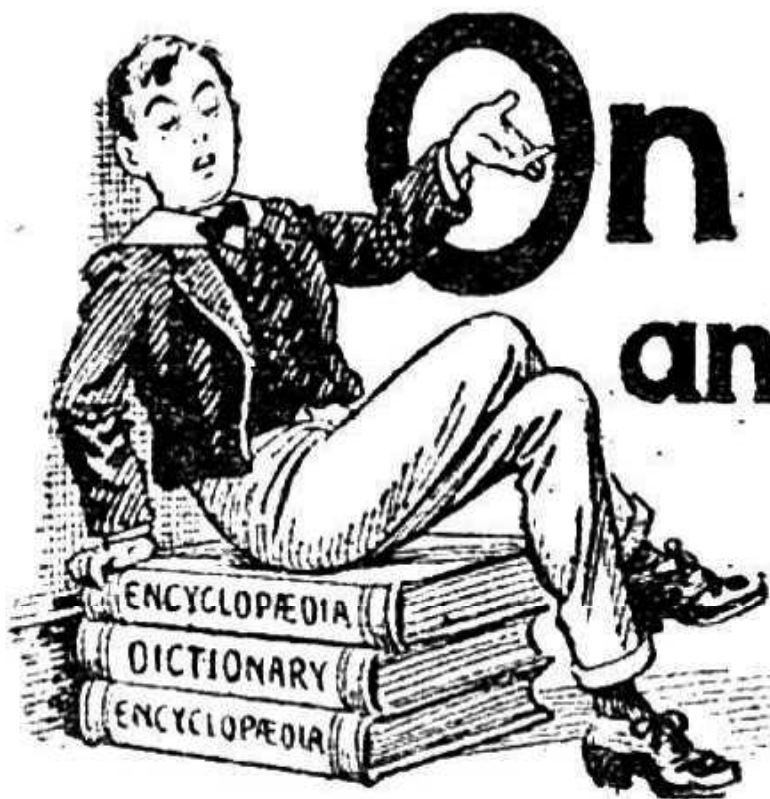
I PASSED BY YOUR WINDOW!

The well-known song, parodied last week by Clarence, has led to an amusing rag. A number of Remove fellows assembled outside the study windows to which each verse was dedicated and sang in lusty chorus the appropriate words. The windows of Study A, being half open to allow of tobacco smoke finding an outlet, were vigorously shut when the warblers commenced to sing outside. When Study D was visited, an angry face appeared at the window, followed by impolite compliments to the singers, and an assortment of books, pots and other missiles, which fell among those outside, who, of course, responded with an encore. But the rag somewhat recoiled on the raggers when they awakened Archie from his slumbers by the last verse. The Genial Ass, in a half-dazed condition momentarily looked out of the window, attired in his dressing-gown, and threw out a number of coins.

THE MYSTERY OF THE PURLOINED PEARLS!

This is the title of Handy's next Trackett Grim story, which I hope to be able to publish next week. The author tells me that it is the best yarn he has ever written. In that case it is sure to be amusing.

Your old pal,
NIPPER.



On Anything and Everything

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK

By HUBERT JARROW

I AM not sure that I altogether agree with these competitions. I mean, they put the fellows off their work. Of course, a great many fellows like being put off their work, and quite a number of fellows go off their work without being put at all. But these competitions. There they are, coming out in all the papers and things, and the chaps simply go dotty.

This week there's been quite a craze, and half the Remove has been dashing about, holding about a dozen pictures before their eyes, and trying to make out what the blessed pictures stand for. I'll admit it makes a fellow a bit eager when he knows there's a chance of winning five pounds a week for life.

And I really do think that the time has come when the pictures ought to be improved. You go to the cinema, and you see the same old plots, week after week. Even these big super-pictures don't seem to be much better. I believe they only call them super-pictures because they employ a lot of supers. I mean, a chap gets rather fed-up with this sort of thing. He wants to see something novel.

Of course, novels are all very well when you haven't got anything else to read, but I prefer a good, rousing adventure story, all about pirates, or something decent like that. I think Handforth likes pirate yarns, too. On Wednesday he was so engrossed in one that Mr. Crowell had to call him three times before he closed his desk and remembered that we were in the middle of the history lesson.

And something ought to be done about these lessons. It's quite time there was a big movement set on foot to improve things. I mean, how on earth can a chap concentrate on history when he's only just finished algebra? There ought to be half an hour's interval between each lesson, in my opinion. I suggested it to Mr. Crowell, but he shut me up before I had properly started. That's the worst of these masters. They never have any patience.

I think it's absolute rot for the Sixth Amateur Dramatic Society to talk about

putting on "Patience" as their next show. "The Gondoliers" wouldn't be so bad, but the whole thing's wrong. These plays are operas—and how can a dramatic society do a comic opera? I shall have to see Fenton about this, and put it to him straight from the shoulder—not that he'll take any notice.

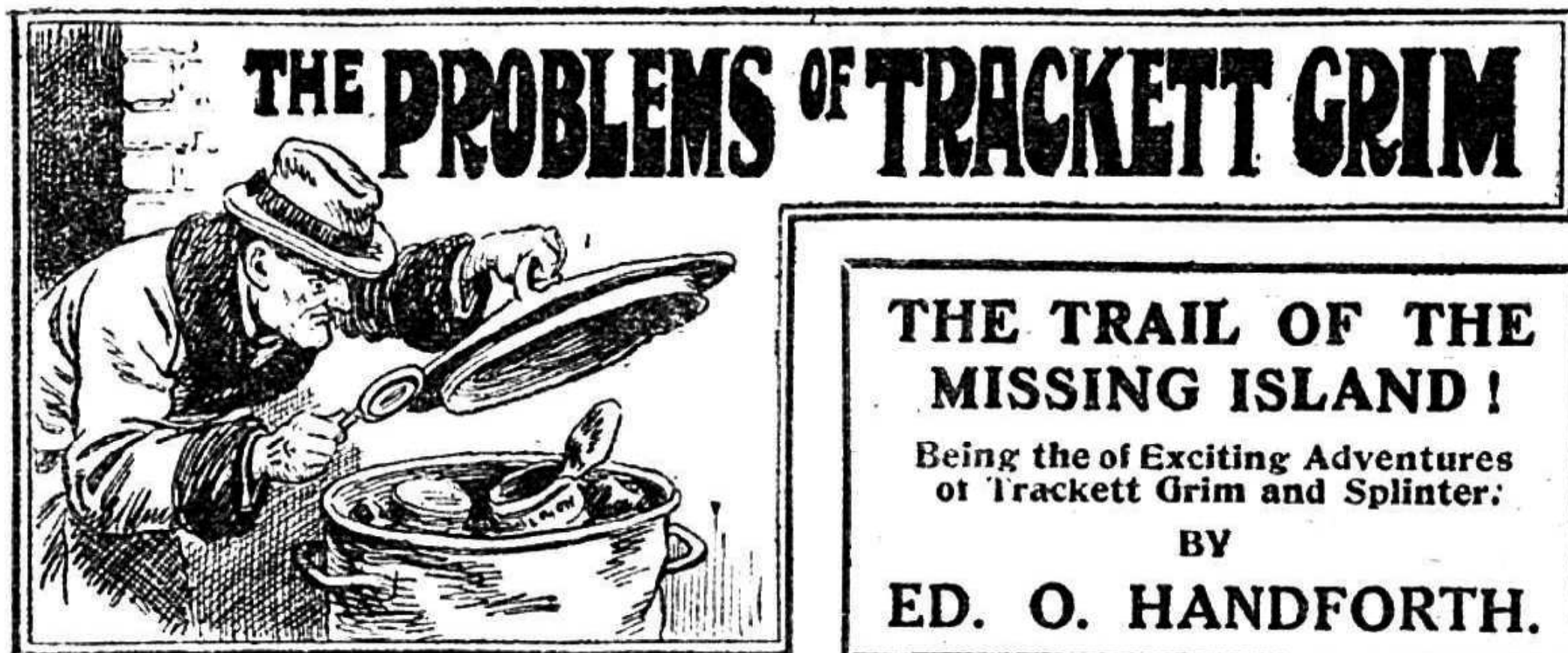
Which reminds me that Levi's recent notice, pinned on the board, is a bit of a cheek. The other week he had an advertisement in the "Mag" about rug-making, offering to give lessons at three-and-six a time. I mean, the chap's got a tremendous nerve, when you come to think of it. This rug-making business is absolutely simple. You can learn to do it in two ticks. And now Levi puts a notice on the board that he's reduced his fee to half-a-crown. If any of the chaps join his classes, they'll be mugs.

I'm not a particular chap, but if I am asked out to tea, I don't care for drinking out of a mug. But this is what happened on Friday. Of course, I know that Handforth smashed all the other china, but that's no excuse. Anybody with delicate feelings would object. Somehow, tea tastes a lot better when you drink it out of a cup that's made of china.

And this game of Mah-Jong. They say it comes from China, but I don't believe it. In my opinion, it was invented in Colney Hatch, or some other place of the same description. Of course, you can get used to it, and it might become fascinating, but I'd rather play whist, or even draughts.

If only some of the chaps would combine together and make a serious complaint, I think these draughts in the Form-room might be remedied. My desk is half-way between the window and the door, and when the wind's in the east I simply freeze during the whole of the day. When you're in a big school like this, the least you can expect is to have a fair amount of comfort. I mean, it's time that the public voice was raised, so that something can be done.

(Exactly! Your article's done! Ed., "St. Frank's Mag.")



THE PROBLEMS OF TRACKETT GRIM

THE TRAIL OF THE MISSING ISLAND!

Being the of Exciting Adventures
of Trackett Grim and Splinter:

BY

ED. O. HANDFORTH.

HOW do those look, Splinter?" Trackett Grim, the greatest criminal investigator in the world, put on a pair of rose-tinted spectacles and looked across at his young assistant, who was seated in a big armchair busily sorting out fingerprints.

"Splendid, guv'nor!" replied the smart young chap, dropping two of the fingerprints with a crash to the floor in his well merited excitement. "Why, no one would recognise you in 'em!"

"Good!" ejaculated the famous incriminator, taking off the pair of spectacles and picking up another pair. "That is the very reason I intend to wear them!"

All the morning he had been occupied in tinting various pairs of spectacles with different coloured paints. Now he leaned back leisurely in his chair and began to light a pipe.

Tap, tap!

"A knock at the door!" exclaimed Grim tensely.

"Wonderful, guv'nor!" gasped Splinter.

Although he had lived with the world-famous incriminator all his life, and almost ever since he had been born, Splinter was still amazed at Grim's marvellous powers of deduction.

"Come in!" said the latter curtly. "Ah, I see it is a client!"

A fat, pompous-looking man made his appearance and began to approach Grim's chair, but at the detective's words he came to a halt.

"Extraordinary!" he muttered. "How can you tell such things?"

"Sit down!" Grim replied imperturbably, picking up a pair of green spectacles. "I could tell you were a client the moment you came in. But won't you have a glass?"

"I never drink anything in the morning," returned the new client.

"Hee! Haw! Honk!" Trackett Grim's great laugh broke out and shook the room. Splinter immediately jumped up and steadied one of the walls with his right hand.

"This gentleman has come to see you, guv'nor," went on the bright youngster. "He wants you to investigate a little affair that has happened, and is about to begin and explain."

"Clever lad!" Grim put in, with a pleased smile at his assistant's sagacity.

"Marvellous!" cried the fat man. "Why, the youngster is nearly as clever as you are!"

"Oh, not at all!" Grim replied modestly. "He has a lot to learn yet."

"Well, anyway," continued the client, "I feel that I shall be perfectly safe in entrusting this most astounding case to you. Perhaps you would like me to briefly repeat the facts leading up to my extraordinary discovery?"

"There is no need," Grim cut in shortly. "I know them all. In the first place, I know that you come from Scotland."

"Incredible!" cried the other.

"Not a bit," said Grim. "I could tell by your accent. Secondly, you are in difficulties, and thirdly, you wished to see Trackett Grim, the great detective."

"Right in every detail," agreed the fat man. "Though how you do it beats me. My name is Angus McHochhochhoch McHoots McToots McTavish."

"Don't mention it, sir," said Grim, with a wave of his hand. "We are not responsible for our names. I quite understand it. And now as to the reason for this visit."

"I am coming to that," broke in Mr. Angus McHochhochhoch McHoots McToots McTavish. "I have recently been the victim of an appalling robbery."

"Exactly!" snapped Grim. "You have lost something!"



A trapdoor opened beneath Mr. McTavish's feet, who disappeared immediately below.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the gentleman with the long name. "In fact, I have had my dearest possession stolen."

"Good heavens!" cried Grim, his eyes narrowing. "You mean you have lost your wife?"

"No," returned the other, "for I am not married. I have lost my island."

"You've lost your island?" repeated Grim grimly. "Why, my dear sir, that is a piece of land surrounded entirely by water."

"Quite right, Mr. Grim," admitted McTavish. "That was precisely the nature of my island, though how you guessed it completely beats me."

"A mere deduction," commented the famous sleuth, fixing on a pair of pink glasses to his nose. "But pray continue. I presume you kept this island of yours in a pond, or some other piece of water, and that when you went to find it last night it had gone?"

"A shrewd guess, if I may say so," put in McTavish. "But this island was in the middle of the sea. On it is my ancestral castle, which is of great value. It is my custom to visit this island once a year, as the castle is the ancestral home of the Clan Angus McHochhochhoch McHoots Mc—"

"Exactly!" cut in Grim. "The same as last time. I take it that when you visited this island the castle had mysteriously disappeared?"

"Worse than that," McTavish said. "I tell you, sir, that the whole island had disappeared. I put off as usual in my launch and sailed towards it from the main-

land. But we never reached it. It was, in fact, non-existent. Now, sir, I am not a superstitious man, but it's impossible to explain such an extraordinary happening by ordinary means."

"Not a bit," Grim said, taking off his pink spectacles and producing a huge pipe from his left shoe. "There are many quite ordinary explanations which I shall not go into now. What is the name of the island? I am sure it has one."

"You are right again," Mr. McTavish agreed, with admiration in his voice. "It is called Haggis Island, and the nearest point on the mainland of Scotland is Auld Lang Syne."

"Just as I thought!" snapped Grim. "Then we will go there to-night. Splinter," he added, "give me the X.Y.Z."

Splinter immediately rushed into the library and brought out the A.B.C., which he devined was the book wanted by his clever master.

"Look up the train from Liverpool Street," commanded Grim.

"There is one at 12.12d," Splinter said.

"No good," Grim cried. "That is Saturdays only, and we cannot wait till then. We must go from Charing Cross."

"But, sir, the trains from that station are on the wrong—"

"Silence!" shouted Grim. "Give me the Spiers and Pond!"

Splinter handed it over, and the great man rapidly turned over the pages without having to wet his finger. Then he threw it away as though it had been so much waste paper.

"Mr. McTavish," he cried, "we will leave by the 1.80 from Charing Cross, and you may come with us. I must ask you to leave now; but Splinter and I will meet you under the clock in disguise. Do not fail to be there."

Whereupon Grim resumed the painting of his glasses.

As he spoke, Grim touched a concealed button and a trapdoor opened beneath Mr. McTavish's feet. He disappeared below, and the floor closed up again.

"We have just over an hour," said Grim, consulting his emergency watch, which he

kept up his right sleeve. "We must hurry if we are to be in time. Take these!"

He threw across the room the pair of rose-tinted glasses, which Splinter deftly caught and fixed on his nose. Grim put on a pair of blue-coloured spectacles, and then hastily altered the expression of his nose, and put on a small dark moustache upside down.

"Splendid!" he cried excitedly, placing a small Gladstone bag in his left hand. "We are ready, and we have five minutes to spare. We must get a taxi."

He whistled shrilly through his fingers, and dashed downstairs, followed by Splinter. A taxi was at the door ready waiting. The two jumped in and were whirled to Charing Cross. Grim paid off the driver and hurried along till he stood under the clock. A figure in baggy tweeds and a soft hat approached. Grim clutched him by the shoulder.

"You are just in time," he hissed.

"Good heavens, it is Grim!" gasped the stranger, who was none other than McTavish.

Grim hustled him and Splinter into a reserved first-class compartment.

As they took their seats the train began to move, and they were being whirled swiftly to their destination. Grim sat back in his corner seat and began to fill his pipe. Splinter and McTavish dozed. In no

time, as it seemed, the engine began to whistle and came to a standstill. They were drawn up by the platform of a large station.

"This is where we alight," said Grim, who never made a mistake.

The three got out and stood on the platform.

"By coconuts!" suddenly shouted Grim. "We have been trapped! We are not at Auld Lang Syne at all! Look at that board!"

The others looked in astonishment at the big board to which Grim was pointing. It said **BRIGHTON CENTRAL!**

"It is because we came from Charing Cross!" said Splinter. "And—"

"It is a conspiracy to trap us!" Grim interrupted grimly. "Look at the man standing there with a red tie. He is a spy, and he has purposely deflected the course of the train."

As he spoke, Grim recklessly hurled himself upon the man who was dressed in the uniform of a porter. In a second he had pulled off the incriminatory tie and had put it in his waistcoat pocket.

"You villain!" shouted the world-famous incriminator. "You have betrayed me! You have made this train come to Brighton. Confess!"

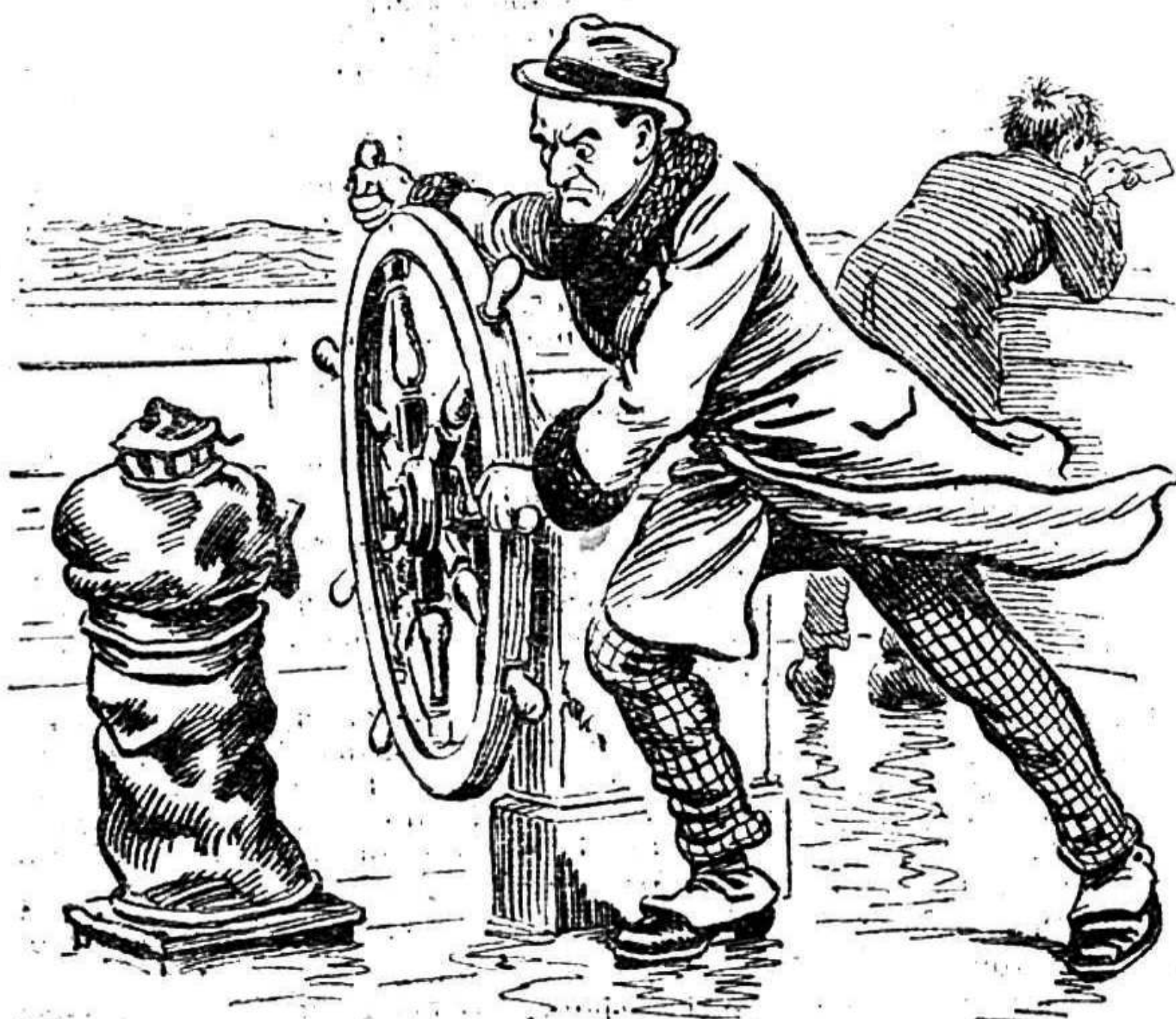
"I confess all!" shouted the porter hoarsely. "You are quite right. This is Brighton."

"Very well," Grim went on. "There is only one thing to be done, if we are to be in time to save the island. We must get a special train to take us to Auld Lang Syne. Go and fetch one immediately."

The poor fellow rushed off, and in a moment came tearing back with a special train, which he pulled up by the platform.

"Jump in!" cried Grim. "Now we are off!"

The detective was right again. As the three took their seats the special train commenced to slide gently out of the station. It was the fastest engine on the line. And in less than half the usual time it drew into the little Scottish town of Auld Lang Syne. Grim



Having discovered that the compass had been tampered with, Grim hastily turned the wheel round in the opposite direction.

immediately jumped out, followed by the others. The station was on the beach, quite close to the sea, which was full of waves and very wet for the time of year. There was a little harbour, and by it lay a small motor-launch in charge of an old salt, who was busily sucking his quid.

"In you get, you lubbers!" shouted Trackett Grim, adopting the language of the sailormen as though he had been born at sea. "Now for this island!"

He stepped on to the little deck and seized the wheel. In front of him was the compass, and he quickly made out his course, while McTavish looked on with an amazement he could not veil.

Grim steered straight out to sea, his eyes fixed on the distant horizon. After about ten minutes had gone by in silence, he flung a word to McTavish.

"I take it the island is due west," he shouted, for there was a terrific storm blowing.

"Due west it is!" shouted McTavish, leaning far over the rail in his excitement.

On, on went the little launch, but never was there a sight of land. McTavish went blue with cold, and Splinter put on a couple of extra pairs of tinted glasses to keep himself warm. Of them all, only Grim never flinched. He gripped the wheel like a limpet and stared glassily ahead. Only the tint of his glasses betrayed the excitement that held him. But at last he could keep calm no longer. They had already been sailing for well on three hours, and still there was no sign of land.

"How far is Haggis Island from the shore?" demanded the great incriminator.

"Barely three knots," barked McTavish, through clenched teeth.

"I knew it!" hissed Grim. "We are betrayed again! We have sailed nearly a hundred knots and there is no sight of land. As I suspected from the first, it is some

dastardly trickery on the part of your enemies!"

As he spoke he bent suddenly and looked at the compass.

"I've got it!" he yelled. "I have discovered the vile trick that has been played upon you. The compass has been tampered with and we are sailing due east!"

Before the full meaning of the detective's wonderful discovery had had time to sink in McTavish's brain, Grim had hastily turned the wheel round, and they were dashing in the opposite direction.

In less than an hour a dark patch appeared on the horizon. It drew rapidly nearer, until they could all see it was an island on which stood a castle.

"Haggis Island!" shouted McTavish. "You—you have brought it back to me. How can I thank you? But I shall never understand how you have done it!"

Five minutes later the island came up alongside, and they landed and made their way to the castle. Then Grim explained.

"You see, Mr. McTavish," he said, "I could never believe the island had been actually spirited away. Then I noticed that the binnacle had had its glass smashed, and I deduced that it might have been broken, and that the needle was not pointing to the north as is usual. I immediately made a few simple lightning deductions, and discovered we must be sailing in the opposite direction. I therefore turned round. The result is as you know. I am glad to have been the means of restoring to you your island and hope you will not lose it again."

McTavish gripped Grim warmly by the hand.

"Don't mention it," said the great incriminator. "And now, Splinter, we must charter a taxi and be off to London."

Grim's great case had ended. But in a locked drawer he still keeps a memento—nothing less than a tie of a brilliant scarlet hue!

THE END.

IMPORTANT!

Don't miss next week's number of *THE NELSON LEE LIBRARY*, for an exceptionally fine new series begins in that number, leading to a powerful "barring out" by the famous *ST. FRANK'S* Juniors, the opening story of which is entitled:—

THE INVASION OF ST. FRANK'S!



E. Sopp's Fables

By
Edgar Sopp of the Fifth

No. 12.—The Fable of The Five Pounds and The Five Shillings.

THERE was once an Enthusiast who considered himself to be a Big Noise. And it chanced that the rest of the populace regarded him as a Big Noise also, but not quite in the same meaning of the Phrase.

And this Enthusiast, it is needless to record, was no less a Person than Handforth, of the Remove. And it chanced that he took unto himself a Wireless Set, which was reputed to be the Last Word in Crystal Outfits.

And, behold, a Visitor appeared within the Gates, or to be exact, he entered Study D, and gazed with Scorn upon the Radio. And this Visitor was a Person of Vast Importance in his own domain, but a Person of Little Worth in the domain of the Remove, being, indeed, even as the Dust beneath the Feet. In short, the Visitor was a self-possessed Young Bounder known throughout the Land as Willy.

With disdain did he regard the Crystal Set, and many and Varied were the uncomplimentary remarks that flowed from his Glib Tongue. And the brow of his elder brother grew Black and Forbidding as these words fell upon his Ample Ears.

And, lo, when Willy learned, to the accompaniment of a Great Profusion of needless words, that the Wireless Set had cost Five Quid, he thereupon fainted into the arms of his Brother, who revived the Thoughtless One by hurling him forthwith into the Coal Scuttle.

And Willy, realising the Error of his Ways, retired to a Safe Distance before making his next remark. And in his New Security his flow of language proved to be remarkable both for its Eloquence and its Contempt.

With much Impudence, he pointed out that he could make a Wireless Set a Fat Lot Better for the meagre sum of Five Bob. He proceeded to call his Brother not only an Ass, but a Blithering Fathead, a Reckless Spendthrift, and many other disparaging things of a Like Kind.

And Handforth did wax wrath, and he did

produce Five Shillings, much to the astonishment of Willy. And Handforth laughed with Scorn, and told his Brother to Go Forth and to purchase his Materials, and to make a Wireless Set that would give Results even as excellent as His Own. For he was convinced that Willy was Boasting, and he desired to Show Him Up.

And Willy went forth. And it came to pass that he journeyed far, even within the limits of Bannington itself. And here, after gazing into various Shops, he ventured in and expended his Five Shillings Wisely and Cautiously. And, behold, when he journeyed back to St. Frank's, he had Various Parcels, and he was enthusiastic to Get on the Job.

And for many evenings did he labour, and for many days did he toil, and it is to be feared that he Sadly Neglected work which was of Much Greater Importance. This, however, worried Willy not one whit, or even half of one whit.

And when he chanced to meet his Brother on Various Occasions, Handforth did make remarks of a Sarcastic Nature, and ask how Willy was getting on with his Silly Plaything.

And Willy did smile with Much Blandness, and his replies were vague, at which Handforth assumed that the project had been Abandoned. And he did call his Brother a Conceited Young Donkey.

But Willy, let it be said, was what is termed a Dark Horse, and certainly not a Donkey. For his Labour was Bearing Fruit, and a Weird and Wonderful Outfit was Taking Shape in the secret recesses of his own Den. And so careful was Willy in this work of Construction, that even his faithful disciples were not allowed to have a Squint at his Handiwork.

And, in due course, the time came for the Great Trial.

The Five Shilling Set was finished, and it must be confessed that the result did not look Promising. For Willy's Radio looked more like a Nightmare than a Glorious Dream.

But, even as Willy remarked, and with Wisdom, "surprising in one of such Tender Years, the Proof of the Pudding is in the Eating. He further added that you cannot judge a Cigar by the Picture on the Box, which, at least, was Appropriate, since a Cigar Box had been employed in the Manufacture of his Home-made Radio."

And, behold, when the evening's Broadcasting commenced, Willy proceeded to listen-in. And great was his Anxiety, and many his Qualms, as he waited for the First Results. Yet he was confident withal. For Willy possessed the Supreme Optimism of Extreme Youth.

And it came to pass that the Broadcasting commenced, and Willy did wonder if his ears Played Tricks with him. For, lo, the reception was Absolutely Ripping, and as clear as The Dickens. In fact, Willy was so excited that he positively yelped with Joy.

With triumph in his Heart and with a gleam in his Eye, he flew to Handforth, and his words of Victory were so pronounced that Handy felt compelled to come and see this miracle with his Own Eyes.

So he journeyed forth with Willy, and they arrived in Willy's Den. And Handforth did gaze upon the Contraption and jeer.

But, behold, when he placed the Headphones to his Ears he gazed in wonder, and he was startled far more than he could Express. For the reception of this Five Bob Set was at least twice as good as the reception of Handforth's Five Quid Set.

And thus was Handforth compelled to Eat his Words, and he marvelled afresh. But when he asked how Willy had wrought this Wonder, he received no Enlightenment—for, forsooth, even Willy himself didn't know how he had Done It.

And so Handforth returned to his own Quarters, to gaze upon his expensive radio with much Discontent. For although it Looked Good, it was not good. Verily, it was made to be sold, for the Exterior was Handsome. But for capital results, compared with the Botched Up Contraption of Willy's, it was what Handforth tersely termed a Wash Out.

Thus Handforth was discontented, and his Young Brother was Happy. For he had not paid One Penny, whilst Handy had Forked Out no less a sum than Five Guineas. And thenceforth Willy thought Much of Himself.

MORAL: THE FRUITS OF ONE'S OWN LABOUR ARE DOUBLY SWEET.

FOUND.—In the Triangle, between the gym and the Ancient House. A scrap of paper, containing a scrap of scrawled poetry, entitled, "To Irene's Glorious Eyes." If the owner will call at the Editorial Office, he can obtain his lost property. Up to the time of going to press, Handforth has not claimed it.



PAINFUL PARODIES

PERPETRATED
By
Clarence Fellowe.

THREE FISHERS WENT SAILING

Three "Fishers" went sailing out into the wind,

Out into the wind as the door slammed hard.

It would have been better if they had been pinned,

But Handy's a careless and reckless old card.

And chaps will search

And Handy will rave,

Three quids had gone he'd been trying to save—

And the poor old chap keeps groaning.

Three "Fishers" went melting right into thin air—

Yes; shoved on a horse that came in the last.

And Fullwood was broke, but the horse didn't care,

While the bookie held on to the cash, hard and fast.

For mugs must lose

And bookies must win;

They're out for your tin and after your skin—

And never do any loaning.

Three "Fishers" went gliding down into the till

Of Mrs. Hake's shop, where you buy the tack,

For some of the Fossils were paying their bill—

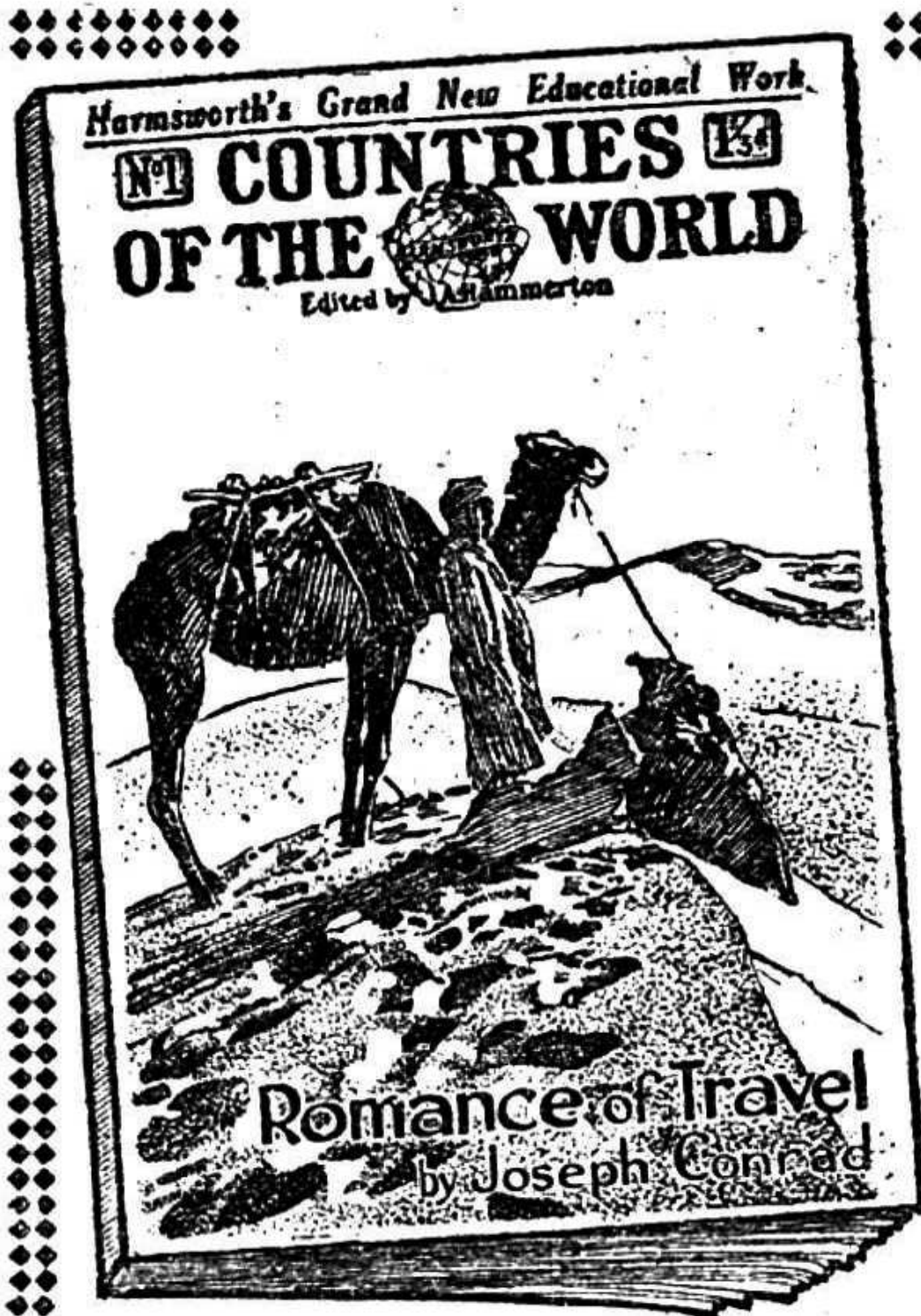
Then the grub was all raided by Monks—just their luck!

And Monks will gorge

And Fossils will roar,

It's the kind of thing that has happened before—

And all that you hear is moaning



A Wonder Book of World Pictures

PART 1—On
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No. 2. The Rules of Soccer.

I'M glad to see you all here again, thirsting for knowledge and enlightenment, and I welcome you. By the way, I wonder how many of you solved the little posers I gave you last week? Quite a few, I expect, though as yet I cannot judge, for at the time of writing this chat the number containing those questions is not in your hands. This, of course, is the fault of the printers, who insist that all copy shall be in their hands several weeks before the paper is printed.

Well, we had a talk last week about the first four rules which govern the game of Association football. I had intended in that article to get farther than the fourth, but it is surprising what a lot one can find to talk about when one gets on to the topic of footer, and as I am as enthusiastic as you over the great winter game, I am afraid that my pen, when I get on this subject, is liable to run away with me. Not that I very often use a pen except to write letters home, for, as you know, I am only the sportsmaster at St. Frank's.

What "Touch" Is.

Nipper often says, when he is impatient to get to the point, "Cut the cackle and come to the hosses." And although my space is valuable, I find myself cackling away like an old hen—to use another idiom of our celebrated junior captain. Excuse me; forgive me. I am afraid that all this preamble comes from a desire not to overburden my chat with facts and so make it heavy.

Well, we'll come to the horses, and we'll drive right away into a discourse upon Rule 5. So open your books of rules, you fellows, and follow what I shall tell you.

Study this rule. It is oft-times a subject of controversy, though I see no reason why it should be, for if it is read carefully it is fairly simple to fellow. It starts with the words, "When the ball is in touch—"

Before proceeding further, it is necessary to explain, for the benefit of the younger readers of these pow-wows, what "touch"

is. Simply, it is that part of the ground on each side of the touchline which is not enclosed in the field of play. Thus, when a ball goes over the touchline it is "in touch," and therefore out of play.

The linesman usually signals this action with his flag, and, of course, it then becomes necessary to restart the game by taking a "throw-in." If it happens to be one of your men who kicked the ball out of play, it is, of course, an opponent who takes the throw-in. If it is an opponent, vice versa.

How you take a "Throw-in."

There, that's clear, is it not? Now for the throw-in itself. The player upon whom this task devolves, should stand on that portion of the touchline over which the ball travelled before going into touch, and facing the field, raise the ball over his head with both hands and throw it out in front of him. As long as the "thrower-in"—to coin a new football word—has any portion of his feet on the line this law is complied with.

If the player has not some part of both feet on the touchline at the moment of throwing, or should he throw the ball with one hand, or merely drop it, or if he should not face the field of play, it is an improper throw-in. Also it should be remembered that the player who throws in the ball is not allowed to kick it again until another player—not necessarily one of the opposition—has played it.

End of discourse on Rule 5. Any questions?

Now we come to the hardest rule of all—Rule 6, which deals with offside, and which to many junior footballers is a law of hopeless mystery. But there is always one way in which to keep on the right side of this law, and that is: **REMEMBER ALWAYS TO KEEP BEHIND THE BALL.** Watch it; never allow yourself to get in front of it, and you can never be offside.

Offside and Onside.

The law begins, "When a player plays the ball." Let us hesitate a moment and

What is meant by that. "Playing the ball" is a phrase which covers quite a lot in football. It does not necessarily mean kicking it. It means intentionally touching it or being touched by it. Supposing, for instance, your centre-forward passes the ball to his inside right, and in its passage it touches one of the opposing forwards. The last man has then played the ball.

I do not think, however, that much practical good can be gained by repeating and analysing the law here. Rather would it be more to your advantage to tell you how to dodge offside and discuss the law on a general scale.

Start off with entering the following facts in your football notebook:

1. A player who is in his own half of the field at the moment the ball is last played cannot be offside.

2. If a player is behind or in line with the ball at the moment it was last played he cannot be offside.

3. A player cannot be offside—
(a) when an opponent last plays the ball;
(b) when a corner-kick is taken;
(c) from a throw-in;
(d) from a goal-kick

until another player has touched the ball.

4. A player cannot be offside, either, if, at the moment of playing the ball, there are three or more opponents between him and the goal. Also, of course, a player cannot be offside if he runs the ball up the field himself—without he was offside to start with.

Watch Position.

Everything depends upon the position of the player at the time the ball was last played. If you are well up in your opponents' half and in front of the ball, watch the backs, and if one falls back; follow and keep him in front of you. The whole keynote of what we now know as the "offside trap" is a cunning back dropping behind an advancing forward so that there are only two men between that forward and the goalmouth.

If you spot too late that you are in an offside position, do not in any way attempt to interfere with the play, and if the referee knows his job he will not penalise you, as this law does not give him power to award free kicks for a player being in an offside position only. It is only when the offside player attempts to play the ball or in any other manner interferes with play that he is liable to be penalised.

If you find yourself in such a position, then you must wait until one of three things happens before you are put onside again. Those three things are:

(Continued overleaf)

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MR. CLIFFORD'S POW-WOW*(Continued from previous page.)*

Allow an opponent to next play the ball. Fall back and get behind one of your own side who is playing the ball.

Wait until you perceive that one of your men further away from your opponent's goal than you are has the ball and has three opponents in front of him.

That, in essence, is all there is to take notice of in Law 6. If you have any questions to ask on the subject, however, I shall be pleased to answer them.

That is all for this week. I had hoped to finish this discussion of rules, but as usual I find that space has run away with me, and I am left with most of what I wanted to say still unsaid. But next week, boys, we'll make a real effort, and see if we can't finish this topic of rules, so that the week after next we can begin a chat on how to play.

Don't blame me for taking space—blame that perplexing and elusive offside rule.

I have appended another examination paper, and shall be pleased to publish in this page the best answers I receive to the questions. So now, you youthful enthusiasts, trot out your ice and wet towels, and after binding them around your thoughtful craniums, get busy.

OUR EXAM.

1. Can a goal be scored direct from a throw-in?
2. Supposing a player, taking a throw-in, had one heel and one toe on the touchline at the moment of taking the throw. Would this be contravening the laws?
3. What penalty can a referee impose for a player being in an offside position?
4. Can a player be offside when a free-kick or penalty-kick is taken?

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