

COMPLETE THRILL STORY EVERY WEEK!

THE NELSON LEE

LIBRARY

2^d



The **HOMEMADE
DIVING SUIT!**

New Series No. 116.

OUT ON WEDNESDAY.

April 9th, 1932.

The GREEN



Slowly the blazing green light on the window-pane took shape until it became a brilliant triangle of sinister light. "Look!" gasped Nipper hoarsely. "A warning—a warning from the Green Triangle!"

The world thought the menace of the Green Triangle League broken for all time when Nelson Lee, the famous detective, brought their leader, Professor Zingrave, to justice. But once again, in startling fashion, the wily professor proves that the prison isn't built yet that can hold him!

CHAPTER 1.

The Sign on the Wall!

IT was the hour before the dawn—dark, chilly and sinister.

St. Frank's was quiet, except for the bitter east wind which blew with almost gale force.

In the Head's house, remote from the other school buildings, a man was wide

awake. Suddenly, and without any apparent reason, he had started up out of a deep slumber.

Nelson Lee was like that. He had trained himself so rigorously that he was automatically aroused at the first hint of anything unusual. And now the famous schoolmaster-detective was lying still, with his head raised from the pillow. He was listening.

TRIANGLE'S DECREE!

By EDWY SEARLES BROOKS



But only the sound of the blustering wind came to his ears. Perhaps he had been mistaken. Perhaps an extra heavy gust—

Was it imagination, or was there a strange, unearthly greenish glow in the bed-room? It took a great deal to startle the imperturbable Nelson Lee, but he was startled now.

He sat up abruptly.

Only two days ago he had returned to the school after a most exciting voyage round the world in quest of the missing heir to a fabulous fortune. He had been successful in his search, and now, once more in his old place at St. Frank's, he was looking forward to a much-deserved rest. Now it looked as though he was not to get that rest after all.

Even as Lee watched the glow, it grew stronger and stronger. Then, with a quick realisation of the truth, he knew that a beam of light was streaming through his

window. The blind was not down, and the window itself was partially open. Lee was a great believer in fresh air.

"Extraordinary!" he muttered, frankly puzzled.

He slipped quickly from the bed, wondering if there could be any simple, logical explanation of this phenomenon. Then, as he half-turned, he remained as though petrified—staring.

For there, on the wall—behind his bed, and directly opposite the window—was a vivid, shimmering sign in what appeared to be green fire.

And it was the sign of a triangle!

Unwavering, and growing stronger every second, the Sinister Sign of the Green Triangle flared from the bed-room wall.

"By James!" muttered Nelson Lee tensely.

He was under no illusion regarding the meaning of that dread warning—for warning it was. Yet he was puzzled.

For that arch-enemy of his, Professor Cyrus Zingrave, was in a cell, awaiting trial, and the infamous League of the Green Triangle was dead. What, then, could be the meaning of this menacing sign—and who could be responsible?

After that first shock, Lee wondered if some foolish practical joker was responsible. He moved towards the window, determined to discover the source of that mysterious beam.

Then, suddenly, he checked. He had almost reached the window, and had been on the point of flinging it open, when suddenly he backed softly away, went to the wardrobe, and took out one of his spare suits. He crooked the handle of a walking-stick into the hanger hook over which the suit was draped, and on the handle he hung a cap.

"Just as well to be on the safe side," he murmured grimly.

Approaching the window, he extended the suit at arm's length, so that it fell into the full beam.

Thud-thud-thud!

From somewhere outside came the unmistakable dull thudding of a silenced automatic pistol! In the same second, glass

splintered, and the suit, on the end of the walking-stick, jerked violently. Lee dropped it very realistically.

"H'm! A close call," he muttered.

His lips were set in a hard line; his eyes gleamed dangerously. But for that act of precaution, he would now have been a dead man, riddled with bullets.

The audacity and the unexpectedness of this attack upon his life shocked him. No man possessed stronger nerves than Nelson Lee, but the narrowness of his escape left him just a little shaken. He was human.

Now he saw that the green sign was fading—slowly, at first, then rapidly. Fainter and fainter it grew, until, in some mysterious way, it had vanished. The bed-room, once again, was in total darkness.

And by this time Lee had slipped into his trousers and jacket, over his pyjamas, and he had pulled on a pair of rubber shoes. Only pausing to secure an automatic from the dressing-table drawer, he slipped silently from the room.

At that particular moment Nelson Lee was an exceedingly dangerous man.

He strongly disliked people who woke him up in the middle of the night, and took pot-shots at him. There was an excellent chance that he would encounter this mysterious enemy—for the detective was as clever as a native Australian black tracker.

The man who had fired those shots was now labouring from the delusion that he had "got" his intended victim. Thus Lee had the advantage; for it was not likely that the culprit would make any precipitate departure.

Lee did not make his exit by means of the front door—or even the back. He selected a passage window, which was screened by laurel bushes, growing just outside.

Without a sound he lowered himself to the flower-bed, and a moment later he was engaged in that grimmest of all tasks—a man-hunt.

CHAPTER 2.

The Will-o'-the-Wisp Light!

NELSON LEE was puzzled, in addition to being annoyed.

The theory that the luminous green triangle had been projected upon his wall by a practical joker was now knocked on the head. The man—or men—responsible had come to St. Frank's with one definite object—murder.

And Lee, who had fought that grim criminal confederation, the League of the Green Triangle, knew the league's methods

well. It was a typical touch to warn the victim in advance.

Yet how could this affair be genuine? The League of the Green Triangle was shattered—disorganised and disintegrated by the efforts of Nelson Lee, and Zingrave was in prison.

During the period of his unlawful liberty there had been no indication that the Green Triangle organisation had been rebuilt. Zingrave had worked with a mere handful of confederates.

"No, I can't quite swallow this," muttered Lee, as he moved noiselessly through the darkness. "It smacks of the work of an imaginative enemy—a fellow who is copying the well-known Green Triangle methods. And I certainly have plenty of enemies."

He paused on the edge of the lawn, and took stock. He judged that the source of the green light beam had been the end of the garden, where there were a number of cucumber frames.

Behind the frames there was a path, then an asparagus bed, and then a high wall. On the other side of this wall was the circular private drive which completely surrounded the school buildings. This drive, naturally, joined Bellton Lane at two points.

Nelson Lee considered. Easy enough for any intruder to creep up that drive, and balance a miniature searchlight upon the top of the wall, and to direct the beam into a bed-room window. Yet it had not been an ordinary beam; there had been a strange quality about that greenish glow. It would have been a simple matter, too, for any good marksman to shoot accurately at the window.

Lee ran along to the wall, nimbly climbed to the summit, and lay there for some moments listening. But he heard nothing but the sighing of the wind in the trees. He had an electric torch with him, but he did not risk switching it on.

He dropped noiselessly into the lane, and as he did there came the sound of a faint metallic clang from the direction of the lane. Lee recognised the sound at once. The stand of a motor-cycle being sprung back into position, preparatory to the rider mounting.

Like a hare Lee ran down the private drive. With one agile leap he cleared the gates, and not ten yards from him, in the centre of the lane, there was a dim figure.

"Hands up—and don't waste time!" rapped out Lee, running forward.

He heard a startled ejaculation.

Pop!

A spurt of flame showed, and even as

Lee dropped flat he heard the whine of the bullet just overhead.

Then, with a zurring roar, the motor-cycle's engine started.

Crack-crack!

Lee's own automatic barked, and as it was not a silenced weapon, the reports were sharp and staccato. Lee heard the "ping" as one of his bullets struck part of the machine. Before he could draw the trigger again the mysterious motor-cyclist was hurtling recklessly down Bell-ton Lane—and not until he had covered three hundred yards did he switch on his headlamp.

"At least, my friend, now know that your little stunt was a failure," muttered Lee. "I wonder if I winged you?"

He switched on his torch, satisfied that there were no other enemies. There were no marks upon the hard road, and when he searched the private drive, he met with no better success.

But he proved that his theory about the garden wall was correct, for he found many recent scratches on the top of the wall.

He prowled about for some time, disappointed, and it was while he was passing the rear quarters of the West House that he saw a strange, fleeting light within the building.

It was yellowish and flickering, and it appeared vaguely at one window for a moment, only to vanish, and then appear at another window. There was a will-o'-the-wisp quality about that shifting light.

Lee was instantly alert. Somebody—evidently unauthorised—was moving about in the domestic quarters of the West House. It was far too early for any of the servants to be up.

Lee acted promptly. He forced a window with little or no difficulty, and a moment later he was within the building. He wondered if this marauder was in any way connected with the mysterious man of the motor-cycle. But why the West House?

He padded softly down a passage, and, without a sound, he entered the kitchen. It was in total darkness. The pantry door, evidently left open by some careless servant, revealed darkness beyond.

But suddenly there came a soft thudding from one of the store-rooms, just outside in the passage which connected with the spacious scullery.

Lee tiptoed over, and as he entered the passage he saw the store-room door standing wide open. The light from his torch stabbed the darkness. There came a startled gasp.

"Hands up!" commanded Lee, for the second time within ten minutes.

A gasping cry sounded, and the bulky figure turned. Something clattered to the stone floor.

"Great pancakes!" gurgled a frightened voice. "Who—who's that?"

Nelson Lee lowered his automatic.

"You young rascal!" he said disgustingly. "So it's you, Little?"

Fatty Little, of the Remove, gasped with relief as he now recognised Nelson Lee's voice. And Lee, flashing his torchlight upon the fat junior, saw that he had a large tin of biscuits wedged between his knees—and his mouth was spluttering crumbs in his consternation.

"What are you doing down here, Little, at this time of the night?" asked Lee sharply.

Fatty swallowed with difficulty.

"I—I woke up feeling hungry, sir," he said feebly. "So—so I came down, and —"

"All right—don't trouble to explain any further," interrupted Nelson Lee. "Get back to bed, Little."

"Yes, sir!" ejaculated Fatty hastily.

He was only too glad to escape; he was bewildered and frightened. He expected a flogging, at least.

Nelson Lee returned to his own house in a thoughtful mood; he had more vital things to ponder over than Fatty Little's appetite.

CHAPTER 3.

The Second Sign!

THERE was no further sleep for the detective that night, and he was convinced, too, that any further search of the garden and school premises would be futile.

He went to his bed-room, and after he had washed, shaved and dressed, he felt alert and fit.

Previous to this, however—immediately he had entered the house, in fact—he had telephoned through to the Bannington police station. He had had a talk with the sergeant in charge, and this man had promised to put through a warning that if any motor-cyclist suffering from an injury was seen, he was to be detained.

It was a slim enough chance, for Lee did not even know whether he had wounded the fellow or not. But it was just as well to give all the available information to the police.

Now that he had more time to think, a conviction came upon him that the sign had been a genuine warning from the

League of the Green Triangle. Incredible as it seemed, that infamous organisation was once again active.

It was not difficult for Lee to recall the circumstances of Professor Zingrave's escape from prison, for Lee himself had been in the case, so to speak, up to his neck.

There had been two episodes, strictly speaking. First, Zingrave, with the help of other crooks, had seized Crag House, the cliffside residence of Admiral Sir Rodney Carrington, and the cunning crook-scientist had attempted, then, to stage a "come-back" Lee had frustrated it, and Zingrave had been put to flight.

After that he had taken refuge in the old house near the village—Moat Hollow. Here he had plotted to obtain possession of the now-famous Edgemore treasure. Again he had failed—through the activities of Nelson Lee and the St. Frank's boys, and since then Zingrave had been in custody.

How, then, could the league be active? In spite of the improbabilities, that conviction of Lee's persisted. Something was afoot—and something big, too. Nelson Lee seemed to feel it in the very atmosphere. He had a pronounced "hunch."

So often had he frustrated Zingrave's plans that it was likely enough that Lee should be the first victim.

With full daylight, the detective made another tour of the grounds, but found nothing suspicious.

He breakfasted early, and thus he was nearly at the end of his meal, instead of at the beginning, when Nipper, bright and cheery, looked in.

Nipper had expected to find his "guv'nor" in the study, and he was surprised when he found Lee just about to get up from the breakfast table.

"My hat! You're an early bird to-day, aren't you, sir?" asked Nipper. "Going anywhere special?"

"Not that I know of at the moment."

"Oh," murmured Nipper. "What's this we hear about you surprising Fatty Little in the middle of the night? What were you doing in the West House at that hour?"

"Am I obliged to answer that question?" inquired Lee mildly. "If you want to know the truth, I happened to see flickering lights in the West House—and I investigated. That's all. I hope you boys won't make a mystery out of nothing."

"Just like that chump, Fatty, to give himself away," said Nipper. "He's going about the school, quivering like a jelly.

He's expecting, every minute to get a summons from you—and he's wondering how hard you'll swish him."

"Come into the study, Nipper," said Lee. "Never mind your fat and hungry schoolfellow. I shan't send for him—I'll ask Mr. Stokes to look into the matter, and I think we can rely upon Mr. Stokes to take a lenient view. What did you come to see me about?"

They left the room and almost bumped into three juniors, Handforth, Travers and Fullwood, who were waiting in the corridor.

"What do you boys want?" asked Lee.

"We came with Nipper, sir," said Travers, "about a footer matter we want you to settle."

"All right, come with me into the study," smiled Nelson Lee, and led the way. The juniors trooped after him, and crowded into the detective's study.

"It's about football, really, sir," said Nipper. "We've been having an argument—Handy and Travers and Fullwood and a few more. You see, we're due to play Bannington Grammar School—on their own ground—this week, and one of the fellows thought it would be a good idea if we could stay over, after the match, for some amateur theatricals the Gram-marians are giving."

"Why not?"

"Well, it'll mean being out until half-past ten or eleven, sir," said Nipper eagerly. "Most of the chaps reckoned that you wouldn't give your permission—but I said you would. You mustn't let me down, guv'nor. It's a very special —"

He broke off abruptly, and stared at the window. The morning sun was streaming in, and there was a promise of spring in its brilliance.

"What can you see, young 'un?" asked Lee. "Is something happening out there?"

Nipper blinked.

"It's the window, sir—the glass," he said. "I can't understand——"

"The glass?" repeated Lee sharply.

He turned round in his swivel-chair and stared, and the other three juniors followed his gaze. At first they could see nothing unusual, then, with a little shock of surprise, they became aware of the fact that that glass, in certain places, was tinging the sunshine with green!

"By James!" ejaculated the detective, starting up.

"Look!" gasped Handforth hoarsely. "It's a triangle! A green triangle!"

"Oh, great Scott!"



The light from the torch held in Lee's hand stabbed the darkness. There came a startled gasp: "Ow!" "Little!" snapped the detective grimly. "What are you doing here at this time of night?"

CHAPTER 4.

The Mysterious Parcel!

EVEN as they gazed at the window, the phenomenon became clearer and clearer.

Slowly the blazing green light on the pane took shape until it became a brilliant triangle of sinister light.

At first it was very faint and vague, but now the colour was increasing; it grew more and more vivid, until the streaming sunshine was turned a brilliant emerald.

"It's—it's the sign, sir," panted Nipper, with consternation in his voice. "The Sign of the Green Triangle!"

"Don't go near that window!" commanded Lee sharply.

"But there can't be any danger," protested Nipper. "The chaps are outside—look, you can see them. By Jove! It's fading now."

The brilliance had gone, and like steam

on a lampglass, the greenish tinge rapidly faded. They stood watching, silent. In less than a minute there was no trace left. The glass was clear, and the sunshine pure.

"My only sainted aunt!" said Nipper at last. "It's like magic, guv'nor. How can you explain it?"

"Easily enough, I think," replied Lee. "At some hour of the night somebody treated the outside of the glass with an invisible chemical substance."

"Even now I don't understand."

"That substance remained colourless until heat was applied," continued Nelson Lee. "The morning sun, Nipper, has only just struck this window. Don't you see? The heat of the sun's rays brought about a chemical change, turning it vivid green. Now it has exhausted itself. In other words, the sun has caused it to completely evaporate, leaving no trace."

"Well, I'm jiggered!" said Nipper, startled.

"But—but who could have done it?" asked Travers.

"I think I know who did it," replied Lee grimly.

And, then and there, he told Nipper & Co. of his adventure in the night. He had intended keeping that little incident to himself, but he now considered it only fair they should know. After all, these juniors were discreet—they already had come up against Zingrave.

"I say, gov'nor, you had an awfully narrow escape," said Nipper breathlessly. "The murderous brute! Who could he have been? You don't really think that the league is getting busy again, do you?"

Nelson Lee did not reply; he was looking at the calendar on his desk.

"It may be a coincidence—but I doubt it," he said, as though speaking to himself.

"What may, sir?"

"This is the day, Nipper, on which Professor Zingrave is being placed in the dock at Lewes Assizes," replied Lee quietly. "He is being charged with conspiracy—and on the top of that, as you know, he has a long sentence of penal servitude to serve."

"Great Scott!" said Nipper, staring. "Do—do you think that the professor can have escaped again? Do you think it was he who came here and——"

"Such a thing is likely, but I hardly think it probable," broke in Nelson Lee. "However, we will soon make certain."

He seized the telephone, and very soon he was talking to an official at the Lewes Assize Court. And as soon as he had made himself known, and had stated the nature of his inquiry, the official laughed.

"Zingrave escaped?" he said. "Oh, no, Mr. Lee. He's here safe enough. He'll be in the dock this morning—but not for long. The proceedings will be more or less formal. His conviction is certain."

"There may be an attempt to rescue him—to get him away," said Lee. "I have no definite information, but——"

"Really, Mr. Lee, such a thing is out of the question," said the official. "There's not a chance! The police are taking far too many precautions. We know what this man is, and everybody here is particularly alert." The official's tone was half-jocular, half ironical. "Don't worry, Mr. Lee. Zingrave is going back to penal servitude to-day—and there'll be no second escape for him."

Lee rang off, thoughtful.

"So nothing has happened at Lewes," he said, after telling them what the official had said. "Perhaps I am getting fanciful in my old age. Yet something

tells me that a visit to the Lewes Assize Court, this morning, would not be unprofitable. I am urged to go, Nipper. Call it instinct, call it what you will—but I want to see Zingrave in the dock with my own eyes."

"I don't blame you, gov'nor—but you'll be careful, won't you?" said Nipper anxiously. "Don't forget you've had two warnings, and you've nearly been killed, too. Supposing some crooks are waiting for you, in ambush——"

"I'll suppose nothing so sensational, young 'un," interrupted Lee. "Ambushes are not prepared unless the ambushers are certain that their victim is making an appearance. And I haven't told a soul that I am going to Lewes Assizes."

They were silent for some moments, and in that silence Lee became aware of an unfamiliar ticking. It was vague, faint and not until Lee looked round his desk did he see the square parcel which had evidently come by the morning mail—for there were some letters on the top of it, too.

"Having an early breakfast is apt to make one forget things," said Lee suddenly. "I had overlooked my letters, Nipper. Pass them over, will you? Yes, the parcel, too."

Lee looked at the parcel curiously. It was very respectable in appearance, and it bore the printed label of a famous clock and watch manufacturer. It was addressed to "The Headmaster, St. Frank's College," so it was hardly likely that it could contain anything personal, for the firm had not even troubled to find out the Head's name. Above the label was another, with big red lettering—"Fragile—Sample."

"I wonder!" muttered Lee, his voice suddenly becoming sharp, his eyes keen.

"Eh? You wonder what, gov'nor?" asked Nipper, surprised.

"It is quite likely, of course, that these excellent clock manufacturers should send me a sample of their wares," said Lee, as he held the parcel to his ear. "Yes, I thought the ticking was coming from here. And I wonder, Nipper."

"I don't get you, sir," said Nipper.

"This morning I am peculiarly distrustful of strange parcels which tick," said Lee significantly.

"Great Scott!" yelled Nipper, starting up. "You don't suspect that that parcel contains an infernal machine?"

"I don't think so for a moment—but to-day I'm taking no chances."

"But look, sir, there's the label, and it's not even addressed to you personally——"

"Labels are not difficult to obtain—and

they are simple enough to forge," interrupted Lee, rising to his feet. "As for the omission of my name, that may merely be a subtle touch. The parcel, you will notice, is addressed to the headmaster, so nobody else would open it."

He moved rapidly towards the door.

"At the risk of ruining a perfectly good timepiece, I'm going to give this parcel a bath," he said crisply.

CHAPTER 5.

Close Call Number Two!

NIPPER & Co. were quivering with excitement as they followed Nelson Lee out of doors. There was a prickly sensation all over Nipper's skin. He had a terrible fear that the parcel would explode, at any second, in Lee's hands.

He had expected Lee to go up to the bath-room, but Lee had thought of the bath-room, and had dismissed it. It involved delay—since the bath would have to be half-filled.

There was a quicker method—and Nelson Lee had no desire to waste even a second. With such suspicions as he had, it was far better to immerse that parcel without a moment's delay.

And just outside the big rear door, which opened out upon the lawn, there was an ornamental rockery, designed and built by one of Lee's predecessors. In the middle of this rockery there was a deep goldfish pool.

"That's better!" said Lee, as he placed the parcel in the water, and held it under the surface.

Bubbles were coming up in large quantities as the water percolated through into the interior. Presently it was nearly submerged by its own weight, although it did not sink yet.

"You'll probably think I'm very foolish, my boys, but it would have been sheer madness to open this parcel," said Lee. "I wasn't expecting it, and, in any case, clock manufacturers do not usually send unsolicited samples. I'm suspicious of everything this morning, too——"

He suddenly broke off, for a new sound was coming from the parcel. Not merely a bubbling, but an angry hissing. Lee's sharpest senses were aroused. No clock would hiss—neither would water-soaked explosive. There was something else——

"By Heaven!" shouted Lee, horrified.

An appalling thought had come to him, and with one motion he seized the startled Nipper, who was nearest, and flung him back.

"Guv'nor! What the dickens——"

"Run!" yelled the detective.

He gave the juniors no chance to hesitate; he fairly pushed the youngsters headlong, and rushed them across a strip of the lawn to some dense bushes. They scattered right and left.

"Down—flat!" he shouted.

They flung themselves headlong, and

A sharp, ear-splitting explosion occurred, followed, immediately, by the splintering of glass. Nipper, catching a glimpse through the bottom of the bushes, saw cascades of water descending; he felt the terrific concussion of air—although the full force of the explosion passed overhead. By flinging themselves to the ground they had escaped the major shock.

"By heavens!" rapped out Lee, springing to his

feet. "What a narrow escape!"

"But—but, guv'nor, I don't understand!" gasped Nipper.

He leapt up, too. Where the fishpond had once existed there was now a dense cloud of wicked-looking vapour. But it cleared rapidly in the wind, and the smell of it was acrid and unpleasant. Every window in the vicinity was shattered to fragments. The rockery was a place of chaos, and instead of a fishpool, there was a deep, jagged crater in the earth.

"What does it mean, guv'nor?" asked Nipper. "I never knew that explosives could go off after they've been soaked in water."

"The cunning of it—the brilliant cleverness!" muttered Lee, his eyes burning. "If this isn't the work of Professor Zingrave, I'm in my dotage! He's a devil!"

HELD IN THE SINISTER POWER OF THE GREEN TRIANGLE

The Peril of Lord Edgemore and his Son.

Read

"THE HOUSE OF DREAD!"

The Most Powerful Detective-Thriller Ever Written in . . .

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE!

"Well, thank goodness we're alive, sir," said Nipper. "We shouldn't have been if you hadn't acted so promptly."

"It was entirely my fault that we were nearly killed," replied Lee, furious with himself. "Don't you see the astuteness of the plan, Nipper? The people who sent that parcel believed that I should suspect it, and they even took it for granted that I should immerse it in water. So they constructed the infernal machine so that its immersion would cause the explosion by chemical action!"

"Ye gods and little fishes!" ejaculated Nipper, startled.

"The audacity of it!" went on Lee grimly. "They knew I should soak the parcel—and they expected me to be blown to fragments whilst I held it down, under the water! But it wasn't until the last moment that I thought of that possibility!"

"Supposing you hadn't immersed it, guv'nor?" asked Nipper. "Supposing you had unwrapped it, in the ordinary way?"

"I assume that there was a double-acting device," replied Lee. "If I had opened the parcel dry I should have made some electrical contact, and the explosion would have happened. The percolating water served the same purpose, by chemical action—it completed the circuit. By James! I shall be interested to examine the fragments—if there are any."

Their ears were still ringing from the deafening report, and any further conversation was impossible, because people began to arrive in large numbers.

First of all came Mrs. Jones, Nelson Lee's worthy housekeeper, and the good soul was in a state of terrible agitation; she was surrounded by frightened maids. And then, before Nelson Lee could attend to them, figures came running up from other directions. Boys of all Forms were climbing over the walls of the Head's garden. Tregellis-West, Watson, Cresswell and Potts, were bursting through from the other side of the house—from Inner Court.

And the result of all this was pandemonium let loose.

nobody had been hurt, and that the damage was more or less trivial.

The rockery was ruined, a great many windows were smashed, but the house itself had come to very little harm. The main force of that explosion had expended itself upwards, through the water—and the water had deadened the effect, too.

Nevertheless, the entire school was seething with excitement. It came out, later, that the explosion had sounded far worse at a distance; fellows in the West House and the East House, right on the other side of St. Frank's, had felt the force of the explosion. Nearly everybody had believed that the Head's house was a heap of wreckage.

Housemasters and Form-masters and prefects were obliged to go about giving orders. But it was a considerable time before the crowds were cleared out of the Head's garden, and out of Inner Court.

Nipper managed to get a few words with Nelson Lee amid all the confusion.

"You were right, guv'nor," he said breathlessly. "That was another close call! That's twice they've tried to kill you within a few hours!"

"The Green Triangle is once again a menace to society!" said Lee, his voice almost dreamy. "I am convinced of it, Nipper. These things were not planned by imitators—but by the actual league!"

"I'm scared, guv'nor," said Nipper. "I don't mean for myself. But you've smashed the league before, and it's as clear as daylight why they've tried to murder you. They're afraid of you! And their first job now, is to get you out out of the way."

"They seem to have made a hash of it," commented Lee dryly.

"Only because of your cleverness, guv'nor," replied Nipper. "But you can't keep it up. They'll get you sooner or later—if you give them half a chance. Don't go to Lewes this morning, sir! For goodness' sake——"

"My dear young ass, do you think I'm going to lock myself up indoors?" broke in Lee. "I'm not afraid of these fiends."

"I know you're not, sir, but——"

"Then be good enough to cease talking absolute rot," interrupted Lee sternly. "I think that's one of your choice schoolboy expressions, isn't it? You'll probably understand that language better than any other."

"Yes, guv'nor," said Nipper meekly.

"And if any of your friends, apart from Handforth and the other two, ask you what this all means—don't tell them,"

CHAPTER 6.

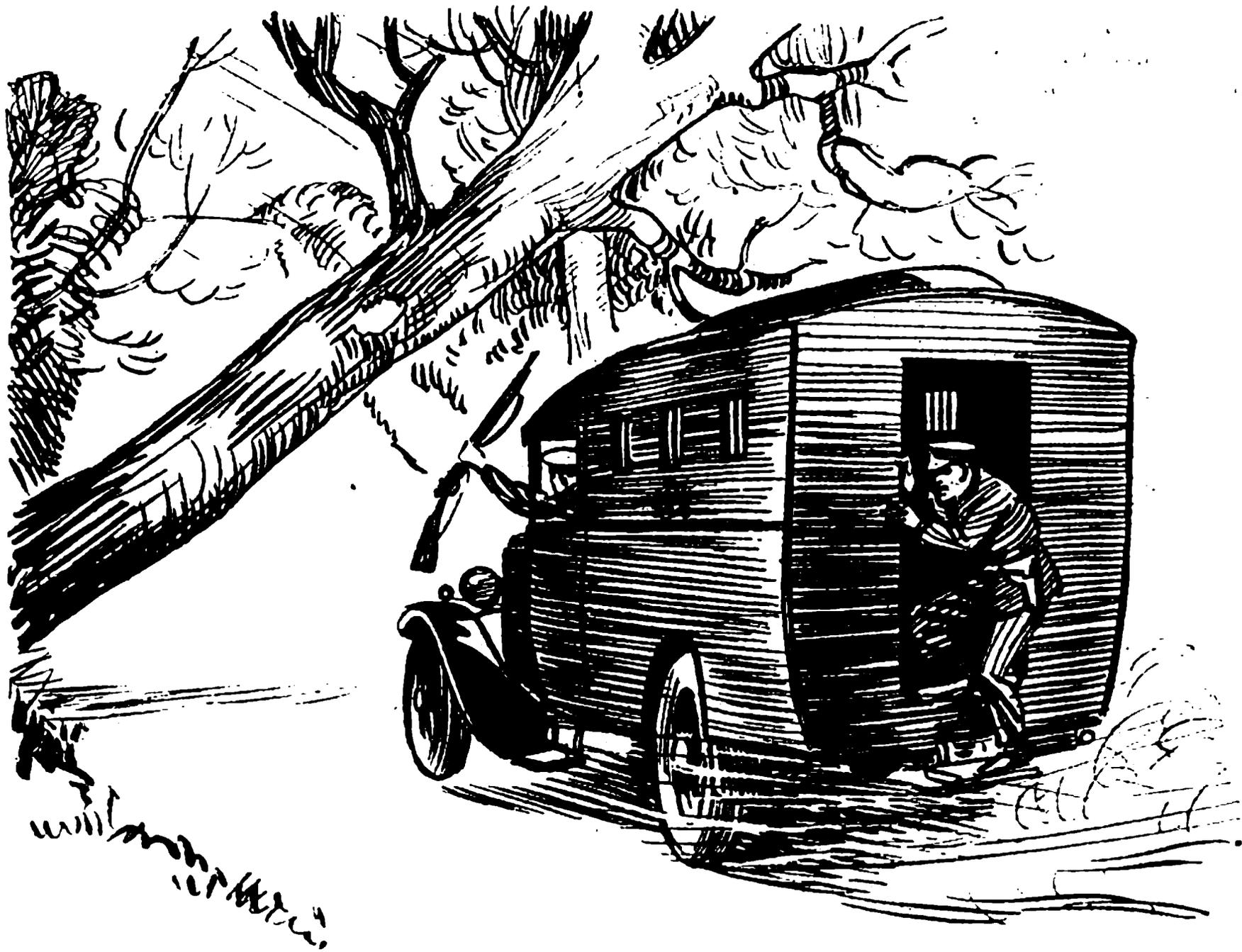
The Rocket!

"WHAT'S happened?"

"Who's killed?"

"Where was the explosion?"

Everybody was shouting inquiries, and it was some little time before Nelson Lee succeeded in explaining that



With a rending crash the giant tree toppled out and down—clean in front of the speeding prison van bearing Professor Zingrave to gaol.

went on Lee. "They know, of course, that a bomb exploded. But you needn't make any mention of the Green Triangle signs. The less the school can know of that part of the business, the better."

When Nipper found himself amongst the juniors he was surrounded, and fellows pressed him eagerly for information.

"A giddy infernal machine!" said Tregellis-West excitedly. "By George! What a lucky bouncer you are, Nipper."

"Lucky?" repeated Nipper. "Me?"

"Well, you were actually on the spot."

"Yes; and I came within an inch of being blown to mincemeat!" said Nipper tartly. "Is that what you call lucky?"

"Well, anyway, you had most of the thrill," said Tregellis-West. "Who did it? Does Mr. Lee know?"

"How can he know?" replied Nipper. "A parcel came for him, by post. He suspected it, and dropped it into the fish-pond."

Nipper explained Nelson Lee's theory regarding the chemical action of the parcel's contents.

"For the love of Samson!" said Travers, with his characteristic drawl. "Brainy

fellows, those crooks. Well, well! They weren't so brainy as Mr. Lee, though!"

"That's what comes of having a man like Lee for a headmaster," said Hubbard excitedly.

"Eh? What are you grouching about?" asked Nipper.

"Oh, you'll stick up for him, of course!" shouted Hubbard. "But I've just been talking to Forrest and Gore-Pearce—and they agree with me."

"They would!" growled Handforth. "What did they agree about, insect?"

"Well, it's a bit thick that we should all be in danger of our lives because we've got a detective for a headmaster instead of— Oh, look! Run—run!"

Hubbard's voice rose to a scream, and he was pointing. Others had seen, too, and they were staring in amazement. And now that a hush had fallen, everybody heard.

A fiery object, leaving a trail of lurid sparks, was shooting skywards, giving forth a terrific roar. It had come from somewhere in the playing fields—or, perhaps, the Half Mile Meadow.

"It's a rocket!" shouted Nipper.

It was—but such a rocket that everybody who saw it was startled and bewil-

dered. Up and up it went, to the accompaniment of that terrifying roar—now much more fearsome as the thing mounted higher and higher.

It soared up to an incredible height. Nobody had ever seen a rocket of such terrific power. Up and up—over five hundred feet, and then—

Boom!

It was like the bursting of a bomb. Another explosion within half an hour! But this one, at least, was harmless enough, and it was spectacular, too.

A dense cloud of smoke hovered for a moment, after that report—and then, as it cleared away, shouts of wonder and admiration went up.

For there, hovering in the clear sky, its brilliance almost unaffected by the sunshine, was a dazzling mass of green fire. Nipper gulped. For he was the first to recognise the shape in the sky.

A green triangle!

"My only Sunday topper!" yelled Handforth. "Look! It's a triangle again! A sign—a warning from the League of the Green Triangle!"

"What!" went up a yell.

After that, of course, it was impossible to keep the secret any longer.

And while the whole school talked breathlessly of the morning's sensations, Nelson Lee made a search in the Half Mile Meadow. He found a cunningly-contrived cradle arrangement fixed deep in the hedge.

The rocket, then, had reposed upright in this cradle, and it was doubtful if anybody had been there to fire it. Far more likely that an electrical time-contact had been fitted to the fuse. Thus, at a fixed hour, the rocket had gone off automatically.

Its purpose was hideously clear to Nelson Lee.

By that hour the crooks had reckoned that Lee would be dead, and the whole school in a state of uproar over the tragedy—and that rocket had been placed there to proclaim, to the whole world, that Lee had been executed by the order of the League of the Green Triangle!

CHAPTER 7.

The Outburst from the Dock!

PROFESSOR CYRUS ZINGRAVE stood calm and dignified in the prisoner's dock at the famous Assize Court of Lewes.

It was an impressive scene, and most of all was it difficult to believe that the

scholarly, gentlemanly-looking man could be one of the greatest criminals the country had ever known. Zingrave was an impressive man, with his high-domed forehead, his glasses, his quiet attire. When he had spoken, his voice had been silky and refined.

The judge, in grave tones, was just passing sentence. The prisoner, of course, had been found guilty; there had never been any doubt as to the verdict.

Not only was he to serve his former sentence, but he had an additional seven years' penal servitude added to it. He was listening attentively, with an amused smile on his learned face.

He half-glanced round as a door creaked, and a newcomer came into the court, taking a seat by the Public Prosecutor's table.

Nelson Lee had arrived in time to hear Professor Cyrus Zingrave receive his sentence.

Just for one instant Zingrave betrayed his emotion. The smile left his face; his lips closed in a thin line; his eyes burned with hatred and even consternation.

"So you are still alive, my dear Lee?" he said, leaning forward over the dock rail, and paying no heed to the warders who attempted to silence him. "How clever of you!"

"Keep that man silent!" commanded the judge sternly.

Lee was on his feet now, and he and Zingrave stared into one another's eyes. Everybody in the court felt the tense, electrical tension.

"You fool—you interfering dog!" shouted the prisoner, his voice suddenly becoming a snarl. "You may have escaped death this morning, but I tell you that the League of the Green Triangle will get you! Yes!" He turned and faced the jury and the public, and took no heed of the judge's commands. "I may be a prisoner, a convict, but the League of the Green Triangle is flourishing again."

The commotion was now great, and the warders seized Zingrave roughly. He was dragged back, and hustled down the steps at the back of the dock. A door closed upon him, and his mocking laugh could be heard for a moment.

The judge rapped sharply.

"Unless there is immediate silence I shall clear the court!" he boomed angrily.

"I regret, my lord, that I should have been the unconscious cause of the prisoner's outburst," said Nelson Lee. "Had I known that there would have been such a scene, I would not have come."

The judge detained him for some moments, and, meanwhile, Professor Zingrave had been hustled straight out to the waiting prison van. Handcuffs were over his wrists, and warders went before him and behind him. There was no possibility of escape.

Without the waste of a moment, he was placed in the van, and the door was closed and locked. The warder in charge of the van made quick work of the formalities.

This prison van was a special one, and the warders in charge of it were picked men. Professor Zingrave was the only prisoner, and he was to be rushed straight to the convict settlement. Unusual precautions had been taken, for there were extra guards with the van, and all the men were heavily armed.

Nelson Lee came out to see the vehicle off; he was now accompanied by Chief-detective-inspector Lennard, of Scotland Yard, who had been one of the Crown witnesses.

"Well, the old fox will give us no further trouble for twenty years or so," the Scotland Yard man was saying, in a satisfied voice. "He'll have no chance of escape, Lee. Saucy old bird, too; he seemed as confident as you please in the dock."

"Yes," said Nelson Lee absently.

They stood watching while the prison

van got into motion. It rolled away smoothly. Lee immediately walked across to his own car.

"Coming, Lennard?" he asked crisply.

"Eh? Coming where?"

"I thought we'd take a little ride," said Lee, and there was a world of significance in his voice, causing the chief inspector to look at him sharply.

"What's the big idea?" he asked, staring.

"I may be fanciful, but our old friend is celebrated for his eleventh-hour cunning," replied Lee, as he got into the driving seat. "Anyhow, I have a whim to see Zingrave safely in 'stir.' I can't promise you any excitement, Lennard—but you're welcome to come if you like."

"I like!" said the chief inspector briefly, and jumped in.

CHAPTER 8.

The Falling Tree!

THE country road stretched in a lonely ribbon across the undulating downs. There was not a great deal of traffic on this particular road, for it was not a main highway.

The countryside was looking particularly bright this sunny morning; the



Jokes from readers wanted for this feature! If you know a good-rib-tickler, send it along now. Pocket wallets, Books, and penknives are offered as prizes for jokes published. Address your jokes to "Smilers," Nelson Lee Library, 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4.

Two Irishmen were passing a jewellery shop in the windows of which were displayed a lot of loose diamonds, rubies, and precious stones.

"Ah, Pat," said Barry, "they be foine stones. How would you loike your pick?"

"Ay, be jabers," replied Pat. "But I'd rather have me shovel."

(A. Pretty, 90, Raynham Road, Edmonton, N.18—a pocket wallet.)

Uncle: "Well, Tommy, how are you getting on at school?"

Tommy: "Fine! I'm centre-forward for the football team."

Uncle: "And your lessons?"

Tommy: "Oh! I'm right back in lessons."
(S. Pinchenton, 153, Broadlands Road, Swaythling, Southampton, Hants—a book.)

Out in the garden a man was quarrelling with his neighbour. Suddenly one of them burst out: "Call yourself a man of sense. Why, you're next door to an idiot!"

(C. Price, High House, Horderley, Aston-on-Clun, Shropshire—a penknife.)

"You, boy, over in the corner," said the stern examiner, glaring at a nervous pupil. "Answer this: Do we eat the flesh of a whale?"

"Y-yes, sir," stammered the boy.

"Oh, indeed. And what do we do with the bones?"

"P-please, sir," gasped the boy, "we leave them on the s-side of our p-plates!"

(H. Lawrence, Walesby Lane, New Ollerton, Newark, Notts—a penknife.)

Teacher: "What is the meaning of the word excavate?"

Boy: "To hollow out."

Teacher: "Right. Give me a sentence with excavato in it."

Boy: "The baby excavatos when it is hurt."

(C. F. Lonons, 212, Derinton Road, Tooting, S.W.1—a pocket wallet.)

air was crystal clear, and it was possible to see for miles in every direction.

There was only one spot where the road was hidden; here a dense clump of trees, almost big enough to call a wood, stretched along one side of the road. They were in the form of a straggling oblong, almost a belt. And at this point, too, there was a dip.

But the road was quite straight, and the very dip was an invitation to motorists to put on speed—so that the rise, ahead could be easily mounted.

Although no human being was in sight, six men waited amid those trees. Another, perched in a topmost branch, was provided with a pair of powerful binoculars, and through these he could see every approaching vehicle with great distinctness.

The organisation of the newly-formed League of the Green Triangle was evi-

dently sound, and it obtained the right information. These men knew, for example, that the prison van, containing Professor Cyrus Zingrave, would pass along this particular stretch of road, on its way to the convict prison.

There was a bare chance that the route would be altered at the last moment; but it was only bare.

Certain preparations had been made.

One of the tallest trees, for example, had been practically cut through at the base. It was right on the border of the road, and it was, in fact, sagging slightly over the road. But there was nothing suspicious in this, for trees have a way, sometimes, of growing out of the perpendicular.

This particular tree, however, was held in position by means of a strong rope—a ships' cable, which was stretched through the wood, and held in position by being

A Book-length Yarn of Sport for 4d. ONLY!



THE TEAM OF TRIERS

Bravo, the Down and Outs! They've taken the football world by storm, this little band of penniless unknowns who are carrying all before them in the Cup-ties. And even more thrilling than any of their battles on the road to Wembley is their fight to a finish against the most ruthless and dangerous criminal in the country—the Tiger! Nerve-tingling Cup-tie football, danger and gripping excitement right from the kick-off—this magnificent book-length yarn by famous JOHN HUNTER will hold you all through.

Ask for No. 329 of the

BOYS' FRIEND Library

On Sale Thursday, April 7th. - - - - - 4d.

warped several times round the trunk of another tree. Men were waiting here, in charge of the rope.

Private cars came and went; lumbering commercial vans; occasionally, a steam lorry. At times two or three vehicles would pass within five minutes. At other times nothing would come for half an hour at a stretch.

Then, at last, came the expected signal.

"Look out, boys—here she comes!"

The voice sounded from a neighbouring tree-top. Instantly the men with the rope freed several coils—until they were obliged to hang on with all their strength, in order to prevent the tree from falling.

"How's the road, Spider?" asked one of the men on the ground.

"Clear in the other direction," came the reply. "There's a private car about a mile behind the van, but that needn't worry us. Only some fool motorists. They'll be scared sick if they come up while things are happening. Get ready now. Let go when I give the word."

There was no mistaking the approaching vehicle. It was the expected prison van. Through the binoculars the look-out could even see the three warders in the driver's cab—and every one carried a rifle. The van, travelling at a good speed, came bowling down.

"Go!" shouted the look-out.

With a rending crash the giant tree toppled out and down—clean in front of the prison van bearing Professor Zingrave to gaol.

The van driver, unaware of the peril until the last moment, gave a wild shout of alarm.

He jammed on all his brakes, but there was no earthly possibility of stopping in time—and it was out of the question to swerve, since there were ditches on either side. With screaming brakes the prison van charged full tilt into that barrier.

CHAPTER 9.

The Last Word in Audacity!

CRA-A-A-SH!

The impact was terrific. Head on, the prison van struck the fallen tree, and in a moment the front of the vehicle—wheels, wings and radiator—became bent and twisted scrap-iron.

The driver, hurled against his wheel by the shock of the collision, was not only winded, but two of his ribs were broken. One of the armed warders crashed through the windscreen; the others were pitched violently into a heap.

And at the same moment six rough-looking men ran out from the wood, and

each one was carrying a heavy automatic.

"Hands up!" came the grim command. "The first one of you who tries to use a rifle will be shot dead!"

The warders, plucky and conscientious men to the last, had no chance. Two of them had lost their rifles at the moment of impact. The other man, making a quick recovery, half brought his own rifle to his shoulder, and—

Crack!

One of the automatic pistols barked, and the warder, with a shot through his shoulder, staggered back.

"You were warned!" snapped the leader of the raiders. "Get back against that ditch—all of you! And keep your hands above your heads."

There had been two warders within the van, but at the impact of the vehicle they had been thrown out of the door. In the face of the crooks' guns they had no chance, however.

In a moment two crooks leapt into the van, and it was only the work of a moment for them to drag Professor Zingrave out.

"Well done!" said the professor. "But was such violence necessary? I am very badly bruised."

"Sorry, chief—had to risk it," panted one of the men. "Quick, Judd—the key!"

Within five seconds Zingrave's wrists were free. And then it was that a warning shout came from the look-out, in the tree-top.

"Get going!" he shouted. "There's a car coming at speed, and I think I recognise— Yes! It's that 'busy,' Lennard!"

"Is everything ready?" asked Zingrave sharply.

"All waiting, chief—you'd best run!"

With a nod, Zingrave leapt into the trees with surprising agility, and raced away.

That dip was of excellent service to the crooks; for Nelson Lee, at the driving-wheel of his car, had no knowledge that anything was amiss until he was practically on the spot.

Cruising along in the rear, he had seen the prison van drop into the dip. But he had thought nothing of it; he knew that the dip existed, and that the road ran straight on for miles. He saw no necessity to increase his speed.

Chief-inspector Lennard, in fact, was already beginning to regret his journey.

"Just an impulse," he grumbled. "I was a chump to come, Lec. Nothing will happen. How can it? There was a good train for London I could have caught—"

"Nothing will happen, eh?" snapped

Lee. "Look here, Lennard! It's happening already!"

From their position in the rear they could not now see the prison van, owing to the dip—but they distinctly saw the top of the tree as it went hurtling across the road.

"What on earth——" began the inspector.

"So that's how they're working it?" shouted Lee tensely. "Get your gun out, Lennard! There's going to be trouble!"

The Yard man quivered with excitement. Lee trod on the accelerator, and the racing car fairly hurtled forward. It reached the edge of the dip, and Lee applied his brakes with full force. In a quick flash he had seen the fallen tree, and the wrecked van. But he had been prepared for this, and he was able to pull up in good time.

Crack-crack—crack-crack-crack!

Shots rang out with staccato suddenness, and the drone of the bullets sounded like angry hornets.

Nelson Lee had arrived just in time to see Professor Zingrave making his dash into the wood; he saw, too, the rescuers dashing into the wood, firing. The warders, helpless until now, were making efforts to regain possession of their rifles. But by the time they got hold of them, it was too late; the raiders had vanished.

"A hold-up—a rescue!" yelled Lennard excitedly. "Gosh! You were right, Lee!"

"From early morning I've had this hunch," said Lee rapidly. "This way, Lennard! Hurry!"

They were only half way down the dip, and, abandoning the car, Lee and the Yard man plunged into the trees where the belt was its narrowest.

Then, suddenly:

Zurrrrrh—zurrrrrh!

"What's that?" panted the chief-inspector.

But he needn't have asked; for he knew well enough that the sound was that of an aero-engine!

CHAPTER 10.

The Escape!

NELSON LEE leapt out from the trees with Lennard close behind. And now, at the first glance, they knew the truth—they appreciated the full cunning and audacity of the Green Triangle's enterprise.

For, immediately behind that straggling wood, there was a grassy hollow. It was like a basin in the downs, and from the road it was quite invisible.

But from where Lee emerged he looked

right down into the hollow—and there, with its propeller whirling round, was a tiny single-seater monoplane!

Two men were hanging on to it, and Professor Zingrave had just arrived, and was climbing into the cockpit.

Even Nelson Lee, ready as he was for sensations, was startled at the daring of this plan. Not four minutes had elapsed since the prison van had crashed; yet here was Zingrave, leaping into the cockpit of the waiting 'plane! Not one second had been wasted.

"Hurry, chief!" gasped one of the men near the machine. "It's that 'busy,' Lennard—yes, and Lee, too!"

Only one glance did Zingrave give as he dropped into the seat.

"Lee shall pay for this!" he said softly, but with untold menace in his tone. "By Heaven! I have a big account to settle!"

The knowledge that Lee had followed the prison van did not surprise him—in fact, he had been half expecting it. But for the detective's astuteness, this escape would have been easy. For the warders, alone, could easily have been held back.

Crack! Crack!

Pistol shots sounded; bullets droned. Nelson Lee and the Yard man were running down into the hollow, firing. The Green Triangle men, cursing, pulled out their own guns and replied.

And Professor Zingrave, without a moment's delay, revved up the engine until it roared with angry fury.

The little machine moved across the grass, gathering speed at every foot; her tail rose from the ground at last, and she sped on.

It was a tricky take-off, for the ground was rising on all sides out of that hollow. But Professor Zingrave was a skilful pilot, and now he took a chance. Before he had gained sufficient speed, consistent with safety, he jerked at the control, and the nose of the 'plane leapt upwards: she fairly rocketed into the air.

It was a desperate chance, and only the wind saved Zingrave from disaster.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The bullets from Lee's pistol were useless, for the range was too great now. It was dangerous, too, for the crooks were replying to the fire, and bullets were droning over Lee's head. He and the inspector dropped flat—but not before Lee's sleeve had been ripped.

They lay there, alert and watchful—and they were exasperated to see the little monoplane banking over, gaining height and roaring away into the blue.

"I'd never have believed it!" muttered Lennard incredulously. "He's gone, Lee!



With the engines screaming a deep-throated roar of defiance, the 'plane, carrying the master-crook to freedom, zoomed across the school building, sending the crowd of horrified boys scattering to shelter.

The slippery swab! The cunning old crocodile!"

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The reports were sharper and louder than any of the others, and Lee recognised them as rifle shots. The warders were taking a hand. Lifting his head, Lee saw two or three of the Triangle men running helter-skelter across the downs.

"Their job's done," grunted Lee. "Their only thought, now, is to get away. They'll get away, too."

They both rose, and were in time to see two other men breaking cover from the wood. But they were well beyond efficient pistol range.

"Isn't there anything we can do?" yelled Lennard frantically.

"If you fancy running across these downs, you're welcome to it," said Lee. "It's hopeless, old man. They're scattering—they're going in five or six different

directions. If we concentrate on one, the others will get away."

Lennard, after a moment's thought, saw the futility of any serious chase. And what did it matter, anyhow?

"These fellows are mere units," said Lee grimly. "If we catch them, it'll mean nothing. Zingrave, the master-crook, is at liberty. He's the one we want to go after."

Lennard stared across into the sky, where a tiny speck was rapidly disappearing.

"Yes, we look like catching him!" he grunted. "Well, I'm glad I came with you, Lee—if only to see the last of the old tadpole!"

He was frankly disgusted. He and Nelson Lee had done their best, of course, but the odds had been too heavy. Even Lee had not foreseen that 'plane.

By the time they came up with the warders, the speck had vanished in the

sky; and the Green Triangle men who had made the escape possible, were no longer in sight. Running in different directions, they had taken to the downs.

The warders, hot and flustered, two of them suffering from severe bruises and shock, were almost frantic.

"What are we going to do, sir?" asked one of them hoarsely.

"There's nothing you can do—except remain in charge of your van until we can send help along," replied Lee. "You ought to be thankful that you are all alive. It's a wonder to me those brutes didn't shoot you out of hand."

"It was that tree!" gasped the driver. "I never saw it until I was on it! I couldn't stop—I couldn't do anything—"

"Take it easily, old man," advised Lee. "You're pretty badly cracked up."

"I'm thinking of what the governor will say, sir," said the chief warder. "When we get back to the prison, and he hears of this affair, he'll raise Cain!"

"Leave the Governor to me," said Lee kindly. "I'll make everything all right for you fellows. I will explain all the details, and you can be quite certain that you won't get into any hot water."

"That's mighty good of you, sir," said the chief warder gratefully. "You see,

we were told to take especial care over this prisoner. And look what's happened!"

Fortunately two other motorists came along almost immediately afterwards, and as they were obliged to turn back, owing to the obstruction in the road, Lennard obtained a lift from one of them. He had plenty of work to do.

Nelson Lee, anxious to get away in a last chance to get on the trail of the aeroplane, drove straight back to St. Frank's.

CHAPTER 11.

Professor Zingrave's Way!

MORNING lessons were over at the old school, and it was practically dinner-time, when Nelson Lee drove through the gateway.

A figure came running across the Triangle from the Ancient House. It was Nipper, and he was glowing with untold relief as he leapt upon the footboard of Lee's car.

"Guv'nor!" he panted. "Oh, thank goodness you're back. I've been nearly off my nut with worry!"

"Then you're a silly young ass," retorted Lee, with a trace of weariness in

GUSSY—
The Athlete!

The Honourable Arthur Augustus D'Arcy has entered for all of the sports!
Don't you think he looks fine as he gazes around, in his little white vest and his shorts?
He's in for the 'Mile,' the obstacle race, the boxing, and fencing as well—
In fact, you will see, as an all-round performer he thinks he's a bit of a swell!
Alas! poor Augustus is soon to discover that this is not really the case,
And the chums in his study are certain to tell him he's simply an awful disgrace!
The rest of the story will cost you two pennies, the price of this Wednesday's new GEM,
It's a scream! It's a wow! It's a peach is this yarn of Gussy the Athlete—*pro tem!*



THE GEM 2d.
Every Wednesday

his voice. "Don't you think I'm capable of taking care of myself?"

"But—but after what happened this morning, sir——"

"All right, Nipper—I understand," said Lee in a more kindly voice. "But don't get these panicky ideas into your head. I'm not afraid of Zingrave, or his whole organisation."

"Zingrave's in prison by now, isn't he, guv'nor?"

"I'm afraid not," replied Lee. "He has, in fact, been once again successful in performing his celebrated eel act."

"You—you mean he's escaped?" gasped Nipper.

By this time Handforth and Church and McClure had come excitedly round, to say nothing of Tregellis-West, Watson, Jimmy Potts, Vivian Travers, Tony Cresswell, Harry Gresham, and others.

"You cheeky young sweeps!" said Lee gruffly. "What's the idea of climbing all over my car? You seem to have forgotten that I'm your headmaster."

"Sorry, sir," panted Handforth. "But—but did we hear you say that Zingrave has escaped?"

"You might as well know it now as later," replied Lee. "The evening papers will be broadcasting the news in six-inch headlines. Yes, Zingrave has escaped."

There was a tremendous buzz of excitement when he briefly gave the details.

"Guv'nor, you took an awful chance," said Nipper, with wide-open eyes. "Great Scott! You might have been potted! Where do you think Zingrave will make for in that 'plane?"

"It is impossible to hazard a guess," replied Lee. "He might make for some isolated part of the country—he might go to France, Belgium, or even Germany."

"Even if he does, I can't see that he can really escape," said Travers, scratching his head. "Wherever he lands, he'll be recognised—at least, the 'plane will. By this time every aerodrome at home and on the Continent must have been warned; and the police of all countries, too. And no aeroplane can land without attracting a certain amount of attention."

"Zingrave is cunning enough for anything," said Nipper. "I'll bet he's got his plans all cut and dried, and——"

He broke off, for, suddenly, unexpectedly, the unmistakable drone of an aeroplane engine had suddenly made itself heard. Everybody, in fact, started round, staring.

There was a peculiar quality about that sound. It was not the ordinary drone of an aeroplane, far overhead; for one hears

that sound faintly at first, throbbing on the air.

This was a tremendous roar, near at hand.

A second later everybody knew why. For, with devastating unexpectedness, the 'plane itself suddenly appeared—just over the tops of the chimneys of the Modern House.

"Oh!" went up a gasp.

So low was the machine flying that she seemed to be practically on the top of the boys; with a deep-throated roar, the machine passed overhead, banking giddily near the shrubbery. And in a flash she had vanished beyond the trees.

"By James!" muttered Lee, amazed.

Here was another example of Professor Zingrave's startling audacity. It was Zingrave's way! He had actually come to St. Frank's to gloat, in a flying sense, over his enemy!

The boys had scattered wildly; others were running pell mell out of the various Houses. And now the monoplane was in sight again, zooming up over the Half Mile Meadow. Round she came, and then her nose went down. In a terrifying dive, she thundered towards the Triangle, her engine screaming.

It seemed that nothing could save the mad pilot from destruction; then, at the last second, up went the nose, and she zoomed giddily over the school buildings. It was a terrifying display.

And nobody had failed to see the vivid green triangles painted on the under side of the wings. This, in itself, was staggering. Not content with securing a 'plane for his escape, Professor Zingrave had actually painted on it the sign of his infamous criminal confederation!

And here he was, giving this daring exhibition of stunting out of sheer reckless bravado.

If the explosion in the early morning, followed by the bursting of the rocket, had caused a sensation in the old school, this exhibition of "aerobatics" sent everybody almost delirious with excitement.

There was only one cool person in the whole school—and he was Nelson Lee.

For a few dread moments Lee had feared that bombs would be dropped; but a second's thought had led him to dismiss that fear. No, this was only a gloating exhibition of Zingrave's feelings—coupled with the obvious purpose of giving the reorganised League of the Green Triangle a big advertisement.

For Zingrave knew well enough that this item of news, in the papers, would make a great sensation. And Lee was as cold

as ice. This utter disruption of the school's routine angered him beyond measure.

He had a feeling that Zingrave was contemptuous of him because he was the headmaster of St. Frank's.

"Can't — can't we do something, gov'nor?" Lee heard Nipper asking. "What about the R.A.F.? Couldn't you ring up the nearest aerodrome, and get them to send some 'planes?"

"That's the very reason I hurried back here—to 'phone," said Lee promptly. "I'll get on at once—but I doubt if it will be any good now."

He looked upwards; the monoplane had gained height, and even now it was making off.

"By the time we can get in touch with the nearest R.A.F. station, our gloating friend will be a hundred miles away," he said. "Still, it must be done!"

CHAPTER 12.

The Mid-Air Transfer!

PROFESSOR CYRUS ZINGRAVE was angry with himself.

He was flying high now, climbing steadily. Whether it was the rarefied atmosphere, or whether he had suffered a reaction, he felt foolish and cheap. He had not been able to resist the temptation to fly over St. Frank's, and to perform various aerial gymnastics as a sign of his triumphant escape.

But now that it was all over he realised the unnecessary risks he had taken. At the best, it had been an undignified exhibition. Furthermore, he had wasted ten precious minutes—and he knew that other helpers were awaiting him. His plan of escape was, so far, only half executed.

He knew precisely what to do now. For in the cockpit of the machine he had found, secured by tacks, a typewritten sheet, giving him full and precise directions.

It was the fact that these directions necessitated the taking of the 'plane out over the Channel that had prompted Zingrave to visit St. Frank's—for the school was only two or three miles from the coast, and he had flown practically over it. His low-flying display had been the result of a sudden impulse.

Now there was more serious work to be done.

He re-read the directions as he climbed. This was not an enclosed-cabin machine—it had an open cockpit, and, as it was a monoplane, there were no obstructions of

any kind above the pilot's head. He had a clear view of the upper air.

"If the sky is clear, climb to ten thousand feet over Channel. At that height 'plane will be practically invisible," read the directions. "If cloudy, get above clouds."

It had not been cloudy earlier in the morning, but it was cloudy now. They were white, filmy clouds, but they covered the entire canopy of the skies. The sun had vanished.

The monoplane was now over the Channel, and more than one shipmaster, with telescope to his eye, was wondering at those unfamiliar green triangles so clear on the under-side of the monoplane's wings.

Up and up she went, higher and higher. Zingrave had set his course accurately, and he was mounting into the heavens in a great, wide circle. Soon he seemed to be flying through a sort of mist. Visibility grew worse and worse.

He was amongst the clouds now, and he continued rising. Five minutes elapsed—ten minutes. Still the sturdy monoplane climbed.

Then, at last, she got free of the clouds, and the sunlight blazed down upon Professor Zingrave's head. The scene was glorious.

As far as the eye could reach, just below him, the white clouds, dazzling in the sunshine, were spread out like a vast sheet. Every sight of the sea and the land had vanished. The machine was flying in a world of its own.

Again Zingrave looked at the directions. He was not altogether enamoured of the next move in this daring game. But he was determined to go through with it, nevertheless. It would mean a risk—a desperate chance—and if he failed, death. Well, death was preferable to a lifetime in penal servitude.

And there was always a glorious chance of success.

Still he climbed, and now he was feeling numb from the cold; his breathing was not so easy. He was aware of a strange exhilaration, caused—as he knew—by the rarefied atmosphere.

Then, suddenly, he saw the flying boat.

He looked at his directions once more; yes, this was the flying boat. Dark blue hull, light blue wings. The lettering, too, was correct. He throttled down his engine so that the monoplane was cruising steadily.

He flew in a straight line, and the flying boat, manœuvring, came up behind

(Continued on page 24.)

A Dose of Handforth's Fun-Mixture Will Cure All Blues, Gloom and Bad Depressions!



HANDFORTH'S Weekly

No. 51. Vol. 2.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

Editor-in-Chief E. O. Handforth
 Editor E. O. Handforth
 Chief Sub-Editor E. O. Handforth
 Literary Editor E. O. Handforth
 Art Editor E. O. Handforth
 Rest of Staff E. O. Handforth

April 9th, 1932.

THE EDITOR'S CHIN-WAG

LETTER AND ANSWER

H ALLO, you chaps! Here we are again! Still going strong!

What do you think of the latest stunt at St. Frank's? They are actually spring-cleaning the studies. It's an awful mess up. They are giving the walls a fresh coat of paint, and various chaps in white coats and things are scouring the place from top to bottom.

We have been made to clear all the rubbish out of the studies, and we're mostly doing our prep in the Common Room for a day or two.

There's a shocking smell of paint in the study as I write these words, and a chap with a black moustache is trying to whitewash the ceiling. If he drops any whitewash on me—

He's done it! Just as I finished that remark a gallon or so of whitewash dropped down and blotted me out. That's torn it. I'll have him off that ladder, or my name's not Handforth.

He came off with a fine bump! He asked me wot I was a-doing of. I told him not to splash his beastly whitewash on me. I asked him if he thought I needed white washing or something. He said he didn't know about the "white," but "washing" wouldn't do me any harm.

I then inquired whether he was looking for a black eye. He didn't say anything. Just picked up a pail of whitewash and waited. I left him with contempt.

Well, I know one thing. If our studies are not sprung-clung and finished by the end of the week, there will be a riot here, led by your old pal,
E. O. H.

DEFINITIONS

A shady forestBernard.
 Stalking alongShadowing Teddy.
 Digging a pitPoking Reggie's ribs.
 Lemon-aidHelping Juey.
 Just a littleFatty.
 The Marble ArchA bust of Glenthorne.
 Tripe and onionsThis magazine and Johnny.

(V.T.)

W E have received the following letter from Professor Tucker:

"Dear Travers—"

(I don't know why he thinks Travers is Editor of this mag, but that's just one of his little ways.)

"I observed with great regret, very great regret, very great regret indeed, that you have used my name in a poem, and made it rhyme with "mucker." Now, as I have great objections, very great objections, to being known as a 'mucker,' I should be glad if you will instruct your contributors always to speak of me as 'The Professor' in future, and to avoid any reference to my surname. If you will do this I shall be greatly obliged, very greatly obliged, very greatly obliged indeed."

He handed this letter to De Valerie, the writer of the verses in question, and this is his reply:

"Since we can't use the name of Tucker,
 And call this learned gent a 'mucker,'
 Perhaps we'll please the old Professor
 By calling him, instead, a 'messor.'"

The question is thus happily settled, and everybody is satisfied.

A SQUARE MEAL

Yesterday morning, Fatty Little was heard to remark: "You can't call four tarts a square meal."

"Can't you, Fatty? What about this one:

T A R T
 A A
 R R
 T A R T

U. G.

**WOULD DO
e Head!**

sign...
Turn the school
(The Third Form
us a lead in that
Install billiard-
and a dance-hall in
te bar in the tuck-
a penny boards in
st of all, I guess I'd
or a rise. Then I'd
t that half-holidays
purchased for spot
—(You'd be kicked
right.—E.O.H.)
West: I really
at I'd do much the
ed Head does now.
Browne: I should
ing brother Hand-
all topics. (You
use, you sarcastic
d: Eh?
I'd thrash every
ge, beginning with
ing with the Sixth.
t the tick.—E.O.H.)
: Sleep, old chap-
st of all, I would
e you would, you
You shut up!—

let all the fellows
by way of a change.
n back, you know.
oomshockah pal-
t—(Don't speak
t, you ill-mannered
re I'm glad I've
ivs on this question.
eetly what I would
—(Sorry, Handy!
st run out of type.
go next door and
st be helped.—Ed,

IS ERROR?

ther day that it is
pount of printers'
nto our papers and
e agree. Why, the
it, "the St. Frank's
a good game."
(Tommy Watson.)

**Why Trouble To Do Your Prep. To-night?
REGGIE PITT Does It For You in
TO-MORROW'S LESSON**

IT has been suggested that this maga-
zine would be read far more eagerly
by Removites if we obtained an
expert Latin scholar to do the por-
tions of Virgil to be prepared, and save
other fellows the job. Here, then, are a
few notes to help the Removites over the
difficult spots of to-night's (Wednesday's)
prep.

The first nasty word we come up against
is *tempestatesque*. This is easy if we split it
up. *Temps*, of course, is "time." (See
tempus fugit, etc.) *Stat* is the root of
"state." (See *Statue quo*, etc.) *Que* is a
relative of *quid* and *quis*, and means
"what." The word, then, simply means,
"What is the state of the time," or, more
simply, "What's the time?"

Quid, as a pronoun, means "what."
(See above.) As a noun, it refers to a
golden coin, or paper equivalent, to the
value of twenty English shillings. In this
passage it is a noun.

Septimo die refers to the death of
Septimus, the Trojan general.

Many juniors may make a mistake in
rendering *omnibus haec* in the next line.
This does not refer to a motor omnibus,
such as we use nowadays. The omnibuses
of ancient Troy were all horse-drawn

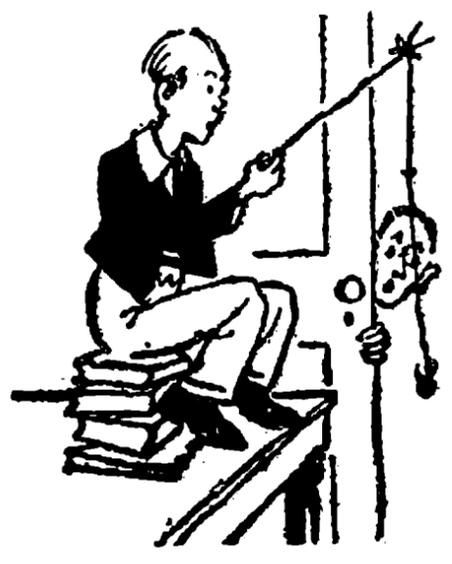
vehicles, as is indicated by the word
"haec" or "hack" which follows.
Ne anni tempore, means, of course, "not
any temper," and indicates that old
Father Aeneas was a good-humoured old
bean. *Quod*, as you know, means a gaol or
prison, and *celari* was a kind of edible
plant which the Greeks used to have for
tea.

The really nasty word in this section is
appropinquaverunt. In spite of a slight
resemblance to the third person plural of
the perfect *appropinquo*, it is really a
compound word designed to catch you
out. *Appro*, of course, means "approval."
Pin is from the adjective *pinguis*, meaning
"fat." The meaning of *quaver* is well
known—to quiver or to stutter. The
termination merely points the tense. The
word means, "the fat man was quivering
his approval." I hope you will delight
Crowell—and, incidentally, me—by con-
struing it in this fashion to-morrow.

For the rest, you can use your in-
telligence. It is quite easy—except, of
course, for Snipe, who is past hope. Even
the simplest Latin phrase is a mystery to
poor old Snipe. If he had a straight-
forward phrase like *jam appelo-plumque* to
construe, I bet a dollar he would call it
orange marmalade.

**CATCH THESE FISH!
MARVELLOUS MARINE
MONSTERS**

MANY fine
fish can
be seen
and
caught at St.
Frank's, if you
have a mind for
that sort of
thing.



First of all
there is the
Teddilong, or
Lesser Funk,
which can be
caught by
baiting your rod with a two-bob bit. The
monster will come up and snatch it, and
may then be hit over the head with a
blunt instrument. If you are attacked by
this creature—which is unlikely, unless you
are a cripple—you can easily drive it away
at top speed by producing a cake of soap.

The Josh, or Cuttle-fish, may be caught
by making a noise like a public flogging.
The creature will then appear and want
to "take you up." You can take the Josh
up instead.

The Fattie, or Little Gobbles, can be
caught with a doughnut or jam tart, but
needs a steam derrick to haul it to the
bank. The singleton, or Bloated Million-
aire, on the other hand, often goes to the
bank of its own accord.

The tuckshop is a noted place to fish
for Hake, and a fine female Hake was
caught there some time ago. Gulliver
caught her with a spurious shilling.

The Boots, or Buster, is closely related
to the Soles and 'Eels, and can be "had
on a string" with perfect ease. You may
run across a fine specimen of Archie
asleep; indeed, it would be difficult not
to run across it asleep. You may kill it
mercifully, but be careful not to wake it.

The Nipper, which is of the Crab and
Lobster family, may be caught with a
clue as a bait, while the Handie, or
Amazingly Idiotic Editor, should be—
(That's enough! I'm afraid there isn't
space to print the rest of this silly article.
—E. O. H.)

“The Green Triangle’s Decree!”

(Continued from page 20.)

him on his tail, slowly and steadily overtaking him, and flying only just above.

He looked round and upwards. She was a French craft, he imagined, and, of course, she had been chartered especially for this occasion. Zingrave glowed within him as he thought of the thoroughness of his subordinates. Up here, above the clouds—beyond the range of all human eyes—he was to be transferred to that flying boat!

And the monoplane—well, of course, it would crash. But who would ever know what had happened to the master-crook?

Already Zingrave had released the straps which had bound him to his seat. As a precautionary measure, there was a parachute attached to him. But this he did not wish to use.

The flying boat, cruising as steadily as an ocean liner, came lower and nearer. And now Zingrave, looking up, saw the substantial rope ladder which had been lowered from the hull. Two men, standing in an open doorway, were so close that he could recognise every line of their features.

Lower came the flying boat; the two machines were flying as one, the monoplane slightly below the larger craft.

And the flying boat’s pilot, with amazing skill, caused the rope ladder to trail directly over the open cockpit. The rungs touched Zingrave, he reached upwards, and took a firm grip.

There was no jerk, no violent wrench, as he had feared. Smoothly the flying boat rose, and Zingrave was lifted clear of the monoplane’s cockpit. His feet caught against other rungs, and he gained foothold.

And the monoplane, her controls left to their own devices, flew on.

But only for a short distance did she remain on an even keel. The machine suddenly dipped, she banked, and there was no controlling hand to correct her; and thus, shuddering and fluttering, she developed a spin. Then her nose went down in real earnest, and with the velocity of a meteor, she went hurtling down to her doom.

CHAPTER 13.

Dead, Or—

A GREAT Atlantic liner was coming up Channel, and her officers, on the bridge, were the first to see the tiny speck which came hurtling down from the clouds, overhead.

And these officers had reason to be alarmed, too—for the aeroplane, which was clearly out of control, looked like crashing perilously near to the liner.

Many passengers saw, too, and a wave of excitement went up and down the wide promenade decks. In less than half a minute people were leaning over the rails, craning upwards, excited, fearful.

For there was something dreadful in the sight of that falling ‘plane.

She had got into a vertical dive now, and it was at this point, whilst she was still two thousand feet above the sea, that the Green Triangle’s cunning plans were assisted by chance.

The idea had been to allow that monoplane to crash, giving the impression that Zingrave, losing control, had gone to his death in the Channel. It was hoped that many people would see the tell-tale green triangles, thus identifying the machine.

But something else happened—something far better.

The terrific strain imposed upon the machine during the earlier part of its dive had probably caused a fracture in the petrol tank—and, at the same time, one of the wings parted from the fuselage and drifted away. The rest of the machine, spinning horribly, burst into a blinding sheet of flame.

And down she came, a roaring, livid mass of fire.

Terror seized the passengers aboard that liner, for it seemed that the flaming mass, hurtling down, would strike the decks. The engine was still running, in spite of the flames, and the roar of it was horrible to listen to. Many people declared that they could see the doomed pilot frantically attempting to extricate himself. The imagination can play queer tricks on such occasions. But the imagination of these good people was all to the benefit of Zingrave’s plan. For there were many witnesses ready to swear that there was a pilot aboard that doomed craft.

Miraculously enough, the flaming wreck fell just clear of the liner’s bows. A portion of the remaining wing struck the rail, in fact, and then, with a ghastly hiss and a terrific splash, the end came.

It was all over in a second. Nothing remained on the surface but a cloud of steam, a mass of foam, and one or two trifling scraps of wreckage. The engine, the fuselage, everything had plunged to the bottom of the Channel.

After this dramatic happening, how many people took any notice of the sedate-looking flying boat which was obviously on an ordinary, everyday trip across the Channel?

Zingrave had succeeded in holding on to that precarious perch; willing hands had drawn him upwards. Hours later, when dusk had descended over the Channel, the seaplane glided noiselessly down to the surface—beyond reach of the shores, and at a spot where there was no shipping.

A low, strange-looking motor-boat was ready. It was only the work of two or three minutes for Zingrave to be transferred from the flying boat to the other craft. And, without delay, the flying boat took off again—to fly back to a French port, where no suspicions were aroused, and where no inquiries were made—for she had been chartered to make a leisurely pleasure trip.

Meanwhile the Atlantic liner had wirelessly the news of that dreadful tragedy. Other ships, which had seen the whole thing from a distance, wirelessed, too. There could be no doubt about the news. Dozens—scores—even hundreds—of independent witnesses had seen the green triangles on the monoplane's wings; they had seen the machine hurtle to its doom, and any idea of rescue had been out of the question. Even if the 'plane had not caught fire, nothing could have been done for the ill-fated pilot.

It was Chief detective-inspector Lennard who rang up Nelson Lee during the afternoon.

"You haven't heard, eh?" he said, after they had spoken for a few moments. "No, those R.A.F. 'planes failed to get on the track. But everything's O.K., Lee. Zingrave is dead."

"Dead?" echoed Lee sharply. "How do you know that?"

"How do I know?" repeated Lennard's voice across the wires. "Listen! After Zingrave did that stunting over St. Frank's, he evidently tried to get across to France. But something went wrong with his 'plane; anyhow, he lost control, the machine caught fire, and he plunged to his doom."

Lennard gave all the details, telling of the many witnesses who had recognised the monoplane.

"It sounds very convincing, Lennard, but isn't there something about it which strikes you as peculiar?" asked Lee at length.

"Peculiar? What do you mean?"

"Well, it smacks too much of that other affair—when Zingrave was supposedly drowned in an amphibian tank," replied Lee. "You all thought that he went to his doom then, didn't you?"

"But, hang it, this is different!" protested Lennard. "The 'plane was seen to fall in flames, I tell you, and——"

"It sounds fishy to me," interrupted Lee. "You may think I'm crazy, Lennard, but I believe that it's a trick. Nobody saw a parachute descending anywhere, I suppose?"

"Parachute!" snorted Lennard. "Don't make me laugh! Do you think a man could descend by a parachute anywhere in the Channel, without being seen? On a clear afternoon like this, too?"

"Very well—you stick to your opinion, and I'll stick to mine," said Lee grimly. "But if Professor Cyrus Zingrave is really dead, I shall be very surprised."

And the chief inspector, thoroughly disgusted at Nelson Lee's sceptical reception of his great news, rang off.

CHAPTER 14.

Iron Nerve!

WITH dusk came a considerable haze. After so much brilliant sunshine during the day this was only to be expected. The wind had dropped now, and the evening was calm.

The haze, practically a mist, was of great service to Professor Zingrave's plan.

The motor-boat which now carried him lingered in the Channel for some hours; and those in charge of her steered clear of all shipping.

It was a most unusual craft, this. It was, in fact, a sister boat of the one which Zingrave had utilised during his recent operations at Crag House—the one which had been operated by the rascally Captain Slaney. That boat had been seized by the police.

The new one had many improvements. The engine, for example, was practically noiseless, and the craft itself, so low-lying as to be first cousin to a submarine, was painted blue-green, like the sea.

In the mist and gloom, just after darkness had fallen, the boat crept up the Channel, edging towards the coast. She slipped into the River Stowe, at Caistowe, unseen, unsuspected, like a ghost craft, and flitted up stream.

There were three men on board—Zingrave and the boat's crew. Very little was said. The men in charge were required to be on the alert constantly.

Zingrave remained in the tiny cabin. He had been through a trying ordeal that day, and now that the suspense was over, he was feeling the reaction.

There was food for him in the cabin, and he partook of a frugal meal. Then he changed into the new clothes which had been provided for him; he shaved, and

then, quite calmly, he lay down upon the little lounge and slept.

Such was this man's remarkable mentality that he could sleep peacefully and dreamlessly at such a time.

He was aroused by one of the other men looking into the cabin.

"About ten minutes now, chief!" he said softly.

"Thank you—I will be ready."

Zingrave washed, tidied himself, and donned a heavy overcoat. He had made no attempt to alter his personal appearance, he had adopted no disguise. But no longer did he look like a convict. He had again become Professor Zingrave, the scientist.

The boat, having crept noiselessly up the river, had now reached its destination. It was a very quiet reach; willows grew along either bank, and, beyond the towing-path stretched rolling woodlands. It was very difficult to see much, however, in the thin mist.

"All clear, chief," said one of the men, looking into the cabin.

Zingrave squeezed his way out; he found the boat practically alongside the bank.

"Thank you, my good friends," he murmured, in his silky voice. "You have done splendidly. You shall be liberally rewarded."

He shook hands with them, and, without another word, he stepped ashore. He was very certain of his bearings, for never once did he falter as he walked. And soon he was making his way across a rolling parkland, and, vague and indistinct ahead, loomed a great building, where no light showed.

And that building, amazingly enough, was Edgemore Castle!

For Professor Zingrave had decided upon a plan which, for stark audacity, would have been difficult to match.

The master-criminal's policy had always been a bold one; audacity was the keynote of most of his schemes. But this new plot was breathless in its daring.

What he needed most, just now, was a safe haven—a hiding-place. He needed, too, a headquarters, from which he could direct his newly-formed league.

And he had chosen—Edgemore Castle!

It was not such a mad project as it appeared, at first sight. The Earl of Edgemore was away, with his son, Viscount Bellton—the genial Skeets, of the St. Frank's Remove. For, after the finding of the fabulous Edgemore treasure, the pair had gone off to Canada on a

holiday, leaving the castle locked up. Lord Edgemore was, at heart, a Canadian rancher, and he had never really settled to the life of an English country gentleman. He had seen no reason why he should employ servants at the castle when he was not there himself, so there was not even a caretaker. The place was empty.

All this Professor Zingrave knew—and he intended to take advantage of his knowledge.

Edgemore Castle was the least likely place for the police to search. Even if the authorities refused to believe that he—Zingrave—was dead, they would keep a look-out in London, at the ports, and in other likely spots. They would never dream that the master-crook had established himself practically next door to his arch-enemy, Nelson Lee!

CHAPTER 15.

The Diving Suit!

YET, for all Professor Zingrave's brilliance, he had failed to guard against one factor. And on this particular evening, of all evenings, when he desired the River Stowe to himself, there were others lurking in the misty darkness.

Three junior schoolboys of St. Frank's!

It was one of those unforeseen chances which no man could guard against. It would have been different if the boys were on the river openly. They were not.

In any case, Professor Zingrave was contemptuous of the schoolboys. And this in spite of the knowledge that it was the St. Frank's fellows who, owing to their enterprise and daring, had played such a large part in wrecking his former schemes.

He still regarded them as mere schoolboys; and when it was suggested to him that they might interfere, he impatiently pooh-pooed the possibility.

It was strange that a man who was so brilliant in most things should so underestimate a very tangible peril. The factor which he refused to see was that every healthy schoolboy is an ardent amateur detective. Anything of a mysterious nature has a tremendous appeal to the schoolboy, and the celebrated Edward Oswald Handforth was not the only fellow who revelled in the game of "playing detective." Ordinary grown-up people are so engrossed in their own affairs—so intent upon that whole-time job of earning a living—that they had no inclination to probe into matters which are not, strictly speaking, their own business.

Schoolboys have no such responsibilities; they leap at the chance of doing a bit of amateur sleuthing. Thus, in one sense, Professor Zingrave had made an appalling mis-



Willy Handforth gasped and struggled at the end of the rope. But he was dragged, helpless, in the wake of the mysterious craft to the crooks' secret headquarters.

take in locating himself so near to St. Frank's. But never for a moment did he regard the danger as a real one.

The circumstances, this particular evening, were undoubtedly unusual.

Normally, at this hour, none of the boys would have been anywhere near the river. At this time of the year the river, after dark, was not popular. And here was the real truth of the situation. Willy Handforth had chosen this hour, because he figured that he would be able to operate in absolute seclusion.

The cheery young skipper of the Third Form was accompanied, as usual, by his trusty chums and henchmen, Chubby Heath and Juicy Lemon.

They arrived at the river bank, just after dark, heavily laden.

"I think it's a dotty idea," Chubby Heath was saying in an uneasy voice. "If you want my opinion, Willy—"

"I don't!" said Willy crisply.

"Well, you're going to get it, anyway," growled Chubby. "Why couldn't you do this in the daylight? I tell you, you're off your rocker! Supposing something happens to you? There's only Juicy and me here, end—"

"Oh, my hat!" groaned Willy. "You've

made all these objections a hundred times--and on two distinct occasions I've punched your head. Do you want it punched again?"

"Well, I think we ought to have told somebody," put in Juicy Lemon. "You're going to kill yourself, Willy Handforth--that's what you're going to do! I suppose you realise that?"

He spoke almost defiantly, and Willy chuckled.

"If I peg out because of this experiment, I won't be killing myself—it'll be something like murder," he said coolly. "And you two fatheads will be the murderers! I'm trusting my life to you, and if you make any blunders, and I go to a watery grave, it'll be your fault."

"That's what we don't like," said Chubby breathlessly. "The—the responsibility is too great."

For over a week the trio, in dead secret, had been working upon Willy's latest invention—a weird and wonderful diving-suit! And now the hour had come for the great experiment to be made. Willy, of course, was to do the diving.

There was no real reason why the fags should make a diving-suit; there was nothing to dive for. But that was only a

detail. Willy reckoned that there would be heaps of fun in diving, anyhow.

The actual suit was one which Nelson Lee had once used, and, having no further need for it, he had presented it to Willy—little dreaming of the purpose to which it was to be put. Willy had immediately set his ingenious brain to work.

He attached heavy weights to the feet, and he contrived a watertight joint to the shoulders.

The helmet—the chief feature of the apparatus—was entirely of Willy's own design and construction. He was proud of it. Chubby Heath and Juicy Lemon were scared of it.

The helmet was, to be quite frank, a large iron saucepan! Not that it looked like an iron saucepan now.

The handle had been detached, and in one portion a heavy glass window had been hermetically sealed into place. Threaded

nozzles had been soldered in, one on either side, and hose-pipes were attached to them. Clamps had been fixed, too, so that they would fix into the bayonet fastenings on the shoulders of the rubber dress. It had all been done very efficiently—if crudely.

The two hose-pipes were of the ordinary garden variety—with wire binding on the outside. Willy had been particular about this, as he did not want the pipes to kink whilst he was beneath the surface. And the wire-bound type of pipe is unkinkable.

They led from the helmet to a weird-looking apparatus which was to be operated by Chubby and Juicy. This was the heart of the whole unit. For it was a home-made air-pump, by which Willy's assistants were to keep him supplied with good, healthy atmosphere.

Willy was optimistic about the whole experiment—he was taking all the risk, anyhow. But his chums were full of misgiving.

WHAT ARE THE SECRETS OF . . .



"THE HOUSE OF DREAD!"

Mystery surrounds Edgemore Castle. To Lord Edgemore and his son the stately old home has become a house of fear and dread . . . to Nelson Lee and Nipper it is a place of sinister secrets. These secrets the famous detective is determined to fathom, even at the risk of his life.

But he reckons without the cunning resourcefulness of his old enemy, Professor Zingrave.

This story is packed with dramatic adventure and breathless excitement. It appears in **NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.**

TELL YOUR PALS IT'S

A NELSON LEE

DETECTIVE-THRILLER!

CHAPTER 16.

The Great Experiment!

"THAT'S the ticket!" said Willy breathlessly. "By Jingo! I feel pretty awkward in this get-up! Let's have the helmet, you chaps."

He was wearing the rubber suit, which was many sizes too large for him. And, with his weighted feet, he felt extraordinary helpless. They were standing near the river bank, where the water, as Willy was well aware, was fairly deep.

"Don't do it, old man," urged Chubby in sudden panic. "You'll sink like a stone, and—"

"Dry up!" growled Willy. "You promised to help me, and you've got to keep your word. You fatheads! There's no danger. I can stand on the bottom just here, and my head won't even be under water. My wheeze is to walk towards the centre of the river, getting deeper and deeper. If I can't breathe properly, or anything like that, I'll give a tug on the lifeline, and all you chaps have to do is to haul me in."

"By the time we get you to the bank you may be dead," said Juicy dismally.

Willy was indignant. All these morbid objections revealed a gross lack of faith in his "invention."

"Now in daylight—" began Chubby.

"Haven't I already told you, you lopsided haddock, that I daren't try it in daylight?" demanded Willy fiercely. "All sorts of people would see, and in next to no time prefects and masters would get to hear. You know what would happen then. They'd dash for the river at the double, and put a stop to the whole business."

"That's just it," agreed Chubby. "That's what I thought."

"You—you—you—" Willy paused for breath. "There's my major, too," he went on. "You know what Ted is. He'd get into a panic at once, and think I was going to be killed, or something like that. But after we've made the experiment to-night, and after we've proved that the diving-suit is safe, it won't matter a toss. I can do the next dive before a big crowd. Come on. We've wasted enough time already. Let's have that helmet."

There was no denying the masterful Willy. Chubby Heath and Juicy Lemon gave it up as a bad job. They had known from the very first, in fact, that he would not take the slightest notice of their objections.

"All right—have your own way," said Chubby resignedly. "But if you get drowned, or suffocated, don't blame us!"

"I wouldn't dream of such a thing," said Willy promptly. "If you pull me out of the river, and find me as dead as a kipper, I'll tell everybody that it was all my own silly fault!"

"You silly fathead!" said Juicy. "If you're dead, how can you tell people—"

"Oh, chuck it!" interrupted Willy. "Help me with the helmet."

It was a cumbersome contrivance—for large iron saucepans are heavy, and this one was increased in weight by the various appendages.

But, once on Willy's shoulder, the fastenings slipped easily into their slots, and a screw motion sealed it tightly.

"All serene!" came a muffled voice from within. "You can start pumping now."

They had tried this before, and it had proved successful. It was quite true that the air rushed into the saucepan with a roaring hiss, and it was equally true that there was a fearful draught on Willy's left ear. But these were mere trifles.

Right in the top of the saucepan—that is to say, the present top, for it was actually the bottom—there was an ingeniously contrived valve, so that the used air could escape. This was the one feature of the diving-suit which had not yet been thoroughly tested.

"Don't go too far!" shouted Chubby anxiously.

"Dry up!" came Willy's voice. "Don't you chaps talk at all. People will hear you!"

They confined themselves to the pumping, operating the lever just as Willy had instructed them. And Willy himself, lumbering heavily, approached the bank, with the two lengths of hosepipe trailing after him.

He reached the edge of the bank, and, gingerly lowering himself, he slid into the cold water. He went in with a plunge, and it was rather deeper than he had thought, for he vanished completely, and now, in addition to the hissing of the incoming air, he could hear the noisy bubbling of the valve.

Chubby and Juicy, straining their eyes in the darkness, were startled to see that their leader had completely vanished; but they were somewhat reassured when they saw the bubbles rising to the surface. Already those bubbles were getting farther out—proving that Willy was walking over the river bed towards the centre of the stream. This meant that he was getting deeper and deeper.

A short, sharp tug came on the lifeline. This was a prearranged signal that everything was all right. Two sharp tugs meant that he was to be immediately hauled in.

Willy was delighted.

So far, the diving-suit was behaving splendidly. He judged that he must be four or five feet below the surface now, and he was still going strong.

True, water leaked in at one or two points, and this was rather puzzling. The suit had been quite watertight when it had been tested in a pond. No doubt the heavier pressure had something to do with it. Willy could feel a distinct stream trickling in near his neck; water was dripping on to his right ear, too. But he had no time to bother with these insignificant defects.

It was taking him all his time to keep his balance as he plunged through the soft sand

of the river bed. There was no mud here, as he knew—this was why he had chosen the spot. But the sand was a great deal softer than he had expected. At every step he plunged and staggered, and his feet were a great deal heavier than he had expected. He had always read that the weights on a diver's feet are not noticed under water.

He judged that he must be getting near to the middle of the river by now, and he was glowing with satisfaction. He was also breathing with some difficulty. The air supply was satisfactory, but it could scarcely be called one hundred per cent. efficient.

He was certainly not going to give a double tug on the lifeline. He wasn't going to have his chums crowing. He decided to turn back. It wouldn't take him long to walk—

And then it was that Willy heard a queer, mysterious throbbing.

CHAPTER 17.

The Disaster!

IN the first few moments Willy thought that something had gone wrong with his wonderful apparatus. He stood stock still, listening. His head was filled with the hissing of the incoming air, the gurgling of the escaping bubbles.

Yet in some queer way that throbbing persisted—at the back of all those other sounds. And, what was more, it was growing louder.

The explanation came to him in a flood of inspiration.

"Great Scott!" he gasped. "It's an engine—and that means a motor-boat!"

On the second he realised his peril. He was in mid-stream, and he wasn't a very great way beneath the surface. There was a distinct chance that he would be hit—

The world seemed to come to an end. The throbbing grew insistent—and it was not strange that Willy should hear this throbbing so clearly, whilst Chubby Heath and Juicy Lemon, on the bank, heard nothing. Such sounds become tremendously magnified under water.

Moreover, Willy's chums were fully occupied by their pumping, and the apparatus itself was making a lot of wheezy, creaking noises. The first they knew was that the hosepipes and the airline were suddenly jerked so violently that the whole airpump was torn out of their hands.

Willy knew nothing at all in that first dread second.

The one connected thought which came to him was that Chubby and Juicy would be right—he had gone to his death! He was suddenly jerked with terrific violence, pulled completely off his feet, and dragged along. His airline must have been cut, for no air was now coming to him, and he was overwhelmed by a sense of horrible suffocation.

And still he was being dragged through the water.

He never knew quite how he did it, but, reaching his hands up, he managed to jerk the headgear round so that the bayonet fastenings loosened their grip. With a violent jerk the converted saucepan was pulled completely off his head, and now his plight was even worse.

But only for a moment.

In spite of his perilous position, he knew exactly what had happened. A motor-boat had come up the river, and had fouled his lines. The hosepipes were now freed; but the lifeline—the rope which was attached to his middle—still held secure. And he was being dragged through the water, well in the wake of the mysterious craft.

And now something else happened. For Willy found his head above the surface. Gratefully he gulped in pure air, and he found his face battered and buffeted by the wash. But at least he could breathe—and now, when he opened his eyes, he could see. Yes, there was the motor-boat, a black object, extraordinarily low-lying. And evidently those aboard knew nothing of what had happened, for the craft had not checked, and nobody was calling.

As a matter of fact, the men in charge of the motor-boat had felt a little jar, and had even looked round; but they had seen nothing suspicious. They concluded that the boat had struck against an unusually dense patch of river weeds. Certainly they could not have guessed that a schoolboy diver would be operating in the river at that hour of the evening.

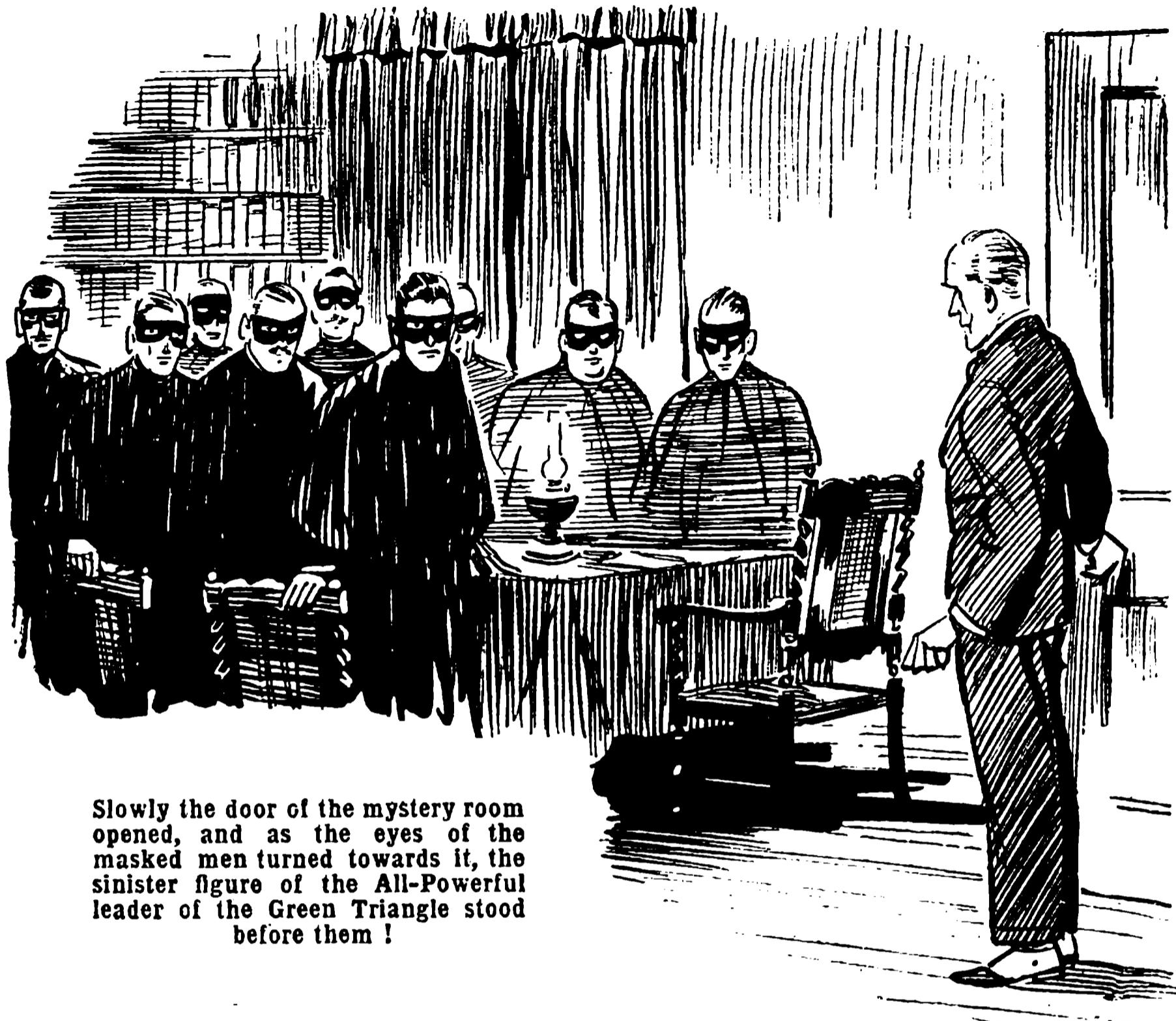
The effect upon Chubby Heath and Juicy Lemon was overwhelming.

Picking themselves up after being flung down, they were too dazed and bewildered to look up the river. They had seen nothing, heard nothing. Now they were aghast at the possibilities. Their first thought was for Willy, and with desperate strength they commenced pulling in the hosepipes. The lifeline itself had vanished; it had been severed from the pumping apparatus at the moment of the disaster.

By the time they pulled the hosepipes in the motor-boat had proceeded beyond Willard's Island, and the island itself acting as a screen, prevented the Green Triangle men from hearing the frantic shouts of the frightened fags.

For they found nothing but the headgear! The rest of the diving-suit, with Willy inside it, had vanished! And the river itself was quiet and undisturbed.

The whole situation was ghastly. Chubby and Juicy could not even form a wild guess at what had happened. They only knew that Willy had gone. And the quietness of the river indicated that he was not even able to make a struggle for life. Otherwise, they would surely have seen some disturbance.



Slowly the door of the mystery room opened, and as the eyes of the masked men turned towards it, the sinister figure of the All-Powerful leader of the Green Triangle stood before them!

"Willy!" gasped Chubby in agony. "Quick! We've got to do something, Juicy!"

There was only one thing to be done. The two fags, pluckily enough, dived headlong into the river, just as they were. They swam out strongly, gasping at the sudden chilliness of the water. They dived repeatedly, coming up again and again—without success.

"He's not here!" gasped Juicy, after what seemed an age. "It's—it's no good, Chubby! He's gone!"

"He must be lying at the bottom—weighted down by that rotten suit!" said Chubby tragically. "Oh, my goodness! Didn't we tell him that it would end in disaster?"

They both realised the futility of their efforts. And they were in danger themselves now—for, fully clothed, and numbed by the coldness of the water, they were finding swimming difficult.

Yet, somehow, they managed to get to the bank and drag themselves out. They stared at the river again. It was horribly silent. They were stunned by the tragedy. By now, of course, there wasn't the slightest possi-

bility that Willy could still be alive. After he had lost his headgear he must have drowned quickly. Five full minutes had elapsed—and no human being could exist under water for that time.

"We'd—we'd better tell the others!" muttered Chubby shakily.

They ran off—frightened, panic-stricken.

And, as luck would have it, they ran into a crowd of Removites in the Triangle. Nipper & Co., Handforth & Co., Travers, Potts and others, were crossing from the Modern House to the Ancient House. They had been guests, to tea, with the Fourth-Formers.

"Help—help!" gurgled a wild, despairing voice.

The two fags ran up, looking like drowned rats, their faces expressive of tragedy.

"Great Scott! Have you kids fallen into the river?" asked Nipper sharply. "What's wrong?"

"Willy!" panted Chubby.

"My minor!" yelled Handforth. "What's happened to him?"

"He's drowned!" said the two fags in one tragic voice.

CHAPTER 18.

The Face in the Doorway!

"DROWNED!" said Edward Oswald with deadly calmness.

"It wasn't our fault, Handy," faltered Juicy. "We warned him! We told him not to—"

"What happened?" demanded Handforth, seizing the two fags in such a fierce grip that they winced. "Tell me! Quick! What happened to Willy?"

"He—he insisted upon trying out his new diving-suit," panted Chubby Heath. "We told him, from the start, that he'd kill himself, but—"

"Diving-suit!" gasped Handforth in horror. "You don't mean to say—"

They told him—disjointed, almost incoherently.

"You get indoors, you two," said Nipper quickly. "Rush upstairs, get in a hot bath, and—"

"Not likely!" interrupted Chubby. "We're coming back with you chaps! We shan't come to any harm."

It was no time for arguing; even Nipper did not insist. And, a moment later, they were all racing towards the river. In the emergency they had not even said a word to anybody else. Thus, the school authorities knew nothing.

When the would-be rescuers got to the spot, they realised the utter hopelessness of their task. Nearly twenty minutes had elapsed by now, and the river was black and silent. If Willy had escaped, by some miracle, there would have been some sign of him.

"My minor," muttered Handforth dully. "Oh, it's too awful! I can't believe it! You young fools!" he went on with sudden despairing fury. "Why did you let him—"

"Don't turn on these kids, Handy," interrupted Church. "Don't you think they're suffering enough already?"

"I'm sorry," muttered Handforth. "Don't take any notice of me, you kids. I knew what Willy was—he'd force you to do it, wouldn't he? Many's the five bob he's forced out of me—after I've sworn that I wouldn't let him have it."

They stood there, stunned by the apparent tragedy. Weighted with that heavy diving-suit, Willy hadn't an earthly chance. Once his helmet had gone, he had been doomed.

"But how?" asked Handforth suddenly, his voice choking. "What happened? How did he lose his helmet?"

"Goodness only knows," said Chubby unsteadily. "There—there was a sudden jerk, and that's all we know."

And the more the Removites heard of the affair the more mysterious it seemed.

Meanwhile, Willy Handforth, very much alive, had made a quick recovery from his initial shock.

He was still being towed through the water, but now he was finding something remark-

ably interesting in this mysterious motor-boat.

Never had he seen such a craft. What was it doing on the river? Willy was shrewd, and he had not forgotten the sensational events of the day. He had heard, too, that Professor Zingrave had been killed—and, like everybody else, he accepted that story. But Zingrave had had confederates—helpers. And those men would be as grim as ever, no doubt, in their determination to exterminate Nelson Lee.

The very secrecy of this river trip stamped it as something sinister. Willy was on the alert. And the very fact that the people aboard the boat were in ignorance of what had happened was important. They did not know that Willy was being dragged behind! He struggled and gasped at the end of the rope. But he was dragged, helpless, in the wake of the mysterious craft to the crooks' secret headquarters.

The strain was beginning to tell, and he felt that he must shout out and let the men know he was there. Fortunately, the motor-boat was slowing, and now he saw that it was edging towards one of the banks. He had to act, and act quickly.

He was grateful for the looseness of that rubber suit; for, now that the tension was relaxed, he was able to wriggle with excellent effect. Making scarcely any sound, he freed himself from the suit, and a moment later he was swimming silently. He managed to pull out a clasp-knife and open it. It was a second's task to sever that rope, sending the now useless suit to the bottom.

Still silent, Willy swam to the bank, and he pulled himself out amid some screening reeds. Like a shadow he dodged behind the cover of some willows.

A figure had stepped ashore from the motor-boat, and without a word it walked away. And Willy saw, with a start, that this part of the country was Lord Edgemore's estate! He considered that it was more important to follow this mysterious figure than to pay any further heed to the motor-boat. He forgot his wet condition. Fortunately, the evening was unusually mild.

The boat, as a matter of fact, did not go far. It proceeded up the river, and it was hidden away in a ramshackle old boathouse, on the Edgemore estate, which had not been used for many years.

Willy was tensely excited. Who was this man? Why was he making his way so secretly towards Edgemore Castle? Willy knew well enough that the castle was locked up.

"I was right," he muttered. "This business smells as fishy as Yarmouth in the herring season!"

The man was quite leisurely in his movements, and he was not suspicious in any way, for never once did he look round. His manner was that of a man who had a perfect right here.

Once, indeed, Willy found himself wondering if this man was the Earl of Edgemore himself. What a frost if that turned out to be the case!

They were near the castle now, and Willy, taking advantage of handy clumps of bushes, crept nearer.

Emerging from one of these screens, he was just in time to see the mystery man approach a small, arched side door. A key sounded in the lock, and then the door swung open.

A soft light came through the open doorway, and for a moment it played upon the face of the man who had just arrived.

And it was the face of Professor Cyrus Zingrave!

CHAPTER 19.

Two Shocks!

IT was only by a supreme effort of will that Willy Handforth prevented himself from crying out.

Zingrave!

It was incredible—fantastic. Yet, once having seen Professor Zingrave, it was impossible to mistake him.

Thud!

The door had closed, and again Willy heard the sound of a key turning. He stood there, trying to sort out his bewildered thoughts. The man he had followed from the motor-boat was Professor Cyrus Zingrave, and the crook scientist had coolly and calmly admitted himself into Edgemore Castle!

"I'm going off my rocker!" said Willy breathlessly.

But then, in the next moment, he knew that he wasn't. His brain was quick, and he knew how to put two and two together. In a flash, he remembered that tale about Professor Zingrave diving to his doom in a blazing aeroplane.

And now a motor-boat, after dark, had crept up the River Stowe. Yes, it had come from the sea—from the Channel! The more Willy thought of it, the greater his conviction grew that Zingrave had somehow played a clever trick. He had escaped from that doomed 'plane, and he had been picked up by the motor-boat.

And here he was—in Edgemore Castle!

The immediate tension was over, and Willy, notwithstanding his strong constitution, was beginning to suffer a certain amount of reaction. He shivered. No sense in standing out here, in the cold, mild as the evening was. Far better get back to the school.

He couldn't do anything single-handed, anyhow. He had made an overwhelmingly important discovery, and it was any odds that Professor Zingrave would remain in the empty castle.

Running like a hare, Willy sprinted across the estate, making a bee-line for St. Frank's. The exercise warmed him up and prevented

him from taking any serious ill-effects. He was thinking, too, of Chubby Heath and Juicy Lemon. By this time, no doubt, the whole school was in an uproar. Well, he would soon show them that he wasn't drowned.

It would be rather difficult, explaining things—but Willy was ingenious. He made up his mind, then and there, that he would not tell the full story. He wouldn't even mention the motor-boat. Of course, he would tell Chubby and Juicy, and he would tell Nipper and Ted and a few others. But he wasn't going to have any masters interfering and spiking things.

Curiously enough, he was approaching the school from one angle, whilst the Removites and the two fags were approaching it from another. They were horrified beyond words at the dreadful tragedy of Willy's death.

"I can't believe it—I simply can't!" Handforth kept saying in a hopeless voice. "Poor old Willy! One of the best, you know!"

"Rather!" muttered the others.

Chubby and Juicy, unashamed, were sobbing.

"We warned him—we told him!" groaned Chubby tearfully. "It's—it's not fair to blame us!"

"We're not blaming you, old man," said Nipper gently. "We shall have to tell Old Wilkey about this at once—and the Head, too. And to-morrow, I suppose, the river will be dragged—"

"Don't!" said Handforth hoarsely. "I—I can't bear to think of it. Good old Willy! I've been a bit rough on him at times, I'm afraid. But you chaps know, as well as I do, that he was one of the finest fellows breathing! True as steel! Plucky as they make 'em! Oh, goodness! If we could bring him to life again now, I'd never say another unkind word to him."

They were hurrying into the Triangle—and at the same moment a smallish figure appeared from another direction. That figure was making for the Ancient House doorway. And suddenly Nipper jumped.

"Am I seeing things?" he panted. "Look, you chaps!"

"It's Willy—or his ghost!" yelled Chubby in mingled horror and joy.

Willy checked. He recognised the signs at once. So these chaps had been searching for him! He ran across to them, hot and breathless.

"Hallo, my sons!" he said cheerfully. "Not dead, you see. Hope I didn't give you too much of a shock."

Chubby and Juicy, choking, clutched at him—and they found that he was real.

"My only sainted aunt!" ejaculated Handforth with a gulp. "So—so it's you! You're alive, then!"

"You sound awfully disappointed, Ted," said Willy.

Handforth gripped him, and there was such a lump in his throat that for a moment he could not speak. But just that grip told

Willy all he wanted to know. In fact, he felt embarrassed. The other Removites gathered round, excited, relieved and mystified.

"All right, Ted," said Willy softly. "I'm not hurt—really. Awfully sorry I gave you a fright. But it wasn't really my fault."

Handforth seemed to swallow something, and he was glad of the darkness. Idiotic for a big fellow like him to have moist eyes.

"You—you young blighter!" he said with unexpected ferocity. "You tricky fathead! Do you think it's funny to make people believe that you're drowned? By George! I'll tan you for this!"

"I thought you weren't going to say another unkind word to your minor?" asked Church.

"Eh? Oh, well——"

"Listen, you chaps," said Willy tensely. "Have you told anybody yet? I mean, do the masters know anything?"

"No," said Nipper. "We all rushed to the river without telling anybody. We were just going indoors to break the sad news."

"Then don't break it," said Willy crisply. "Wait until Chubby and Juicy and I have changed our clothes—and then I'll tell you something that'll make your hair crackle!"

CHAPTER 20.

At Edgemore Castle!

PROFESSOR CYRUS ZINGRAVE nodded pleasantly.

"Yes, thank you, Miles, I am feeling very fit," he said. "And you?"

"Seeing you again, sir, is almost too good to be true," said the professor's companion, his voice shaking with emotion.

It was a curious little scene.

They were standing in an arched passage, in a remote part of Edgemore Castle. Zingrave, in fact, had just admitted himself—and Willy Handforth, at that very moment, was racing for St. Frank's. Little did the wily professor know how his latest hiding-place had been discovered by a schoolboy in such remarkable circumstances!

The passage was illuminated only by the oil lantern which the other man held in his hand. He was a thin, elderly man with bent shoulders. His manner was that of an upper servant, and as he looked at Professor Zingrave, his eyes were full of quiet joy.

For this man, Andrew Miles, regarded his master with a very real affection. A bond existed between the pair—and for some years, now, it had been severed.

At the height of Professor Zingrave's former glory, when the old League of the Green Triangle had been flourishing, Andrew Miles had been the professor's valet.

At that time Zingrave had lived openly in the West End of London; nobody had suspected him of being the high lord of the great criminal confederation. Even Miles had known nothing—at first.

When he had learned, it had made no difference to him. For years he had served Zingrave with the faithfulness of a slave. And Zingrave, in return, had done much for Miles. He had rescued the man from hanging; for Miles, in spite of his mild appearance, had murdered a man fifteen years earlier. It had not been a cold-blooded murder, but a crime of sudden passion. Hunted by the police, he had accidentally come across Professor Zingrave, and he had been saved.

Since then he had lived only to serve his master.

"I have had a somewhat tiring day, my good Miles," said the professor softly. "Everything here, I trust, is in readiness?"

"Yes, sir," said Miles. "I have prepared your bed with my own hands; supper is awaiting when you require it."

"And the—er—visitors, Miles?"

"They are waiting, sir—in the library."

"Excellent," beamed the professor. "I am fortunate in having so many faithful and trusty helpers."

It was difficult to believe that he had so recently been serving penal servitude in a grim convict prison. He behaved as though he had come home—as though Edgemore Castle were his own property.

And there was something almost whimsical in Zingrave's calm appropriation of the locked-up castle.

Everything, apparently, had gone "according to plan." He himself was here on time. He was grateful to the men who had assisted him, for their work had been magnificent.

But there were others.

Preceded by Miles, carrying the lamp, he went to the end of the passage, and here Miles pulled down a shutter over the lamp, so that every vestige of light was hidden.

"There are windows, sir," he explained briefly.

"Yes, we must be careful," replied the professor. "After all, it is as well to remember that this castle is not ours—yet."

They proceeded in darkness. Miles knew the way perfectly, and, having crossed the great entrance hall he opened a heavy door—and Professor Zingrave walked into the library.

Soft lights were glowing, but nothing could be seen from outside, for the heavy shutters were placed in position at every window. Even a fire was out of the question—for smoke, coming from a chimney of Edgemore Castle, would have aroused comment. However, a powerful oil-lamp of unique design was sending forth a ruddy glow and filling the library with grateful warmth.

But these, after all, were mere details.

The extraordinary thing about Lord Edgemore's library was that it was already occupied by ten men. They were seated at a big table in the centre of the room, five on each side. Every man was wearing a loose black robe which completely concealed

his ordinary clothing. And over each face there was a black mask, hiding the features completely.

As the door of the mystery room had opened, the eyes of the masked men had turned towards it. Before them stood the sinister figure of the all-powerful leader of the Green Triangle.

"Gentlemen, I greet you!" said Professor Zingrave, standing in the doorway.

They all bowed.

"Welcome, chief!" they chorussed.

Miles discreetly closed the door, and Professor Zingrave walked slowly and leisurely towards the head of the table.

"You may be seated, gentlemen," he said silkily.

CHAPTER 21.

The Inner Council!

IT might have been the board meeting of a great and respectable business concern. The men at the table took their seats, and all eyes were turned upon Professor Cyrus Zingrave.

"Now, gentlemen, this is something like old times," said the professor. "You are not looking upon an escaped convict, but upon the High Lord of the League of the Green Triangle. And I, for my part, am looking upon the powerful Inner Council.

There were some murmurs.

"We are here, gentlemen, for business," continued Zingrave. "Before getting down to that, however, it is my wish to thank you, collectively and individually, for the staunch and splendid efforts you have made on my behalf."

He spoke quietly, earnestly. He knew every one of these men—he knew them personally. Yet, strangely enough, the members of the Inner Council were not acquainted with one another. This did not apply completely; for here and there two of the men, perhaps, were friends. But as for the others, they were complete strangers. It was for this reason that they wore masks.

It was Zingrave's opinion that the Inner Council would be far more efficient if its members were unacquainted. Each man had his own particular "job" in the league's affairs.

"There is one thing I would like to know, gentlemen," said Zingrave. "How did you come to this castle?"

"Every precaution was taken," replied one of the councillors. "Some came by train to Bannington, and they walked here after dark. Others by car, leaving the cars on the high road. No single living soul saw any of us enter."

"It is good!" said Zingrave, nodding.

"But we would like to remind you, chief, that this method is dangerous," said one of the other councillors. "We may do this once. But what of our next meeting? And

the next? We cannot repeat this manoeuvre often. There are many risks."

"The next meeting will be unattended by risks, gentlemen," replied Zingrave promptly. "You will be able to come openly, without fear. I am making the most elaborate preparations. But of my plans I will speak later. There is one point which I must refer to at once. You are all aware of the efforts which were made last night and in the early morning to rid the league of its most dangerous enemy."

The councillors were silent.

"There is no need for me to tell you that Nelson Lee is the man to whom I refer," went on Zingrave, the silkiness of his voice changing into a cold harshness. "Lee escaped death twice during the past twenty-four hours. Now Lee is on his guard; he is as wily as a fox. To-day, he came into court—he faced me. In his eyes there was a challenge—a light of defiance.

The professor leaned over the table.

"Whilst Nelson Lee lives, there can be no certainty of success in any of our undertakings," he went on impressively. "Therefore, gentlemen, Lee must die—if not to-night, not later than to-morrow."

"There is a man here—a fellow named Blane—who can be utilised," said one of the councillors suddenly. "I do not quite understand his presence, however. I have been told that he is to act as butler."

"That is so," said Zingrave, nodding.

"But how can there be a butler in this castle—whilst the castle itself is supposedly empty and locked up?"

"It will not be empty and locked up for long," replied Professor Zingrave gently. "Plans have been made, gentlemen—and I venture to suggest that they are plans which will startle you. Later this evening we shall have visitors—distinguished visitors."

"You don't mean Lord Edgemore and his son?" asked one of the men.

"I mean Lord Edgemore and his son," said Professor Zingrave. "Fortune has favoured us, gentlemen. It so happens that the liner carrying the pair home from Canada arrives in Southampton this evening. Certain measures are being taken."

The significance of his words was apparent.

"And Lord Edgemore and his son are coming here—to-night?" asked a councillor, startled. "But surely that is madness? What will he say when he discovers—"

"Lord Edgemore will discover nothing," interrupted Zingrave curtly. "I beg of you, gentlemen, to leave this matter entirely in my hands. Lord Edgemore and his son will be with us very shortly—and then, gentlemen, I shall commence my real work. And I can tell you now that I shall continue to live here, in this castle, freely and almost openly. You will return to London to your various professions. You will hear from me from time to time. And when we are ready to bring off a great and spectacular coup, we shall hold another meeting. We must walk warily to begin with. My one object, now,

is to obtain possession of Lord Edgemore's wealth."

The Inner Councillors were amazed at Zingrave's coolness.

"But how do you propose to do this?" asked the big man. "You cannot rob the earl openly. He is not the kind of man to crumple up under threats."

"I shall not resort to anything so crude as that," replied Zingrave, his eyes burning. "No, gentlemen."

"May we know how you intend to gain your end?"

"I will tell you this much," replied Zingrave. "I have means in my power to make the Earl of Edgemore my absolute slave!"

CHAPTER 22.

Nipper's Advice!

EDWARD OSWALD HANDFORTH was bubbling with impatience.

"Now then, Willy, my son," he said, "make our hair crackle!"

They were in Study D, and that famous apartment was about as full as it could be without the walls bulging. Luckily enough, Willy & Co. had managed to change into dry things without attracting any undue attention. No masters or prefects had learned of their ducking, and so there were no awkward inquiries.

Now the promised meeting was taking place, and in addition to the three fags, Handforth and Church and McClure were in Study D, to say nothing of Nipper, Tregellis West, Watson, Travers, Potts and Cresswell. They were the fellows who had gone to the river to search for Willy's dead body.

Nobody else in the school knew; and nobody was likely to take any notice of the voices in Study D. The door was locked, and if anybody happened to come along they would be told, in a loud voice, to clear off.

"First of all," said Willy calmly, "I'll tell you that Professor Zingrave is alive."

"What?"

"Cheese it, you young ass!"

"What the dickens are you talking about?"

"I'm really beginning at the end," went on Willy. "But I thought I'd better spring that shock straight away. Zingrave is alive. I've seen him. He's at Edgemore Castle."

It was certainly a bombshell, and Handforth, at least, was red with excitement.

"You—you exasperating young ass!" he panted. "Why can't you give us the details?"

And Willy promptly did so. He explained how he had heard that throbbing under the water, how he had been suddenly caught by the motor-boat, and how he had slipped clear of the suit and had gained the shore.

He told them everything, and they marvelled at his coolness. For they knew that

he had had a remarkably narrow escape from death; yet he had already recovered his normal composure, and he seemed to have suffered no ill effects from his ordeal.

"It's amazing," said Nipper, at length. "Yet, when you come to think of it, doesn't it all fit in? Just like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle! That aeroplane fell into the Channel, didn't it? And that motor-boat must have come up the Stowe from the Channel. But why Edgemore Castle?"

"Because the castle is empty, of course," said Willy. "Who'd think of looking there?"

"But are you sure it was Zingrave?" asked Handforth eagerly. "I mean, did you see him distinctly?"

"The light from the doorway shone on his face—and you can't make a mistake about Zingrave," replied Willy. "Don't be an ass, Ted! Who else would come up the river in secret like that? Who else would have the cool check to go into Edgemore Castle?"

"He's right, you chaps," said Nipper. "The whole affair snacks of Zingrave's daring from first to last."

"Come on!" said Handforth suddenly.

"Come on where?" asked Willy.

"To Edgemore Castle, of course!"

"What for?"

"We'll grab Zingrave ourselves—we'll make a sensational capture," said Handforth, his eyes burning. "By George, can't you see our names in the newspapers?"

"Bother the newspapers," said Nipper. "Do you think we should find Zingrave, you ass?"

"But he's there, isn't he?"

"We daren't take the risk, old man," said Nipper, shaking his head. "It would be sheer madness for us to do this thing on our own. My gov'nor must know."

"But if we tell Mr. Lee, he won't let us take any part in the capture at all," protested Handforth. "You know what he is! He's afraid we'll get hurt or something!"

"You can leave it to me, you chaps," said Nipper. "I'll wangle something with the gov'nor. Let me do all the talking."

They went out in a body, and some of the other fellows, who saw them, wondered what was in the wind. Not that much notice was taken. It was a commonplace thing for groups of juniors to go about looking excited. When they arrived at the Head's house, they were instantly admitted. They found Nelson Lee in his study alone, and the detective was looking wildly surprised at this invasion.

"Well, well!" he said, looking round at the excited faces. "What's it all about, young 'uns?"

"Willy has made a discovery, gov'nor," said Nipper, coming straight to the point. "It's something big—something absolutely sensational about Zingrave—"

"Perhaps I can save you a lot of trouble," interrupted Nelson Lee smoothly. "You

(Continued on page 38.)



It doesn't matter which bar you may choose — just a nibble of Nestlé's tells you this is the chocolate you like best. The smoothest and milkiest of chocolate — the choc choc-full of goodness!

And — good news — the Nestlé's Milk Chocolate bar and the Whole

Nut and Milk bar are both heavier and bigger. Ask for Nestlé's every time — the chocolate that's as good to taste as it's good for you!

NESTLÉ'S
WRAPPED 2 D BARS
 CHOC-FULL OF **2** GOODNESS

"The Green Triangle's Decree!"

(Continued from page 36.)

were going to tell me, I think, that Professor Zingrave is to be found at Edgemore Castle?"

CHAPTER 23.

Startling News!

THE boys stared at Nelson Lee in staggered surprise.

"You were also going to tell me," proceeded Lee, "that Professor Zingrave came up the River Stowe in a strange motor-boat, and that Handforth minor, with rare pluck, followed Zingrave across the park——"

"But—but, gov'nor!" gasped Nipper. "I didn't know you were a thought-reader!"

"I'm not."

"How did you know, sir?" asked Handforth, bewildered.

"I was there," said Lee quietly.

"Wha-a-a-at!"

"Furthermore, I was expecting you boys to come and tell me all this," added Lee. "I must confess I was beginning to fear that you would fail, and I was on the point of coming over to the Ancient House, to seek you out. I am glad that you came. You have shown sound common-sense."

They were still staggered. It was very much of a shock to them to discover that Nelson Lee knew everything. Just as they had been about to trot out their sensational story. Lee coolly trotted it out on his own account. It was, as Handforth afterwards said, a bit thick.

"It will not surprise you to know that I have been suspecting danger all the evening," said Lee, his voice becoming grave. "When darkness came I went out on the prowl. I felt convinced that I was being hunted, so I decided to become the hunter."

"That's just what you would do, gov'nor," said Nipper breathlessly. "And what happened?"

"I was lucky enough to be near the river when I heard the throbbing of the motor-boat's engine——"

"But it didn't throb, sir," said Chubby Heath, staring. "It didn't make any sound at all."

"I fancy," said Lee dryly, "that my ears are better trained than yours, Heath. At all events, I heard the throbbing, and I ran to the river. I not only saw the passing of that remarkable craft, but I saw you, Handforth minor, swim to the bank and crawl out."

"And you didn't come near me, sir?" asked Willy, staring.

"At the time I did not know who you were," replied Lee. "It was only after you had commenced following Professor Zingrave that I recognised your figure. When Zingrave entered the castle, I was not ten feet from you."

"Well I'm jiggered!" said Willy in open admiration. "And I never even knew it! What a marvellous shadower you are, sir!"

"I really intended to have a word with you at the time, Willy, but you were off so quickly, and you run so like a hare, that I decided to wait. Now you can tell us your own end of the story. What were you doing in the river? How did you come to follow that boat? You were being towed, weren't you?"

Willy pulled a long face.

"After what you've told us, sir, my end of the yarn is pretty tame," he said. "You found out what you did by your own cleverness. I only found out by accident. That just shows you the difference."

He told the whole story, and Nelson Lee was looking severe when he had done.

"A very risky experiment, young man," he commented. "I don't wonder that you chose one of the dark hours. I hope you'll never do anything so foolish again."

"But that diving-suit was safe enough, sir," protested Willy. "I should have come up all right if that boat hadn't fouled my lines."

"I might have known you would be up to something dangerous when I gave you that old rubber suit," said Lee. "Upon my word, Willy, you're an extraordinary boy."

"Well, sir, what are we going to do about Zingrave?" asked Handforth impatiently. "We know he's there. The nerve of it! Walking into Edgemore Castle as though he owned the place! Why not get in touch with the police and then raid the castle?"

There was an excited murmur of approval.

"What you suggest, Handforth, seems to be the obvious course," said Lee, his voice becoming serious. "Raiding Edgemore Castle would be an easy way of settling the matter—for I have no doubt that the police would find Professor Zingrave."

"Then why not do it, gov'nor?" asked Nipper.

"Because something else has happened," said Nelson Lee gravely. "As you know so much, I'm going to tell you this. But I am relying upon you all to keep it strictly to yourselves. I have had some alarming news from Southampton."

They looked at him in wonder.

"You may know—or you may not—that Lord Edgemore and his son—Skeets, your own schoolfellow—arrived at Southampton from Canada this evening," continued Lee. "They arrived happy and well, and, in fact, Lord Edgemore sent me a telegram from the boat, to say that his son would be at school again the day after to-morrow."

"But—but what's the alarming news, sir?" asked Nipper.

"Less than half an hour after Lord Edgemore and his son stepped ashore, they vanished," replied Lee quietly.

"Oh!"

"There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that the unfortunate pair was kidnapped by agents of the League of the Green

Triangle," went on Nelson Lee, his voice becoming hard. "So you will see, young 'uns, that any raid upon Edgemore Castle would be fatal."

"You mean fatal to Skeets and his pater?" asked Nipper quickly.

"Yes," replied Lee. "We must go warily. We must discover precisely what Professor Zingrave's plan is. If I informed the police now, and if the police raided Edgemore Castle, it is virtually certain that other members of the league would get rid of Lord Edgemore and his son as an act of revenge."

"Oh, my goodness!"

"Then—then what are we going to do?"

"We must wait," replied Nelson Lee. "Zingrave's very presence at the castle proves that he has some plot afoot against its rightful owner. Go back to your House,

boys, and keep this matter entirely to yourselves. I think I can promise you that there will be some excitement very shortly. But we must go very, very careful. Skeets and his father must be protected above all else."

The boys went back, and they were all filled with a sense of impending catastrophe. Skeets and his father kidnapped—and Professor Zingrave once again at liberty!

THE END.

(Once again the League of the Green Triangle is in full force, and their all-powerful leader, Professor Zingrave, is out to avenge himself against Nelson Lee and his assistant, Nipper. Don't miss next week's Long Complete story, and tell your pals IT'S A "NELSON LEE" DETECTIVE THRILLER!)

Take some WRIGLEY'S with you



Don't forget an important item of your kit . . . a packet of Wrigley's.

Wrigley's is ideal when you are feeling a little 'fagged.' It refreshes you because it cools and refreshes the mouth. It bucks you up . . . revives flagged energy.

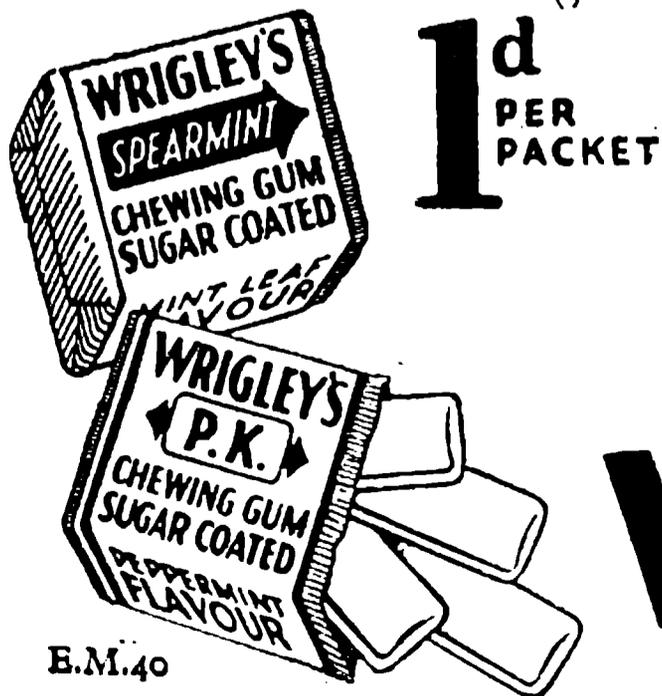
Enjoy Wrigley's 'after every meal,' it aids digestion . . . cleanses the teeth . . . does you good.

In two flavours—P.K., pure double-distilled peppermint flavour, and Spearmint, pure mint leaf flavour. Only 1d. a packet, worth many times more for the good it does you.

MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

WRIGLEY'S

MEANS BETTER CHEWING GUM



Gather Round for Your Editor's Weekly Pow-Wow, Chums!



Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his pals. Address your letters to **THE EDITOR,**

Nelson Lee Library, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

IMPORTANT.

HALLO, chums. How do you like this week's **NELSON LEE**? Top-hole, isn't it? We are all agreed that the **NELSON LEE** is the finest boys' paper on the market, in fact, in the world. Right! And that being so, it is not too big a statement to say that the paper sells like hot cakes as soon as it makes its appearance every Wednesday. Right again!

Now, as a matter of fact, the N.L. sells before it appears on the market—for the simple reason that a good many readers have realised the folly of leaving the buying of their copies till Wednesday. They have, like wise men, placed regular orders with their newsagents, and the newsagents are able to keep these copies from the eager hands of readers who have not ordered in advance.

I hear of many instances where readers have not been able to get their copy of the **NELSON LEE** at all! They have failed to follow my oft-repeated advice of ordering in advance.

POPULARITY.

Naturally, a paper as popular as the N.L. is not going to remain unsold for many moments in the newsagents. And I hate to think of the chaps who are keen to read the Old Paper being unable to get hold of a copy.

Let's have more co-operation between newsagent and reader. We have a splendid co-operation between Editor and reader that has worked like a charm.

CO-OPERATION PAYS.

For years I have studied your tastes, in stories and pictures; for years I have built up the paper on the lines of **PERSONAL CO-OPERATION**, and the results have been eminently successful.

Now, let's have co-operation outside the Editorial office as well—in the direction of

the newsagent. He's the fellow who looks after your interest in another direction. He's the chap who works like a nigger to supply your copies of the **NELSON LEE** every Wednesday—and if he fails it is not his fault: It is yours!

The whole business boils down to this. If you go along to your newsagent, and tell him that you want the **NELSON LEE EVERY WEEK**, and give him a **STANDING ORDER** for the paper, he will never be in the position to disappoint you. He will know the exact requirements of his customers and be able to get the necessary copies from the publishers.

SIGN THE COUPON.

That's the sort of co-operation that's going to prevent the **SOLD OUT** notice being shoved under your nose when you enter his shop.

I've thought out a little scheme to help you in this matter. On this page you will find a coupon. **SIGN IT** and **GIVE IT TO YOUR NEWSAGENT** at once, and—well, everything in the garden will be lovely.

And the whole point is—

DO IT NOW!

Cheerio,

YOUR EDITOR.

.....
"NELSON LEE" ORDER COUPON.

TO (Newsagent)

Please reserve for me a copy of **THE NELSON LEE LIBRARY** until further notice.

Name

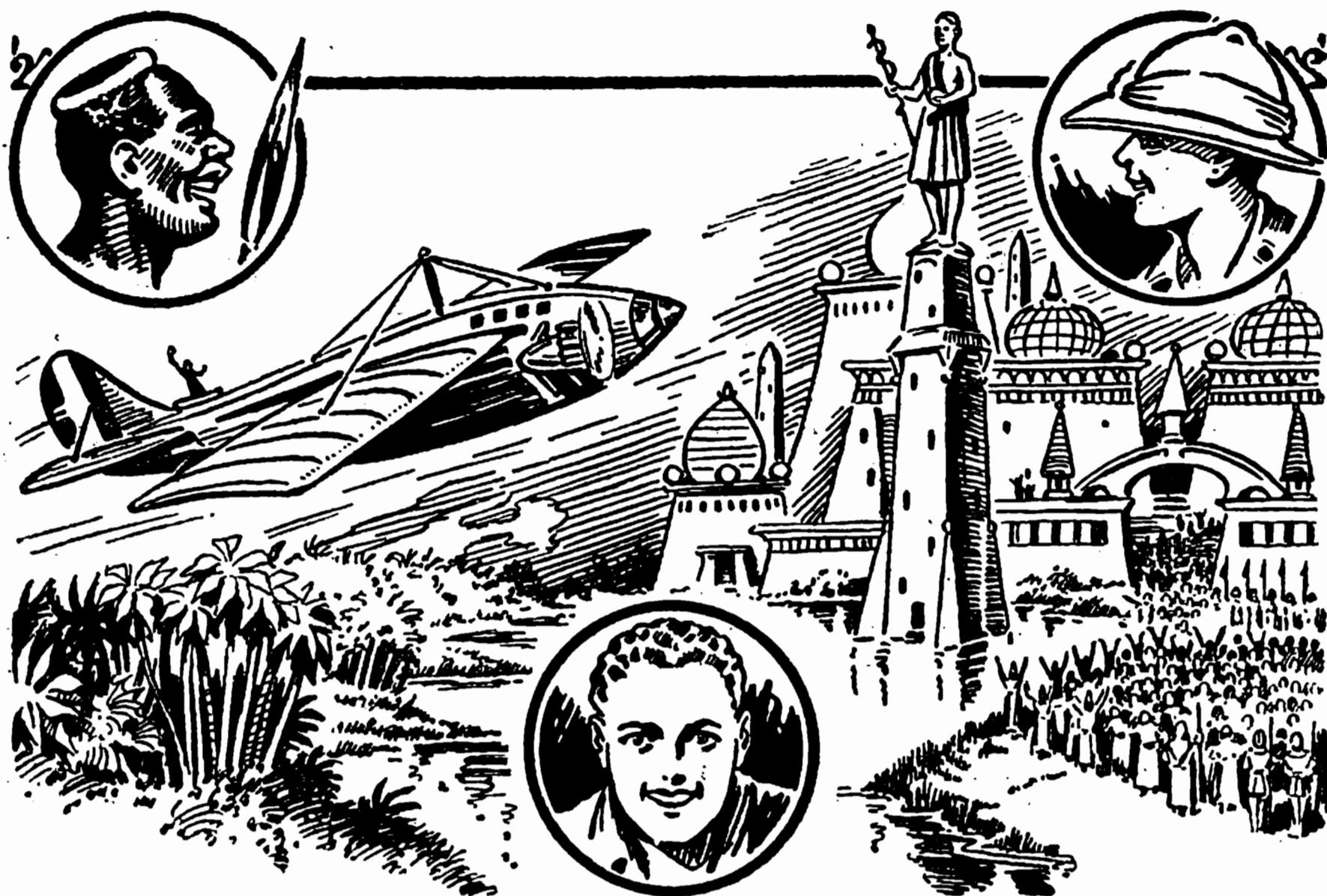
Address

.....

Date

White Boy Made a God by Mysterious Tribe of Natives in Unknown Africa!

The CITY of GOLD!



Tom Cook, accompanied by his cousin Alva Vandeck, and Lulu, a Zulu warrior, have travelled in their wonder craft, the Flying Fish, to a mysterious city in the heart of Unknown Africa. One day Tom is horrified to see white slaves imprisoned in the Golden City. With Lulu he sets out to liberate them, but is trapped in a den of lions!

Escape!

CLINGING like a leech with his massive legs twined round the lion's middle, Lulu the Zulu leant forward and dug his thumbs into the back of the lion's neck, just behind the ears.

Holding on like grim death, whilst the lion bucked and jumped about like a performing broncho, trying to turn his head to snap at the legs that encircled his body, but were out of reach of his jaws or questing hind paws, Lulu pressed with all his strength on the great neck vein, shutting off the blood.

Tom scrambled to his feet and saw his henchman for the first time on his strange mount. The lion was whirling like a kitten chasing its own tail, and it was difficult to see which was lion and which was Zulu.

"Jump for it, Lu; I'll fix him!" Tom yelled, and with a backward jump the Zulu was off the lion's rump and hurled across with a bang to the gate, where he squatted, rubbing his thick head and watching Tom's next move.

The lion was thoroughly enraged and, ignoring the fate of the others, hurled himself at the lad, to receive the full discharge of the deadly gas.

"Wot o', she bumps!" grinned Lulu, then stood transfixed as there came a great clanking from over the guarding wall, and the gate clattered up to its full extent.

Evidently, whoever was working the mechanism that governed the gate, had gathered that there was something wrong by the way the lions had been behaving, first roaring and growling and then this sudden silence, and was winding up the barrier as quickly as possible.

"Waacht een beetfe, baas!" breathed the Zulu. "There is something cu'rus on the other side that wall; wait, I go see!"

He took a short run and leapt upwards, noiseless and lithe as a leopard, and in a flash had disappeared on the other side.

He saw a faint glimmer of light from a dungeon-like place from which came the clanking of the machinery. Up and down a big

figure was bobbing, working a windlass, whilst the rays of a torch glinted on the golden armour on one of the guard, who was sweating at the crank. It was a huge negro of much about the same build as Lulu himself.

"Lecardu!" came a voice from somewhere in the roof, and glancing up Lulu saw a trumpet-shaped contrivance down which the old priest's voice was coming. "Lecardu, what is happening, why do not the lions attack? I have waited here long enough. Raise the gates quickly, that I may glut my eyes with the show that my pets will give me. Dost hear, Lecardu?"

"Ay, lord; but I have wound the gates up to the full and yet the lions are silent. I think— Ah-h-h-h!"

He gave a smothered cry as the Zulu leapt upon his back and drove his hunting knife into his spinal column, then dropped without another sound.

"What is it, Lecardu?" came the whining voice of the old priest down the tube. "What has happened? I heard the sound of a cry and a struggle did I not?"

"N-nay, lord; I did but crush my finger in the windlass and s-said a bad word!" replied Lulu, imitating the soldier's humble throaty voice. "I have raised the g-gates, but the lions are v-very quiet; shall I venture forth and see if ought be amiss? I will r-return and make report. Will you wait for me, lord, and if so—where?"

"Where would I be, fool, but in the secret place behind the great idol where I can command a view of the arena without being seen myself? Tut, you have been priest as well as soldier, and know the inner secrets of the temple well enough! I will await you at the top of the stars behind you. Hurry!"

"Ja, monkey face, I hurry!" grinned the Zulu to himself, as he hastily divested the dead soldier of his armour and donned it himself. It came off as easily as a silk vest, being formed of closely-knitted plates of gold which fitted his muscular form like a glove. The helmet, formed of closely-fitting chains of gold with an inside lining of rhino hide, was shaped like an ancient Roman's casque, with ear flaps that came down over the ears and a piece of the same chain-work, which came down under the chin almost entirely concealing the face.

"Brother, I am grieved; but it is the fortune of war and doubtless you would have done the same to me and mine also, but that I got in the first blow!" he whispered, as he dragged the body of Lecardu to the back of the dungeon and deposited it behind some rubble and once more scaled the wall to join Tom.

His "baas," in the meantime, had entered the arena itself where the prisoners were still huddled; forgetting his luminous and terrifying appearance. They huddled up together, thinking that this was some new terror arranged by the old priest. All but the slender ten-year-old golden-haired boy, who faced the apparition manfully and piped out:

"What d'ye want?" He spoke in the dialect of the Golden City, but haltingly, as if it were not his mother tongue. "Let your lions loose, oh, Death, that our sufferings may be over the sooner!"

"Poor kid—don't be scared—I'm a friend!"

stuttered Tom, unable for the second to recollect the dialect.

"English—you are English—you spik de English?" shouted the youngster and fairly threw himself at the luminous figure. "An angel—an angel!"

"Angel be—ahem!" snapped Tom, all of a flutter. "I'm a Britisher come to rescue—look out!"

Hastily he pushed the youngster behind him as a figure in gleaming armour leapt the wall and rushed towards them. Tom swung the gasbag around, and was about to press it when a swell-known voice whispered huskily:

"Hold your hand, baas; it is I, Lulu!"

"Lulu; thank goodness!" cried Tom. "Here, take this youngster and round up those others. They'll have to go up in the harness one at a time. Hurry!"

"Wait, bass, listen! I have an urgent appointment with the aged priests of the temple—monkey-face himself!" spluttered the Zulu. "He awaits me yonder, and it were best that I speak to him and keep him occupied lest he raise an alarm. Ho, piccanin, be not afraid, and tell your fellows that the big white baas yonder is taking them up to the sky for safety. Now, piccanin, show them what a brave little man you are; trust in the white baas!"

He seized the white-haired old negress and slung the harness round her and with a frightened squawk the old girl was carried up out of sight up to the Flying Fish that was still hovering high above the city. Tom comforted the small fair-haired boy and whispered an explanation to him, whilst Lulu rounded up the others and sent them up, one by one, as fast as the sling came down for them.

As soon as the last of the prisoners was safely travelling skywards the Zulu grabbed Tom by the arm and whispered a few words to him, then sprang for the wall again and swarmed over. He rushed through the underground passages, making fearsome noises like the snarling of savage beasts, then bellowed at the top of his mighty voice:

"Fly, lord, fly! The lions are loose; they will not touch the prisoners, but are coming this way, and Tahmkuk himself is with them. Fly—for your life!"

From somewhere above him he heard a frightened squawk, then the patter of tottering footsteps and, as he dashed up some narrow stone stairs and emerged into a long passage, he saw the skinny figure of the old priest disappearing through a doorway.

"Ha, run, old skeleton as if the death you deserve was at your heel! And before long he will be, of that you may be sure!" Lulu muttered, pausing to take a great pinch of his beloved snuff, then he sped after the aged priest. "Like a snake you smell of evil and like a snake you must be scotched, but not before you have given us some of your knowledge, old ape that you are!"

LULU was just in time to get through the door as the old high priest was about to slam it in his face under the impression that the lions were in pursuit. The Zulu grabbed him by his skinny arm and hustled him along, gasping:

"Quick, my master, let us fly for the temple lest the angry beasts find us. Lead on—I will follow and guard your back!"

The old rascal needed no second bidding, but scudded along as fast as his lean old legs would carry him. Lulu did a trifle of ventriloquism, making low sounds in his throat as if the wild beasts were snarling and growling at the closed door. As a matter of fact, he was choking with suppressed laughter at the spectacle of the terrified old priest scudding along, with his white robes tucked up around his knock knees and his totally bald head dropping beads of sweat in his terror.

Along the passage and down some stairs they tore, Lulu muttering a thanksgiving that he had a guide, for the passages wound under the temple in all directions like catacombs, which, as a matter of fact, they were.

Then came a very narrow passage with a sharp bend, at the corner of which a torch was burning. The old priest snatched it and, shoving it into Lulu's hands, gasped:

"Quick, the trap door, then we are safe. Open—you know the secret!"

"Dat's tore it!" grinned Lulu to himself, as he stared around. He could see square slabs of paving, which all looked alike to him, and he stamped around, waving the torch and trying

to find some indication of a trap. But there was nothing, and he could hear the old man snorting and raving with impatience behind him. He stooped low so that he could not be seen, and, with his hands cupped over his mouth, gave a perfect imitation of a distant lion's roar.

That was effective enough; for the old man cursed him, snatched the torch from him, and, waving it along the floor, stamped hard on the corner of one particular stone, when the next one to it immediately dropped on a hinge, disclosing a short ladder into a great cellar stacked with barrels and stores.

The old priest cut down this with amazing speed, and Lulu wasted no time in going after him, for, as he guessed, the priest touched a spring immediately he was safe, and the slab clicked into place again.

"Follow!" he grunted.

"Never will I leave you, oh father of apes!" breathed Lulu; and was after the aged humbug like a shadow.

(There are sensational developments in next week's chapters of our ALL-THRILLING story of treasure-hunting in Unknown Africa. Don't miss them!)

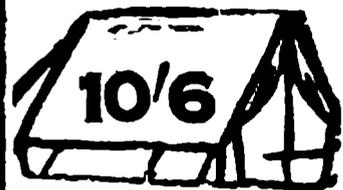
Increase YOUR Height This Spring



A tall, fine figure commands attention and respect and is half the battle to success. Increased height is within your reach through the famous Challoner treatment, which is quick, easy and absolutely harmless. Specialists in figure improving methods, we help you to get on the upper side of life. If one box is insufficient we supply another FREE. Do not hesitate. Send 1½d. stamp for full particulars in sealed envelope. Sample 7½d. Book on Height Improvement, 3d. P.O. or stamps only.

THE CHALLONER CO. (late Bond Street), Dept. R75, Laboratory & Works, Hyde Heath, Amersham, Bucks.

SPURPROOF TENTS. Model X.



Made from lightweight proofed material. Complete with three-piece jointed poles, pegs, guy lines, and brown valise. Weight 5 lbs. Size 6 ft. x 4 ft. 6 in. x 3 ft. 6 in. With 6 in. wall and 3 in. eave **10/6**

Accommodates three boys. Extra light weight in Egyptian Cotton. Weight 3½ lbs. 15/-.
Send for beautiful Illustrated Camping List, post free
GEO. GROSE & CO., 8, New Bridge St., E.C.4.

BE TALL

Your Height increased in 14 days or Money Back. Amazing Course. Write for Free Book, sent privately. — STEBBING SYSTEM, 28, Dean Road, LONDON, N.W.2.

Be sure to mention THE NELSON LEE LIBRARY when communicating with advertisers.

MY GREAT OFFER

Write for my free Bargain Lists of the best A.L.L. BRITISH cycles. 14 DAYS' APPROVAL. CARRIAGE PAID. Cash price £3 15s. or terms. All accessories FREE. Value 21/-.

2 WEEKLY

O'Brien THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER
1017 COVENTRY

BE STRONG I promise you Robust Health, Doubled Strength, Stamina, and Dashing Energy in 30 days or money back! My amazing 4 in 1 Course adds 10 in. to your muscular development, also brings an Iron Will, Perfect Self-Control, Virile Manhood, Personal Magnetism. Surprise your friends! Testimony FREE, or Complete Course 5/-. **STEBBING INSTITUTE (A), 28, Dean Rd., London, N.W.2.**

BE TALLER! Increased my height to 6ft. 3½in. **ROSS SYSTEM IS GENUINE.** Fee £2 2s. Stamp brings details. **P. Ross. Height Specialist, Scarborough, Eng.**

BLUSHING Shyness, "Nerves," Self-consciousness, Worry Habits, Unreasonable Fears, etc., cured or money back! Booklet sent, Free, privately.—**L. A. Stebbing, 28, Dean Rd., London, N.W.2.**

STAMMERING. STOP NOW! Cure yourself as I did. Particulars free. **FRANK B. HUGHES, 26, HART ST., LONDON, W.C.1.**

All applications for Advertisement spaces in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "The Nelson Lee Library," The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

FREE



2000

COUPONS

B.D.V.

CIGARETTES

each Coupon worth **3**
TIMES other coupon values



Even less coupons required from B.D.V. Tobacco—
each Tobacco coupon being worth 1½ cigarette coupons
Issued by the proprietors, Godfrey Phillips Ltd. Est. 1844

BASSETT - LOWKE "DUKE OF YORK"

Get the best . . . and get it
FREE! The Bassett-Lowke
"Duke of York" scale
model loco . . . *yours* . . .
for 200 B.D.V. coupons.
Length 14½ ins. Weight 2 lb.
9 oz. Forward, reverse and
stop levers. Supplied in
L.M.S., S.R., L.N.E.R., or
G.W.R. colours. Price in
shops 25/-. **FREE TO**
YOU. Begin saving
B.D.V. coupons
to-day.

GET THE GIFT BOOK

To Godfrey Phillips
Ltd. (Dept. N.L.), 39,
Commercial Street,
London, E.1.

Please send me the amazing
B.D.V. Gift Book, in full
colour, with 5 free coupons,
showing 275 treble-value gifts.

Name.....

Address.....

B3 (10)