BOYS, YOU *CAN'T BEAT* THIS PAPER!

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The MAGNET

2D

EVERY SATURDAY.

Morty Newlard's Enemy!

GREYFRIARS TO THE RESCUE!

A thrilling incident from this week's brilliant school story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars,

Come Into the Office, Boys!

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

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

I TOLD you fellows that I would give you some more information this week regarding the colours of the funnels of the world's principal steamship companies. Those I gave you last week were all fairly simply coloured, but some companies carry various devices on the sides of their funnels. Let us deal with British and Colonial steamers first:

Black with two White bands: West Australian Steam Navigation Co., and British India Steam Navigation Co.

Ditto, with bands close together: Australasian United Steam Navigation Co.

Black with White diamonds: Bucknall Lines.

Black with two White and one Red band: Harrison Line.

Black with two Red bands: Clan Line.

Black with Red and White squares: Ropner & Co.

Black with two Yellow bands and one White band with Black Eagle: Eagle Oil Transport Co.

Red with Black top and one White band: Dominion Line Steamship Co., and Allan Brothers.

Pink with Black top: Bibby Brothers.

Red with Black top, four White squares, and one Blue square: Federal Steam Navigation Co.

Blue with Black top: Blue Funnel Line.

Yellow with Black top and White band: Ellerman Lines.

Next week, if I have space, I'll give you a short list of foreign vessels which you might come across in British waters.

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN TO PARIS?

Walter Hilton, of Croydon, has just returned from a visit there, and Walter is a keen reader of the MAGNET, and especially George E. Rochester's French Revolution yarn. Consequently, he went around Paris looking for scenes connected with the revolution and had a most interesting time. He visited the site of the Bastille, which is now a large, open square; and then he went along to the Conciergerie, and saw the cells in which Marie Antoinette and Robespierre were imprisoned, together with the courtyard in which many aristocrats were massacred, the hall in which they were herded together while awaiting trial, and the door through which they passed to execution under "the shadow of the guillotine."

As a result, Walter is more interested than ever in Rochester's yarn. If any other of my readers are lucky enough to go to Paris, I advise them to visit the Gallery of the Revolution in the Musée Grévin, on the Boulevard Montmartre. This is a waxworks show where tableaux of famous incidents in the Revolution are shown, and it will help you to get more into the atmosphere of our fine serial. And, while I am about it, I must advise you not to miss next week's instalment, which is especially thrilling.

You chaps ready for a laugh? Good! Well, here's a yarn which I think is well worth a penknife. It has been sent in by Edward Byrne, Straleek, Hazlehatch, Co. Dublin. Here it is:

WINNING THE "TOSS."

Farmer (meeting new workman coming home in a wet condition): "Gosh, Bill, an' what 'ave ye been a-doin' of?"

Bill: "Oh, I just been 'avin' a game o' cricket with the old bull by the pond. I got the toss an' went in first!"

After that we will turn our attention to the queries sent in by various readers. The first comes from Bob Anderson, of Richmond, Yorks, who wants to know something about

THE RIDERS OF THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

There are few boys who have not longed, at some time or other, to share in the adventures which fall to the lot of that splendid body of men, the Royal North-West Mounted Police, so perhaps you will all be interested in this information about them.

The force was started in the year 1873, when the Indians, who resented the coming of the palefaces, frequently caused trouble. In those days the men of the "Mounted" wore scarlet coats, and not only did they protect Englishmen against marauding Indians, but they also protected the Indians against unscrupulous white men who robbed and duped them. Eventually the Indians came to trust these riders, who visited them every now and again and straightened out their difficulties, and the scarlet coat was replaced by a khaki uniform.

The work these men have to do is

NO JOB FOR A WEAKLING,

for they have to police the whole of the vast Canadian continent and enforce law and order. No matter where a criminal may flee from justice the "Mounted" will get him, by hook or by crook, and it will give you an idea of what they have to undergo when you realise that, in order to apprehend a murderer, two men of the "Mounted" had to travel nearly 1,800 miles by train, canoe, and launch to track him. They took seventy-five days to do the journey, but they got their man!

Sometimes men of the "Mounted" have been sent out to get a man and have never been heard of for two or three years. But in the end they came back with their handcuffed prisoner! You can imagine the work they had to do in the great Yukon Gold Strike of 1898, which attracted thousands of criminals and scoundrels from all parts of the world. But the "Mounted" kept law and order—and still do all over the wild wastes of the frozen Northlands!

From the Frozen North the next query takes us to the summer seas. Reg Whiteway, of Torquay, wants to know

CAN PEARLS MULTIPLY?

In asking that he raises a controversy which has never yet been settled. Several cases are known of where pearls have been said to grow larger and even multiply in number when they have been kept in rice. It has been claimed that the pearls feed on the rice, and sometimes a black spot appears on them which gradually grows bigger and eventually becomes another pearl, which separates itself from the first pearl. Nothing definite has been discovered, although some people believe that pearls of a certain type can multiply their numbers in this manner.

NEVER TOO OLD!

I am afraid that 'A Waterford Reader," who writes to me this week, is getting into "the sere and yellow." He asks me at what age is a fellow too old to read the MAGNET. The answer is NEVER, my dear chap! Why should any fellow be too o'd to read cheery yarns? Wise people grow young. Those whom the gods love die young—i.e., young in heart.

The same reader asks me when "Tipperary" was first composed. Just before the war—and it was an Irishman who wrote it. Its swinging lilt soon made it a prime favourite with the troops, who spontaneously adopted it as a marching song.

STICK IT!

Here's a letter from "Worried Reader," who asks me if he should run away and join the Army, because he doesn't like to ask his parents for permission. Don't do anything so silly, "Worried Reader"—you'll only regret it if you do! I take it that you don't quite like your present job which is an apprentice in the drapery trade. Well, just remember that H. G. Wells, one of to-day's finest writers, was also an apprentice to the same trade! He made good, so there is no reason why you shouldn't! Stick it, old man, and don't clear off without your parents' consent.

Just to finish up this little chat we'll have a limerick. J. G. MacGillivray, of Home Farm, Brodrick, Arran, gets a MAGNET pocket wallet for this effort:

There's a fellow at Greyfriars named Smith,
Who's friendly with Redwing and Squiff.
He once was a bounder,
Though now an all-rounder,
And a very fine chap to be with.

If you haven't won a pocket wallet or a penknife yet, get on your thinking cap and let me hear from you!

FOR NEXT WEEK.

Now, about next week's splendid programme. First of all, there will be a grand complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., and it concludes the "Devarney" series. It is entitled:

"THE NEW BOY'S FEUD!"
By Frank Richards.

Then there'll be another trenchant instalment of the French Revolution serial, and also a screamingly funny story by Dicky Nugent, of the chums of St. Sam's, entitled:

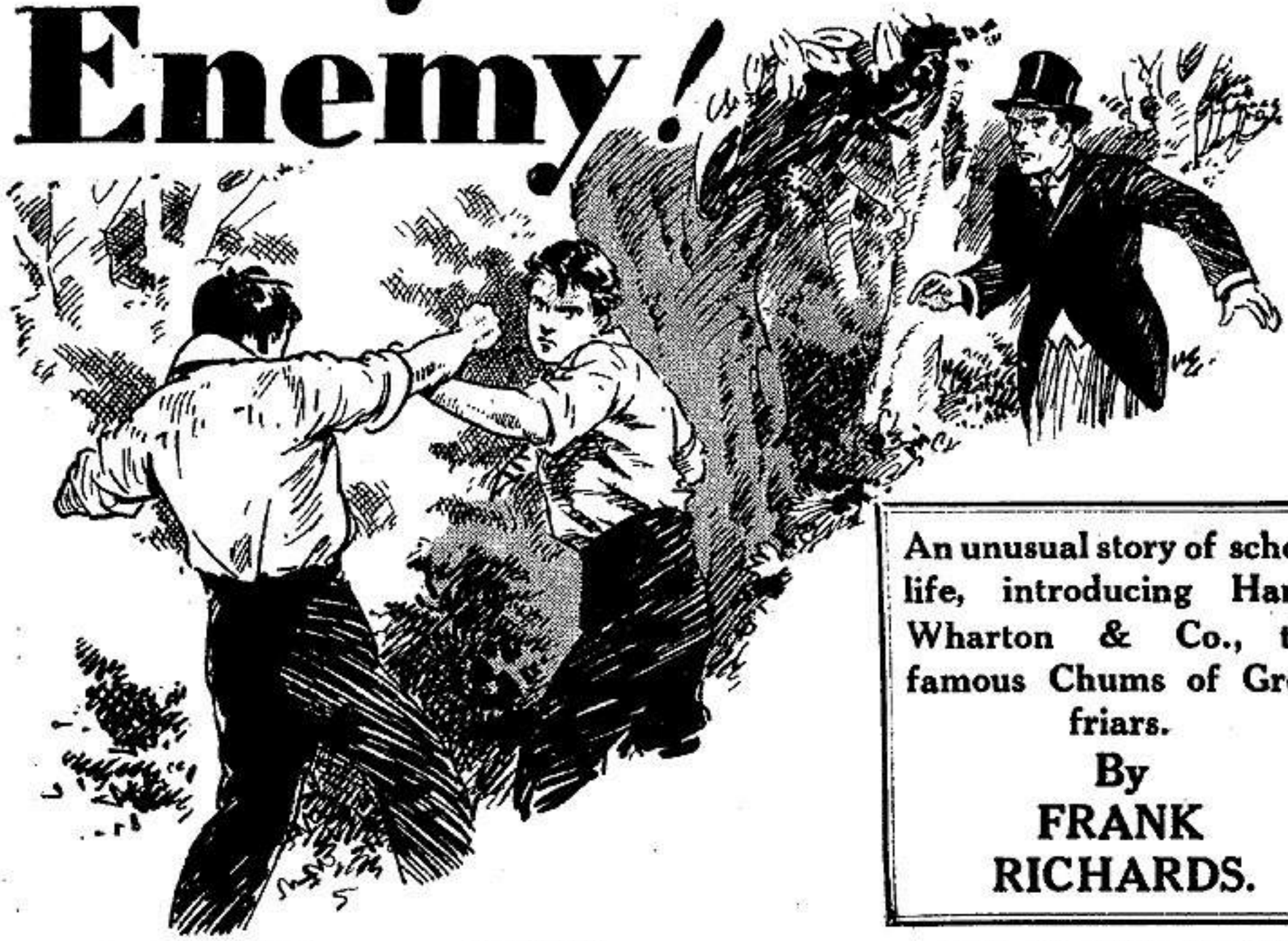
"REEDEM'S TRIUMPH!"

Our special contributor has written another informative article on the conquest of the air, and this, together with another invitation to "Come into the office, boys," completes our fine programme. But a few words of advice before I close down—book your copy early!

YOUR EDITOR.

HERE'S THE BEST SCHOOL ADVENTURE STORY OF THE WEEK!

Monty Newland's Enemy!



An unusual story of school life, introducing Harry Wharton & Co., the famous Chums of Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Catspaw Required!

BILLY BUNTER inserted a bullet head, a fat face, and a large pair of spectacles into the doorway of Study No. 1 in the Greyfriars Remove, and blinked cautiously round.

A solitary junior was in the study.

It was Julian Devarney, the new fellow in the Remove, and he was standing at the study window, staring out into the sunny quadrangle, with a moody brow.

Bunter's cautious blink having shown him that there was no one else in the study, he rolled in.

Devarney glanced round from the window for a second, and then turned his back again on Bunter. Apparently he was not interested in the Owl of the Remove.

Bunter shut the study door. Then he turned his spectacles on the junior at the window.

"I say, old chap!" began Bunter.

No reply.

"I say, old bean!"

Silence.

"Devarney, old fellow."

The new fellow turned at last impatiently.

"If you want Wharton or Nugent, they're not here, as you can see for yourself," he snapped.

Bunter grinned.

"But I don't want them," he explained.

"What the thump do you want, then?"

"You, old fellow."

"Rubbish!"

Devarney turned to the window once more. If Bunter wanted him, it was evident that the want was all on Bunter's side; Devarney did not want Bunter.

That, however, made no difference to William George Bunter. Nobody ever did want Bunter, so he was used to it.

"I say, old chap, don't be shirty," said the fat junior persuasively. "I've come here specially to speak to you while those other beasts are out of the study——"

Never has Monty Newland encountered such unreasoning bitterness and hatred as he has found in Julian Devarney, the new boy in the Remove, who should, in view of the great service Monty has done him, be his best friend . . . Yet Newland does not complain; he is as tolerant as Devarney is intolerant, as generous as his enemy is ungenerous.

"Well, don't!" said Devarney, over his shoulder.

"It's rather important, old bean," said Bunter. "Look here, listen to a chap—those beasts may come in any minute. Dash it all, you ought to be grateful to a fellow for coming in and speaking to you, considering that nobody ever speaks to you if he can help it—you being a stuck-up ass, and disliked by all the Form. There's such a thing as gratitude, you know."

Devarney turned from the window, and fixed his eyes on Bunter.

"You fat idiot!" he began, in measured tones.

"Oh, really, Devarney——"

"Hook it!" snapped the new junior.

"I tell you it's important," urged Bunter. "Nothing to get stuffy about. I say——"

"Oh, dry up."

Once more Devarney stared from the study window into the quadrangle. What he saw there did not seem to please him.

There were a good many Greyfriars fellows in sight, from the window of Study No. 1. But Devarney's eyes fixed specially on a group of half-a-dozen Removites chatting cheerily together. They were the Famous Five, and Monty Newland of the Remove. Darker and darker Devarney's brow grew as he watched them.

The study window was open, and a word or two floated up to his ears. Harry Wharton & Co. were talking football with the Jewish junior.

Evidently, Newland was on the best of terms with the chums of the Remove. The fact that he was what Devarney contemptuously called a "sheeney" did not seem to worry the Famous Five at all.

They never talked to Devarney in that cheery way. True, he had never invited their friendship, never given a sign that he would care for it. His supercilious manner gave the impression that he did not want to make friends in the Remove. Nevertheless, it was with bitter resentment that he

saw his study-mates greet Newland, and stop to speak to him in that friendly way.

Deep in resentful thought, Devarney had forgotten the fat junior in the study. He was reminded of Bunter's existence by a fat thumb that poked into his ribs.

He gave a little gasp, and spun round. Billy Bunter gave him a fat and cheery grin.

"I was speaking to you, old chap," he said. "I say, what were you staring at in the quad? You seemed jolly interested."

"Mind your own business."

Bunter did not heed that injunction. It was an injunction he often received and never heeded. He blinked down from the window, noted the group below, and grinned again. The sight of Monty Newland told him the cause of the black frown on Devarney's face.

"Too bad, the way that chap licked you, your second day here, Devarney," he said sympathetically.

Devarney's eyes gleamed. The mere mention of his defeat at the hands of Monty Newland was gall and wormwood to him.

"Will you shut up?" he demanded.

"Well, he did lick you, didn't he?" said Bunter, blinking at him. "You've still got a shade round your eye, and your boko still looks a bit like a strawberry. He, he, he!"

"Get out!"

"But I came here to speak to you, old bean," said Bunter affably. "I haven't told you yet. Fact is, I know a way you can get your own back on that sheeney. I came here to tell you, out of friendship, you know."

Bunter paused for a reply. He did not receive one, and he rattled on:

"That beast is awfully rich, you know! I dare say that's why you don't like him, really, you being so putrid poor—still, that isn't what I came to say," added Bunter, hastily, alarmed by the expression on Devarney's face. "Well, his people send him lots of things from home. Scrumptious things, you know. Not like the things I get from Bunter Court, of course—but jolly good. Well, he's got a hamper to-day."

Devarney showed no interest whatever in Newland's hamper.

"It's in his study now," said Bunter. "You see the idea? That fellow gave you a jolly good hiding. Of course, you asked for it, and all the fellows think it served you jolly well right; still, there it is, he licked you hollow. Well, what about paying him out by bagging his hamper?"

Bunter blinked eagerly at Devarney's gloomy face.

"See?" he asked. "You can get it out of his study, while he's in the quad, easy as falling off a form. I can tell you, there's some jolly good things in that hamper. Ripping! You get it as far as the box-room stairs, and I'll help you with it—then. See? We whack it out——"

"You fat rotter!"

"Oh, really, Devarney! I can tell you, Newland's hamper is simply stuffed with things. Once we get it to the box-room, it will be safe. Fancy his face when he finds it gone!"

Bunter grinned. Devarney did not grin. He scowled.

"You pay him out for licking you, and we bag a tip-top spread!" said Bunter. "See? Of course, I know you'd rather lick him. But you can't! Well, bag that hamper——"

Devarney threw the door of the study wide open.

"Get out!" he said.

"Mean to say——"

"Get out!"

"Look here, if you funk getting that hamper out of Newland's study on your own, I'll come with you, and help!" said Bunter. "There!"

"Get out!"

"Oh, really, old chap——"

Devarney's temper—never very good—seemed to fail him. He made a stride at the fat junior, grabbed him by the collar, and spun him to the door.

"Ow!" roared Bunter.

He went through the doorway like a stone from a catapult.

Bump!

There was a heavy concussion as he landed in the Remove passage.

"Wow!"

The door slammed on him.

Bunter sat up and gasped.

"Oh! Beast! Wow!"

Devarney, alone once more in Study No. 1, resumed his gloomy gazing from the window. Billy Bunter, breathless and indignant, picked himself up, and limped away. His limping footsteps drew him in the direction of Study No. 8—where Monty Newland's hamper reposed.

That hamper had an irresistible attraction for Billy Bunter. Having failed to obtain a catspaw to pull his chestnuts out of the fire, Bunter was reduced to the stern necessity of taking the risk himself.

Why Devarney had refused his offer, Bunter could not understand. The new fellow had a bitter feud with Monty Newland, and if you disliked a fellow, how could you make him sit up better than by bagging his tuck? That was unanswerable—to Bunter! But Devarney had refused—out of sheer ill-temper, Bunter concluded. And the Owl of the Remove, after a cautious blink up and down the passage, slipped into Monty Newland's study, to carry out his felonious design on his own.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

No Luck!

"OH!"

Bunter uttered that ejaculation suddenly.

He was standing over the hamper in Newland's study, debating in his fat mind whether to open it and commence gastronomic operations, or whether to drag the hamper away to a safer spot before beginning on its contents.

There were pros and cons to be considered. The hamper was heavy—and Bunter disliked exertion. He might be spotted getting it away from the study. On the other hand, if he opened it, and started on the tuck, he might be interrupted at any moment. It was rather a problem, and Bunter had not yet settled it, when footsteps came along the Remove passage, and stopped at the door.

The problem, still unsolved, vanished from Bunter's mind at once. He knew what to expect if he was caught in the study with the hamper. He had been there before, as it were!

Bunter uttered one startled ejaculation, and jumped for cover. Cover was at hand, in the shape of a handsome screen that stood across one corner of the study—a Japanese screen, one of the handsome furnishings that Monty received from his affectionate relatives at Newland Croft. In a twinkling, Bunter was behind the screen and out of sight as the study door opened.

He heard a junior come in. He had no doubt that it was Monty Newland, who had finished his chat in the quad at an unlucky moment for the grub-raider of the Remove. He knew that Penfold, the fellow who shared the study with Newland, was out of gates. Newland had come in, and Bunter could only hope that he had come in to fetch something or other, and would take it and go.

Instead of which, he heard the junior drag a chair to the study table, and sit down.

Bunter breathed hard.

This, he reflected, was just his luck! He had wasted valuable time in seeking to get that beast Devarney to pull his chestnuts out of the fire, and this was the result. He applied his eye to a hole in the screen. Monty Newland was sitting at the table, with a Virgil propped against the inkstand, and a pen in his hand, a sheaf of impot paper before him. He had sat down to write lines.

Bunter suppressed a groan.

Newland had no idea that there was anybody hidden in the study. But Bunter knew what would happen if he was discovered. Three or four kicks, at least, would land upon his podgy person, before he succeeded in getting away. Bunter had been kicked out of that study before, and he knew what it was like.

He remained where he was. The beast would finish his lines sooner or later, and go.

There might still be a chance at the hamper, after he had gone. Newland had not even opened it yet, betraying an indifference to tuck that was amazing to Bunter.

Scratch! Scratch! Scratch!

Monty Newland's pen travelled rapidly over the paper. Virgil was transcribed at a great rate.

Tap!

"Trot in!" called out Newland, without looking up from his task, as the tap came at the study door.

The door opened, and Bunter, by means of the hole in the screen, saw Julian Devarney enter. The fat junior barely suppressed an exclamation of surprise. Devarney was about the last fellow at Greyfriars whom he would have expected to visit Study No. 8.

"Take a pew, whoever you are!" said Newland, still without looking up. "I've got to get these lines done. Last time of asking, you know."

"Busy?" asked Devarney sarcastically.

Newland started, and looked up very quickly, at the sound of his voice. He stared at the handsome, sulky face of Julian Devarney.

"You!" he ejaculated.

He rose to his feet, colouring a little and with a glint in his eyes. Bunter, behind the screen, watched with interest now. If Devarney had come there to hunt for trouble, Bunter was prepared to enjoy the show.

"Look here, what do you want, Devarney?" exclaimed Newland. "If you've come here for another row, you can chuck it. Why the dickens can't you keep your distance and let a fellow alone?"

"I haven't come here for a row."

"Is this a friendly visit, then?" asked Newland, with a faint smile.

"No."

"Well, what do you want?"

"A few words, that's all."

Newland glanced at his unfinished imposition.

"That can wait!" said Devarney coolly.

"It can't wait long," said Newland tartly. "Quelch gave me three hundred lines for fighting, and I've left them rather late. I don't want my impot doubled."

"He gave me three hundred lines, too! I've done mine."

"Well, I haven't done mine, so——"

"You don't have so much time on your hands as I do," said Devarney satirically. "You seem to be quite a popular man in the Remove."

"At least, I haven's made myself disliked by a rotten and unreasonable temper," retorted Newland.

"No, you wouldn't! That's not the sheeney way."

Newland set his lips.

"You'd better get out, Devarney," he said. "We've had one fight, and I don't want another. But I don't allow any fellow to talk to me like that. There's the door."

Devarney closed the door.

"I've come here to say somethin', and I'm goin' to say it," he said deliberately. "You licked me the other day. You can't quite expect me to be satisfied with that. I don't take a licking from a Jew."

"But you did!" remarked Newland.

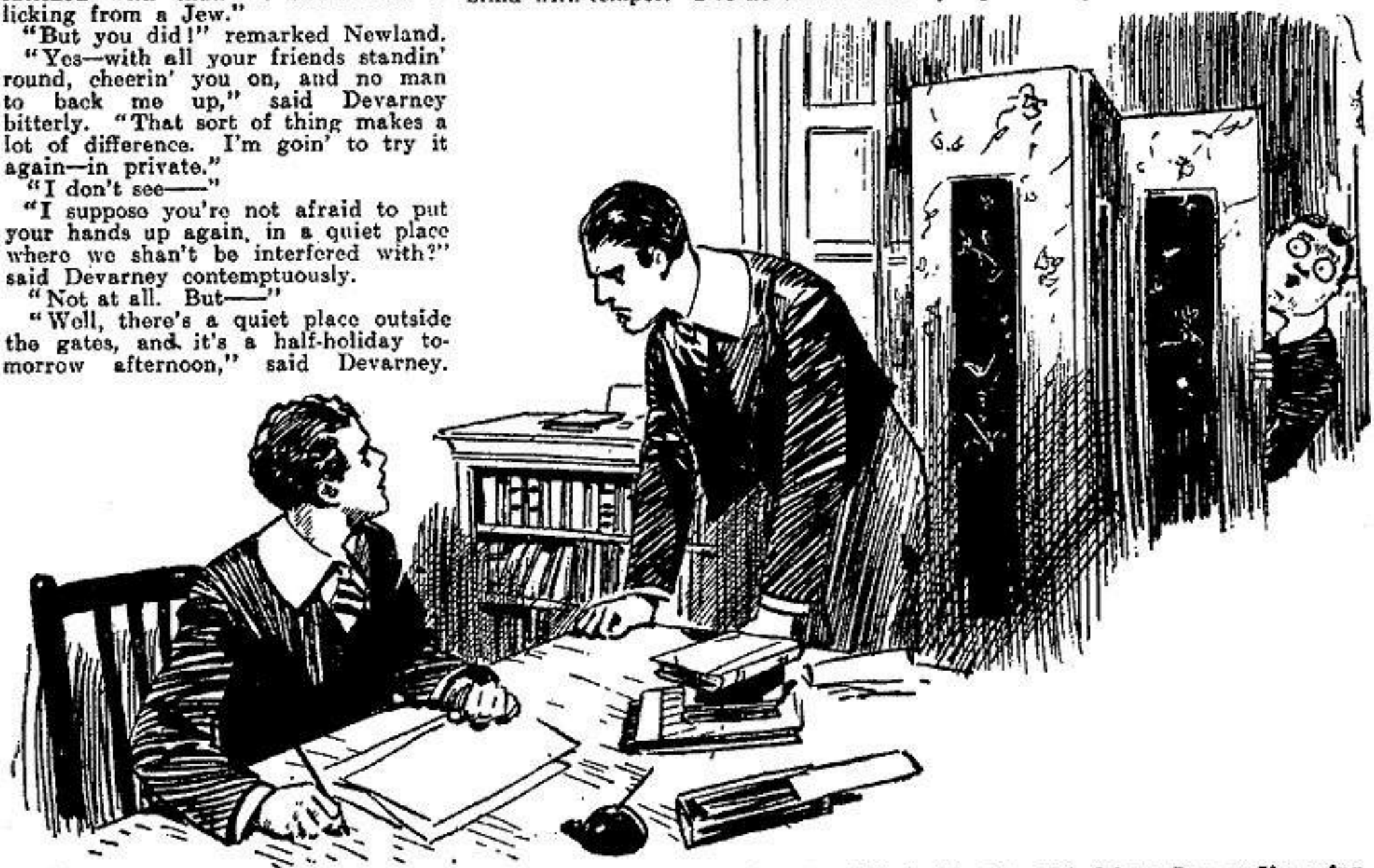
"Yes—with all your friends standin' round, cheerin' you on, and no man to back me up," said Devarney bitterly. "That sort of thing makes a lot of difference. I'm goin' to try it again—in private."

"I don't see——"

"I suppose you're not afraid to put your hands up again, in a quiet place where we shan't be interfered with?" said Devarney contemptuously.

"Not at all. But——"

"Well, there's a quiet place outside the gates, and it's a half-holiday to-morrow afternoon," said Devarney.



"You licked me the other day," said Devarney deliberately. "I'm not satisfied with being licked by a Jew, so I'm going to try to lick you—in private!" Monty Newland drew a deep breath, and Bunter, behind the screen, pricked up his ears with interest. "If you insist on it," said Newland, "I don't see how I can refuse." *(See Chapter 2.)*

"You know the footpath through Friardale Wood to the village?"

"Yes, but——"

"Just off the footpath there's a little glade, with a big oak-tree—you know it, of course?"

"I know it."

"Well, then, I want you to be there to-morrow afternoon," said Devarney. "I'll come at the same time."

"Look here——"

"You won't want a second; there's no man willing to second me, and fair play's a jewel—though perhaps you don't understand that!" added Devarney, with a curl of the lip.

"I don't want another scrap with you," said Newland slowly.

"Not on fair terms, you mean?" sneered Devarney.

"It was fair enough last time. Nobody chipped in."

"Well, I don't agree. If you're not a rotten funk, as well as a sheeney cad, you'll turn up by the oak-tree to-morrow afternoon. If you lick me fair and square, I'll let the matter drop, and own up that you're the better man. But I don't think you will."

"It's all rot," grunted Newland angrily. "Why can't you keep your distance and leave me alone? I've done nothing to you that I know of."

"I bar Jews," said Devarney bitterly.

"You can bar Jews without scrapping with them, I suppose. I bar you, if you come to that," said Newland. "I think you're an ill-tempered, uppish, unreasonable fool. But I don't want to keep on scrapping with you because of it."

"You mean you're afraid to put up your hands, without all your friends standin' round encouragin' you?" sneered Devarney.

"Oh, don't be an ass!" exclaimed Newland impatiently. "I licked you because I'm a better boxer than you are, and because I kept cool while you were blind with temper. I've no doubt whatever that the same thing will happen over again."

"Then what are you afraid of?"

"I'm not afraid, you silly ass! Only a fellow doesn't want to be scrapping with every silly idiot he meets."

"You got away with it last time, and you don't want to risk losin' your laurels—is that it?" sneered Devarney.

Newland glanced at his impot again.

"I've got to get this in to Quelch before six!" he snapped.

"Well, I'm waitin' for your answer. Half-past three to-morrow afternoon, in the glade in Friardale Wood. We'll keep it dark, and get there separately, so that there won't be a crowd followin'. If you're not a rotten funk, you'll agree."

Newland drew a deep breath.

"If you insist on it, I don't see how I can refuse," he said. "But you're a silly, unreasonable ass."

"It's settled, then?"

"Yes!" growled Newland.

"That's enough."

Devarney left the study immediately, closing the door behind him. Newland, frowning, sat down to his impot again.

Behind the screen Bunter grinned.

That hostile meeting in Friardale Wood was to be a secret, till after the fight. But a secret that was in Bunter's possession was not likely to be kept very dark.

Newland, frowning, raced through the remainder of his lines, and gathered up the sheets. Taking up the impot, he left the study; and Bunter, with a sigh of relief, rolled out from behind the screen.

Once more he had a chance at the hamper.

But it was not Billy Bunter's lucky day. Less than a minute later the study door opened suddenly. This time Bunter was taken by surprise, and before he could think of cover, the door was open, and Dick Penfold walked in. Bunter jumped away from the hamper—and Penfold jumped, too, in surprise at finding him in the study.

"What are you up to, you fat bounder?" he demanded.

"N-n-nothing!" stammered Bunter. "I didn't come here for Newland's hamper, old chap."

"What?"

"I never even knew it was here," said Bunter. "I—I was waiting for you to come in, old fellow. Had a nice walk?"

Penfold did not answer that question. He came towards Bunter, and his intention was so plainly written in his face that the Owl of the Remove dodged round the table in alarm.

"I—I say, old chap!" he gasped. "I—I say—— Yarooh! Beast! Keepoff!"

Bunter rushed for the door. Penfold rushed for Bunter. For the second time that afternoon William George Bunter landed in the Remove passage with a heavy bump.

"Yoooooop!"

The door closed on Bunter.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.
Gated !

"WHAT about Newland?" Bob Cherry asked that question the following afternoon.

Harry Wharton frowned reflectively.

"He's a good man," said Bob. "More than good enough for a match with the Fourth."

"Quite!" agreed Wharton. "But I was going to give Devarney a show. He's shown up jolly well in games practice."

"Why not Newland, too?"

Wharton laughed.

"Well, no reason why not," he said, "except that Devarney's got a feud on with Newland, and I think he's ass enough to take it along with him to Little Side."

Bob Cherry gave a snort.

"If he's ass enough for that, keep him out of the team," he said. "Ask Newland first, and then Devarney—if you let his piffling nonsense interfere with footer, you're an ass yourself, old fellow."

"Well, it's only a practice game, you know——"

"Temple of the Fourth would like to hear that!" remarked Frank Nugent, and the juniors laughed.

The Form match, that afternoon, was not an important matter in the eyes of the Remove. Temple, the captain of the Fourth, was playing "those Lower Fourth kids," as he expressed it, and fully intending to wipe them off Little Side. But the heroes of the Remove took quite a different view. Temple & Co. were not up to their weight; and the great men of the Remove—like Bob Cherry, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, and Johnny Bull, and Vernon-Smith, and Tom Browne—did not think it necessary to exert themselves on such an occasion.

It was an occasion, in their opinion, when smaller fry might safely be given a run, without much danger of letting the Form down.

So most of the Famous Five, and several other of the best men, were standing out, and Wharton was considering men to fill their places.

Devarney, the new junior, with all his disagreeable ways, had shown up remarkably well at games practice, football being the one thing he seemed to enjoy at his new school. He had, the juniors gathered, been a good man at games at his last school, Barcroft. Wharton did not like him; but that, of course, had nothing to do with footer. In fact, all the more because he did not like him, he was keen to give him at least as much as his due.

The match with the Fourth, from Wharton's point of view, was merely a practice, in preparation for more strenuous contests. It was a good enough game to show what a man could do, and he was rather interested to see what Devarney could do.

"Dash it all, the man couldn't be fool enough to rag on the footer field," said Johnny Bull. "If he did, he ought to be chucked out of the footer altogether."

"The esteemed Devarney is fool enough for anything, my worthy Johnny," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "He has a tremendous and preposterous down on the excellent and gentle Jew."

Johnny Bull grunted.

"Well, give him a chance, and if he doesn't behave himself, kick him off the field," he suggested.

"Anyhow, Newland ought to have a chance," said Bob. "He's keen on games, and he doesn't often get a look-in."

"That's so," agreed Wharton. "I'll ask Newland—and I dare say Devarney will have sense enough to behave himself. Only the fact is, he's such a queer fish, you never can tell."

"We don't want queer fishes on Little Side!" growled Johnny Bull.

"The queer-fishfulness is terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Harry Wharton proceeded to look for Monty Newland, leaving Devarney till he had spoken to the Jewish junior. But Newland was not to be seen; and the captain of the Remove looked round the House for him in vain.

"Seen Newland, Bunter?" he called out.

Billy Bunter grinned.

"Gone out!" he answered

"Bother him!" said Harry. "Sure he's gone out?"

"Yes; he started first."

"Started first?" repeated Wharton.

Bunter chuckled.

"I say, old chap, would you like to see a scrap?" he asked.

"A scrap?" said the captain of the Remove, staring at Bunter. "What are you wandering in your mind about now?"

"I know what I know!" said Bunter mysteriously. "They're keeping it dark. But there's precious few things go on at Greyfriars without my knowing. Some fellows keep their ears open!"

Wharton knitted his brows.

"Do you mean that Newland's got a scrap on?" he demanded.

"That's telling!" said Bunter mysteriously.

"Fathead!"

"The fact is, I don't mind telling you, old chap," said Bunter. "If you'd like to see it, I can tell you where to find them. It will be worth seeing—it was no end of a scrap last time, wasn't it?"

"Is Newland fighting Devarney again?" demanded Wharton.

"He may be or he may not be," said Bunter. "I may have heard Devarney challenge him, or I may not. They may be going to meet in Friardale Wood for a scrap, or they may not. That's telling. I hope Newland will lick him again. I don't like sheeneys, but that fellow Devarney is a stuck-up cad, and the more he's licked the better. He pitched me out of his study yesterday for trying to do him a good turn. He——"

"Where's Devarney now?"

"Mooching about in the quad, as usual," said Bunter. "I expect he'll be starting soon. I say, Wharton——" Bunter rolled after the captain of the Remove as Wharton went out into the quad. "I say old chap, if you'd like to see the scrap I can tell you all about it. Come into the tuck-shop——"

"What for, fathead?"

"I'll tell you the whole thing, over a glass of ginger-pop," said Bunter. "If you like to stand a few tarts——"

"Go and eat coke!"

"If you're going to be mean, Wharton——"

"Fathead!"

"Beast! I jolly well shan't tell you anything, then," hooted Bunter. "You can pump me till you're black in the face and I jolly well shan't say a word, see?"

Harry Wharton laughed and went on his way. Bunter had already said enough words to enlighten him.

Monty Newland was not to be seen in the quad; but Devarney was walking under the old elms and looking at his watch as the captain of the Remove came up.

Wharton gave him a nod, which the new junior returned very curtly. The captain of the Remove eyed him doubtfully. If Devarney and Newland had made a secret appointment for a "scrap" outside gates, he did not see how Bunter knew about it; though certainly Billy Bunter had his own methods of acquiring information. Bunter prided himself on knowing everything that went on in the Remove; but as often as not his exclusive information was rather unreliable. Wharton decided not to refer to the matter, but to keep to the subject of football.

"I dare say you know we're playing the Fourth this afternoon, Devarney," he began.

"Yes."

"Some of the men are standing out and there's several places to be filled. Like to play?"

Devarney's face brightened for a moment. There was no doubt that he

would have liked to play. He cultivated an aristocratic indifference in most matters, but he admitted to a keenness on games.

But the brightening was only momentary. He shook his head.

"Sorry, I can't!" he answered.

"I don't quite see why you can't," said the captain of the Remove, a little gruffly. "Fellows are generally keen to play in matches."

"I'm keen enough."

"Well, then, now's your chance. It's not one of our big fixtures, as you know, but it's a good chance for a new kid."

"I know that! But I can't play this afternoon."

"Something else on, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"Something you can't put off for a football match?" demanded Wharton.

"Yes."

"You don't feel inclined to tell me what it is?"

"No!" answered Devarney coolly.

Harry Wharton breathed rather hard.

"I'm offering you a chance in the Form games before you've been much more than a week at the school," he said. "If you turn it down, you can't expect another chance to come along very soon, Devarney."

"If you'd asked me yesterday, I'd have jumped at it," said Devarney. "But I can't play this afternoon. A fellow's waiting for me."

"You can tell him——"

"He's out of gates."

Wharton compressed his lips.

"I've no doubt who the fellow is and what the matter is," he said. 'Have you been bothering Newland into another scrap?"

Devarney's lip curled.

"So he's told you? He agreed to keep it dark. Just what I might have expected of a sheeney."

"Newland's told me nothing. I've just heard some tattle from Bunter, who seems to have got hold of it somehow. Is it the fact?"

"I'm not denyin' it."

"I know jolly well that Newland never wanted another scrap," said Harry. "You've forced this on him somehow."

"Right!"

"Oh, you admit that?"

"Why not?' said Devarney, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"From what Bunter says, Newland has gone out of gates and you're to meet him somewhere in Friardale Wood."

"I don't see how Bunter knew, unless Newland told him," sneered Devarney. "I dare say he would like a crowd of his friends to turn up."

"Bunter probably picked up the news at the keyhole; Newland wouldn't be likely to tell him, or anybody, if he agreed not to."

"You've a high opinion of sheeneys."

"A higher opinion than I have of a hot-headed, quarrelsome fool!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Why the dickens can't you let Newland alone?"

"That's my business."

"And you're going to cut football to fight Newland?" exclaimed the captain of the Remove angrily.

"Yes."

"Then I jolly well think——"

"Thanks, I'm not interested to know what you think," drawled Devarney.

"Perhaps you're interested to know what I think!" said a quiet voice under the elms; and the two juniors turned quickly as Wingate of the Sixth came up.

The Greyfriars captain fixed his eyes on Devarney.

"I caught what you were saying as I came along the path," he said. "As a rule, I should take no notice of it. In this case, I'm bound to take notice. Last week, Devarney, you went about for days looking like a battered prize-fighter after a scrap with a fellow in your Form. Am I to understand that you're planning to fight the same fellow again this afternoon?"

"You can understand what you like."

Wingate's brow darkened.

"You've been to school before you came to Greyfriars, Devarney?"

"Yes; Barcroft."

"Was that the way you answered a prefect when you were at Barcroft?"

No reply, save a sullen stare.

"Go into the House," said Wingate, raising his hand. "Take two hundred lines, Devarney, and go to your Form-room at once and write them out. You're gated for this afternoon. If you go out of gates you will be reported to the headmaster for a flogging. Now go into the House."

Devarney's eyes burned with sullen anger. He stepped back a pace, clenching his hands. Resistance was evidently in his thoughts, junior as he was, and facing the captain of the school. But resistance was out of the question, as he very well knew.

"There's a fellow waitin' for me——" he began.

"Let him wait."

"He will think I'm funkin' if I don't come!" muttered Devarney.

"That doesn't concern me. Go into the House."

Slowly, reluctantly Julian Devarney obeyed.

Monty Newland was likely to wait long for his adversary that afternoon in the glade in Friardale Wood.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Nice for Quelchy!

BUZZZZZZ!

"Oh dear!" ejaculated Henry Samuel Quelch.

There was a sound of clicking in the Remove master's study. Fellows who did not know that Mr. Quelch possessed a typewriter and disported himself thereon in leisure hours, had sometimes wondered when they passed his door whether Mr. Quelch mended his own shoes. Heard through a closed door, the sound remarkably resembled the tapping of a cobbler's hammer.

But Mr. Quelch was not mending shoes. He was tapping on the typewriter, adding yet another chapter to the "History of Greyfriars," which had been his constant companion for many years.

The Remove were enjoying the half-holiday in their own way; and the Remove master was enjoying his half-holiday in his way. Mr. Quelch had long passed the age when football had an appeal. But poring over blackletter, elucidating little-known facts concerning the dim past of Greyfriars, and weaving them into a great historical work, delighted the Form master as much as Soccer delighted his Form.

Tap, tap, tap! went the typewriter. Buzzzzzzz went the telephone-bell, and the tapping ceased. More than once had Mr. Quelch regarded that wonderful instrument, the telephone, as a doubtful blessing. At the present moment, the doubtfulness was, as Hurree Singh would have said, terrific.

Buzzzzzzzzz.

Mr. Quelch sighed, and rose from his table, and took up the receiver. He almost barked into the transmitter.

"What——"

"Mr. Quelch?"

"Mr. Quelch speaking."

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Quelch!"

Grunt!

"I did not quite catch that, Mr. Quelch!" came the rather thin voice over the wires.

Grunt!

"The telephone is very indistinct. Would you mind repeating that remark, Mr. Quelch?"

Mr. Quelch did not repeat the remark. Grunting expressed his feelings; but it did not get him any "forrarder."

"Would you mind telling me who is speaking?" he asked, in his turn. "I am very busy this afternoon."

"I thought you would know my voice—Mr. Devarney speaking."

"Oh!" said the Remove master, a little more amiably.

Mr. Devarney was the parent of one of Mr. Quelch's boys. Henry Samuel Quelch, like all schoolmasters, liked parents better when they were at a distance, and not on the telephone. However, he had a special sympathy for Mr. Devarney; who had once been Mr. Devarney of Devarney Court, in the county of Sussex, and was now, so to speak, Mr. Nobody of Nowhere, having suffered a great fall in fortune.

Still, sympathetic as he was towards a gentleman who, like Lucifer, Son of the Morning, had fallen from a high estate, Mr. Quelch did not like his literary work interrupted.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Devarney! What——"

"I am sorry to interrupt you, Mr. Quelch, if you are busy——"

"May I ask——"

"I really apologise——"

Mr. Quelch breathed hard. Precious moments were gliding away, while he listened to all this formal courtesy from Mr. Devarney. Mr. Quelch took the view of wise old Polonius, that brevity is the soul of wit.

"Yes, yes," he said. "But what——"

"If you can spare a moment or two——"

Mr. Quelch breathed harder. Already he had spared more than a moment or two. He respected Mr. Devarney, and sympathised with him; but he wondered whether brains had skipped a generation in the Devarney family. Julian Devarney was as good a pupil as any in Mr. Quelch's Form; but his father did not seem to have gumption enough to come to the point when he was interrupting the scanty leisure of a very busy man.

"I shall not detain you long, Mr. Quelch, if you can spare me a few moments," went on the thin, high-pitched voice of the former master of Devarney Court, in the county of Sussex.

"Certainly, Mr. Devarney," said the

Remove master, controlling his feelings, as schoolmasters must in dealing with parents. "What is it?"

"I desire to see my son this afternoon, Mr. Quelch. "I believe it is a half-holiday at the school——"

"Quite."

"Then there is no objection——"

"None."

"Possibly you would be kind enough to inform Julian——"

Why Mr. Devarney could not have written to his son, to tell him that he was coming, was a mystery to Mr. Quelch. Why he could not have telegraphed if he had suddenly made up his mind to come that day——

But he knew why Mr. Devarney had not telegraphed. The poor gentleman had, in these days, to count his shillings. Telegrams cost money. No doubt he was telephoning on a friend's telephone for nothing. That reflection softened Mr. Quelch.

"Certainly," he answered; "I shall be very pleased, Mr Devarney." This was a slight exaggeration; but excusable in the circumstances.

"You are very good, Mr. Quelch. If you will tell Julian that I shall reach Greyfriars about half-past five——"

"Certainly."

"I am aware that I should have written to my son, Mr. Quelch——"

"Oh, not at all!"

"I fear that I am troubling you——"

Mr. Quelch tried to say "not at all" again. But he really could not; Mr. Devarney was troubling him a lot.

"But the fact is, I made up my mind only a short time ago to come," went on Mr. Devarney. "I have heard some news that may mean much to us, Mr. Quelch—to my son and myself. I am very eager to speak to Julian about it. So you will excuse me——"

"Certainly."

A feminine voice was heard from somewhere.

"Do you want another three minutes?"

"Thank you, no!" said Mr. Devarney. Mr. Quelch was glad to hear it.

"Good——" came the thin voice of the old gentleman, and then sudden silence. No doubt he had been saying good-bye, when he was cut off.

Mr. Quelch put up the receiver and stepped to the window, which was open on the sunny quad. Harry Wharton was coming towards the House, and Mr. Quelch called to him.

"Wharton!"

The junior came up to the window.

"Will you find Devarney, of your Form, Wharton, and tell him that his father will be here this afternoon at half-past five," said Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir," said Harry.

"Thank you, Wharton."

Mr. Quelch turned back to his table, and sat down at the typewriter. Tap, tap, tap, tap! proceeded merrily from the machine, as the Remove master resumed his literary labours. Once more the "History of Greyfriars" was under way; and once more any fellow passing the study door might have fancied that Mr. Quelch was mending his own shoes.

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THE FIFTH CHAPTER.
Let Off.

"DEVARNEY! You ass!"

Julian Devarney turned suddenly from the Form-room window.

Wharton stood in the doorway of the Remove-room. Devarney scowled at him across the desks.

"You ass!" repeated Wharton angrily. "You were going out of that window."

"Any business of yours?" sneered Devarney.

"You're detained by the head prefect," said Harry. "It will be a flogging if you break detention."

"That needn't worry you."

"Look here——"

"Oh, mind your own bizney!" exclaimed Devarney impatiently. "I'm going to Friardale Wood, where Newland is waitin' for me. Do you think I'm going to let a Jew think that I funk turnin' up?"

"You can explain to him afterwards that you were detained."

"I don't choose to explain anythin' to a Jew."

"Oh, don't be a silly ass!" exclaimed Wharton irritably. "As a matter of fact, you wouldn't get clear. Wingate's in the quad."

"I'm chancin' it."

"I came here to give you a message from Quelch," said Harry.

"Bother Quelch!"

"Your father——"

"What about my father?" asked Devarney, with a change in his manner.

"Only he's coming to the school this afternoon, and will be here at half-past five. I think you're rather lucky not to have a disfigured face to show him when he comes," said Harry. "If you'd had your scrap with Newland——"

"I've heard nothin' of this," said Devarney. "I had a letter from my father yesterday, and he said nothin' about comin' here to-day."

"He may have phoned to Quelch. Anyhow, that's the message."

Devarney came away from the window. The news that his father was coming down to Greyfriars had evidently made a change in his intentions. Although, in his arrogance, he had little doubt that he would defeat the "sheeney," in spite of the result of the previous encounter, he was well aware that he could not hope to come off unscathed. And certainly he did not want to show his father a countenance battered and bruised. There were still signs on his handsome face of the last combat, though it was more than a week old. A black eye or a swollen nose was not an adornment that he desired to meet Mr. Devarney's gaze.

He threw himself sullenly down at his desk.

"You're staying in?" asked Harry.

It was no affair of his, perhaps, if the wilful fellow landed himself in serious trouble; but he could not help feeling a little concerned for him. Devarney's fall from a high fortune could not have failed to be a severe shock to him, and it accounted for much of his wayward and bitter temper.

"Yes, if my pater's comin'!" growled Devarney.

"May as well get your lines done if you're staying in," suggested Wharton mildly.

"Hang the lines!"

"Wingate will ask you for them——"

"Hang Wingate!"

"Have a little sense, Devarney. You don't want to be getting six from a prefect's cane when your pater blows in."

"Somethin' in that!" admitted Devarney reluctantly. "I suppose I'd better get the impot done."

Harry Wharton left the Form-room, a thoughtful expression on his face. It was getting towards time for the game now, and Wharton, as skipper of the Remove eleven, had the match with the Fourth to think of. But he was thinking of the sullen, discontented junior detained in the Form-room that bright autumn afternoon, and wondering if anything could be done for him. And when he reached the quadrangle it was Wingate of the Sixth that Wharton looked for.

Devarney, with a puckered and angry brow, sat at his desk in the Form-room drearily transcribing Virgil. More than once his glance wandered to the window, and he was tempted to take his chance of getting away. Undoubtedly he would have risked it, but for the fact that his father was coming to Greyfriars that afternoon.

Hot-headed and passionate as he was, he realised that a fight with Newland was out of the question, in the circumstances. Though his thoughts turned bitterly to the junior now waiting for him in Friardale Wood, he was, at the bottom of his heart, glad that he had been saved from facing his father with the signs of a fierce fight on his visage.

That Newland might think that he had "funked" the meeting, on second thoughts, was a bitter reflection to him. But that, after all, was only temporary—after his father was gone he would soon prove to the obnoxious "sheeney" that he was no funk.

His pen travelled slowly over the paper.

There was a step in the doorway, and Devarney glanced round. It was Wingate of the Sixth who entered.

The Greyfriars captain came across to the desks.

Devarney eyed him sullenly.

"Look here, you young sweep," said Wingate, "take that scowl off your face, to begin with. Now, Wharton tells me that you'd be playing in the junior Form match this afternoon if you weren't detained here."

"I suppose so, as I'm gated," said Devarney. "If I can't go out of gates——"

"That's settled; you can't. Well, if you're wanted in a football match, and keen to play, you can cut," said Wingate. "Mind, you don't go out of the school precincts. You give me your word on that."

"Yes," said Devarney.

"Then you can chuck that impot and clear," said the Greyfriars captain. "I dare say a game of footer will do you more good than an impot. Cut off!"

Devarney was only too glad to cut off. His face was bright as he left the Form-room.

He hurried to the changing-room.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! I hear you're playing this afternoon, kid!" Bob Cherry greeted him.

"I've just heard it, too!" said Devarney, smiling. "I'm jolly glad of the chance."

"Good man!" said Bob, rather surprised by the smiling good-humour in a face that was generally sullen and discontented.

"Oh, here you are, Devarney!" said Wharton. "Buck up and change—it's time we got on the ground."

"I won't keep you waiting."

Devarney changed quickly enough. He spoke to the captain of the Remove again as they went down to the football field.

"You got me off detention?" he said.

"Yes; I put it to Wingate. You'll find Wingate a jolly good fellow, when you know him better," said Harry.

"Much obliged," said Devarney. "It was very kind of you! I don't see why you should do me a good turn——"

"I don't see why I shouldn't."

Devarney laughed.

"Well, I'll try to put up a good game," he said.

"I dare say you'll find it more enjoyable than scrapping with Newland," said Harry, with a smile. "I wish you would call that off, Devarney. Monty would be willing to drop it, if you would."

Devarney made no reply to that.

Wharton did not pursue the subject.

"Let that cake alone!" roared Frank Nugent, rapping Bunter's knuckles with the handle of a knife. "Yarooooh!" roared Bunter, and glared at five grinning faces through his big spectacles. "I say, you fellows, if you're going to be mean about that cake——" "We are!" *(See Chapter 8.)*

Football claimed his attention now, and the match with the Fourth was soon going hot and strong.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
A Strange Meeting!

FOOTSTEPS, running swiftly, sounded with a soft patter on the grassy footpath in the wood.

Monty Newland laid down the book he was reading.

The Remove fellow was waiting—and he had waited long. Prompt at half-past three, Monty Newland had reached the place of appointment, under the big oak in Friardale Wood. He had expected to have to wait a while for Devarney. But his wait was much longer than he had anticipated.

As Devarney had insisted upon keeping the meeting secret, it had been settled that the two juniors should leave the school at different times, and proceed separately to the rendezvous. Newland had been on time; he was punctual by habit.

When Devarney failed to arrive, it did not occur to him—as the new fellow uneasily suspected—that his adversary was "funking" the meeting. He took it for granted that something had delayed him, and having brought a book with him, Newland settled down in a comfortable position in the grass, with his back to the big oak, to read.

He was not in the least keen on another fight with the disgruntled junior; and did not care in the least whether Devarney turned up or not. He had brought a "Holiday Annual" under his arm, and he found it much better company than Devarney would have been.

Deep in the book, Newland hardly noticed the passage of time. It was a half-holiday, and his time was his own; and he had an interesting book, and it was very pleasant in the deep wood, under the branches of the oak, with the sun glimmering down through the foliage.

An hour passed, and still Devarney had not arrived, and Newland was still leaning on the oak trunk, his volume perched on his knees, reading. It was not till five o'clock came chiming faintly from the village in the distance that Monty realised how long he had been waiting. Something, evidently, had happened, not merely to keep Devarney late, but to prevent him from coming to the meeting-place at all.

It did not matter in the least to Newland; in fact, he was rather pleased than otherwise. He went on reading, glad that he was not likely now to be interrupted.

Then came the interruption. Running feet on the footpath warned him that someone was coming in haste.

Newland made a grimace, and laid his book in the grass. He concluded that Devarney had come, after all, to keep the appointment, after his long and unaccountable delay. Monty would have preferred, certainly, to go on with the "Holiday Annual"; but he was ready to keep his engagement if his adversary had arrived.

The thick trunk of the oak was between him and the footpath; and he had his back to it, so he could not see the new arrival. He rose to his feet in the grass, and looked round the big tree, expecting to see Julian Devarney standing in the path. The footsteps had halted.

Then he gave a start. It was not Devarney who stood on the footpath. It was not a boy at all, but a man; and a man whom Newland certainly did not desire to meet alone on a solitary footpath in the heart of a wood.

Instead of stepping out into the path Newland receded behind the oak again, peering round the trunk rather curiously at the stranger.

The man had not seen him.

He had arrived from the direction of the village at a rapid run; his spasmodic breathing showed how fast he had hurried. Now he had stopped, and was staring back the way he had come.

Obviously, he was in expectation of someone following him, and was waiting for that someone to come up.

He was a roughly-dressed man, with a stubbly beard, a dirty neckcloth, and an aroma of spirits that reached the junior behind the tree. His back was partly turned to Newland, who could see only a part of his profile; but he could see enough to warn him that the man was a hard character. That he was a tramp was obvious, and that he was a particularly hard specimen was also clear. Newland had not the slightest doubt of what would happen if the ruffianly-looking fellow came upon a well-dressed and wealthy schoolboy in a lonely wood. The schoolboy

was likely to part with what wealth he had about him, and to be roughly handled unless he gave it up promptly. Newland was a sturdy fellow, and an uncommonly good boxer, but he had no desire for a tussle with a hefty tramp, and he remained behind the oak, making no sound.

Why the man was there, and what his intentions were, puzzled the junior for some minutes. But the man's attitude showed that he was waiting and watching, and the expression on his face, so far as Newland could see it, was evil and savage. The footpath was used as a short cut from the village, leading into the broader path that ran from the Pegg road to Friardale Lane. A passenger who had arrived at the village station might take it as a short cut to the school. Newland, after a few moments' thought, guessed that the ruffian had seen some passenger starting on the path, and had cut ahead to lie in wait for him in the wood. That could only mean an intended robbery, probably with violence. Newland felt his heart beating faster. It could not be the belated Devarney who was coming; he would come from the opposite direction—that of Greyfriars. It was in the direction of the village that the panting ruffian was staring. Some man from Friardale, or some passenger who had come down by train, was the intended victim, that was clear.

Newland waited, keeping carefully in the cover of the oak trunk. He could easily have retreated from the spot, stealing away through the bushes and brambles, undiscovered. But the thought of some unsuspicious man walking into a trap held him to the spot. Little as he liked the prospect of an encounter with that hefty ruffian, the Greyfriars junior had no idea of allowing a scene of violence to be enacted under his eyes without intervening. He did not think of retreating, but he looked round for some weapon to use in case of need. With his pocket-knife, swiftly and silently, he cut a stick from the thicket, close at hand.

The panting breathing of the man on the footpath calmed as the minutes passed and he recovered his breath. Several times Newland peered round the oak, but the man's position had not changed. He stood in a half-crouching attitude, staring back the way he had come, his look strangely like that of a wild animal watching for its prey. It came into Newland's mind that the man's object was not merely robbery, but that it was some personal enemy for whom he was lying in wait.

There was a sound of footsteps on the path at last, coming from the direction of the village.

The winding path hid the newcomer for some minutes after his footsteps were heard. But he came in sight at last, emerging into view only a few yards from the man who stood crouching in the shadow of the big oak.

Newland's improvised cudgel was ready now, and he gripped it in his hand, watching from behind the tree. He barely repressed an exclamation as he saw who the newcomer was. He had seen that tall, thin gentleman once before, on the first day of the new term at Greyfriars, and knew that he was Mr. Devarney, the father of his enemy in the Remove.

There was a sudden movement, and the ruffian leaped into the middle of the path, confronting the tall gentleman.

Mr. Devarney stopped abruptly.

The hard, evil face of the tramp was fairly gloating in its expression as he fixed his eyes on the startled man.

"Got you at last, Dandy!" he breathed exultantly.

Mr. Devarney stared at him in amazement.

"What? What?" he ejaculated. "What do you mean? Who are you? What do you want?"

"You forgotten me, Dandy?" grinned the ruffian.

Newland listened, spellbound. It seemed that this disreputable ruffian knew Devarney's father. He addressed Mr. Devarney of Devarney Court as an old acquaintance, by a nickname.

But Mr. Devarney seemed as astonished as Newland. He stared blankly at the grinning, evil face.

"I do not know you," he said. "I've never seen you before. Kindly step out of my way and let me pass, whoever you are."

The ruffian chuckled hoarsely.

"You playing a new game now, Dandy?" he asked. "Crimes! You look a bit different. But I know you—I'd know that beak anywhere."

Mr. Devarney flushed with anger. He had a rather thin, prominent nose, with a most aristocratic curve. It was quite a distinguished nose, and certainly easily recognisable.

"How dare you stop me? How dare you address me?" exclaimed the old gentleman, his voice trembling with anger.

"You look older," said the ruffian, scanning him. "Make-up, I dessay. You was always a clever hand at that, Dandy."

"I presume that you mistake me for someone else," said Mr. Devarney haughtily.

"Come off! You ain't forgotten George, you ain't—not your old pal, George Ledgey."

"I have never heard the name before."

"You reckon you'll get away with that?" jeered the ruffian. "Think I don't know you?"

"My name is Devarney——"

"Don't I know it?" grinned Ledgey. "I know your name's Devarney, old covey, though you was always called Dandy in the gang."

"You are making some strange mistake, my man," said Mr. Devarney. "I have certainly never seen you before, and I have assuredly never had such a nickname as the one you mention. Please stand out of my way!"

"Not half!" said Ledgey. "Why, I've been looking for you for years. When I came out of the stone jug I looked for you, first thing. But you'd disappeared. None of the gang knew where you was, or what had become of you. When I spotted you this afternoon you could have knocked me down with a feather. I've been waiting for this chance a long time, Dandy."

"I tell you that you are mistaken, and that you mistake me for some other person."

"And I tell you I don't!" said Ledgey, watching him savagely. "This 'ere is the chance I've been waiting for, Dandy. You've changed a bit, and you look older, but I know you all right."

"Will you let me pass?"

"Not likely! What's your game down here, Dandy? What lay are you on now? You wasn't one for the country in the old days."

"I command you to stand out of my way!" said Mr. Devarney. "If your object is robbery, I warn you that I shall resist; and I may add that I have very little of value about me."

"That'd be a change from the old days, Dandy, that would!" grinned Ledgey. "You generally was pretty well fixed. Well, I'm going to 'ave what you've got about you, and I reckon it will be worth having. And I'm going to give you what you asked for three years ago, when you double-crossed me on Dartmoor."

"I have never been on Dartmoor in my life!" said the perplexed old gentleman.

"Not in the stone jug?" said Ledgey, with savage banter. "Not on a five years' stretch?"

"If you mean prison, you must be insane to suggest such a thing. I repeat that you are making some strange mistake——"

"You wasn't in the stone jug, along with me?" grinned Ledgey. "You didn't fix it with me to handle a warder and make a bolt for it? You didn't leave me struggling with him and get away on your own, you double-crossing scum? I got an extra year for that, and you got loose. Now you're going to pay for it!"

"You must be mad!" exclaimed Mr. Devarney, in astonishment and horror. "How dare you suggest——"

"Oh, come off!" snarled Ledgey. "I know you, Dandy, and you ain't getting away this time. When I'm done with you there won't be much left for the police to pick up and take back to the convict prison."

"Stand back!" exclaimed Mr. Devarney, in alarm, as the ruffian advanced upon him. "I tell you—— Oh, help, help!"

The ex-convict leaped on him like a tiger.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Newland to the Rescue!

MONTY NEWLAND had listened, spellbound with astonishment, watching that strange scene from behind the old oak-tree.

That the ex-convict of Dartmoor was making some extraordinary mistake, he had no doubt.

Yet the man knew that the old gentleman's name was Devarney, and apparently recognised him by his features.

That Mr. Devarney of Devarney Court, father of the supercilious new fellow in the Greyfriars Remove, could ever have been an associate of criminals, and an inmate of a convict prison, was impossible, indeed ludicrous, to imagine. Yet the man Ledgey obviously had no doubt on the subject, and he was gloating on his vengeance on the man who had "double-crossed" him. It was evident that some other man, of similar appearance, and bearing the same name, was the "Dandy" for whom Ledgey took this harmless old gentleman. That in itself was strange enough, for the name was uncommon, and the looks of the Devarneys not by any means of a common type.

How the strange scene would end, Newland could not guess—till it ended suddenly with Ledgey's tiger-like spring at Mr. Devarney.

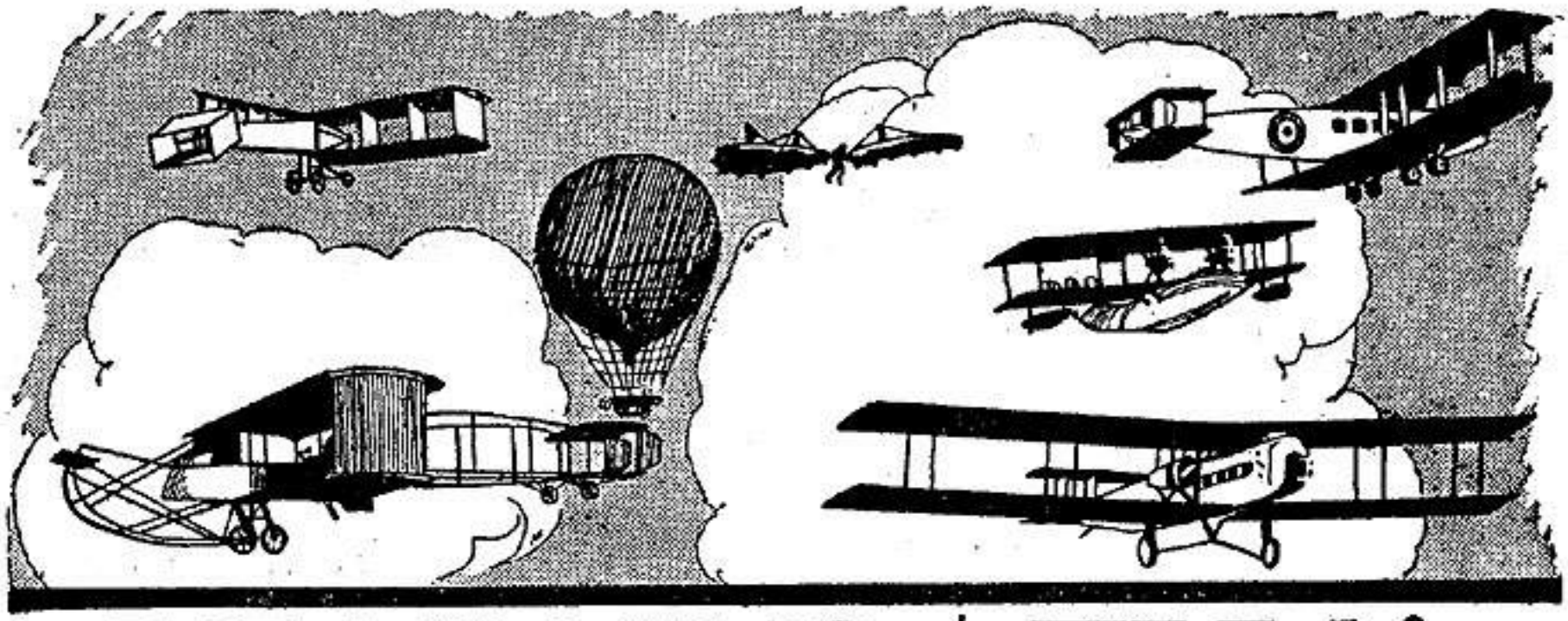
Then the Greyfriars junior woke to action.

Mr. Devarney simply crumpled up in the gasp of Ledgey. He resisted with all his strength, but his strength was as nothing compared with that of the ex-convict.

A moment of struggle, and the old gentleman was hurled to the earth, and Ledgey bent over him, his evil face inflamed with ferocity and hatred. A brawny fist was raised to be dashed into the defenceless face that stared up dizzily.

But before that brutal blow could fall, Monty Newland was on the scene, his cudgel in his hand, raised to strike.

(*Continued on page* 12.)



LEARNING to FLY!

The ingenuity and pluck shown by balloon experimenters in the early days has made the airship what it is to-day. In this article our contributor gives you an insight of the troubles with which these daredevils had to contend.

Pluck and Perseverance.

ABOUT the last thing any sane fellow would think of taking with him in the basket of a balloon is fire. Yet that is what was done with the first man-carrying balloons!

There was no other known means of raising the early, queer-looking aerial "sausages," for hydrogen wasn't available. These people who went up in experimental balloons cared as little for their own lives as do the aeroplane enthusiasts of to-day. And because of their pluck and amazing perseverance, we now have enormous airships like the Zeppelins and the British monsters known as R100 and R101.

The flying men, who have wonderful charts of air-currents, and to whom the skies are almost an open book, owe a tremendous lot, too, to the balloonists who wobbled about precariously wherever the wind blew them and who were never sure of coming down again once their craft had wobbled up.

A Curious Cargo.

THE Montgolfier brothers did some very clever tricks with their first paper balloon, which went up a mile (without passengers, of course), and came down again after ten minutes—because the air inside became too cold to support it any longer. A few months later, in 1783, they made a balloon of linen covered with paper, attached a car to it and sent it up with passengers—a sheep, a chicken, and a duck! That strange cargo was in the air for eight minutes, and everything worked so well that the following month a fellow was found who was willing to risk his life in a balloon basket.

But the balloon in this case was tied to a rope, and its ascent was limited to one hundred feet. The daring aeronaut had four minutes up there, and down he came again!

Then the Montgolfiers built a larger balloon, and two Frenchmen determined to go up in it over Paris. Coal-gas filled the "sausage," but it began to cool too quickly. The balloon looked like crashing, so the men in the basket started their furnace.

Heating the Gas!

WITH bundles of wood, brought specially for that purpose, the pair stoked their fire, thus filling the gas-bag with hot air and smoke. That saved a crash, and the flight, lasting five minutes, ended very successfully.

Apart from the fact that the balloon caught fire here and there—on account of the blazing furnace attached to the basket!—nothing particularly exciting happened. Just think of it! Knowing how likely it was the lot would blaze up, the aeronauts took with them wet sponges, to dab at the fabric as tongues of fire licked into it!

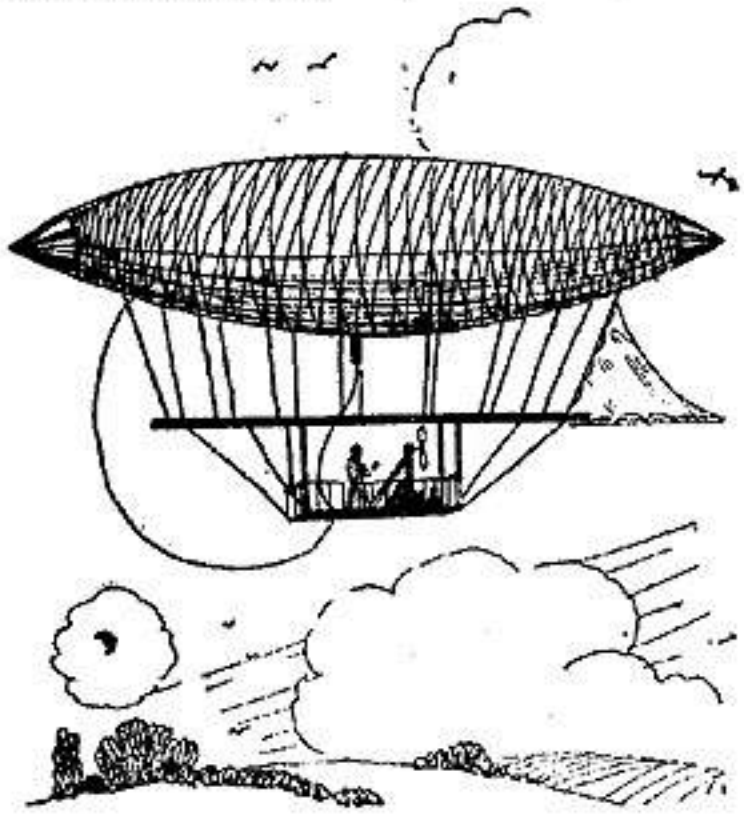
As a matter of fact, it was alight in several places when they landed. That was enough to drive inventors searching for a gas that could be used to inflate balloons, and shortly afterwards the first hydrogen-filled sausage went up—14,000 feet, and travelled for half an hour.

No more men went up in company with wood-stoked furnaces. Hydrogen was harnessed, and for many years did duty. It is the lightest gas known, but terribly inflammable. So now they mix with it another light gas, called helium, the mixture being non-inflammable.

Pioneers of Flight.

MORE than twenty years before the first real airship was made, two men named Glaisher and Coxwell went up *seven miles* in a balloon. They were all but paralysed with cold at that immense height, and the air was so very thin they could scarcely breathe. One of them became unconscious, and the other just managed to get a grip with his teeth on the rope that controlled the valve. Desperately he tugged at it—the valve opened—and down they came, pioneers of flight, if ever man deserved that name!

The first real airship, built in 1784, and shaped like a fish, was fifty-two feet long, and was steered by *hand-oars*! Nearly seventy years after, a Frenchman took up a balloon, one hundred and thirty feet long, fitted with winged propellers and a three-horse-power steam engine. That did quite well whilst it lasted. Indeed, it might have done big things had it not burst one day whilst descending.



One of the first to use a petrol motor in an airship was a Frenchman, and it caused great excitement when he flew round Paris.

Great Excitement.

MANY experiments followed, until at last the first Zeppelin was produced. Four hundred feet long, it had a screw propeller and two sixteen-horse-power engines, and proved quite manageable when a descent was made down to water. The same year, Santos-Dumont, a Frenchman, won a £4,000 prize with his wonderfully successful cigar-shaped airship. And thus the present astonishing mastery of the air was slowly being evolved.

Santos-Dumont was one of the very first to use a petrol motor in this way, and great was the world's excitement when one day, in a small airship, he flew round the Eiffel Tower and all over Paris!

The great success of our modern airships is all the more remarkable when you know how the balloon—of which the airship is a development—has been slowly evolved of experiments first made by the brothers Montgolfier, whom we have already mentioned, with paper bags in their father's factory. Being a paper manufacturer, there was plenty of free material with which the brothers, his sons, could make little balloons. They made them—big paper bags into which they allowed hot air and smoke to rush from fires made of chopped straw. As soon as the bags were filled, up they rushed, and so was invented the first hot-air balloon.

MONTY NEWLAND'S ENEMY!

(*Continued from page 10.*)

Crash!

The blow landed on the ruffian's head, taking him completely by surprise.

There was a gasping howl from Ledgey, and he pitched sideways, falling in the grass beside his victim.

"Help, help!" Mr. Devarney was panting feebly.

Newland did not heed him for the moment. The heavy blow had dazed the ex-convict, but he was already scrambling up, with murderous rage in his evil face. Once he got on his feet, Newland's chances were slim indeed. But the Greyfriars junior was swift, and ready. Ledgey was on his knees, when the cudgel crashed on his head again, and he rolled in the grass, half stunned.

Mr. Devarney rose to his feet, shaking in every limb.

"Good gad!" he was gasping. "The man must be mad! Good gad!"

Ledgey, hard hit as he was, was scrambling up again. It was no time to stand on ceremony, and Newland aimed another blow at the ruffian's head. Ledgey received it almost without heeding, and the next moment his grasp fastened on the Remove junior.

The strength of the ruffian was terrible. Sturdy as he was, Monty Newland was torn from his feet, and whirled over, and crushed down to the earth. The cudgel flew from his hand, and he was fighting wildly and furiously with his fists, while savage blows rained on him.

Mr. Devarney gazed at the scene for a moment, as if paralysed by horror, and then he made a movement to help the schoolboy. He stumbled over the cudgel that had dropped in the grass. Swiftly he caught it up and, with all his strength, brought it down on the head of the ruffian who was hammering Newland.

There was a faint groan from George Ledgey, and he toppled over and lay still in the grass. This time he was stunned; the blow would almost have stunned an ox. The force of it cracked the stick in two.

Mr. Devarney panted.

He reeled against the oak, overcome by the exertion and excitement. Monty Newland sat up dizzily.

He had only been a few moments in the ruffian's hands, but the rain of savage blows had told severely on him.

Mr. Devarney, looking at him, uttered an exclamation of horror. The schoolboy's face was streaming with blood.

"My dear boy! You are hurt—it was brave of you to come to my help—you are hurt!" he gasped incoherently.

He gave the junior a hand up. Newland staggered to his feet, and stood unsteadily. His hand went to his face, and came away red.

"Oh!" he gasped. "It—it's all right. Only my nose—and—and lip! Oh, my hat!" He dabbed his cut and bruised face with his handkerchief. "It's all right, Mr. Devarney!"

He gave the fallen ruffian a quick look. George Ledgey was still unconscious, but he was mumbling and stirring. He had been stunned, but his insensibility was not likely to last long.

"We'd better get out of this, sir!" said Newland.

"Yes, yes!" The old gentleman was hopelessly perplexed and confused by the startling occurrence, and it was the cool-headed schoolboy who took the lead. "Yes, yes! But—you——"

"This way, sir!" said Newland.

He caught Mr. Devarney's arm, and pulled him towards the bushes that bordered the grassy footpath.

"But—I am going to Greyfriars!" stammered Mr. Devarney. "That is not the way to the school, my boy. The path——"

"I know every inch of the wood, sir," said Newland. "We can cut through—and give that brute the slip if he follows us. He will have us if we go along the path—he will be up in a minute or two——"

Mr. Devarney shuddered.

"Yes, yes, go on!"

Newland led him into the wood. The old gentleman, panting and gasping, and still shaking from head to foot with tremulous excitement, followed him.

They vanished into the thickness of the wood.

It was well for Mr. Devarney, and well for himself, that Monty Newland knew Friardale Wood from end to end. The Greyfriars Scouts had many a run there, and Monty was one of the keenest of the Scouts.

Before they had covered a hundred yards, they heard a voice raised behind them—the voice of Ledgey, swearing horribly. Evidently the ruffian had come to his senses.

The sound of hurried footsteps told that the ex-convict was running along the path, in pursuit of his victim.

The footsteps died away along the footpath.

Newland grinned faintly.

"He's gone, sir," he said, in a low voice. "He fancied we'd followed the path. We shall have to go a long way round to keep clear of him."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Devarney.

He gave himself up to the schoolboy's guidance. By scarcely-marked paths, Newland led him on a wide detour through the wood, and they came out at last in Friardale Lane, at a short distance from the school. They had seen and heard nothing more of the ex-convict, who was doubtless still searching the paths in the wood for them.

At the sight of the grey old tower rising over the tree-tops, Mr. Devarney breathed more freely.

He stopped in the road to recover his breath; the exertion and excitement had shaken him up terribly. Newland stopped, also, and waited for him, wiping the blood from his face as he waited.

Mr. Devarney had now recovered something of his usual frigid dignity of manner.

"A most extraordinary occurrence," he said. "Very extraordinary indeed. It was very courageous, my boy, to come to my help as you did."

"Not at all, sir," said Newland, still dabbing.

"I am afraid you are hurt."

"Only a few cuts," said Monty. "The brute had a fist like a knuckle-duster. It's all right."

"It was very fortunate for me that you happened to be on the spot," said Mr. Devarney. "Were you taking a walk in the wood?"

"I'd been reading a book under the oak-tree, sir," answered Monty, wondering what Mr. Devarney would have thought had he known why the schoolboy had been at that particular spot at that particular time. Certainly Newland had no intention of telling him.

"The man seemed to fancy that he recognised me, as—as some person he had known," said Mr. Devarney. "Very extraordinary indeed. Surely he might have known by my appearance that I was no such person as the individual he called the Dandy."

Newland smiled. Assuredly the lofty and dignified Mr. Devarney had no appearance of having ever been an associate of such a man as George Ledgey. The ex-convict's mistake was as puzzling to the junior as it evidently was to Mr. Duncombe Devarney himself.

"Very extraordinary," said the old gentleman again. "I am very much obliged to you, my boy—very grateful indeed."

"Not at all, sir."

"You are a brave lad, a very brave lad," said Mr. Devarney. "After your gallant conduct, my boy, I shall not readily believe that the youth of England have deteriorated. Once more I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

And Mr. Devarney, shaking hands very warmly with Newland, proceeded with slightly unsteady steps in the direction of the school.

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THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.
Cake for Bunter.

"GOAL!"

"Well kicked, sir!"

There was a crowd of Remove men round the football field, and they roared as the leather went into the Fourth Form net.

The roar sounded very pleasant in the ears of Julian Devarney.

"Good man!" called out Harry Wharton.

Luck had not been, as usual, with the Remove, in that match with Temple, Dabney & Co., of the Fourth.

The best players of the Remove were standing out to give the smaller fry a chance, and as the game progressed the captain of the Remove began to doubt whether he had rather overdone it in the way of weakening the team.

Temple, Dabney & Co. were in rather unusually good form. Cecil Reginald Temple was ambitious to begin the football season with a victory over his old rivals. For once, he had got his men and himself into something like shape. With the Fourth-Formers in unusually good form, and the Remove team a very long way from full strength, fortune smiled on Cecil Reginald. Fry of the Fourth had taken the first goal of the match, and it was the only goal taken in the first half. In the second half Harry Wharton equalised, with only five minutes to go. It looked like a draw, at the best.

Almost on the stroke of time Devarney put the ball in, beating the Fourth Form goalie to the wide.

It was a win after all, but it had been a close thing. There were loud cheers for the winning goal. And it was a good goal, too, for the Fourth Form defence was sound, and Devarney had kicked with three men almost hanging on him, and brought it off.

Wharton clapped him on the shoulder as the footballers walked off the field.

"Good man!" he repeated. "You learned how to play footer at Barcroft, Devarney."

"Not so bad, you think?" said Devarney, with a smile.

"It was jolly good."

"A lot of luck about a goal like that."

"Nothing of the kind—it was sheer good play," said Harry. "After this you'll get a show in the Remove eleven for the fixtures."

"I'd be jolly glad."

In the changing-room, after the match, Devarney's face was very bright; he was scarcely recognisable as the sullen-faced fellow whose lofty manners had the effect of putting most backs up. "Swank" and "side" were considered, in the Remove, to be his chief faults; but it was to be observed, so far as football was concerned, that there was no side about him. He had played a

good game, as good as any man in the team, and he had kicked the winning goal under great difficulties, but he was absolutely modest on the subject. In the changing-room some of the fellows thought that he might have been a very pleasant fellow, if he could have forgotten for a while that he was a Devarney of Devarney Court.

Wharton was the only member of the Famous Five who had played in the match, the others having looked on, to cheer the lesser lights with the encouragement of their presence. All the Co. congratulated Devarney on his performance, and were rather surprised by the modesty with which he received their "gratters."

"Not a bad chap, after all," remarked Bob Cherry, when Julian left the changing-room. "A sporteman, anyhow."

"The sportfulness is terrific," agreed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "The swelled-headfulness is a little preposterous, but otherwisefully the esteemed Devarney is an absurd sportsman."

Harry Wharton & Co. went to Study No. 1 to tea. They did not expect to find Devarney there; he was so seldom in the study at tea-time. Fellows in the Remove who were short of funds generally tea'd in Hall, and Julian Devarney was well known to be short of funds. He was not the kind of fellow to "touch" other fellows for his tea, so he generally went into Hall.

As a rule he was not missed from his study, but on the present occasion all the members of the famous Co. would have been glad to see him there. The discovery that he could play a good game of football had considerably raised him in their estimation.

"I say, you fellows!"

Billy Bunter blinked into the study, on the cheery tea-party, with a fat grin on his face.

"Buzz off, Bunter!" said five voices in unison.

"Oh, really, you fellows——"

"Shut the door after you."

"I haven't come to tea," said Bunter, with dignity. "I've tea'd with Toddy. Still, if you want me——"

"The answer is in the esteemed negative, my fat and preposterous Bunter."

"Oh, really, Inky——"

"Let that cake alone!" roared Frank Nugent, rapping a set of fat knuckles with the handle of a knife.

"Yaroogh!"

Bunter sucked his knuckles, and glared at five grinning faces through his big spectacles.

"I say, you fellows, if you're going to be mean about that cake——"

"We are!"

"We is!"

"The meanfulness is going to be terrific."

Harry Wharton cut the cake, which was to wind up the tea, into six parts.

"Now help yourself, fatty," he said.

"Thanks, old chap."

Bunter took a portion in each hand. As this left only four among five fellows, there was another rap on fat knuckles, and Bunter howled and let one portion go.

"Blessed if I ever saw such a mean lot," he grunted. "I say, you fellows, I came here to tell you that old poker-back has come."

"Who?" asked Wharton, not recognising the elder Devarney under this description.

"Old Devarney," said Bunter. "I say, the old bean's been scrapping with somebody."

"Fathead!"

"He's got a prize nose!" said Bunter, grinning.

The Famous Five chuckled. The stiff and dignified Mr. Devarney was about the last man in the world, in their estimation, to enter into so undignified a thing as a "scrap."

"It's true!" howled Bunter. "I just saw him coming in with that stuck-up ass, Devarney—and he's jawing to Quelch about it now—asking him to telephone to the police station. He's had a fight with a tramp."

"Draw it mild!" suggested Bob Cherry.

"You can go and see for yourselves, if you look over the banisters," asserted Bunter. "Go and take a squint at him—he's worth looking at. His nose has a list to port."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"A gentleman going to Greyfriars was attacked in the wood this afternoon," said Monty Newland. "You don't say so!" exclaimed Mr. Tozer. "But I do!" said Newland. He pointed to Ledgey. "And that's the brute who attacked him!" Mr. Tozer jumped, and Ledgey gave the junior an evil look. (*See Chapter* 10.)

The Famous Five, rather curious to see the stiff old gentleman with his nose having a list to port, left the study, and went down the Remove staircase to the lower stairs. Below there was rather a crowd— and in the midst of it Mr. Devarney was talking to Mr. Quelch in very agitated tones. He looked a little rumpled, and his nose, though it had not, as Bunter declared, a list to port, certainly looked as if it had had a knock. It was clear that something had happened to the old gentleman on his way to the school.

Mr. Quelch took him into his study, no doubt to telephone news of the outrage to the police.

"Poor old chap!" said Bob Cherry. "Hallo, hallo, hallo, Devarney—what's happened to your pater?"

Julian Devarney looked up. His brows were knitted, and his eyes were glinting. Evidently the attack on his father had disturbed him deeply.

"Tramp!" he answered briefly.

(*Continued on page* 16.)

Monty Newland's Enemy!

(*Continued from page 13.*)

"Footpad?" asked Harry Wharton.

"I suppose so. The brute attacked my father in the wood."

Devarney walked away, and the Famous Five returned to Study No. 1 in the Remove to finish their tea.

They need not have troubled, however. Their tea was already finished.

The sound of busy jaws, rapidly gobbling, greeted them as they arrived at the study. The sixth portion of cake was in the act of disappearing into Billy Bunter's capacious mouth.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter, as five wrathful faces glared in at him.

"You fat villain!"

Bunter bolted the last of the cake. That, at least, was safe!

"I—I say, you fellows——"

"Where's that cake?" roared Johnny Bull.

"The—the cat——"

"The cat?"

"Yes; Mrs. Kebble's cat," gasped Bunter. "Nipped into the study and—and bagged the whole lot!"

"The cat did?" gasped Wharton.

"Yes, old chap. I—I'd complain about it, if I were you. That cat is always nosing into the studies, bagging things."

"I don't think we'll complain about the cat," said Harry. "But we'll jolly well bump the pig!"

"Eh? What pig?" asked Bunter.

He knew the next moment.

Bump!

"Whoooooooop!"

Bump, bump, bump!

"Wow-ow-ow-wow!"

Billy Bunter rolled out of Study No. 1 in a dizzy and breathless state. Still, he had the cake. That was tucked away safely inside Bunter, beyond recovery. Bunter howled and gasped and spluttered as he fled, but the cake went with him. There is a silver lining to every cloud!

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THE NINTH CHAPTER.
Startling!

MR. DEVARNEY sank down in the armchair in Study No. 1. After his somewhat agitated interview with Mr. Quelch, and the telephoning to the police station, Julian had brought his father up to the Remove passage, and Harry Wharton & Co. politely vacated the study.

Mr. Devarney, still very much flustered and fluttered by his adventure in Friardale Wood, was glad to rest his weary limbs in the study armchair. Julian stood before him, with knitted brows and an anxious face. The old gentleman's story of the attack had intensely exasperated him, and he would have liked to search Friardale Wood for the ex-convict, and take summary vengeance. That, however, was out of the question; and there were other and more troubling thoughts in the junior's mind.

Deep as was his respect and affection for his father, Julian was well aware that the old gentleman did not exceed the limit on the side of intellect. His disastrous adventures in the City, which had brought his family to ruin, were a proof of that, if the boy had not been aware of it earlier. The Devarney fortune, and even Devarney Court, the home of the family for nearly a thousand years, had gone in the general ruin.

More than eight hundred years had passed since the first of the Devarneys had built a Norman keep on the spot where Devarney Court now stood, and that ancient Norman building was still to be distinguished among the additions that had been made during the centuries. The Devarneys had survived the Wars of the Barons, the Wars of the Roses, the Parliamentary wars, and it had been reserved for Mr. Duncombe Devarney to lose the old house and the old acres that had sustained his family so long. Yet there was no bitterness in Julian's breast as far as his father was concerned. All his bitterness was reserved for the cunning sharpers in the City who had despoiled the foolish old gentleman.

"Very extraordinary—most extraordinary!" Mr. Devarney said, for about the twentieth time.

And his thoughts seemed to go no farther than that; but Julian's thoughts went much farther. Apart from his concern for his father, the matter had disturbed him deeply.

"I wish you had not telephoned for the police, father," he said at last.

"What—what?"

"Still, they are not likely to find the man." Julian was following his own thoughts. "He must have made his escape."

"Julian, I scarcely understand you! Surely you desire that detestable ruffian to be adequately punished?"

Julian set his teeth.

"I'd like to get a chance at him, father," he answered. "I wish I'd been there. I'd have——"

He broke off.

"A very brave lad was there, Julian—a gallant lad," said his father. "I scarcely dare to think what would have been my fate had he not helped me." The old gentleman shivered. "You see, mistaking me for some person against whom he had a grudge, that desperate ruffian intended——"

He broke off, with another shudder.

"Who was the boy, father?"

"I did not think of asking his name," said Mr. Devarney. "I was—was somewhat flurried and—and confused. I certainly should have asked his name. I should like you to know that gallant lad, Julian."

"Was he a Greyfriars man?"

"I really do not know; it did not occur to me to ask him."

"But his colours, if you noticed his cap?"

"I am afraid I did not," said Mr. Devarney. "I was very, very much upset, as you may believe, Julian. It did not occur to me. But why do you express the very extraordinary wish that that detestable ruffian Ledgey has escaped? I fail to understand——"

"The less talk the better, I think," said Julian. "Father, think of it for a minute! That wretch took you to be another man——"

"Some wretched rascal whom he called the Dandy."

"But you must look like the man he took you for, or he could not have made such a mistake."

"Julian!" Mr. Devarney stiffened. "Are you implying that I, your father, could possibly bear any resemblance to a member of the criminal classes? Are you out of your senses?"

Julian controlled his impatience, as he often had to do in dealing with Mr. Devarney.

"But think a minute, father! I mean, you must resemble the man in features, at least; otherwise, how could the brute have made such a mistake?"

"Some remote resemblance in features, perhaps," admitted Mr. Devarney grudgingly.

"And the man said that he knew the name of Devarney," went on Julian. "The man he called the Dandy was named Devarney."

"It would appear so."

"Devarney is a very uncommon name," said Julian. "I don't suppose there are twenty Devarneys in England."

"Fewer, probably," said his father.

"But we have relations——"

"Naturally."

"Well, don't you see?" muttered Julian uneasily. "If there is a Devarney who has gone to the bad, and been in prison, the less said about it the better; and what the man Ledgey said to you can't mean anythin' else."

Mr. Devarney started abruptly and stared at his son. This very obvious consideration, which had occurred to Julian at once, had not yet occurred to the old gentleman's rather vacant mind.

"Good gad!" said Mr. Devarney.

"We don't want our name shouted out in a police court, even if the man is no connection of ours," said Julian. "But—but if he really was named Devarney, he must be some connection, father. Do you know whether we have any relation who—who has gone under?"

"Good gad!" repeated Mr. Devarney.

It was obvious that his son's words recalled something to his mind. There was an almost scared expression on his face.

"The man Ledgey knew a Devarney who was like enough to you for you to be taken for him," said Julian. "Anybody would think that it was some relation of ours, father."

"Good gad!" said Mr. Devarney, for the third time.

He leaned back heavily in the chair.

"I understand now," he said faintly. "The Devarneys are all like one another. We are a distinguished race, Julian. And the likeness between my cousin Howard Devarney and myself was striking, though he was ten years younger. I have not seen him for many years. He disgraced his name and disappeared before you were born, Julian. Twice he wrote to me for help, which I, of course, refused to a man who had brought shame on my name. Is it possible—is it barely possible—that Howard Devarney has sunk to the level of criminals—to being the associate of such men as this Ledgey—to a convict prison? Good gad!"

The junior's face was dark.

"It looks like it," he said curtly. "Anyhow, the least said, the soonest mended. If Ledgey were brought before the magistrates at Courtfield, he might retail a lot of our family history that we don't want advertised, father. The Devarney he knew must have been a relative of ours, whether your cousin Howard or not."

Mr. Devarney's hands trembled.

"It is terrible—terrible!" he said. "A Devarney to sink so low—the associate of such a man—and the unfaithful and treacherous associate, from what the man said. It is terrible!"

"It would be more terrible, if it became the talk of Greyfriars," said Julian, with a touch of cynicism.

"You are right, you are right! I am glad you have thought of this, Julian. It certainly never entered my head!" said Mr. Devarney. "Certainly, the

less said the better! I do not think the man is likely to be taken—it stands to reason that he will know that the police will look for him, and he will escape as fast as he can. I do not suppose that we shall ever hear of the man Ledgey again. I hope not—I hope not."

"I'd like to smash him," said Julian between his teeth. "But I hope he will get clear away, all the same. But now, father, tell me why you came down to the school to-day—is it news of some sort?"

Mr. Devarney's troubled old face brightened.

"It is news, Julian—and I felt that I had to tell you myself," he said. "You know that I was swindled—dreadfully deceived and swindled—by a City sharper named Shem Isaacs——"

"A Jew!" said Devarney bitterly.

"I presume so—the name certainly would hint as much, though it would appear doubtful whether Isaacs was the scoundrel's real name," said Mr. Devarney. "It transpires that the detectives have been watching this scoundrel, Isaacs, for a long time, and he has now gone too far—from what I can learn, he is charged with several serious crimes, and has fled from the police. His office in the City is closed, and no one knows what has become of him. There is a warrant out for his arrest."

Julian Devarney's eyes gleamed.

"That's good news, father," he said. "If that villain gets his deserts, it will be something."

"It may save others from my fate," said Mr. Devarney.

Julian nodded, a little impatiently. He was not thinking of "others."

"But that is not all," went on Mr. Devarney. "It appears possible now, Julian—indeed probable—that something may be recovered—my lawyer advises me that the probability exists. It seems that this wretch, Isaacs, kept several bank accounts, and that the police have traced them all, and have—I think it is called attached—attached them. That means that the banks will continue to hold the money, until the courts decide what is to be done with it. I learn that it is a large sum—a very large sum—and part of it, Julian, is undoubtedly the money that this wretch obtained from me by trickery. It is more than possible, Julian that our fortunes may be in part restored—even that we may regain possession of Devarney Court."

"Father!"

"Do not build your hopes too high, my boy," said Mr. Devarney. "But I have a good legal opinion that it is possible—probable. The man Isaacs is at present in hiding—hiding from the police—a long term of penal servitude awaits him when he is captured. And justice will be done to his victims. I have every hope, Julian!"

Julian Devarney breathed hard and deep.

His eyes were dancing.

"Oh, father, if it were only to happen!" he said breathlessly.

"It is possible, at least," said Mr. Devarney. "That is what I came to tell you, Julian. Good news, is it not, my boy? The Devarneys may be able to hold up their heads once more! What? What?"

When Mr. Devarney left Greyfriars, in the Head's car, for the station, Julian saw him off at the gates. He walked back to the House with dancing eyes. It was only a possibility so far, but the possibility was enough to fill his mind with rosy dreams.

He came into Study No. 1 for prep with a light step and a light heart.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.
Mistaken Identity.

MONTY NEWLAND looked at his reflection in the glimmering surface of the pond near Friardale Lane, and made a grimace.

After Mr. Devarney had left him, Newland had walked back along the lane to the pond, to clean off, so far as he could, the traces of the struggle with Ledgey.

He washed away dust and blood, and dried his face with his handkerchief, but a swollen nose, a cut lip, and a bruised cheek could not be washed away. He was likely to show, for some time to come, the traces of that encounter with the ex-convict.

Ledgey had hammered him only for a few moments. Monty rather wondered what he would have looked like had it lasted minutes. Battered as he looked, he realised that he had got off rather cheaply.

Having made himself as presentable as possible, Monty walked down the lane to the village. His destination was the residence of Mr. Tozer, the Friardale constable.

Whether Mr. Devarney had taken any steps to put the police on the track of the ruffian, Monty did not know, but at all events it was his duty to inform the village policeman that a dangerous ruffian was hanging about the wood. So long as Ledgey remained in the vicinity, the footpaths about Friardale Wood were unsafe.

Mr. Tozer's residence was a cottage between the old High Street and the river, surrounded by a garden which Mr. Tozer cultivated with his own official hands. As a police-constable, Mr. Tozer found very little to do in Friardale. It was a quiet, old-world village, hopelessly behind the times, and had no crime to speak of. But he had plenty to do in his garden, and Mr. Tozer's sweet peas were quite famous for a distance of a mile and a half.

Over the garden gate, Monty spotted the plump. constable, in the garden. Mr. Tozer wore his official trousers and an unofficial pull-over and straw hat, and he was sticking a row of beans with a set and serious expression on his plump face, like a man who was engaged upon a business that really mattered.

But Mr. Tozer was not alone.

A burly man, with a stubbly beard and an evil face, was standing beside him, talking to him in husky, angry tones.

Mr. Tozer was paying him little heed. He was letting him run on, as it were, being an easy-going man; but his attention was riveted to the beans. The beans mattered.

Monty Newland's eyes opened wide as he looked over the gate—indeed, he could scarcely believe their evidence.

The man who was talking to Mr. Tozer was Ledgey, the ex-convict. There was no mistaking the stubbly face and evil eyes.

Newland stared blankly.

He had hardly expected to see the ex-convict again, and the last place in which he would have dreamed of seeing him was the residence of a police-official.

"My only hat!" murmured Newland, lost in wonder.

The husky, savage tones of the ex-convict reached him. The man was speaking with angry earnestness, and Mr. Tozer's cheery indifference seemed to exasperate him.

"Look 'ere, you're the cop 'ere, ain't you?" Ledgey demanded.

"Cop?" said Mr. Tozer, over his shoulder. "If you mean the constable, my man, I ham."

"Well, if you're the cop, you get arter that covey, see? I'm giving you information. I tell you, there's a man not far from 'ere wanted by the police—a covey that got away from Dartmoor years ago, without serving his sentence. You 'ear that?"

Mr. Tozer grunted.

It was obvious that he did not believe the statement. Ledgey's appearance, no doubt, was against him. Certainly he looked more like a convict himself, than like a law-abiding citizen desirous of helping the police to carry out their duties.

"Ain't you got the senso of a blinking rabbit?" demanded Ledgey. "I asked them in the village for the perlice station, and they sent me 'ere! You're a cop! I tell you, there'll be a reward out for the Dandy—and you can lay your 'ands on him."

Another grunt from Mr. Tozer.

"Ain't you taking it up?" hooted Ledgey.

"I ain't!" said Mr. Tozer, driven to replying at last. "Look here, my man. You've had a drop too much! You go and sleep it off"

Ledgey rapped out an angry oath.

Mr. Tozer turned a stolid eye on him.

"'Old that in!" he said. "I don't believe a word you've told me, 'cause why—I know you're talking gammon. But if you use that langwidge in my garden, I'll run you in!"

"Where's the nearest police station?" hissed Ledgey.

"Courtfield."

"Where's that?"

"Four mile up the road."

Another oath from Ledgey. It was a warm afternoon and a dusty road, and the four miles did not seem to appeal to him. No doubt he was a little fatigued after his exertions in the wood. It was obvious that he had a severe headache.

"I'm giving you the straight goods!" he hissed. "I saw the man come out of the railway station, and recognised him at once. I follered him into the wood, and he got away from me. If I'd had a good chance at him, I wouldn't have bothered the police about it. But he's got away, and he won't let me spot him agin, you can lay to that! He knows what to expect after double-crossing me. But I tell you he's wanted for the rest of his sentence."

"Gammon!" said Tozer.

Monty Newland opened the garden gate and came down the path. Both men turned to glance at him.

Mr. Tozer touched his ancient straw hat; Ledgey glared at the junior with startled eyes.

"You!" he ejaculated.

"Little me!" said Newland coolly.

He had no fear of Ledgey's brawny fists in Mr. Tozer's presence.

"'Arternoon, sir!" said Mr. Tozer civilly. "Nice arternoon, sir, for the time of year! Like to look at my beans, sir?"

"Yes, rather," said Monty politely. "But I came to tell you something, Mr. Tozer. A gentleman going to Greyfriars was attacked in the wood this afternoon——"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mr. Tozer; and he sighed.

Official duties seldom bothered Mr. Tozer; but now he had a foreboding that he was going to be called away from his beans.

"But I do!" said Newland. He pointed to Ledgey. "And that's the brute who attacked him."

Mr. Tozer jumped.

Ledgey gave the junior an evil look.

But he showed no disposition to go. Evidently it was firmly fixed in his mind that the gentleman in Friardale Wood was the "Dandy," who was wanted at Dartmoor to serve out an unfinished sentence.

"That kid was there," said Ledgey. "He saw it all! I dessay he can tell you where the man went."

Newland smiled.

"Certainly I can," he answered. "He went to Greyfriars School, and he is there now."

"You in with the Dandy?" asked Ledgey suspiciously.

Newland laughed outright.

"Mr. Devarney told you you were making a mistake," he said. "I've no doubt that by this time he has telephoned to Courtfield Police Station, and the police are looking for you."

"I reckon the Dandy ain't getting in touch with the police, not if he knows it!" sneered Ledgey. "They want him too bad."

"Wot's all this 'ere?" asked Mr. Tozer, in bewilderment, his attention fairly drawn off his beans at last. "If you're making a charge agin this tramp, Master Newland, I'll take him into custody."

"I charge him with assault, and I'm certain that Mr. Devarney will charge him, too," said Newland. "He's at the school now. That tramp mistook him for someone else and pitched into him."

Mr. Tozer hitched up his belt, and eyed Ledgey warily. He regretted that he had not hooked on his official truncheon before coming out to stick his beans. But his truncheon had never been needed before in Friardale.

Ledgey stepped back a pace. For the first time there was doubt in his evil, vicious face.

"Who are you, you young rip?" he demanded. "What do you know about that covey Devarney?"

"My name's Newland, and I belong to Greyfriars School, if you want to know," answered Monty. "Mr. Devarney, the man you assaulted, is the father of a Greyfriars fellow, and he has gone to the school."

"That's all gammon!" muttered Ledgey uneasily, but with doubt still stronger in his face. "The Dandy never was married; he ain't got no boy at no school."

"Mr. Devarney has," said Newland. "He is the father of Devarney of my Form."

"Devarney!" snarled Ledgey. "It's the same name, and the covey had the same face—the same 'ooked nose! I never 'eard of any Devarney except the Dandy. Howard Devarney was his name."

"That isn't Mr. Devarney's name," said Monty. "I remember hearing that his name was Duncombe Devarney."

"If he ain't the Dandy, he's a near relation of the Dandy!" muttered the ex-convict. "He looks like the Dandy, he does, only older—and the Dandy could make up to any age he liked. I've seen him, in my time, made-up as a Turk and a Jew and a Frenchman, and all sorts. A clever 'and at make-up was the Dandy."

Newland laughed again. Such proceedings as these on the part of the stiff and dignified Mr. Devarney struck him as comic.

"You chump!" he said. "This Mr. Devarney is Mr. Devarney of Devarney Court, in Sussex—one of the swells of the county. Perhaps your Devarney was a relation of his."

"Own brother, from his looks!" muttered Ledgey. "I'd 'ave swore he was the Dandy, made-up to look ten years older! My eye! If I've made a mistake——"

Ledgey paused, in disagreeable reflection. It was borne in upon his obtuse mind now that he had, indeed, made a mistake. A resemblance had deluded him, and he had attacked a man he had never seen before—a relative, he was convinced, of the Dandy, but that made no difference.

Instead of a reward for helping in the capture of an escaped convict, Ledgey had to expect six months' "hard" for assault and battery on a harmless citizen.

He backed farther away from Mr. Tozer, who was still hitching his belt and eyeing him doubtfully.

"Well, if that old covey ain't the Dandy I'm sorry I 'it him," said Ledgey, at last. "But you tell 'im from me, that he's liable to be run-in for the Dandy if the cops spot him. Now I come to think of it, he didn't act like the Dandy; the Dandy would have had a knuckle-duster or a knife about him. I made a mistake. All his own blinking fault for looking so much like the Dandy."

"You stand where you are, my man!" said Mr. Tozer, making up his official mind at last. "I'm taking you into custody on information given by this young gentleman. And I warn you"—Mr. Tozer deeply relished the words he so seldom had a chance of uttering in so law-abiding a community as Friardale—"I warn you that anything you say may be took down to be used in evidence agin you."

Ledgey gave a savage laugh.

No doubt he was glad by that time that he had come to Mr. Tozer's house, and not to a police station. From the latter his departure would have been somewhat impeded.

As Mr. Tozer stepped towards him, with all the majesty of the law in his plump, ruddy countenance, Ledgey reached out, and delivered a sudden jolt on the widest part of Mr. Tozer's ample circumference.

"Oooooch!" gasped Mr. Tozer.

He sat down suddenly at the foot of his row of beans. He sat there and spluttered for breath.

Mr. Tozer was out of action for at least three minutes. Three seconds were enough for Ledgey.

He cleared the fence with a bound, and ran.

"Ow!" gasped Mr. Tozer. "Ooooh! Woooooch! I'm winded! Groooooch!"

Monty Newland gave what help he could, with great sympathy, to the breathless police force of Friardale. In three minutes Mr. Tozer was on his feet again, still gurgling.

Breathlessly, and without waiting either for his official tunic or his truncheon, Mr. Tozer took up the pursuit of the ex-convict. By that time Ledgey had vanished into space, and was probably well on his way to the next county. Monty Newland, feeling that there was nothing more to be done, walked back to the school.

A couple of hours later a breathless Mr. Tozer trailed into the garden, mopping his forehead. Ledgey had disappeared; and Mr. Tozer realised that it was improbable that he would be seen in that part of Kent again. It was a blow for Mr. Tozer. Hitherto his cases had dealt chiefly with naughty boys who pilfered apples from orchards, and unmuzzled dogs at muzzling time. A case of assault and battery had come his way, and eluded him! All that remained of the "case" was a twinge under Mr. Tozer's ample waistcoat. Sadly Mr. Tozer returned to his beans.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Newland's Little Joke.

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Been in the wars?" asked Bob Cherry.

Monty Newland grinned.

"Just a few," he answered.

The Famous Five had come down to the Rag after prep, and Monty was rather conspicuous among the crowd of fellows there. Already the adornments to his handsome countenance—not quite so handsome now—had attracted a good deal of attention.

"You haven't scrapped with Devarney?" asked Harry Wharton.

"No."

"According to Bunter, you had an appointment with him this afternoon to scrap in Friardale Wood," said Harry.

"Bunter had it right."

"I thought so. Wingate heard me speaking to Devarney about it and gated him. He played football instead," said the captain of the Remove, with a grin.

"Oh! I wondered why he didn't turn up," said Newland carelessly.

"But you got into a scrap, all the same?" said Frank Nugent.

"I wasn't looking for one," said Monty.

"Highcliffe cads?" asked Bob.

"No, a little row with a perfect stranger," answered Newland.

"It isn't your way to pick rows with perfect strangers," said Johnny Bull, staring at Newland.

"No, a little row with a perfect stranger—he was a most imperfect one, to judge by his looks and manners!" said Newland, and the juniors laughed.

As Monty volunteered no further information, the Famous Five asked no questions.

They proceeded to tell Monty about the Form match of the afternoon, and the exceedingly good show that Devarney had put up in the game.

Newland had his own reasons for not entering into the particulars of the adventure in Friardale Wood.

In the first place, it was not his way to glorify himself. He had already heard that Mr. Devarney had described the help that had been given him by a gallant lad, a conspicuously courageous and chivalrous schoolboy—which Monty considered was rather overdoing it. And he had no desire whatever to announce that he was the schoolboy in question. Blowing one's own trumpet was not the Greyfriars way; and the less that was said about the matter, so far as he was concerned, the better Newland would like it.

But he had another reason. He had been on that spot to meet Devarney in combat, and it was Devarney's father he had saved from the brutality of the ex-convict tramp.

That made the matter awkward, both for Devarney and himself. He had no desire to lay the new junior under the irksome burden of a debt of gratitude.

Certainly, Julian Devarney would have felt extremely uncomfortable had he been aware that his father had been saved from serious injury by the fellow he had despised and taunted and forced into a quarrel.

There was no rancour in the good-natured Newland, and he did not want to cause Julian that discomfort.

All he wanted was to keep clear of him; and he hoped that, as the fight had been prevented from taking place, he would hear no more of it.

As a matter of fact, he did not dislike the new fellow, disagreeable as Devarney had made himself. He was aware of the Devarney story—it was the talk of the Remove, more or less—and

he could make allowances for the wrong-headed fellow.

Newland was quite satisfied with himself and the ancient race from which he came; but he could be tolerant, even when he met with intolerance. To nourish a feud against all Jews, because one Jew had done him a wrong, was childish, but sweet reasonableness was not to be expected from a fellow who had been reduced from wealth to poverty. So Newland's feeling toward Julian Devarney was rather of compassion than anything else.

Fellows who asked him about the damage to his features were told that he had had a scrap with a stranger, which was perfectly true, but left the rest of the story in the dark.

Devarney did not come into the Rag that evening.

After prep he had remained in Study No. 1, with plenty of food for thought—both pleasant and unpleasant.

The news that his father had brought him excited great hopes in his breast and filled his mind with rosy dreams. But the incident of the ex-convict was much less agreeable.

It was obvious that there was a Devarney somewhere who was an exceedingly bad character, who had undergone a term of penal servitude, and was still wanted by the police.

That was a black and bitter thought to the youth who was so proud of his family name and his ancient blood.

That the unknown "Dandy" might belong to some other family of Devarney was unlikely; in fact, impossible. For the resemblance between the "Dandy" and Julian's own father was strong, so strong as to deceive the ex-convict into believing that he was the same man.

Such a resemblance, it was obvious, could only exist among relations; and it precluded the theory that the unknown "Dandy" had merely adopted Devarney as an assumed name, or that he belonged to some other and unknown family of Devarneys.

The erstwhile associate of Ledgey was, therefore, beyond doubt, one of the Devarneys of Devarney Court. No doubt a modern Devarney who had inherited a little too much of the predatory instinct of the old Norman baron who had founded the family.

Julian had, in fact, no doubt that Ledgey's former associate was his father's cousin, Howard Devarney, who had disappeared from the upper world so long ago, and was doubtless still living in the underworld; a most discomforting reflection to the proud fellow.

He could imagine the grins in the Lower Fourth if the fellows heard of it. In his mind's eye, he could see Skinner's derisive smile. In his mind's ear, so to speak, he could hear Bunter's fat chuckle. His lofty pride, his supercilious indifference had put up many backs in the Remove, and news of this would be simply "pie" to many fellows.

Fortunately it was not likely to become known.

Julian hoped fervently that the ex-convict had made his escape and that he would not be seen again.

In that matter, his hope was to be gratified. Ledgey was already on the other side of the county border and not likely to revisit the district where he was wanted for assault and battery. That, if Devarney had only known it, he owed to Monty Newland—and Newland's visit to Mr. Tozer in Friardale. But of that Julian knew nothing.

With his mind filled with mingled thoughts of possible fortune from the disaster of Mr. Shem Isaacs, and possible disgrace from talk arising concerning that "bad hat" of the Devarney family, Julian forgot all about Newland and the appointment he had failed to keep with the Jewish junior that afternoon.

"Which way to Pegg?" asked the motorist, stopping his car abruptly. "Keep on through the village and take the turning to the right," answered Harry Wharton. "Thanks," said the man, and was turning back to the wheel when his eyes fell on Devarney. He gave a violent start and suddenly exclaimed: "Julian Devarney!" *(See Chapter 12.)*

It was not till the Remove went to their dormitory that he remembered; and then he remembered suddenly at the sight of Monty among the other juniors.

Newland did not look at him, but he was aware of the flush that came over Devarney's face and the glint that came into his eyes.

Devarney came across to him.

"You waited for me this afternoon?" he asked.

Monty, who was sitting on the side of his bed, taking off his boots, glanced up.

"Yes," he answered.

"Not long, I hope?"

"Oh, I had a book," said Newland carelessly. "It was all right."

"I was prevented from coming."

"I guessed that."

"Oh," said Devarney, taken aback. "You guessed that, did you?"

"Naturally."

"I thought you might fancy that I had funked comin'," said Julian, with a bitter curl of the lip.

"That's what you would think, I suppose," said Newland coolly. "But I didn't fancy anything of the kind. I know you're not a funk."

"Thank you," said Devarney sarcastically.

"Not at all. You're a fool, not a funk," said Newland cheerfully.

"It's quite easy enough to make another appointment," said Devarney.

"Quite."

Harry Wharton broke in.

"For goodness' sake, Devarney, don't be such a silly ass! Why can't you let the matter drop?"

"My bizney, I think," answered Julian.

"The dear man's hungry for another licking," said Vernon-Smith. "But why in private, old bean? Can't you let a fellow see the show?"

Devarney took no heed of the Bounder. He fixed his eyes on Monty Newland's good-humoured face.

"Wingate of the Sixth got on to it, and gated me," he said. "You'll admit it wasn't my fault I didn't turn up."

"Quite," yawned Newland. "I knew you were fool enough to come, just as you were fool enough to make the appointment."

"He, he, he!" from Billy Bunter.

"Well, we'll fix it up another time, without a crowd of sniggering duffers hanging round listening," said Devarney.

"He won't let us be on in the scene," said the Bounder, with a deep sigh. "He doesn't want us to see a Devarney get a hiding."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hold on, Devarney!" exclaimed Newland, as the new junior was turning away. "Let's have this clear. You fixed up time and place, and you didn't keep the appointment. I'm not blaming you; but that's how it stands. It seems to me that it's my turn to fix the next."

"Just as you like, of course."

"I put it to you fellows," said Newland, glancing round. "Time and place are my choice."

"That's fair," said Bob Cherry. "Devarney's had his turn. Now it's up to you, old bean."

"Make it the middle of the quad, on a half-holiday," suggested Skinner, and there was a laugh.

Monty Newland shook his head.

"Devarney prefers it to be private," he said. "I always like to please a fellow. I'm going to name time and place, Devarney, and I expect you to agree, as I agreed last time."

"That's understood," snapped Devarney.

"And no more rowing till it comes off?" continued Newland. "You keep clear of me, and I keep clear of you?"

"Certainly," assented Devarney, rather perplexed by the glimmer in

Monty Newland's eyes; "that's all right."

"Very well; I'll name time and place. Time—September the first."

Devarney started.

"What do you mean? It's past that now."

"I mean what I say."

"Look here——"

"Place," continued Newland, unmoved, "the Head's study."

"What?"

"The Head's study."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a roar of laughter in the Remove dormitory. Devarney's expression was quite extraordinary. He looked at the cool junior sitting on the bed as if he could have eaten him.

"Is that meant for a joke?" he demanded at last.

"Not in the least."

"If you want to fix time and place——"

"I've fixed them, and you've agreed," said Newland calmly. "The first of September—next year——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"In the Head's study. I'll be ready, if you are."

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

"Perhaps by that time," suggested Newland amiably, "you may have learned a little sense, and decided not to play the giddy ox. If not, we'll have it out in the Head's study——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And I expect you to keep your distance till it comes off, according to agreement," added Newland.

Devarney gritted his teeth.

"If you think you can crawl out like that——" he muttered.

"You frabjous ass, he's letting you off!" grunted Johnny Bull. "He's licked you once, and could lick you again."

"Look here, Newland——"

"'Nuff said!" interrupted Newland. "The matter's settled. I don't want to be personal, Devarney; but you rather bore me. Chuck it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This isn't a laughing matter," said Devarney, between his teeth, his eyes gleaming at Newland.

"Isn't it?" said Newland blandly. "Then all the fellows seem to be making a mistake—they think that it is."

There was no doubt about that. The Remove dormitory was in a ripple of merriment from end to end.

Devarney glanced round with a crimson face. Every other face that met his gaze was full of hilarity. From the point of view of the Removites, at least, it was a laughing matter.

Wingate of the Sixth came into the dormitory.

"You young sweeps seem to be enjoying yourselves," he remarked. "You can be heard all over the House. Chuck it, and turn in."

The Remove fellows, still chuckling, turned in. The Greyfriars captain put out the light, and left them to repose. But there were still many chuckles in the dormitory before the juniors settled down to sleep.

Devarney was one of the last to close his eyes. Ridicule was bitter to him—and he had been made to look ridiculous. Monty Newland, a few beds away, was sleeping the sleep of the just, carelessly forgetful of Devarney.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

The Man in the Goggles.

"COMING along, kid?"

Bob Cherry called out cheerily.

It was Saturday afternoon, a half-holiday at Greyfriars, and rain was falling in the quad and on the old red roofs.

Football was off; and the Famous Five, having debated what they should do with the half-holiday, had decided on a ramble over the cliffs.

It was not exactly the weather for rambling over cliffs; but it was a case of any port in a storm. Something had to be done; and Bob Cherry, at least, had decided that it was to be done out of doors. And his comrades agreed.

Julian Devarney was staring out of a window, when the Famous Five came along in their macs and caps.

He turned his head as Bob called to him.

Devarney was not looking cheerful that afternoon.

The news he had received on the occasion of his father's visit had filled his mind with rosy dreams; but the dreams had not advanced any farther towards materialisation.

He had had no further news, and he had seen from the newspapers that the fugitive sharper, Mr. Shem Isaacs, had not been caught.

The rogue had been traced as far as Folkestone, where it had obviously been his intention to get across the Channel if he could; but it seemed clear that he had been headed off; and was now apparently in hiding, waiting for another opportunity.

LEICESTER CHUM'S limerick wins one of the splendid MAGNET pocket wallets. Here is his effort:

Billy Bunter, of Greyfriars, is fat.
He broke down the chair where he sat.
This wasn't so bad.
The part really sad
Is, he went through the floor after that!

A pocket wallet has been awarded to B. E. Shaw, 130, Lansdowne Road, Aylestone Park, Leicester. Have YOU won a pocket wallet yet? Get going with pen and paper if you haven't and do your stuff!

Devarney had a deep and bitter desire to hear that the rogue had been laid by the heels, which was natural enough. But so far, Mr. Isaacs had succeeded in eluding pursuit.

It was understood that he had a large sum of money in his possession as well as various easily-negotiable securities; he had lined his pockets well before he had bolted. A great deal depended on the recovery of the sums with which he had absconded. A considerable part, at least, of what Mr. Devarney had lost, might be restored, if all went well. But all was not going well, so far.

Devarney was anxious for news; but none came.

On this particular afternoon he was feeling morose and dissatisfied. He had had not even had the satisfaction of a "scrap" with Monty Newland, and his feelings towards the Jewish junior were more bitter than ever. He seemed somehow to associate Newland and Mr. Isaacs in his mind—bunching them together as Jews and enemies.

"Come along, Devarney!" said Harry Wharton.

"Going out?" asked Julian, brightening a little in spite of his dark mood. He had made no friends in the Remove; and he found his lonely pride an unsatisfactory companion at times.

"Yes; just for a tramp," said Harry. "You haven't been along the cliffs yet, I think."

"No," said Julian.

"Then get your mac, and come along with us."

Devarney hesitated a moment, then nodded, and went for his mac. In the cheery company of the Famous Five he walked down to the gates under the dropping rain, and they turned out into the road.

"It's wet!" remarked Johnny Bull, shaking himself as a rain-drop trickled down the back of his neck.

"The wetfulness is terrific," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"What's the odds, so long as you're happy?" asked Bob Cherry cheerfully. "We're getting the air, at any rate."

"And the rain!" said Wharton.

"Oh, a little rain won't hurt a chap!" said Bob. He gave Devarney a thump on the shoulder. "Penny for 'em, old bean!"

Devarney started out of gloomy thought.

"Eh, what?" he said.

"Penny for your thoughts—though, to judge by the expression on your chivvy, they ain't worth it."

Devarney smiled faintly.

"I was thinking of Barcroft," he said.

"My hat! Mean to say you like Barcroft better than Greyfriars?" exclaimed Bob, in astonishment.

"Well, my friends are there, you know," said Devarney, more amiably than usual. "I'd like to be at my old school."

"Then why not?" asked Bob.

"Can't be did! Money!" said Devarney laconically.

"If the fees are higher at Barcroft than at Greyfriars it's a swindle!" said Bob.

Devarney laughed.

"It isn't that! I've got in here at reduced fees—my pater knows one of the governors, and it was fixed up. Sort of charity!" added Julian, with intense bitterness.

"Oh, rot!" said Bob uncomfortably.

"My esteemed Devarney, charity covers a multitude of skins!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Of what?" ejaculated Devarney.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob. "Make it sins, old bean!"

"My esteemed Bob——"

"If they could only get hold of that brute!" muttered Devarney. "It's sickenin' the way they've let Isaacs slip through their fingers!"

"Oh, they'll get him sooner or later!" said Bob.

The case of Mr. Shem Isaacs had been very considerably discussed in the Remove. Newspaper cases seldom interested the Removites; but Devarney's story was well known, and that interested them in Mr. Isaacs.

"Would it make any difference to you, Devarney?" asked Wharton.

"Lots! Since the police took up the case, he's been shown up as a swindler, and my pater could recover a great deal of what he lost, if they got the man. They've collared what he left in the bank; but he's well known to have most of the plunder with him. Trust a sheeney for that!" added Devarney bitterly.

"Well, they headed him back from Folkestone," said Bob. "He hasn't been able to get out of the country. According to the papers, he's dodging about somewhere in Kent."

"Ever seen him?" asked Nugent.

"I saw him once, when my pater took me into the City with him. A Jew!" said Devarney.

"Well, there are Jews and Jews!"

said Bob. "They don't all look exactly alike, you know."

"All more or less alike—much of a muchness!" sneered Devarney. "The poor old pater ought really to have been on guard, dealing with a man named Isaacs."

"What rot!" said Harry Wharton, rather sharply. "Lots of decent people named Isaacs."

"According to the papers, it's not certain that the man's name was Isaacs at all," said Johnny Bull. "They hint at a lot of charges against him, under other names."

"Isaacs or Jacobs, it's all one," said Devarney, "or Newland, for that matter. They're all tarred with the same brush."

"Oh, chuck it!" said Harry. "Leave Newland alone!"

The Famous Five began to regret the cheery impulse that had led them to gather in Devarney for that walk in the rain.

"Of course, you fellows don't agree," said Devarney sarcastically. "You seem gone on sheeneys! To my mind, they're all the same; and I've no doubt that Newland is Isaacs over again!"

"You jolly well know he isn't!" exclaimed Bob Cherry hotly. "For goodness' sake chuck the subject!"

"I'll please myself about that!"

"Newland's a friend of ours," said Harry Wharton quietly.

"Friend of yours or not, I'll say what I please about a rotten, rank outsider!" said Devarney deliberately.

"Not to us, at any rate!" said the captain of the Remove, halting. "If you can't drop the subject, Devarney, the sooner you drop us, the better."

"As soon as you like!" said Devarney disdainfully.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Look out!" roared Bob Cherry.

Through the falling rain a motor-car came dashing from the direction of Courtfield, driven at a reckless speed.

The schoolboys jumped hastily out of the way.

The car shot past them; and then the driver suddenly jammed on the brakes and stopped, so abruptly that the car nearly skidded on the wet road. The man leaned out, and looked back at the group of schoolboys. He wore goggles, and a hat pulled low over his brows, and there was little of his face to be seen. He beckoned to the juniors; and, guessing that he wanted to inquire his way, they walked to the halted car.

"Which way to Pegg?" he asked.

"Keep on through the village and take the turning to the right," said Harry. "That will take you straight there."

"Is it far?"

"About a mile by the road."

"Thanks!"

The man was turning back to his wheel, when his eyes fell on Devarney, and he gave a violent start and stared at him blankly. To the amazement of the juniors he uttered a startled exclamation:

"Julian Devarney!"

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.
A Hot Chase.

"JULIAN DEVARNEY!"

The man in the goggles repeated the name, in tones of astonishment. Devarney stared at him blankly.

"That's my name," he said. "You seem to know me."

The man in the car made no reply.

He stared at the junior for a few seconds, and then turned away. The car leaped into sudden motion again.

The juniors jumped back from splashing mud. The next moment they were staring after the car as it vanished in the rain.

A moment more, and it was out of sight, speeding on down the winding road to Friardale.

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Who's your friend, Devarney?"

Devarney was staring blankly in the direction in which the car had vanished.

He shook his head.

"I haven't the faintest idea who he is," he answered. "He seems to know me, though. He seemed startled——"

"Scared!" said Johnny Bull.

"Was it your features did it, do you think, old bean?" inquired Bob Cherry.

Devarney did not heed that humorous question. He was staring down the road, lost in astonishment.

"It's somebody who knows me," he said at last. "I suppose I should know him, if I'd seen his face. Can't imagine why he should buzz off like that without another word."

The juniors resumed their way towards Friardale, considerably surprised by the strange incident. They had nearly reached the village, when there was an emphatic honking on a motor-horn behind them.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's another jolly old road-hog in a hurry!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

Harry Wharton & Co. drew to the side of the road, and glanced back. A car was racing up the road. At the wheel sat a man they knew by sight—it was Inspector Grimes, of Courtfield. A constable in uniform sat by his side as he drove.

There was a jamming of brakes, and Mr. Grimes brought the car to a halt in the road.

He waved his hand to the schoolboys.

"Here, you lads——"

"Anything up, Mr. Grimes?" asked Harry Wharton, as the juniors approached the car. It flashed into their minds at once that Mr. Grimes was in pursuit of the first car.

"Yes. Has a car passed you on this road?"

"Yes," said Harry.

"Who was in it?"

"One man, driving."

"What was he like?"

"Couldn't say, except that he was goggled, wore a soft hat, and a thick coat, turned up round his ears."

"What was the make of the car?"

"Blessed if I noticed——"

"Napier!" said Bob Cherry.

Bob had an eye for such things.

"Sure?" exclaimed Mr. Grimes, his eyes dancing.

"Quite."

"Which way did he go?"

"Right on to the village. He asked the way to Pegg," said Harry.

"Pegg! That's his game, then! He might get a motor-boat at Pegg! Isaacs, ten to one!"

"Isaacs?" gasped the juniors.

"A man who's wanted," said Mr. Grimes. "Anything more you can tell me? Quick!"

"Yes," panted Devarney. His eyes were ablaze. "Isaacs, of course! That's how he knew me!"

"Knew you?" repeated Mr. Grimes. "What do you mean? Who are you?"

"My name's Devarney."

"Any relation of Mr. Duncombe Devarney?"

"His son."

(Continued on the next page.)

"And you say the man in the car knew you?"

"Yes; he spoke my name and buzzed off without another word. I had no idea who he was——"

"Would Shem Isaacs know you by sight?"

"Yes; my father took me to his office once. He would know me, and I should know him, if I saw his face——"

"Isaacs, ten to one!" repeated the Inspector.

He waved the juniors back and carecred on his way, the car vanishing in a cloud of rain and mud.

Bob Cherry gave a long whistle.

"Well, I'm blowed!" he said, emphatically and inelegantly.

"The blowfulness is terrific!"

Devarney's eyes were gleaming.

"It's the man!" he repeated. "It's the man! It's Isaacs! That's how he know me. That's why he was startled to see me. Oh, I hope they'll get him. He's not ten minutes ahead——"

"Grimey's jolly close on his track," said Harry Wharton. "He must have dodged this way after being headed off from Folkestone. I suppose they're watching for him all along the coast. They'll get him. He will never have time to get away from Pegg."

The juniors headed by the shortest cut for the seaside village, eager to hear what had happened there. If the man in the goggles really was Shem Isaacs it was probable that he was heading for the sea, in the hope of getting away in a motor-boat, which was to be had for hire at Pegg, and making a desperate attempt to get across the Channel. But with pursuit so close on his track it was not likely that he would be successful.

In a state of great excitement now, Harry Wharton & Co. proceeded at a trot, through the falling rain. Devarney was the most excited of all. All his lofty nonchalance had disappeared. By a footpath through the wood the juniors came out on the Pegg road, with the fishing village in sight in the distance and the grey, tumbling sea beyond.

"Look!" yelled Bob Cherry. "The Napier!"

From the direction of Pegg the Napier came in sight, tearing through rain and mud, the man in the goggles driving hard. That he was in flight could not be doubted now. He had reached Pegg by one road and was leaving it by another, evidently because Mr. Grimes' car had followed him into the village before he could seek to carry out his intentions there.

"My hat! This is getting exciting!" ejaculated Johnny Bull.

"Stop him—somehow!" panted Devarney.

"You can't!"

"I'm going to!"

Julian Devarney leaped recklessly into the middle of the road. The Napier was coming on madly. Behind, just turning out of the village of Pegg, the inspector's car could be seen in pursuit.

"Devarney!" shouted Wharton.

He sprang after the reckless junior, grasped him, and dragged him back in time.

A second later the Napier tore past, in a spout of rain and splashing mud.

"You ass!" panted Wharton.

Devarney shook himself free from the captain of the Remove and rushed after the Napier. The Famous Five followed. It was evident that the desperate man in the Napier did not know the country round Greyfriars, for the lane he was now following was closed, at intervals, by gates, and he had no time to stop to open even one of them. Indeed, it was doubtful whether, at the speed he was travelling, he could avoid a crash at the first gate.

"He'll be killed!" muttered Nugent.

The juniors ran hard. Rascal and law-breaker they now knew the man in the Napier to be, but they shuddered at the thought of the coming crash. Round a bend in the lane the fugitive came suddenly in sight of the first gate across the road, and there was a grinding of hurried brakes as he jammed them on. But it was too late, and the crash came to the ears of the juniors.

"Hurry!" panted Wharton.

They raced breathlessly to the spot. Jammed into a smashed gate, the Napier lay on its side, a wreck. But of the man who had driven it there was nothing to be seen.

"Where——" stuttered Bob Cherry.

"Look!"

Wharton pointed.

On one side the road was bordered by Friardale Wood, and grassy paths led up a steep embankment into the trees. The juniors, following the direction of Wharton's pointed finger, had a glimpse of a man in a heavy coat and goggles vanishing into the wood by one of the winding paths.

"After him!" yelled Devarney.

He clambered up the bank in pursuit.

There was a whirring and a honking and the Courtfield car dashed up and halted. Inspector Grimes jumped down, staring at the juniors, no doubt surprised to see them again. He gave one glance at the wrecked Napier and shouted:

"Which way did he go?"

"Into the wood!" Wharton pointed again. "By that path—the one Devarney's taking."

Mr. Grimes waited for no more. Leaving his car in the road, he dashed up the greasy path into the wood, the constable at his heels.

"Come on!" said Bob Cherry. "The more the merrier!"

And the juniors followed.

What luck Mr. Grimes and his companion had the juniors did not know, for they soon lost sight of them. The chums of the Remove themselves certainly had no luck. Searching for a fugitive in the rainy, misty wood was a good deal like searching for a needle in a haystack. They kept it up till it was time to return to the school for call-over. Devarney was keen to keep it up longer, but it was evidently futile, and he unwillingly walked back to Greyfriars with the Famous Five.

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter met the juniors as they trailed, wet and weary, into the House. "I say! Have you heard?"

"Which and what?" asked Bob.

"You fellows never hear anything?" said Bunter. "I say, that man Isaacs has been seen at Courtfield!"

"What man Isaacs?" asked Bob.

"Shem Isaacs, the man who's in the papers," gasped Bunter, full of excited news. "He was seen, and nearly caught—all the fellows have heard about it except you chaps. You never hear anything!"

"Tell us all about it," said Bob gravely. And the Co. grinned.

"He was spotted hiring a car, from what they say," said Bunter. "He got away in a Napier car, with the coppers following him in another. That's the latest."

"The very latest?" grinned Bob.

"Yes. But there may be something in the evening papers, if a chap could get hold of one. Awfully exciting, ain't it?"

"Frightfully!" agreed Bob.

"All the fellows are talking about it," said Bunter. "Fancy you fellows not knowing anything about it!"

"Fancy!" assented Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at!" said Bunter. "You fellows are always behind the times. You never know anything that's going on! I say, where have you fellows been? You look awfully muddy."

"Chasing Mr. Isaacs in Friardale Wood!" chuckled Bob.

Billy Bunter jumped.

"Wha-a-t?" he ejaculated.

"That's the latest," added Bob Cherry. "You see, you weren't quite up to date, after all!"

And the Famous Five passed on, grinning, leaving Billy Bunter with his mouth open in astonishment, and looking like a fat fish out of water.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.
Face to Face.

"GONE!"

"Gone from our giddy gaze like a beautiful dream!"

"The gonefulness is terrific, my esteemed chums!"

It was surprising, but it was so.

The following day being Sunday, "Sunday walks" at Greyfriars mostly took the direction of Friardale Wood. Since Mr. Shem Isaacs had plunged into the wood and disappeared, he had not been seen again.

That he could possibly escape now seemed impossible. A police cordon had been drawn round the wood, and up and down and round about in its bosky shades search was going on for Mr. Isaacs. Every thicket and every bush was beaten for him.

Fellows who took their Sunday walks to the wood found that there was, for once, no admission. The wood was closed to the public and in official hands. Fellows walked along the lanes that bordered it, staring into paths and glades, rewarded by the sight of policemen's helmets popping to and fro.

But they saw nothing of Shem Isaacs. Neither, unfortunately, did the police.

How the man, in the circumstances, could have got away was a mystery. But it seemed that he had.

Harry Wharton & Co. walked back to Greyfriars, after a stroll all round the wood, that Sunday, leaving the police still searching.

"It beats the band!" remarked Bob Cherry. "But he's gone! If he was still in the wood they'd have had him."

"Slippery as an eel!" said Frank Nugent.

That evening Julian Devarney was looking morose. He had counted on the capture of Mr. Isaacs as a certainty, after the wreck of the Napier in Pegg Lane, and the flight of the rascal on foot into the woods.

But he had counted his chickens too early.

Mr. Shem Isaacs seemed, after all, not to be at the end of his tether. He had been there; but, like the will-o'-the-wisp, he was gone again before a finger could be laid on him.

There was considerable excitement in the school. The hunting of a fugitive from justice, so near Greyfriars, gave the fellows a thrill. On Monday there was no news of a capture. Fellows who walked down to Friardale that day announced that the wood was open to the public again, and that the police were gone, except for two or three constables who patrolled the paths.

Apparently Mr. Grimes had given up the hope of running the man down there. The search, no doubt, was proceeding farther afield.

In Form that day Devarney was

"Hurry!" panted Harry Wharton. The juniors raced breathlessly to the spot. Jammed into the smashed gate, the Napier lay on its side—a wreck. But of the man who had driven it there was no sign. (*See Chapter* 13.)

extremely inattentive, and once or twice received a sharp word from Mr. Quelch. He did not heed it.

His hopes had been raised, only to be dashed to the ground again. The punishment of the rascal who had ruined his father, the partial restoration of his family fortunes, had seemed possible—indeed, probable—and now the prospect had vanished again. His brow was dark and his temper bitter.

He had received a letter from his father that morning, stating that Mr. Devarney was coming down to the school. News of Mr. Shem Isaacs, and his brief and dramatic appearance near Greyfriars, had been in the Sunday papers, and had, of course, reached Julian's father.

After last school that day Devarney walked down to the gates with a moody brow. He intended to meet his father on his way to the school, and walk back with him by the footpath through the wood.

His father, he knew, hoped to hear news of the capture of Mr. Isaacs. But there was no hope of that. The elusive Isaacs had vanished as if into thin air.

Devarney walked along the shady footpath, thick with fallen leaves. There was a scowl on his face and his lips were set.

His brow grew blacker, and a glitter came into his eyes, as he passed under the branches of the big oak by the footpath, the spot where the ex-convict Ledgey had attacked his father. Sitting in the grass, with his back to the trunk of a tree, with a book open on his knees, was a Greyfriars junior.

Devarney's eyes glinted at Monty Newland.

His footsteps made no sound on the carpet of fallen leaves that covered the path, and Newland did not look up. There was a cheery smile on Monty's face, apparently caused by some episode in the "Holiday Annual" that he was perusing.

Julian stopped and stood staring down at him. Blacker and blacker his look grew as he stared.

Newland, suddenly becoming aware of his presence, glanced up. The smile died on his face as he saw Devarney.

"You rotter!" said Devarney between his teeth.

"Hallo! What's biting you now?" asked Newland carelessly.

"You sheeney cad!"

Newland looked at him steadily.

"That's enough, Devarney," he said quietly. "I don't want to row with you. You'd better trot on."

Devarney did not stir. All his disappointment and bitterness and chagrin seemed to concentrate in the rancorous look he gave the Jewish junior.

"What are you doing here?" he sneered, searching his mind, as it were, for the bitterest words he could use. "Looking for the other sheeney?"

"What?"

"A relation of yours, perhaps," said Devarney. "The papers say it's not certain that the man's name is Isaacs. Perhaps it's Newland!"

Monty laid the book in the grass and rose to his feet. His own eyes were glinting now.

"That will do," he said. "I've been trying to keep clear of you, Devarney—trying my hardest. But if you're determined on trouble, you can have it as soon as you like."

"The sooner the better," said Julian, with a sneer. "If you've screwed up your courage to the sticking-point, I'm ready for you."

Monty Newland, his face set, peeled off his jacket, and Devarney followed his example.

"They say that the worm will turn," said Devarney. "I've been waiting for you to turn!"

"Come on!" said Newland tersely.

Devarney did not need a second invitation. He came on fast enough. A moment more and the two juniors were fighting.

In his passionate anger and bitterness Devarney had forgotten all about meeting his father. He remembered only his desire to avenge his former defeat, and his rancour against the "sheeney." Shem Isaacs had escaped, but there was solace in giving this particular sheeney the thrashing of his life.

But it did not work out like that.

Monty Newland was angry; and, as he had been driven into the combat he wished to avoid, he was determined to give his unreasonable enemy as severe a lesson as he could. Devarney's attack was hot and fierce, but Newland met it with cool determination, and more than held his own.

It was borne in upon Devarney's mind that he was not, after all, quite a match for the sheeney. The thought of another

defeat spurred him on to desperate efforts, and Newland had his hands full.

Trampling in the fallen leaves, panting for breath, fierce-eyed and with teeth set, the two juniors fought with a bitterness that was seldom witnessed in fistical combats in the Greyfriars Remove.

Crash!

Devarney was on his back in the fallen leaves.

Newland stepped back.

In a flash, Julian was on his feet again springing at him. Hammer and tongs they went at it again, both of them too excited, and too keen on the conflict, to observe a tall gentleman who came along the path from the direction of Friardale..

The tall, slim gentleman stopped, and stared at the sight of the two schoolboys closing in fierce combat.

"Good gad!" he ejaculated.

For a moment or two he stood staring, with lofty disapproval in his look. Then sudden recognition dawned in his face.

"Good gad, Julian!"

He ran forward.

"Julian! Cease this instantly! What does this mean?"

"What——"

"Who——"

The combatants dropped their hands, and stepped back, panting. Devarney passed his hand across his eyes, and blinked dizzily at his father. Monty Newland dabbed at a streaming nose.

"Julian! This is—is disgraceful!" exclaimed Mr. Devarney. "Who is this boy you are fighting with—— Good gad!" Mr. Devarney fairly jumped, as he stared at Newland. "You!"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Monty.

He backed away.

"Do not go, my boy!" exclaimed Mr. Devarney. "Stay—stay! I have never properly thanked you for the service you rendered me—I have not even learned your name."

He turned to his son.

"Julian! I find you quarrelling—fighting—with this brave lad—this gallant lad——"

Devarney stared at him in stupefaction.

"You—you don't know this fellow, father?" he stammered. "I—I don't understand! What——"

"I do not know his name," said Mr. Devarney. "I know the boy—I am not likely to forget the brave lad who saved me from serious injury on this very spot less than a week ago."

Devarney almost staggered.

"What?" he gasped.

He stared at his father, and stared at Monty Newland. The latter grinned.

"It—it—it was Newland?" stuttered Devarney.

"If this lad's name is Newland, certainly. Are you a Greyfriars boy, Newland?" asked Mr. Devarney.

"Yes, sir. In the Remove."

"My son's Form! Did you not tell my son?"

"Nunno!" stammered Monty. "You—you see——" he broke off.

"What is this dispute about?" asked Mr. Devarney, looking from one to the other. "Some schoolboy quarrel, what? What?"

The two juniors were silent. Devarney was still staring at Monty Newland in blank astonishment. The news that it was Monty who had saved his father from Ledgey had taken him utterly aback.

"Come!" said Mr. Devarney. "I will ask you no more questions—but you two boys must be friends! Whatever the cause of your dispute, it cannot be anything serious. Newland, I am sure you will accede to my wish."

"Certainly, sir!" said Monty cheerfully.

"And you, Julian, I need not ask, now that I have told you that this boy is the brave lad who saved me from a ruffian's violence," said Mr. Devarney.

Julian made no answer.

"Let me see you shake hands," said Mr. Devarney.

Slowly, but feeling that there was no help for it, Julian Devarney held out his hand to Monty Newland. Then a more generous impulse seemed to rise in his wayward heart, and when he gripped Newland's hand, his grip was cordial.

"I—I'm sorry!" he stammered. "I dare say I have been rather a fool! Thanks for what you did for my father! I never knew—never guessed—I should never have thought that a sheen——" He checked himself abruptly. "I'm sorry, Newland. I can't say more than that!"

"All serene!" said Monty cheerily.

Monty Newland stood dabbing his crimson nose with his handkerchief, as father and son walked down the path together. He wondered whether the "feud" was over. But that remained to be seen.

THE END.

(Don't fail to read the final enthralling story in this splendid series—"THE NEW BOY'S FEUD!" To miss this is to miss a treat, so order your copy early!)

QUEER SPORTS!

Nations of the world have borrowed different games from us, but those of their own making, as our contributor describes in this article, are decidedly queer forms of recreation—to us!

Battle of the Headless Goat!

IN addition to the sports which they have borrowed from us, some of the nations of the world have games of their own which meet with high local approval, and which form their own national sports. They play a particularly uproarious one in Turkistan, called baigu.

It is a kind of cross between rugger and polo, and the "ball" is the body of a goat, minus the head! All mounted on fiery steeds, the players line up—120 of them—and one, from the centre of the line, kicks off. Or rather, he canters off, dangling the headless goat!

Away after him tear the other 119 mounted men, all madly eager to wrench from him the corpse. When the centre man has gone some distance ahead, he hurls the goat's body to the ground—if he has not already been caught. Then the band begins to play in earnest.

A Thunder of Pounding Hoofs.

All of them fight to pick up the body. The sportsman who does succeed in retrieving it must gallop around the boundary post and back again to the starting-place with his dusty trophy.

The rest of the field goes after him, in one mad tearing swoop, and it is all in the game if they can tear him or his horse to the ground and wrench away the spoils of the chase. They can pound him or his steed—do anything.

Imagine that headless goat at the end of the game. Imagine what the "ball" goes through in that yelling pandemonium and the thunder of pounding hoofs! Eventually, if there is enough of it left, the torn and bedraggled trophy is presented by the thoroughly exhausted players—perhaps combatants would be the better word—to the chief guest or most notable onlooker. A pretty strenuous way, that, of keeping fit and spending a Saturday afternoon!

Weird Tug-o'-War.

In the Far East, in Korea, tug-o'-war stands on a footing with our League football events. By a series of eliminating games, towns and villages compete for the big tug-o'-war championships. We are content to indulge in that hefty sport with eight men aside. They consider that too gentle in Korea, where an entire village, or half a town, may haul at either end of the rope!

There are not simply two ends—there are lots. The rope has quite a number of tails, so that all comers may lend a hand to haul the other side over the mark. Women and children all join in. Everyone who can stand is allowed to bulge his or her muscles on the town's or village's behalf.

Naturally, something particularly hefty in ropes is required when a large population is panting to break all records at the shout, "Heave!" So they make it of plaited straw, and they make it very thick!

The Shield Game—and others.

The Warraw Indians do not go much on football. The sport of their fathers is good enough for them. It seems a peculiar way of getting fun, but there it is. With enormously heavy shields, two opposing sportsmen spar about for an opening, then rush together like thunderbolts in an endeavour to flatten each other firmly to the ground, either by brute force or cunning, the victor being he who jams his fellow hardest in the soil with that heavy shield.

The wavy-haired, copper-skinned Hawaiians, or Kanakas, pick their sports from wrestling, riding, and spear-throwing, and surf-riding, the latter being extremely popular. On flat, frail boards, the Kanakas paddle out to sea, and when smooth water is reached, they head their tossing craft for the shore.

Huge waves hurl them at the pounding breakers beating on the coast, and, balancing incredibly on their boards, the riders strive to reach dry land ahead of all comers. To say that the followers of this dare-devil sport are good swimmers follows as a matter of course!

In Norway they go in for ski-jumping. With long and narrow "shoes" strapped to their feet the sportsmen hurtle down a steep, snow-covered hillside, then leap into the air. The jump is counted only if the end of it finds you landing on both feet at once. Leaps of 140 feet want some beating!

YOU CAN BEGIN THIS THRILLING NEW SERIAL TO-DAY, CHUMS!

THE SHADOW OF THE GUILLOTINE!

By GEO. E. ROCHESTER.

(Introduction on next page.)

"Arrest that traitor!" commanded the all powerful Robespierre. "And convey him to the Luxembourg!"

Arrested!

IF Robespierre had heard the words of Sansarge, he paid no heed to them, but slowly advanced towards Paul Darc, to halt within a pace of him.

"You know why I am here?" he said sternly, his eyes on the boy's pale, set features.

"Yes."

"And have you no explanation to give?"

"No explanation, save that Armande de St. Clair was once my friend."

Sansarge thrust himself forward, courage lent him by the liquor he had consumed.

"What is it?" he demanded hoarsely. "What has happened?"

Robespierre surveyed him coldly.

"Merely this, Citizen," he replied. "Paul Darc, my trusted friend, having access to certain open orders of release which bear my signature, filled in the name of Armande de St. Clair on one of those orders three hours ago, and had it presented to the gaoler of the Luxembourg, with the result that Armande de St. Clair has been released and has fled from Paris."

"But—but was not your permission given?" gasped Sansarge.

"I was not in Paris to give my permission," returned Robespierre curtly.

He turned again to Paul.

"Why did you not wait for my return instead of committing this act of madness which will cost you your head?" he asked harshly. "It is possible that you would not have appealed to me in vain for the life of the aristocrat."

"I feared you would return too late," replied Paul quietly.

"So you took the law into your own hands?"

"Yes!"

"With a full knowledge of what the consequences must be?"

"Yes!"

For a long moment Robespierre earnestly studied the face of the boy who confronted him.

"Paul, Paul," he said, with sudden saddened change of tone, "why have you done this thing? You have sacrificed position, power, life itself, to aid an aristocrat who will give you no second thought. No man, not even I, can save you from the vengeance of the people."

"I would not have you try, Maximilien," replied Paul Darc; "but the day will come when your own soul will sicken of the daily slaughter and you will rebel, even as I have rebelled to-day."

Citizen-deputy Paul Darc sentenced to death—to be carried in a creaking tumbril to the guillotine, with the mob howling derision at him and the hated aristocrats who are to share his fate! Is Paul to die this ignominious death for saving his friend?

Grim, prophetic words. For the day was, indeed, to come when the tragic figure of Maximilien Isidore de Robespierre, hounded to his doom by the wolfish, bestial mob for whom he had laboured so ardently and so well, mounted the steps of the guillotine to pay for, with his head, his attempts to stem the tide of blood which was engulfing the land he loved so well.

But there was little thought of that in his mind as now he turned away and walked towards the door. On the landing outside, he gave a sharp order. Heavily-booted feet came clumping up the stairs and five soldiers of the National Guard, accompanied by a sergeant, filed into the room.

"Arrest that traitor!" commanded Robespierre harshly. "And convey him to the Luxembourg!"

. . . . . .

What a day of glorious excitement it had been!

The ci-devant Citizen-deputy Paul Darc had appeared before the Bar of the Revolutionary Tribunal on a charge of rank treachery to the people.

Robespierre had spoken for him—Robespierre, the very man who had had him arrested. He had pleaded in that toneless voice of his that leniency might be shown to Paul Darc, who, up till now, had served the people well.

That in itself had thrilled the packed and breathless court.

But it was with Fouquier-Tinville, the Public Prosecutor, that the real honours of the day had rested. He had excelled himself. Never had he been so brilliant, so deadly, so merciless.

His argument had been so magnificently simple; even the most stupid could follow it. Paul Darc had cheated the guillotine of a cursed aristocrat. Then let Paul Darc take the place of that aristocrat on the guillotine and thus atone for his treacherous crime.

Ah, how ferociously Fouquier-Tinville had fought for the death sentence. Fought for it! Nay, demanded it in the name of the people—in the name of the glorious Republic.

And he had won. Sentence of death had been pronounced and on the morrow Paul Darc was to die on the guillotine. But before sentence had been passed, the prisoner had been invited to address the Tribunal on his own behalf. And how had he replied?

"Citizen-president, citizens all, I thank you for the fairness of my trial, nor do I quarrel with the fairness of the verdict."

There! Even the prisoner himself had admitted that he had received nothing less than justice. The cursed aristocrats were never prepared to make such a handsome admission.

Dusk of that fateful day had now merged into night, and whilst in every drinking booth and den clamouring tongues discussed the trial, Paul Darc sat alone in his cell waiting for the morrow.

He was seated at the small deal table with which the cell was furnished. His chin was cupped in his hands and he was reading by the flickering illumination of the candle by his elbow.

Yes, reading, for only bitterness lay in brooding thought. And the book over which Paul pored enthralled was his well-thumbed, tattered copy of the New Testament. He had asked for it from his lodgings and Robespierre had seen to it that the request was granted.

He was reading again of that last tragic drama when, armed with lanterns, torches and weapons, they had come in search of Christ in the garden of Gethsemane.

"Then Simon Peter, having a sword, drew it and smote the high priest's servant and cut off his right ear. The servant's name was Malchus."

Paul's lips twitched in a smile of grim appreciation. There was one, at least, who, to his dying day, would have cause to remember that night's work.

The noise of a heavy key turning in

the lock of the door of the cell brought the boy's eyes from the printed page. Then, pushing back his chair, he rose to his feet as the door swung open and a gaoler entered, followed by Sansarge.

Paul had not seen nor spoken with Sansarge since the night of his arrest, and now he advanced with hand outstretched.

"I have been given ten minutes alone with you," said Sansarge, when the gaoler had withdrawn, closing and locking the door behind him.

"That gives us time enough in which to say farewell," replied the boy bravely. "I am glad that you have come, old friend."

"Glad?" repeated Sansarge grimly. "I wonder if you will still be glad when you have heard what I have come to say?"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean this, Paul Darc. I have something to tell you. It cannot aid you now, I know, but if I had spoken sooner then you would not have been here in this cell of death to-night. Ah, bitterly have I cursed myself for keeping silent!"

"But I do not understand," exclaimed the boy in bewilderment. "Where else would I be, if not in this cell?"

"In England!" replied Sansarge fiercely. "In England, Paul Darc, where you belong!"

"Where I belong?" echoed the boy, staring. "You speak strangely, Sansarge. What is England to me?"

"It is your home!" cried Sansarge. "Listen, boy, for our time is short. Old Andre Darc was not your father, and you are not of peasant blood. Your father is Sir Crispin Hungerford, of Dorset, in England."

"What?"

"It is true—I swear it. Years ago, when you were but a few months old, your father sent two English highwaymen to the gallows. In revenge, a companion of theirs kidnapped you and fled to France. He died in a lodging house in Calais, which was kept by the aged sister of old Andre Darc. Innocent though they were, Andre and his sister were fearful of being involved in the consequences of the kidnapping. They decided to bring you up as their own and say nothing to anyone as to your birth."

The boy would have spoken, but Sansarge silenced him with a gesture.

"Do not judge them harshly," he went on quickly. "Remember, old Andre was always kind to you. He brought you to his cottage at Fontnoy, and, as you grew to boyhood and whispers of the Revolution came, old Andre confided to me the secret of your birth. It was his wish to send you back to England before the storm broke. But I said no. For in you, Paul Hungerford, with your noble English blood, I saw good stuff for the moulding of one who might prove, if trained, a clever and courageous leader of the people."

Paul was silent, but his hands had clenched and a grimness had crept into his eyes, which were fixed on Sansarge's bearded face.

"So you were kept in ignorance of your birth," continued Sansarge, "and after your flogging at the hands of that animal of Fontnoy, you were sent to Paris. The rest you know. In old Andre's dying moment I promised him that some day you would learn the truth. And that, besides to say farewell, is why I have come to you to-night."

"And does my father think I live?" asked the boy.

Sansarge shook his head.

"He cannot!" he replied. "After all these years, he must now be mourning you as dead."

"Then curse you, Sansarge!" blazed the boy. "Curse you, for this foul thing you've done to me!"

Turning away, he seated himself heavily in his chair and buried his face on his arms on the table. Moving forward, Sansarge laid a gentle hand on the boy's shoulder.

"I have earned your curse, and more, Paul Hungerford," he said quietly, "nor do I ask you to forgive the unforgiveable. But this I say: You have lived as one of us, and you know how we were ground down and oppressed. And in our ranks there were so few who could show us how to lift the yoke. Can you wonder that we made you a leader? It was to be for such a little time. Only until we had soundly won to glorious liberty. Then I would have spoken and you would have returned to the England which is your home. I swear I never foresaw calamity such as this."

His voice broke oddly on the words. Slowly Paul lifted his head to see the eyes of Sansarge dim with tears.

"Why, Sansarge," he exclaimed, slowly rising to his feet. "What is this?"

"It is nothing," replied Sansarge huskily. "But since your arrest I have not known one moment which has not been an agony of bitterness and remorse. Had I but spoken sooner—for I have loved you so——"

"Nay, Sansarge," said Paul, "you must not reproach yourself, for I can understand. My anger was occasioned by my first selfish thoughts. Maybe, by aiding in some little way the removal of that tyranny which for so long has oppressed the people of France, I have lived better than I would have done yonder in England. It seems at this eleventh hour that my sole regret need be that I have never known the man who is my father."

"I will see him, boy," cried Sansarge eagerly. "It is the one amend which I can make. I will go to England, no matter what the consequences to myself may be. I will tell him all. How you have worked so nobly for us who were oppressed, and how in the end you gave your life for one whom once you knew as friend."

His voice shook with a sudden gust of passion.

"And there is another whom I shall seek out," he snarled. "It is that cursed Armande de St. Clair. Somewhere beyond the frontiers of France he lies, but I shall find him and tell him that the Paul Darc whom he spurned went to the guillotine in his stead. And if there be one spark of manhood in him, which I doubt, he will never know another moment free from bitter self-reproach as long as he may live."

"Leave Armande de St. Clair in peace, Sansarge," said Paul sharply. "He thinks that the order for his release came from the hand of Robespierre, and there is nothing to be gained in telling him otherwise."

"I say I will tell him——" began Sansarge, his voice rising.

"It can do no good, old friend," cut in Paul, resting a pleading hand on Sansarge's red-sleeved arm. "My last request to you is to leave him in ignorance of these unhappy circumstances."

"But it is not right——" protested Sansarge angrily.

"He craved no aid from me," interposed the boy wearily, "and he is in no way to blame for this. Promise me that you will let him be."

"I promise then," replied Sansarge sullenly. "But," he added, with grim satisfaction, "sooner or later he is bound to learn, for all France is ringing with the news."

A key grated in the lock, and the cell door swung open.

"Your time is up, Citizen," growled the gaoler, from the threshold.

And now that the moment had come when they must bid each other a last good-bye, man and boy, it seemed, could find no words.

It was Sansarge who spoke first, thrusting out a trembling hand.

"Farewell, Paul Darc," he muttered, using for the last time the old familiar name. "Some day I am for England—to see your father——"

The boy nodded bravely.

"Tender him my filial devotions, Sansarge," he said quietly, taking the outstretched hand in firm clasp, "and tell him that at the end my only sorrow was that I had never known him. And now, old friend, farewell!"

Long after Sansarge had gone, and the cell door had clanged shut, Paul Hungerford sat staring before him with unseeing eyes, pondering over the amazing disclosure which Sansarge had made, and trying to picture that father, that home, that England, which now he would never live to see.

Not for one moment did he doubt the truth of what Sansarge had told him. The man's bitter remorse and sincerity had left no room for doubt. Nor in his heart could Paul feel either anger or resentment against those who, until now, had kept the secret from him.

He had lived with them, as one of them, too long for that. None could better understand than he the motives which had prompted them to keep silent and plan for him to become a leader of the people.

And thus the pitiful, tragic conspiracy was to end. Poor, patient, kind-hearted Andre was dead, and on the

INTRODUCTION.

It is the year 1789, when the first rumbles of the coming revolution in France are heard. Paul Darc, a peasant, and the Chevalier de St. Clair, an aristocrat, both young lads, are staunch chums, but they are soon forced to realise the barrier that lies between them. For daring to bathe in the lake at Chateau Fontnoy, Paul is brutally flogged at the order of the Marquis D'Ermonde de Fontnoy, the chevalier's uncle, who gives further evidence of his fiendish cruelty by killing Paul's guardian. The lad swears vengeance on the tyrant and is sent to Paris by a revolutionary named Sansarge, there to be placed in the charge of the notorious Robespierre. Three years pass, and the long-threatened revolution has burst into flame. The shadow of the guillotine lies over France, and both the hated Marquis de Fontnoy and his innocent nephew, the chevalier, are arrested and taken to Paris for trial. Paul Darc, now commissioner of the Revolutionary Tribunal, learns with horror of his friend's capture, and determines to use all his influence with the powerful Robespierre to save him. Robespierre, however, is out of Paris, and before the dreaded Tribunal, Paul pleads desperately for the life of the chevalier. But it is in vain. His appeal rejected, denounced by his former friend as a leader of the mob that is staining France with innocent blood, Paul sees the young aristocrat sentenced to death. It is late that night before the lad returns to the lodging he shares with Sansarge. Paul's bitter outburst against the slaughter that is taking place in the name of justice startles his companion. But more startling still is the sight of the man who appears in the doorway at that moment. It is Robespierre—the most dreaded man in France!

(Now read on.)

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morrow the boy whom he had given to the people was to die by the hand of the people!

Comrades in Death!

NOON, and the tumbrils waiting. Those who were to die that day had already been brought from the Conciergerie. Eighteen they numbered, and all were aristocrats save one.

He, the ci-devant Citizen-deputy, Paul Dare, stood alone, shunned and ignored by that gaily-dressed company. Though he was to be their comrade in death, they had no word for him nor friendly glance. For was he not one of the canaille? One, it seemed, who had somehow succeeded in offending his fellow-rabble. There was a rumour that he had befriended an aristocrat. But, there, was not rumour a notorious lying jade?

Each aristocrat had donned his best as befitted the momentous occasion. And now with quip, jest, and laughter, they awaited their turn to descend the prison steps to the tumbrils, which would convey them to the keeping of their grim tryst with Madame Guillotine.

For no matter what their lives had been, these aristocrats of France knew how to die. They went to their deaths with a magnificent courage, a superb heroism, which amazed the world, and earned even the grudging admiration of their enemies.

Names emblazoned on the immortal scroll of French chivalry; names which had won gallant fame in the Crusades and on the fields of Crecy, Agincourt, and Poitiers were borne by men who daily mounted to the guillotine, and by the very manner of their passing, showed that the old spirit lived on to make glorious a shameful and ignoble death.

But Paul, standing aloof, saw here and there a face which was unusually pale, eyes which betrayed the cold dread at the heart, yet lips which bravely smiled. All could not keep out fear, yet fear was held splendidly at bay.

In pairs, as the harsh, stentorian voice of the gaoler called out their numbers, they passed through the prison door towards the tumbrils into which they stepped as care-free as though, on pleasure bent, they were stepping into some upholstered coach.

Not once, by either word or gesture, did the majority acknowledge the existence of the howling, jeering mob. Conversing nonchalantly or in bored and disdainful silence they sauntered to the tumbrils, deaf to the oaths and curses flung at them from every side.

Paul was one of the few who still remained within the prison when an amused and vaguely familiar voice spoke at his elbow:

"Morbleu, if it is not the youthful citizen-deputy!"

Wheeling, the boy found himself face to face with D'Espany, spruce in white satin and brocade.

"You?" he exclaimed.

D'Espany shrugged his shoulders.

"Unfortunately, yes," he replied. Then looking at the boy oddly, he added: "But I find you in strange company, monsieur."

"Nay," corrected Paul grimly, "although our destination is the same I have not the honour to be of this exclusive company."

"Then, if our destination be the same, you join us in the tumbrils?" questioned D'Espany, tapping his snuff-box and delicately applying a pinch of rappee to his nostrils. "There have been whispers—a certain aristocrat went free. Ah, yes, I crave your pardon, monsieur. I perceive the topic is distasteful to you. These tumbrils now. I understand the ride is not unpleasant to one who can close his ears to a little coarseness. I must confess to a certain pleasurable anticipation. There is, however, one protest I should like to lodge were it permitted."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. I am an old man, monsieur, and it is my habit never to rise before one of the clock. I find this early start extremely incommodious."

Thus he could talk, when before one of the clock his head would be lying in the executioner's blood-soaked basket.

"But," he went on, "if it happens that we journey together, monsieur, I shall have been more than recompensed for the inconvenience to which I have been put, in that I shall be afforded some brief opportunity of becoming better acquainted with one for whom, I freely confess, I already entertain a deep regard."

There was a certain sincerity in the utterance of this fulsome compliment which gave Paul to suspect that D'Espany had learned the details of the escape of Armande de St. Clair. There could be no other reason why he should profess to hold a deep regard for Paul.

"How is the Citizen Fontnoy?" asked the boy, changing the subject. "I do not perceive him here."

"To-morrow, monsieur," replied D'Espany, having recourse to his snuff-box. "He takes it ill, I fear, and is much cast down——"

"Number Fifty-Nine!"

The harsh voice of the gaoler cut in on D'Espany's words, and with a snap, he closed his snuff-box.

"Myself!" he observed. "Adieu, then, citizen-deputy, and if noble blood can find you entry into Heaven then I am yours to command!"

He bowed and turned away, a brave and gallant figure. As he passed through the prison door, out into the light of day, there rose from the throats of the mob a swelling, menacing roar, like that of an angry sea.

"Number Sixty!"

Paul stiffened. His turn had come. Then with shoulders squared and head erect he walked slowly to the door and passed through. As he appeared a sudden hush fell on the mob. This pale-faced boy was different from the simpering, gaily-apparelled dandy who had preceded him. He was a son of the people. He was one of themselves. And they were sending him to the guillotine.

The citizen-captain in charge of the soldiers who lined the short space between the foot of the prison steps and the tumbrils, gestured impatiently to Paul to hurry. He was a wise one, that citizen-captain, and well-versed in mob psychology. Already the foremost tumbrils were rumbling away, and this silence which had greeted the appearance of the boy rendered the citizen-captain uneasy.

Suddenly an unkempt fellow in filthy red blouse and tattered trousers pushed himself forward from the mob and halted in front of Paul, threatening him with his fist. "Death to the cursed traitor!" he roared. "Death to the betrayer of the people!" (*See page* 28.)

Not that he feared any such thing as an attempt at rescue. But there was a sudden tension in the air, and a mob is like cattle. Once let someone start something and who could tell what might not happen? So best get the boy into the cart to which he had been assigned and set off without delay.

There were others amongst the mob who also seemed suspicious of this silence, for a long, lanky, unkempt fellow in filthy red blouse, and tattered trousers thrust into sabots, pushed himself forward.

"Death to the cursed traitor!" he roared. "Death to the betrayer of the people!"

His words broke the spell and loosened tongues in a howl of execration and derision, directed at the lonely, sombre-clad boyish figure, walking with head erect and lips tight pressed. But before that howl had gathered to full volume, a vile old hag with matted hair hanging down over her bleary eyes and shrivelled, drink-sodden features, whirled on the unkempt fellow who had started the torrent of jeers and curses.

"Rot you for a cowardly pig!" she screamed, and spat full in his face. "What if he did save a cursed aristocrat? There are plenty more, and Paul Dare has served us well!"

"Yes, that he has!" shrieked an aged and dishevelled crone. "What cursed fools said that Paul Dare should die?"

"We did!" roared the fellow. "We, the people whom he has betrayed!"

And with the words he drove clenched fist full into the face of the crone who was clawing at his blouse. With a shriek, more animal-like than human, the other hag flew at him, burying the long, filthy nails of her claw-like hands in his face.

Bellowing like a maddened bull he gripped her by her scraggy throat in an endeavour to thrust her from him.

"Leave her alone, curse you!" shouted a huge, bearded fellow, and lunged with mighty fist. "She is right! Paul Dare's life is of more value to the people than the life of the one aristocrat whom he saved!"

He was howled down and rough hands gripped him and whirled him aside. But two other men leapt to his assistance, striking out right and left, and in a moment the mob was a seething, struggling, cursing mass.

"Stand firm, you fools!" shouted the citizen-captain, but already the swaying line of soldiers was broken.

Paul was within a few paces of the tumbril, to which D'Espany was already mounting, when the first wave of shouting soldiery and fighting, maddened men and women surged round him. In the forefront was the lanky, unkempt fellow, a clubbed horse-pistol in his hand, murder blazing in his eyes.

"Death to the traitor!" he screamed. "That for you, Paul Dare!"

The butt of the pistol crashed sickeningly down on the boy's skull, and as he swayed forward, engulfed in the blackness of unconsciousness, his assailant's arm slid round him to prevent him from slithering to the ground.

(Paul Dare's plight is indeed a sorry one. Will something turn up to prevent his execution? Don't miss next week's thrills in this gripping serial!)

REEDEM'S RECORD RAG!

(Continued from page 15.)

Jack Jolly eggsplained how Reedem had read the thoughts of Jim Playfair and got to know about the proposed rag. Natcherally the Head was surprised, and for once in a way, grateful.

"My dear boy!" he said, with a brake in his voice, addressing Reedem. "By your remarkable powers, you have sayed me from something worse than deth, viz., namely, and to wit, a bath of soot and other disgusting ingredients. For your servisses, I insist on rowarding you. It's no use protesting, my dear lad; I insist on your coming to tea with me in Lickham's study and skoffing as much of his grub as you are able to skoff without busting!"

"Thank you, sir!" mermered Reedem quietly.

"And now, what of my assalents?" asked the Head, turning a frowning fizz to the defeated Grammarians. "Bless my sole! If they're not Grammar Skool cadds!"

"Right on the wicket, sir!" chirruped Jack Jolly.

"Then you have brought off the coop against the Grammar Skool as rekwested!" beemed Dr. Birchemall. "By so doing, my boys, you have earned my highest approval. All floggings are off now, of corse."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" corussed the Fourth-Formers.

"As for these cheeky Grammarians, I am of opinion that they should be taken down a peg or two," said the Head. "Now that we have got them in our klutches, boys, I sujjest we give them something that will help them to remember St. Sam's is top dog!"

"Hear, hear!" grinned Jack Jolly & Co.

"I beleeve they have a horrid mixture concealed in the woods, which they intended using on me," went on Dr. Birchemall, rubbing his bony hands gleefully "What about finding it and giving them a taste of their own meddisin, eh?"

"Yes, rather!" chortled the Fourth.

They started eggsploring immejately and very quickly found a tub containing the evil-looking mixture Jim Playfair & Co. had reserved for the Head.

After that, they spent a bizzy half-hour painting their prisoners from head to foot with the gaistly stuff, then sent them back to Muggleton Grammar Skool simply covered with the sooty mixture.

"Well, that's one up for St Sam's, I fansy!" remarked Dr. Birchemall, with sattisfaction, as he led the way back to the old skool "It only remains for me to call three harty cheers for the junior who made our suxxess possibul. Hip, hip——"

And, needless to say, the juniors responded with a record cheer for the founder of Reedem's Record Rag.

THE END.

(There'll be another of Dicky Nugent's uproarious yarns next week. Make sure you read it, and have a good laugh!)

REEDEM'S RECORD RAG!

By DICKY NUGENT

In this side-splitting story of Jack Jolly and his chums of St. Sam's, the thought-reading powers of Ikan Reedem prove disastrous for Jim Playfair & Co. of Muggleton Grammar School!

1.

"WHAT the merry Dickens——" Dr. Alfred Birchemall, the revered and skollerly head-master of St. Sam's, broke off in amazement and stared speechlessly at the percession that had just entered the gates. The percession consisted of half a duzzen juniors belonging to the skool. They were covered from head to foot in soot and ink and mud, however, so the Head didn't reckernise them as St. Sam's men at first.

"My giddy aunt!" eggsclaimed Dr. Birchemall, when he had regained his powers of speech. "By the look of them, they are a party of Christy Minstrels—a gang of strolling players and chocklit-cullered coons; and they have the nerve to invade the sacred precinks of St. Sam's! What neckst, I wonder?"

Looking awfully indignant, the Head set his mortar-board at a jaunty angle, grasped his birchrod firmly in his hand, and rushed to meet the new arrivals.

As he droo near them, there was a groan from the juniors, who were none other than Jack Jolly of the Fourth, our hero, and some of his followers.

"The Head! That's done it!" mermered Jack Jolly.

An instant later, the Head bounced upon the seen. He bestowed a feerce glare on the percession, and held up his hand.

"Stop!" he bellowed, in his refined way. "How dare you enter this here skool, you vulgar chocklit-cullered coons!"

"Crikey! He doesn't reckernise us!" grinned Frank Fearless.

"Silence!" thundered the Head. "And pray remove your objectionable prezzences without delay. In plain langwidge, if you don't buzz off immejately, I shall have you chucked out on your necks—or, as the vulgar would put it, ejected!"

"My hat!" said Jack Jolly. "But, sir——"

"No 'buts' about it. I'm not out to argew the toss with a low, vulgar Christy Mistrel!" said Dr. Birchemall, his lipp curling skornfully.

"But I'm not a Christy Minstrel! I'm Jack Jolly, the kaptin of the Fourth!"

"Eh?"

"I say I'm Jack Jolly of the Fourth!" repeated Jack.

"And I'm Merry!" said Merry.

"And I'm Reedem!" said Ikan Reedem, the remarkable thought-reading junior who had only recently joined the ranx of the Fourth.

Dr. Birchemall started violently and eggsamined the visitors more closely. With a little difficulty, he evenchally suxxeeded in pennytrating the juniors' out-covering of soot, et settera.

"My hat! Then you're not chocklit-cullered coons, after all!" he eggsclaimed.

"Eggsactly!"

"You are, as a matter of fact, juniors belonging to St. Sam's!"

"However did you guess that, sir?" asked Frank Fearless sarkastically.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dr. Birchemall frowned.

"Shutupyvoo!" he snorted, lapsing into French with skollerly ease. "Then, in that case, what do you meen by appearing in public in this disgraceful state?"

"Well, to tell you the trooth, sir, we've just been hoaksed by our old rivals, Jim Playfair & Co., of the Muggleton Grammar Skool," eggsplained Jack Jolly. "They got us down to Muggleton by means of an anonymous letter, and this is how they left us!"

The Head's frown deepened.

"Meen to say you have been hoaksed again by the Grammar Skool cadds? Pah! Likewise bah 'and yah!" he snorted. "I am ashamed of you, Jolly. Such a state of affairs would not have eggsisted in my young days!"

"Hem!"

"Why, when I was a boy at Borstal," said Dr. Birchemall, with a reminissent twinkle in his eye, "I was up to snuff, as you mite say, on all occasions. The boys at the rival collidge near by had to be up early in the morning to catch me, I can tell you!"

"Lost your trumpeter, sir?" inkwired Frank Fearless innosently.

"Certainly not, Fearless. Are you looking for a thick ear?" asked the Head, rather unplezzantly.

"Nunno, sir!"

"Then kindly refrain from dispertinent remarks! To return to this Grammar Skool bizziness. I'm fed-up with hearing about the suxxess of their hoakses on St. Sam's men," said Dr. Birchemall. "The time has arrived now when I'm going to make a firm stand."

He sat down suddenly as his foot slipped on a banana-skin some careless junior had left on the flagstones, and his remarks ended in a wild roar.

"Yaroooooo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Fourth-Formers delitedly.

"Woooop! Silence, you impudent young raskels!" groaned the Head, as he scrambled to his feet. "Now, as I was saying, I'm going to make a firm stand over this bizziness. While officially I cannot approve of japes and hoakses of any kind, unofficially I am as keen as mustard on St. Sam's getting its own back on these Grammar Skool cadds. Savvy?"

"We savvy, sir."

"Very well, then. Get bizzy and jape these Grammarians for all you're worth," said Dr. Birchemall. "I will give you the remainder of the day to bring off a big coop. Do so, and you will earn my approval. Fail to do so, and you will earn a terrifick flogging apeece!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"And kindly refrain from the use of slang eggspressions like 'Oh, crumbs!' Dismay and apprehenshun can quite suitably be expressed by such terms as 'Oh crikey!' or 'Oh, my giddy aunt!'" said Dr. Birchemall severely. "Now I'll buzz off. I've just remembered an important appointment in the tuckshop."

With those words, the Head hopped it, and Jack Jolly & Co. were left to proseed to the bath-room for a wash and brush up.

Afterwards, they adjerned to Jack Jolly's study for a konference on the subject of japing Jim Playfair & Co. of the Muggleton Grammar Skool. Jack Jolly & Co. were anxious to get even with their old rivals, and, of course, nobody felt very keen on receiving a terrifick flogging at the hands of the Head, so there were two reasons for getting to work.

Unforchinitly, nobody could think of a wheeze for a little while, and the juniors were just beginning to feel despondent, when Ikan Reedem had a brane-wave.

"I know!" he cried. "I'll switch in to Jim Playfair, and try to read his thoughts! Possibly something he's thinking of may give us an idea."

"Good egg!" eggsclaimed Jack Jolly. "I sujjest you do so at once, old chap!"

Reedem nodded, and closed his eyes so that he could koncentrate. Within two minnits, he was able to read the thoughts of the leader of the Grammarians. How he could do such things was a mistery to the St. Sam's fellows. But it was child's play to Reedem of the Fourth.

"Got it!" he cried, when he opened his eyes again.

"You've read Playfair's thoughts?" asked Frank Fearless.

"Yes, rather! And I just switched in at the right moment, too!" said Reedem, eggsitedly. "What do you think I've learned?"

"Give it up!"

"That the Grammarians are going to raid St. Sam's this afternoon, and kidnap the Head!"

"Few!" whissled the juniors.

"But they'd never dare commit fizzical assault on such a majestick person as the Head!" said Merry dubiously.

"Nevertheless, that's what Playfair was thinking," said Reedem. "Somehow or other he has found out that Dr. Birchemall takes a stroll after dinner every day in the lane outside the skool. He and his pals are going to wait in hiding for the Head, overpower him before he reckernises them, and then rag him like they ragged us!"

"My hat! Then we can wait for 'em in the quad, and jump over the wall on 'em as soon as they go for the Head!" cried Jack Jolly, his eyes gleaming. "All agreed?"

"Yes, rather!"

The suggestion was agreed to, nem. con., and the chums of the Fourth then went down to dinner in the highest of spirrits.

II.

WHEN Dr. Birchemall took his usual stroll out of gates that afternoon, he felt at piece with the world. He had had a good blow-out at dinner-time, consisting of four helpings of roast beef and Yorkshire and vejetabuls, and half a duzzen helpings of treakle-pudding; and having invited himself out to tea with Mr. Lickham, the master of the Fourth, he was now looking forward to a jolly good feed later on.

As he sawntered down the lonely lane outside the skool, he was light-hartedly humming to himself a classicle tune from one of Wagner's sellybrated operas:

"Yes, we have no bananas:
We have no bananas to-day!"

warbled the Head, as he strolled along.

Suddenly, the skollerly old jentleman's pieceful happiness was rudely interrupted. There was a rush of feet from behind him, and a youthful voice yelled out:

"Collar him!"

An instant later, Dr. Birchemall found himself swept off his feet into mid-air. His light-hearted mewsical efforts changed into a yell of mingled pain and surprise.

"Yaroooooo! What the thump——Woooooop!" he roared.

"Frogsmarch him into the woods!" ordered Playfair of the Muggleton Grammar Skool. "If you don't struggle, sir, you won't be hurt. We're only going to give you a bath of mud and soot and ink, and a few other trifles."

"Yooooop! Lemme alone!" howled the Head. "I don't want a bath. I had one only six months ago!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Grinning all over their diles, Playfair & Co. carried the Head towards the woods at the side of the road. Natcherally Dr. Birchemall struggled furiously. He wasn't very fond of a bath at the best of times, and a bath consisting of mud and soot seemed even less attractive than the ordinary variety. In sheer desperation he yelled for sucker, though he knew only too well that the odds were ten to one in doenutts that he would not be herd in that lonely lane.

"Help! Fire! Murder! Perlice! Reskew St. Sam's!" he yelled, straining all his vocal cords in his efforts to attract attention.

"Yell away, old sport! Nobody will hear you!" grinned Playfair.

But the leader of the Grammarians was wrong. Even as he spoke, a score of Fourth-Formers were swarming over the wall that separated the road from St. Sam's, and two minnits later, to the dismay of Playfair & Co., Jack Jolly and his followers flung themselves at their old rivals.

Playfair & Co. found themselves on the defence at once, and dropped their vennerable burden like a hot brick, leaving him to dessend to the ground with a terrifick bump that droo a howl of angwish from him. But nobody heeded Dr. Birchemall, in the eggsitement of the moment. They were all too bizzily engaged in the scrap that was going on.

Tramp, tramp, tramp!

Crash! Bang! Wallop!

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Yaroooooo! Gerroff my chest!"

To and fro swayed the scrappers in desprit affray. Dr. Birchemall was delited to notiss, as he scrambled up, that his reskewers were quickly getting the upper hand. He stood at a safe distance and yelled encurridgment to them.

"Go it, ye cripples! Jump on him, Jolly! Make mincemeat of him, Merry! Biff him, Bright! Spifficate him, Stedfast!"

"I, I, sir!" corussed the heroes of the Fourth, and they waded in with renewed vigger.

Crash!

Playfair, the leader of the Grammarians, went under to a terrifick bash on the boko from Bright.

Bang!

Goodchap, his second-in-command, receeved the N.O., (which is a vulgar way of eggspressing the Nock-out) at the hands of Frank Fearless.

Wallop!

Strongfellow, his third-in-command, bit the dust under a powerful drive from Jack Jolly.

After that it was a case of slawtering the innosents. Deprived of their leaders, the Grammarians were as sheep without their cowherds. Within a few minnits, they had been overwhelmed and made fast prisoners.

"Good biz!" grinned the Head, who had returned to the seen of action now that it was safe. "Sorry I wasn't able to help you in the scrap, my boys. I should have been glad to do so, had I not had a sudden passing attack of scarlet fever at the crusial moment."

"Sure it was scarlet fever and not bloo funk, sir?" asked Jack Jolly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, ratts! By the way, how was it you were all so handy, boys?" asked Dr. Birchemall, hurriedly changing the subject.

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