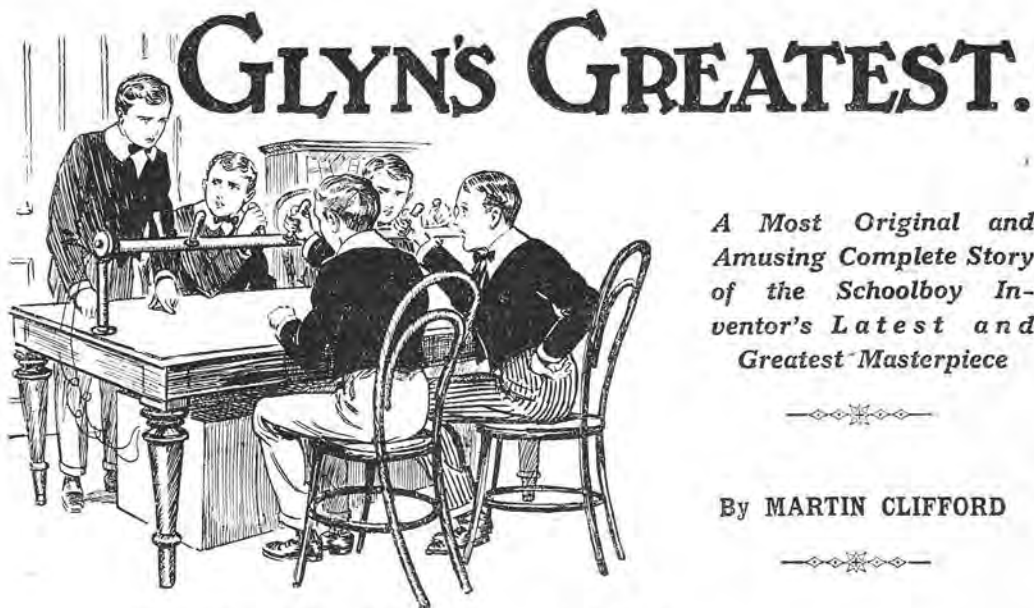




# GLYN'S GREATEST.

*A Most Original and  
Amusing Complete Story  
of the Schoolboy In-  
ventor's Latest and  
Greatest Masterpiece*

By MARTIN CLIFFORD

## THE FIRST CHAPTER

### Skimpole's Latest

"GLYN!"

Tom Merry opened the door of No. 2 Study, in the Shell passage, and shouted:

"Glyn! Are you coming, you ass?"

"Eh?"

"Are you coming to tea?"

"Oh! Don't bother!"

There was a smell of chemicals in the study. Bernard Glyn, the inventive genius of St. Jim's, was in his shirt-sleeves, with a discoloured apron tied round him, a variety of stains on his fingers, and a smear on his nose. He seemed busy. There were glasses and jars and gallipots on the table, and a smelly liquid was fizzing in a pan, and the atmosphere of No. 2 was not savoury.

Tom Merry gave an emphatic sniff. Glyn's study was not always inviting, especially to the nose, when he was in one of his inventive moods.

"Don't bother?" repeated Tom Merry, indignantly. "Have you forgotten you were coming to tea in my study?"

"Eh? Yes."

"It's ready."

"Shut up a minute, old chap!"

"The other guest has arrived," said Tom. "Come along, you ass, and leave that silly stuff to fizz."

"Dry up!"

"But the muffins are toasted——"

"Bother the muffins!"

Bernard Glyn made all those replies without turning his head. He could not bestow his attention upon Tom Merry just then. His replies were certainly not polite, considering that he was an invited guest late for a study spread. But in the throes of experiment, the schoolboy inventor had no time for politeness.

"You were going to tell us all about your new invention," said Tom Merry. "We've waited tea."

"Wait it a bit longer, then—must finish this. Sit down in that arm-chair for a minute."

"Oh, all right."

Tom Merry came into the study and sat down in the arm-chair.

"Yaroooooh!"

Tom had reposed gracefully in the arm-

chair for the thousandth part of a second. Then he leaped to his feet with a wild yell.

Bernard Glyn smiled at him genially.

"Surprises you, doesn't it?" he asked.

"Yow-ow! What——"

"That's my electric chair," said Glyn, cheerfully. "Gives you a shock when you sit down, you know. No end of a joke on a silly duffer who sits in it without knowing. Don't you think so?"

"Why, you—you——"

"My own invention!" said Glyn, proudly.

"Rather good, what?"

Tom Merry looked expressively at the schoolboy inventor. Bernard Glyn did not seem to realise how near he was to a terrific punch on the nose. He rattled on cheerily:

"Now dip your finger in this stuff!"

"What is it?" asked Tom Merry, suspiciously.

"My indelible dye—my own invention. Perfectly indelible," said Glyn. "Warranted not to wear off for years—in fact, it's quite permanent."

"You—you—you frabjous ass!" gasped Tom Merry. "If it's an indelible dye, do you think I want to shove a finger in it? Do you think I want my fingers dyed, you frumpious chump?"

"Well, you'll be able to see for yourself that it's indelible," said Glyn. "Lot of satisfaction in putting things to successful tests, you know."

"Ass!"

"There, now I'm finished. You might just stir the fire together while I'm getting my jacket on."

"Buck up, fathead!"

Tom Merry crossed to the grate, and picked up the poker. The next moment another wild yell rang through No. 2 Study, and Tom Merry danced on the hearth-rug, poker in hand. He was trying to hurl the poker away, but it seemed glued to him.

"Yooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Glyn. "That's my idea, you know—there's a wire run to the end of the poker!"

"Yaroooooh!"

"And any silly ass picking it up gets a shock!"

"Yow-ow-ow! Turn it off!" yelled Tom.

"It does you good, you know——"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Excellent for the circulation——"

"Help!"

"Great Scott! What's the row?" Monty Lowther looked into the study from the passage. "You never coming to tea? Why—what—are you doing a dancing Dervish stunt, Tom?"

"Yaroooooh!"

"Is that a new jazz?" asked Manners, looking in over Lowther's shoulder.

"Bai Jove!" It was Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's voice. "Tom Mewwy is dancin' with the pokah! Is that a new thing in dancin', Tom Mewwy?"

"Help! Make him turn it off!" shrieked Tom Merry.

Bernard Glyn chuckled and touched a switch. Tom Merry dropped the poker with a crash into the fender.

"Funny, wasn't it?" said Glyn, with a smile.

Tom Merry did not answer. He made a straight rush at Bernard Glyn.

Glyn dodged round the table.

"Here, I say—keep off—can't you take a joke—drag him off!" roared Glyn in consternation, as the captain of the Shell grasped him.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bai Jove, that is wathah wuff, Tom Mewwy! Pway westwain yourself, deah boy!" said Arthur Augustus, reprovingly. "You are wumplin' Glyn's collah——"

Thump! Thump!

"Yow-owoooo! Dragimoff!"

Manners and Lowther, chuckling, rushed into the study and collared their chum, and dragged him away from the hapless inventor. Bernard Glyn gasped for breath.

"You silly ass!" he stuttered. "I've a jolly good mind to mop up the study with you. Haven't you any sense of humour? Yow-ow-ow!"

Tom Merry laughed breathlessly.

"One good turn deserves another," he said. "Now let's go and have tea, or the muffins will be spoiled."

"Yow-ow! Blow your tea—sha'n't come."

"You were going to tell us about your latest invention, deah boy," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy diplomatically. "We're no end intewested, you know."

"I'll come."

And Bernard Glyn came.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER An Astounding Proposition

TEA in Tom Merry's study was a very cheery function. There was a bright

fire in the grate, the evening being rather cold; and a mountain of muffins were keeping warm by the fire. The fragrance of tea and muffins soothed Glyn's ruffled humour, and he was soon smiling. It was not, in fact, uncommon for the school-boy inventor to earn a thumping for his weird inventions. Some of them had a rather exasperating effect on his victims.

Good-humour and amity reigned in No. 10, and the juniors chatted cheerily. Tom Merry's favourite topic was cricket; Manners made remarks about his latest photographs, and Monty Lowther recited some of the very best jokes in his comic column for the Weekly. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had some important opinions to pass with regard to the "Daily Mail" hat.

Somehow, the merry tea-party seemed to have forgotten that they were going to hear

about Bernard Glyn's latest invention. As a matter of absolute fact, they were not yearning to hear the details. Glyn found an endless interest in his experiments and inventions; but he did not always find willing listeners. His hobby did not interest other fellows so much as it interested himself, which is often the case with hobbies.

"Bai Jove!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus, suddenly. "You were goin' to tell us all about somethin' or othah, or somethin', weren't you, my deah Glyn?"

Glyn smiled rather sarcastically.

"I'm afraid I should bore you," he said.

"My deah chap, don't wowwy about that," said Arthur Augustus kindly. "I don't mind your borin' me."

"What!"

"You always do bore fellows, you know," said Arthur Augustus innocently. "But it's all in a day's work."

"You silly ass—"

"Go ahead, old chap," said Tom Merry, encouragingly. "What's the giddy invention? An aeroplane that will go to the moon, or a machine for extracting aniline dyes from cigarette-ends?"

"Something a bit more surprising than that!" said Glyn.

"A wireless telephone for talking to the man in the moon?" asked Lowther.

"More wonderful than that."

"Bai Jove! It must be a corkah, then," said Arthur Augustus, in surprise. "I am weally quite intewested now."



The rider drew a long horse-pistol from a holster. "Stand and deliver!" he rapped out. (See page 194.)

"Go it!" said Manners. "If it's anything to do with cameras, I'll be glad to hear it."

Bernard Glyn sniffed.

"Nothing so commonplace as that. It's the most extraordinary stunt ever stunted."

Tom Merry and Co. were really interested now. Arthur Augustus took off his eyeglass, polished it, and replaced it. Then he fixed it upon Bernard Glyn inquiringly.

"Pway go ahead, deah boy," he said. "I am weally on tentah-hooks to heah this extawordinawy thing."

"Look at that clock!" said Glyn, casually.

The juniors looked at the clock.

"Which way does that clock keep time?" asked Glyn.

"Rottenly," said Tom Merry. "It's an American clock."

"I don't mean that, ass. You know how clocks keep time, I suppose? Onward," said Glyn.

The juniors gazed at him blankly. Manners carelessly removed the breadknife out of Glyn's reach. Certainly, Glyn was a fellow with weird ideas; but his present remarks seemed to hint of a certain unfixedness in the upper story.

"Onward!" repeated Tom Merry.

"Yes. Now, suppose there were a clock that would keep time backward."

"Bub-bub-bub-backward?"

"Yes."

"Gweat Scott!"

There was silence in Tom Merry's study. Glyn's face was perfectly grave; he seemed to be speaking in great earnest. Manners was glad that the bread-knife was out of his reach. Monty Lowther wondered whether he could venture to draw Glyn's cup and saucer away. It would be awkward if he started shying crocks about. And after what he had said, there was no telling what he might do.

"You seem surprised!" said Glyn, at last.

"A—a—a little," gasped Tom Merry. "Are you—ahem—ill, Glyn?"

"Ill? No! Why?"

"I—I thought you might be," stammered Tom.

"You mean you think the idea's potty," said Bernard Glyn, calmly. "No good telling you my invention, then."

"But—but——"

"Pway go ahead!" murmured Arthur Augustus, with one eye on the door.

"Well, that's the idea," said Glyn, calmly.

"With my achronometer——"

"Your which?"

"My achronometer, time goes backwards."

"D-d-d-does it?"

"Exactly. You see what that leads to?" said Glyn eagerly.

"N-n-not quite!" said Tom Merry faintly.

If there had been the ghost of a grin on the schoolboy inventor's face, Tom would have supposed that Glyn was trying to pull his leg. But Glyn's face was as serious as it could be—with a deep and almost tragic seriousness.

Tom was not thinking what Glyn's invention would lead to, if anything. He was thinking how sad it would be for Glyn's people when he was removed to Colney Hatch.

"Just think!" said Glyn, with grave enthusiasm. "The achronometer records time backwards. With an achronometer, instead of going forward along the ringing grooves of change, as the poet puts it, you go backward—into history."

"Into h-h-h-history!" moaned Lowther.

"Yes. You take hold of the handle of the achronometer—as many of you as you like—and forthwith you're taken back at any speed you choose—there's a speed regulator, and a brake—time unrolls itself again——"

"Unrolls itself?"

"Like a scroll," said Glyn.

"Like a—a—a—a—a scroll!" babbled Manners.

"Exactly. F'rinstance, in the ordinary way—with an ordinary chronometer—you get on from 1920 into 1921, don't you?"

"Naturally."

"But with the achronometer, you get back from 1920 to 1919."

"Oh!"

"And as far back as you choose," continued Glyn enthusiastically, but with grave restraint. "Just imagine dropping in at the reign of George the First——"

"George the First?"

"And then passing on to the time of the Stuarts——"

"The—the Stuarts!"

"Then calling on Queen Elizabeth, and passing the time of day with Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh——"

The juniors exchanged uneasy glances.

"And then," continued Glyn, "travelling further back than that, and telling King Henry the Eighth what you think of him——"

"Oh!"

"And dropping suddenly on Richard the Third——"

"Richard the Third!"

"Yes; might happen just in time to prevent the murder of the princes in the Tower, you know."

"Great Scott!"

"Then further back, to the time of Cœur-de-Lion and King John. I'd like to give King John my opinion of the life he led, wouldn't you?"

"Oh dear!"

"Then another jump back, among the Romans," said Glyn.

"No end of a

catch to meet Julius Cæsar."

"J-J-J-Julius Cæsar?"

"Yes. Think what the 'Daily Mail' would give for a personal interview with him! Besides, I'd like to punch his Roman nose for writing the 'Gallic War.'"

"Glyn, old chap——"

"Poor old fellow——"

"While we're on the job, we could ascertain whether there really was a King Arthur," said Glyn. "Then there's that yarn about a Trojan kingdom in Britain. We could see whether there was any truth in it."

"Bai Jove!"

"Will you fellows come?" asked Glyn.

"K-k-kik-come?"

"Yes; I'll take all four of you, if you like. I'm starting this evening," said Glyn calmly. He rose from the table. "You need only trot along to my study in half an hour, and I'll have the achronometer all ready for you to hitch on to. I'm going anyhow, but I'd be glad of your company."

"You—you—you're going where?" asked Tom Merry, in a very faint voice.

"Back along the centuries."

With that astounding reply, Bernard Glyn nodded to the juniors, and quitted the study.

Tom Merry and Co. looked at one another.

"He's pulling our leg!" murmured Manners.

"He looked serious enough."

"But if he's serious, he's potty."

"Mad as a hatter, no mistake about that. May be

over-study—thinking too hard on his dashed inventions——"

"The poor fellow ought to be taken care of," said Arthur Augustus. "This will be wathah a shock to his people. Hallo, he's comin' back."

There was a tap on the door, and it opened. But it was not Bernard Glyn—it was Skimpole of the Shell who came in. Skimpy blinked at the alarmed and worried juniors seriously through his big spectacles.

"Glyn has been here?" he asked.

"Yes," said Tom.



The young man stared at the St. Jim's juniors with blank bewilderment.

"Gadzooks!" he exclaimed. (See page 195.)

"Has he told you about his achronometer?" asked Skimpole.

"Eh? Yes! Do you know about it?" exclaimed Manners.

Skimpole nodded mournfully.

"Unfortunately, I do, my dear Manners. To my cost, I am perfectly aware of the existence of Glyn's diabolical invention," said Skimpole, in his long-winded way. "I surmised that Glyn might be taking you on, and I have come here to warn you not to touch that fearful contrivance."

Tom Merry and Co. stared at Skimpole. Was it possible—was it barely possible—that there was something in Glyn's astounding story?

### THE THIRD CHAPTER

#### A Trip Into Past Time

BERNARD GLYN re-entered his own study, and turned the light on.

He closed the door. There was a smile on his face—such a smile as was often seen there when he was successful with one of his many inventions.

"Now to get the giddy achronometer ready!" he murmured.

He cleared the table and lifted the machine upon it.

It was a queer-looking machine—if it was a machine at all. It consisted chiefly of a rod of metal, with metal handles projecting from it. Insulated wires ran from it and disappeared under the table.

Glyn regarded it with a smile of satisfaction.

"I fancy that will surprise them!" he murmured. "It certainly surprised Skimpy—and it's going to surprise some other fellows! Ha, ha, ha!"

Having finished his preparations, Bernard Glyn sat down in the armchair before the fire, to wait for the arrival of Tom Merry and

Co.—to test his weird invention. Whether that invention was an "achronometer" or not, undoubtedly Glyn considered that it contained a surprise for Tom Merry and Co.

The schoolboy inventor stared thoughtfully at the fire.

He had been working hard at his own peculiar pursuits ever since lessons, and that, added to the ample tea in Tom Merry's study, made him doze while he waited for the arrival of the juniors. His eyes closed, and he was



"They come—they come!" exclaimed Charles the Second. "I will sell my life dearly—they shall never take alive the son of a hundred kings!"

soon slumbering peacefully. It was natural enough that in his dreams, as he sat asleep in the chair before the fire, the achronometer should figure. Strange expressions flitted over the face of the sleeper as the firelight played upon it.

Glyn started suddenly.

"Ready?"

He shook himself from slumber with an effort.

"Hallo! Have I been asleep?"

He murmured the words drowsily.

"Wake up, you ass! We're all ready!"

"Ready to start?"

"Yes."

"Oh, all right."

Glyn looked round the study, pulling himself together. The four juniors looked at him. Tom Merry, Manners, and Lowther had very grave expressions—as when he had left them in No. 10. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was polishing his eyeglass with a nervous hand.



(See page 196.)

"Sure you're ready to come?" asked Glyn in a dreamy way. "It may be a bit of a shock to you, this journey?"

"If you are serious, Glyn—"

"My dear chap, you've only to embark on the machine. The achronometer does the rest," said Glyn testily. "The proof of the pudding's in the eating, isn't it?"

"Yaas, wathah! But—"

"Look at it!" Glyn waved his hand towards the strange-looking machine on the table. "See the clock at the centre—that works backwards. See the handles—that's where you take hold. This is the brake which enables us to stop in any century we please."

"Bai Jove!"

"If you're not funky—"

"Nothin' to be afraid of, is there, you ass?"

"Well, we may land in some queer places,"

said Glyn. "If we light on Dick Turpin and his gang, friantance, they might pot us and we should never get back to the twentieth century."

"Gweat Scott! It would be wisah to take a wevol-vah."

"My dear chap," said Monty Lowther, "the risk will be great enough without that."

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"Lay hold!" said Glyn.

For a moment Tom Merry and Co. hesitated. The experience was so strange, so bizarre. But Bernard Glyn had already seized one handle, and set the clock in motion—the backward-recording clock.

"You'll be left behind!" exclaimed Glyn.

With one accord the juniors seized a handle each.

"Hold on now for your lives!"

"Yaas, wathah!" gasped Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Tick! Tick! Tick!"

The timekeeper—or rather, unrecorder—ticked away steadily. The light in the study paled, through the blind at the window came a glimmer of sunshine.

"Dawn!" ejaculated Manners, in astonishment.

"Ass!" said Glyn.

"What is it, then?"

"Yesterday's sunset."

"Oh, my hat!"

Tick! tick! tick! tick!

The unrecorder ticked away with amazing swiftness now so that the sound was mingled in a blur. The juniors were conscious of motion. They could not speak, they held on to the handles as if for their lives. Motion—motion—unceasing motion—a strange whirl, in which their senses grew giddy. They had a sensation of rushing—rushing—rushing.

Where were they?

Not in the study at St. Jim's, that was certain. Cold air was on their faces, fresh air that blew. Their dazzled eyes could distinguish nothing. Sunshine or stars were the same to them.

Tom Merry found his voice at last. He spoke in broken gasps.

"Stop! For mercy's sake, Glyn, stop!"

"I'm feeling for the brake." Glyn's voice sounded strange, far away. "I—I'll stop in a minute."

"Has the—the thing moved?" moaned Lowther.

No reply.

But there came a sudden jar, the ticking slowed down, and the machine stopped.

Tom Merry and Co. lay and gasped.

Their brains were still whirling, and it was some time before they could collect their senses. What had happened? Where were they? Light gleamed on their eyes; it was the light of the moon. High over a ragged line of trees the moon soared up, round and beautiful, and shone over a vast, lonely expanse of heath.

They sat up and looked round them at last. In the dewy grass lay the achronometer, still and lifeless now the ticking had ceased. The brake shut it off. They staggered to their feet. Round them the wide expanse stretched, bright in the moonlight, and close by them a muddy, rutty road traversed the heath, leading whither they knew not, and could not guess.

"We—we—we're not in St. Jim's now," muttered Manners, awestruck. "How—how did the horrid thing move, Glyn?"

Bernard Glyn was a little pale.

"That's part of the invention," he said

faintly. "Naturally, we don't want to stop in the same spot all through our voyage back to the beginning of time. I regulated it to move a mile for each decade ticked off on the achronometer. We must be somewhere near London now."

"My hat!"

Glyn consulted the clock.

"It indicates the year 1740," he said.

"Oh!"

The juniors gazed round them. There was a thudding of galloping hoofs on the lonely road. A horseman was approaching the spot.

"Somebody's coming," whispered D'Arcy. "We can ask him where we are, deah boys. And—and exactly what centuwy we are in, you know."

Thud! thud!

In the bright moonlight a horseman loomed into sudden view. He drew in his horse only a few yards from the juniors. They gazed at him, spellbound. Never had they seen a rider like him before. He was clad in a cloak of a strange cut and a cocked hat, and there was a black mask upon his face, through the eyeholes of which a pair of dark, fierce eyes glittered. As he stopped he drew a long horse-pistol from a holster, and levelled it at the startled juniors. His coal-black horse stood still as a statue.

"Stand and deliver!" he rapped out.

"Bai Jove!"

"Death and wounds!" continued the stranger, staring at them. "I have never seen the like of you before. Whence come ye?"

"Who—who—who are you?" faltered Tom Merry.

"What—what is this place?" asked Manners.

The horseman laughed grimly.

"Know ye not Bagshot Heath?" he replied. "As for my honourable self, I am fairly well known, though I wear a mask to cover my visage when I ride the lonely roads by night. Stand and deliver, if ye would not bide sharp shot from Dick Turpin!"

"Dick Turpin!" gasped the juniors.

"The same! I see, ye have heard my name," said the highwayman with grim satisfaction. "What is that strange machine

ye have there, which shines like silver metal, belike. Hand it to me at once, or—death and wounds, I scatter your brains under the heels of my mare Black Bess!”

And the highwayman made a threatening motion with the great horse-pistol.

Glyn gave his comrades a quick, warning look, and they stepped to the achrometer. There was only one way of escaping from this fearful danger. To hand the machine over to the highwayman was to lose the only possibility of ever returning to their own century. They grasped the handles of the machine, as if to obey Trupin's command, but at the same time Bernard Glyn released the brake.

Whirr-tick-k-k-k-k! whirl!

They heard an uncouth oath, and, they thought, the report of a pistol. But they were already speeding back through the year 1739, leaving Dick Turpin sitting his black horse on Bagshot Heath in 1740. Horse and highwayman, heath and moonlight, vanished from their ken, as they whirled on through the unrolling century.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER

### A Surprise for Charles the Second

“STOP!”

Tom Merry gasped the word breathlessly.

The buzz and the whirr of the strange machine, the rapid flashing of alternate darkness and light, dazzled and dazed him. He gasped out to Bernard Glyn to stop.

The machine slowed down.

Bright sunshine glimmered on the faces of the juniors, and they blinked in the light. Glyn glanced at the indicator.

“1652!” he said in a low voice.

“Bai Jove!”

“Where are we?”

The juniors felt dazed and tired. Gladly enough they released the handles of the achrometer, and rose to their feet. They were in a path that ran through a noble wood of oaks and beeches, mingled with tangled underwoods. Close by them, there was a rustle, and they stared at a man who lurked under the trees.

He was a young man, with dark hair and a

swarthy complexion. He was not handsome, but there was a noble air about him, in spite of the fact that he was evidently lurking in hiding. His dress was strange to the eyes of the juniors, though they had seen such garb in old pictures. His hat had once been gaily plumed, but the plumes were now sadly dragged—his doublet had been of velvet, but it was torn by bush and briar. He held a sword in his hand, hastily drawn as the St. Jim's juniors lighted upon his view. He stared at them with blank bewilderment.

“Gadzooks!”

He uttered the exclamation mechanically.

The juniors regarded him with interest. In spite of the drawn sword they did not think they had anything to fear from the young man—evidently a fugitive from deadly enemies.

He advanced from the trees.

“Odds wounds!” he exclaimed huskily. “Who are you? How come ye here? Are ye Roundheads?”

“Woundheads?” stuttered Arthur Augustus.

“Ye shall never take me alive, if ye be Roundhead spies!”

“Bai Jove! If you chawactewise me as a spy, sir, I shall have no wresource but to punch your nose,” exclaimed Arthur Augustus warmly.

The young man started back.

“Hold! Would you raise your hand against your King?”

“What!”

“Wubbish!” said Arthur Augustus, forgetting for the moment that he was now in the seventeenth century. “You are not King George! You are not good-lookin’ enough for his gwacious Majesty.”

“What say you of George? There has never been a king of that name in this realm of England,” said the swarthy young man. “I am Charles, the second of that name—”

“Great Scott!”

“Charles the Second!” exclaimed Monty Lowther in astonishment.

“The same!” The unhappy fugitive monarch glanced round, as there was a sound of a movement in the wood. “Ah! The Roundhead caitiffs are at hand— They followed me from Worcester.”

"Worcester!" gasped Tom Merry.

"Odds fish! Know ye not that the Battle of Worcester has been fought, and that old Noll Cromwell has scattered my gallant cavaliers!" exclaimed Charles. "They come! They come! I will sell my life dearly—they shall never take alive the son of a hundred kings!"

The unhappy prince placed himself in a posture of defence, as a dozen or more Roundhead troopers came speeding up the forest path.

Tom Merry and Co. gazed on in horror.

They understood what had happened. The achronometer had stopped shortly after the date of the battle of Worcester—in which the Parliamentary troops had finally defeated King Charles and his cavaliers. The unhappy prince was a fugitive, tracked on all sides by the Roundheads. It was an amazing meeting!

The rough troopers, in buff coats and morions, came speeding up the path, sword in hand, with fierce glee in their faces.

"'Tis he!" shouted their leader. "'Tis the son of the chief Malignant, him whom they call Charles Stuart. Slay the Son of Belial."

"Hew him down as Agag was hewed in pieces!" exclaimed another of the Puritans. "But whom have we here?"

The Puritan soldiers stopped in amazement, at the sight of Tom Merry and Co.—as well they might! Undoubtedly they had never seen a party of schoolboys in Etons before.

"Whom may these be, With-Much-Tribulation Jones?" asked one of the Puritans, addressing the lieutenant who led the party.

The Puritan officer eyed the juniors.

"I know not, Glory-be-to-Israel Buggins," he replied. "But they are accomplices of the son of the Man of Blood, miscalled King Charles of this realm, and we will e'en take them before our General Cromwell, that he may inquire into them, as King David inquired——"

"Bai Jove! Fancy meetin' Olivah Cromwell!" murmured Arthur Augustus, faintly.

"The young Gibeonites may surrender, but the Malignant shall be slain," said With-Much-Tribulation Jones. "Hew him in pieces."

Bernard Glyn caught Charles the Second by the arm. It was a familiar gesture to use towards the son of a hundred kings, but there was no time to be lost, for the Puritan soldiers were about to rush on to the attack.

"Catch hold, Mr. Stuart—I mean, your Majesty!" he exclaimed. "We'll get you out of this!"

Charles seemed not to understand; but his hand closed mechanically on one of the handles of the achronometer, as Glyn guided it. Tom Merry and Co. had hold—the clock was ticking. Even then, the escape might have been too late—but fortunately the Roundheads held off from the strange-looking machine. It was a superstitious age, and they feared witchcraft.

"Guard you well for to approach too near this contrivance of the foul fiend," came the voice of Glory-be-to-Israel Buggins. "Surround the sons of Amalek, but keep your distance till——"

His voice was lost in the whirl and whirr of the achronometer.

"Gadzooks!" gasped King Charles. "What is happening? Whither go we, my masters? Is this treason?"

"Hold on, your Majesty!" gasped Bernard Glyn. "We're taking you to a safe place——"

"Oddsfish! But I understand not! But I will e'en bear you company for a space, since the danger is so near! Odds bodikins, but a stranger journey I never took in my life, even when I was among the canting psalm-singing knaves in the North, gadzooks!"

"That's all vewy well," murmured Arthur Augustus, in the rear of Tom Merry, who was next to him on the achronometer. "I suppose, undah the cires., we could not wufuse to help the poor chap. But I weally do not like the ideah of takin' Charles the Second along with us on our journey!"

"Why not, Gussy?"

"I do not wish to be too hard upon him, of course, deah boy, but I cannot approve of his mowal chawactah!" answered Arthur Augustus severely.

"Never mind that, Gussy! We can't leave him behind for Cromwell to cut his head off. Charles the First had his head bobbed, you know, and that's enough for one family."



"Darest thou call thyself king of this realm?" exclaimed Charles the Second. "Aye, so dare I!" answered Richard Crookback, disdainfully. (See page 198.)

"Vewy twue, deah boy. But I weally twust that he will not tell us any of his wibald stowies."

Arthus Augustus had no cause for alarm: the young king was too breathless and astonished for conversation. He clung to the achronometer like one in a maze. When Bernard Glyn stopped the amazing machine at last, Charles rolled away from it breathlessly and leaned against the side of a great tent.

"Gadzooks!" he said faintly. "Odds wounds and odds life! Where am I?"

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER

### In Dire Peril

TOM MERRY AND Co. were interested to know that, too. They seemed to have landed in the midst of a great military encampment. The tent against which they

lay was a huge one, and was surmounted by the Royal Standard of England, floating bravely in the breeze. Soldiers were passing and repassing; but they were such soldiers as the juniors had never seen before. Some were clad in glittering armour, some in leathern jerkins, and they were armed with such weapons as the juniors had hitherto seen only in museums—bills and bows and halberds. The achronometer had taken a long leap this time, back into the midst of the fifteenth century. Several knights in armour rode by on magnificent horses, and through their open visors they stared curiously at the St. Jim's juniors—doubtless surprised to see them there. From the great tent against which the achronometer had stopped, a halberdier issued suddenly, and he raised his huge weapon threateningly.

"Bai Jove, keep off, you ass!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus in alarm.

"Whence come ye?" exclaimed the halberdier. "Be ye emissaries from Henry Tudor, come to wreak harm upon our sovereign lord King Richard the Third?"

"Holy smoke!" gasped Tom Merry. "We've dropped into the reign of Richard the Third! You ass, Glyn—"

A figure in rich armour stepped from the tent.

The figure was slightly hunchbacked, but strong and sinewy; evidently the man was of great strength. He motioned to the halberdier to stand aside imperiously, and stepped towards the strange visitors.

The juniors gazed upon him in wonder, not unmingled with terror. They knew that it was Richard Crookback himself—he who, by the slaying of his unhappy nephews in the Tower of London, had raised himself to the throne of England. His fierce, dark eyes glittered at the juniors under the visor he wore. He was in complete armour, geared for battle.

"Ha!" he exclaimed. "Treachery!"

"Nothin' of the sort, sir!" said Arthur Augustus, with dignity. "I assuah you that we are incapable of anythin' of the sort!"

"Ha! You speak boldly, knave!"

"I wefuse to be called a knave!" exclaimed D'Arcy indignantly. "You have no right to

address me in that stwain, Wichard Plantagenet!"

"I am King in this realm, though my title be disputed!" said Richard the Third, grimly. "To-morrow, at Bosworth Field, I shall slay the pretender to my crown, who hopes to call himself King Henry the Seventh of England—"

"Your mistake, sir," said Manners respectfully. "Coming from where we do, we've had all that in history class, and—"

"Ha! What say you?"

"The best thing you can do is to get on our machine, and leave Henry the Seventh severely alone," said Manners. "We've got one king here already, and we don't mind giving you a lift."

Richard the Third stared at him in perplexity. Charles started forward.

"Darest thou call thyself King of this realm?" he exclaimed.

"Ay, so dare I!" answered Richard Crookback disdainfully. "And thou, thou saucy knave, shalt presently be tucked up to the gallows!"

Charles the Second flushed with anger. King Richard signed to the halberdier.

"Call the guard, thou caitiff, and seize me these minions, and see them hanged as high as Haman!"

"Gadzooks!" muttered Charles the Second in dismay. This was worse than Cromwell; the fugitive prince had escaped out of the frying-pan into the fire. "Think what you do, Sir Crookback—will you shed the blood of the royal Stuarts?"

"I have never heard of them," answered Plantagenet coolly. "Neither will I shed thy saucy blood, but thou shalt hang for thy knavery. Ha! Would'st thou?"

He sprang back as Charles the Second made a pass at him with his sword. Had that deadly thrust taken effect, Richard the Third would have fallen dead on the threshold of his royal tent, and the Battle of Bosworth would never have been fought. But the sword glanced from Plantagenet's armour, and broke.

"A murrain upon it!" exclaimed Charles, in anger.

"Look out!" shouted Bernard Glyn. "Catch hold—do you want to be hanged, you

asses! Don't you want to see St. Jim's again? Catch hold."

"Yaas, wathah."

"Odds fish!"

Tom Merry and Co. grasped the achronometer just in time—the halberdiers of Richard the Third were surrounding them. King Richard started in amazement—which was not unnatural in the circumstances—as the strange visitors vanished from his sight.

"Pursue them!" roared the royal hunchback. "Strike them down! Bring me a horse—a horse, a horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

But the achronometer was gone.

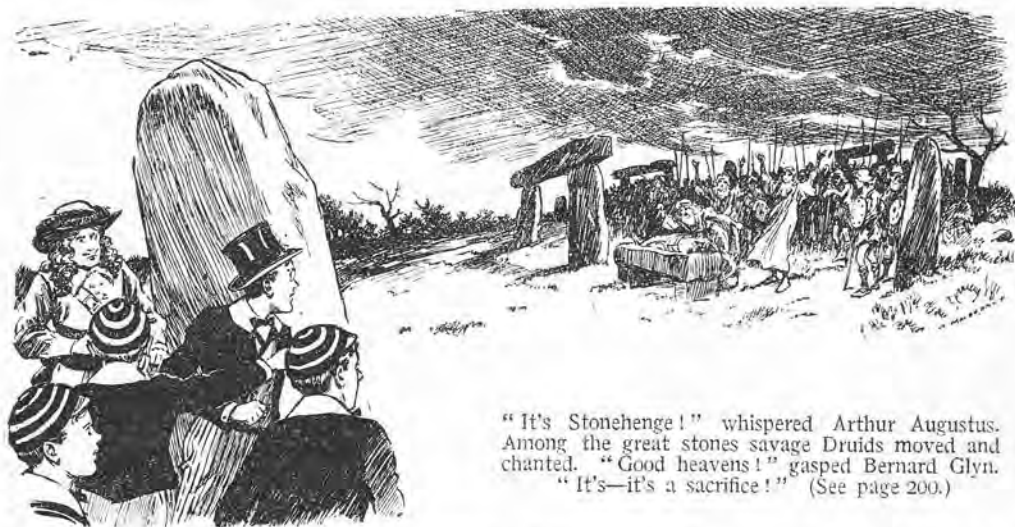
Once more Tom Merry and Co. were whirl-

person, the juniors did not feel disposed to stop. They would have preferred to find Alfred in the neatherd's hut, letting the cakes burn.

They whirled on again, through unrolling ages, till they were so dizzy that they simply had to stop. King Charles was heard faintly exclaiming: "Gadzooks! Marry come up and go to, but I am sore fatigued, my masters!"

And so the achronometer came to a rest at last.

Dim forests surrounded the juniors as they looked about them. They had landed in the midst of a plain, upon which the forests encroached on all sides. Great shapes of stone



"It's Stonehenge!" whispered Arthur Augustus. Among the great stones savage Druids moved and chanted. "Good heavens!" gasped Bernard Glyn.

"It's—it's a sacrifice!" (See page 200.)

ing away through the centuries, and soon they were in an age when Richard the Third was still unborn, and therefore quite harmless.

But the achronometer whirled on

The sample the juniors had already had of the "good old times" had not pleased them, and Glyn was nervous of stopping again. He slowed down after a time, just long enough to catch a glimpse of the reign of King John—but whirled on again fast, in time to escape the charge of a savage Norman knight.

When he slowed down again, it was to find the achronometer in the midst of a ferocious battle between Danes and Saxons, and though King Alfred was leading on the Saxons in

loomed near them—some standing upright, others lying across. And savage-faced old men in strange hanging garments of skins moved about among the stones, chanting in a strange tongue.

"Bai Jove!" whispered Arthur Augustus. "It's Stonehenge!"

Stonehenge!

All the juniors had seen that druidical relic; and Charles the Second knew it well. Solitary and sublime, it had stood through the long ages of English history—a hundred kings had seen it, and still it stands. But now the juniors gazed at it, in the first century of the Christian era, it was not surrounded by

wire as in the present day—and the stones were more complete. And among them the savage Druids moved and chanted, and round the weird altar were crowds of ancient Britons—fierce, savage, with long spears and hide shields, and matted hair, and their bodies painted with woad.

"Good heavens!" gasped Bernard Glyn, "It's—it's a sacrifice!"

The juniors shivered with horror.

"Gadzooks!" gasped Charles the Second.

There was no doubt about it. On the sacrificial stone lay a bound victim, and a brutal-faced priest was bending over him with a sharp stone knife.

"Stop, you beast!" shouted Bernard Glyn.

The Druid spun round.

His bloodshot eyes glared at the juniors, and he yelled to the Britons in a strange tongue. Instantly there was a roar of wrath from the savages, and they swarmed round the achronometer.

"Let's get off!" shrieked Arthur Augustus.

"Bai Jove, those feahful wottahs are too many for us!"

"Gadzooks! Have at ye!" shouted Charles the Second, cutting at the Britons with his broken sword. "Knaves, would ye shed the blood royal? Have at ye for traitors and caitiffs!"

"Back up!" roared Tom Merry.

It was too late to escape—the ancient Britons were upon them in a crowd, and they were dragged from the achronometer before they could set it in motion. Bernard Glyn found himself in the grasp of the bloodthirsty old Druid, who grinned down upon him with fiendish glee as he raised the stone knife to strike—

He struggled—he gasped—

He closed his eyes, he opened them, he wrestled and shrieked, and—and—**AWOKE!**

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER

### Quite a Good Joke!

SKIMPOLE blinked very seriously at the juniors in Tom Merry's study. Skimmy generally was serious, and he was more serious than usual now. He seemed to be suffering under a grievance.

"Well, tell us about the dashed achronometer," said Tom Merry. "We've had it from Glyn—no end of balderdash—"

"Yaas, wathah!" said Arthur Augustus. "The uttah ass has been twyin' to pull our leg, you know."

"The inconsiderate and absurdly humorous youth succeeded in pulling my leg," said Skimpole mournfully. "I entered his study, prepared to test the achronometer—for, astonishing as it was, I remembered that there are wondrous things in science, which—"

"Cut it short, old chap," said Monty Lowther.

"The machine was on the table," said Skimpole, blinking at them, "and Glyn told me to hold it first! And then—"

"Then?" said Manners.

"Then I received a sudden and most disconcerting electric shock!" said Skimpole.

"What?"

"It was not an achronometer at all—indeed, there is certainly no such phenomenon as an achronometer in existence," said Skimpole. "The unfeeling youth had spun that yarn simply to tempt me to take hold of an electric battery, and he proceeded to give me a series of shocks—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shocking!" chuckled Monty Lowther.

"I was exceedingly disconcerted, my dear friends—and that inconsiderate youth refused to let me go till I was fairly dancing, and I could not let go until he turned the current off—"

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

"So that's why the ass was trying to pull our leg with a yarn about backing through time," said Tom Merry, laughing. "I suppose we should have taken hold of his blessed machine just to try—"

"Bai Jove! I wegard him as a cheeky ass!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus warmly. "Undah the circs—"

"Much obliged to you, Skimmy, for giving us the tip," said Tom. "The silly ass won't catch us now."

"Yaas, wathah—you are a fwiend in need, Skimmy. Bai Jove, you fellows, let's go to Glyn's study, aftah all, and make him take hold of his beastly electwic machine himself,



*To face page 201.*

## OFF FOR A CRUISE!

A merry party of schoolboys enjoy the delights of a yachting holiday.

and give him some of his own medicine, what? Let him think he has taken us in till we dwop on him."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good egg!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's valuable suggestion was adopted nem. con. When the half-hour had expired, the four juniors proceeded to Bernard Glyn's study. A peculiar sound of mumbling and gasping greeted their ears as they approached the door.

"Bai Jove, what's up?"

Tom Merry tapped at the door, and receiving no answer, threw it open. The four juniors entered the study.

Bernard Glyn was in the armchair by the fire—wriggling, moaning, and gasping—fast asleep, and evidently in the grip of a fearful nightmare.

"Mmmmm—groogh—oh—groo—mmmm!"

"Bai Jove, wake him up! He's dweamin'!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus.

Tom Merry grasped the schoolboy inventor by the shoulder and shook him forcibly.

"Mmmmmmmmm!"

Shake! Shake!

Glyn started wildly out of slumber, and out of the dream that gripped him. He blinked dazedly in the light.

"Keep him off!"

he panted.

"Eh? Keep whom off?"

"The Druid!"

"The Dwuid!" yelled Arthur Augustus. "What Dwuid? Are you weally potty?"

Glyn gasped. He was hardly awake yet—his strange dream was still strong upon him.

"You fellows—are you safe?"

"Safe? Of course!"

"Where's Charles?"

"Charles?" gasped Tom Merry. "What

Charles? Pull yourself together. Going potty?"

"Charles the Second."

"Wake up, you ass! Have you been dreaming about Charles the Second and giddy Druids? What a merry mixture!"

Tom Merry gave the dreamer another shake, and Glyn, as his teeth rattled together, came quite to himself. He started out of the chair and blinked at the staring juniors.

"Oh!" he gasped. "I—I suppose I've been dreaming!"

Tom Merry laughed.

"Looks like it! Shouldn't go to sleep in a chair with your silly head hanging down! Might have had a fit!"

"Oh!" gasped Glyn. "It—it was a queer dream! I—I thought—I mean I—I dreamed that we'd gone off on the achronometer——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Augustus grinned.

"We're heah weady to go off on it, deah boy," he said.

"Oh!" said Glyn.

He was himself again now. A glimmer came into his eyes. The "achronometer" was ready for the juniors—though it was not likely to take them through the centuries, and give

them such a shock as Glyn had received in his dream. But it was going to give them a shock of another kind—at least, that was the happy inventor's intention. It had not occurred to him that Skimpole had revealed his own painful experiences to Tom Merry and Co.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Quite!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Now take hold of these handles," said Glyn, with great gravity.

"Take hold of one first, deah boy."



Tom Merry grasped the schoolboy inventor by the shoulder and shook him forcibly. (See this page.)

"I have to come last——"

"No, you jolly well don't!" said Tom Merry coolly. "You have to come first, my merry practical joker. Collar him!"

"Look here—ow!"

Glyn was promptly collared, and his hand shoved on the nearest handle. He gave a wild yell as he touched it.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow-owoooooop!"

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

Glyn was an entertaining picture at that moment. He was caught in his own trap, and, as Shakespeare has remarked, it is sport to see the engineer hoist by his own petard. Glyn danced and yelled and raved; he strove to let go the handle, but he could not. The little trick he had prepared for Tom Merry and Co. was being played upon himself; but, to judge by his contortions, it no longer struck him as funny.

"Yow-ow-wooop! Turn it off! Oh, my hat! I—I'm sorry—there! Now turn it off!" howled Glyn.

"Blessed if I know how!" said Tom, laughing.

"Wathah not! I haven't the faintest ideah how to turn off the wotton contwivance, deah boy."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow-ow-ow! There's a switch under the table! Look for it—help! Yoop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom Merry was merciful; he stooped and sought for the switch. Until he found it, Bernard Glyn continued to jazz. But the current was turned off at last, and the playful inventor—not feeling at all playful now—staggered away from the machine.

"Ow! Ow! Oh, dear!"

"Wathah a stwong shock, was it?" chuckled Arthur Augustus. "I twust it will be a lesson to you, Glyn."

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom Merry and Co. crowded out of the study chortling joyously. And the voice of the schoolboy inventor followed them, in anguished tones:

"Yow-ow-ow-ow-ow!"

THE END

## GREYFRIARS LANDMARKS



### The River Sark

Our river never fails to be  
A source of great attraction;  
It is a ripping sight to see  
Our rival crews in action.  
We love to lean upon our oars  
And pull with vim and vigour;  
Although each cad with laughter roars,  
And chumps like Coker snigger,

We've had full many a joyous race  
With Highcliffe and with Rookwood;  
The river flows at just the pace  
That any good-sized brook would.  
But there are nasty currents found  
Beneath its surface sometimes;  
No Greyfriars chap has yet been drowned,  
Although we've had some glum times!

To some, the river is a bore,  
They'd never dare to swim it;  
And if you offered them an oar  
They'd say it was the limit!  
Of course, we do not care a jot  
For these confounded slackers;  
As long as pleasure can be got  
The Sark will have its backers!

Flow on, then, stream, through gentle glades,  
Through wood and copse and bracken;  
And when we swing our sweeping blades  
Ne'er may our efforts slacken!  
Long may you prove a source of joy,  
And fill with jubilation  
The heart of every British boy  
Who's keen on recreation!