

SUN



BILLY THE KID

EVERY
MONDAY

No. 210
February 14, 1953

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BILLY THE KID *and the* *Showboat Bandits*



EXTRA LONG PICTURE-STRIP ADVENTURE OF THE LONE AVENGER-INSIDE

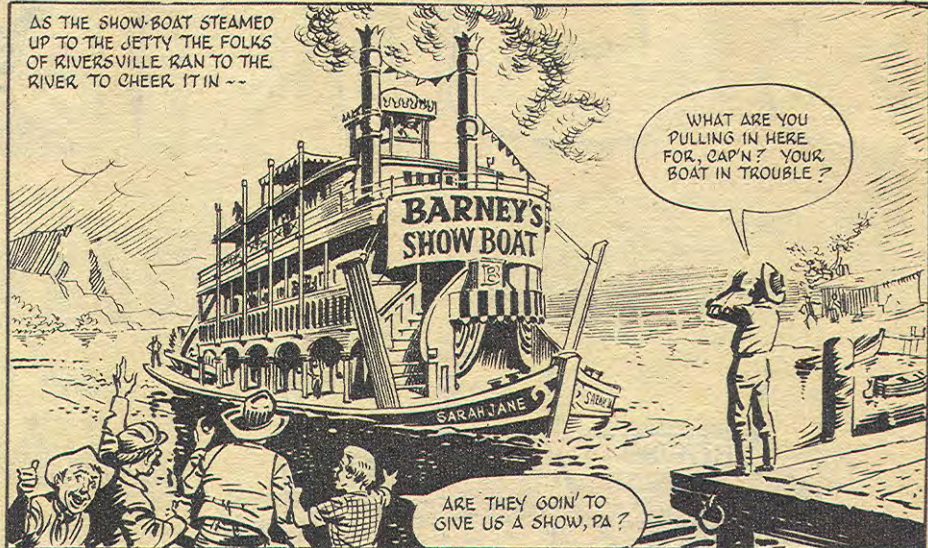
BILLY THE KID - LONE AVENGER

CAPTAIN BEN BARNEY'S SHOW-BOAT NEVER STOPPED AT THE LITTLE TOWN OF RIVERSVILLE, SO THE INHABITANTS WERE PLEASANTLY SURPRISED ONE DAY WHEN THEY SAW THE GREAT WHITE PADDLE-STEAMER SAILING UP TO THEIR JETTY.

LITTLE DID THE TOWNSFOLK REALISE THAT THE CRAFTY OLD CAPTAIN HAD ANOTHER SORT OF SURPRISE IN STORE FOR THEM -- THE RANSACKING OF RIVERSVILLE --



AS THE SHOW-BOAT STEAMED UP TO THE JETTY THE FOLKS OF RIVERSVILLE RAN TO THE RIVER TO CHEER IT IN --



ARE THEY GOIN' TO GIVE US A SHOW, PA?

THE EXCITED CROWD CHEERED WHEN CAPTAIN BEN BARNEY CALLED TO THEM FROM THE BRIDGE --

HOWDY, FOLKS! THIS IS OUR FIRST VISIT TO RIVERSVILLE. WE'RE GOING TO GIVE YOU A FREE SHOW THIS AFTERNOON. EVERYBODY IS WELCOME!

A FREE SHOW!

THREE CHEERS FOR THE SKIPPER!



THE NEWS OF THE CAPTAIN'S KIND OFFER SPREAD ROUND RIVERSVILLE, AND THAT AFTERNOON THE WHOLE TOWN DRESSED IN THEIR SUNDAY BEST FLOCKED TO THE SHOW-BOAT --



-- AND SOON THE ROLLICKING SHOW BEGAN --



MEANWHILE IN THE CREW'S QUARTERS THE WILY CAPTAIN ORDERED HIS MEN TO GO ASHORE AND ROB THE WHOLE TOWN --

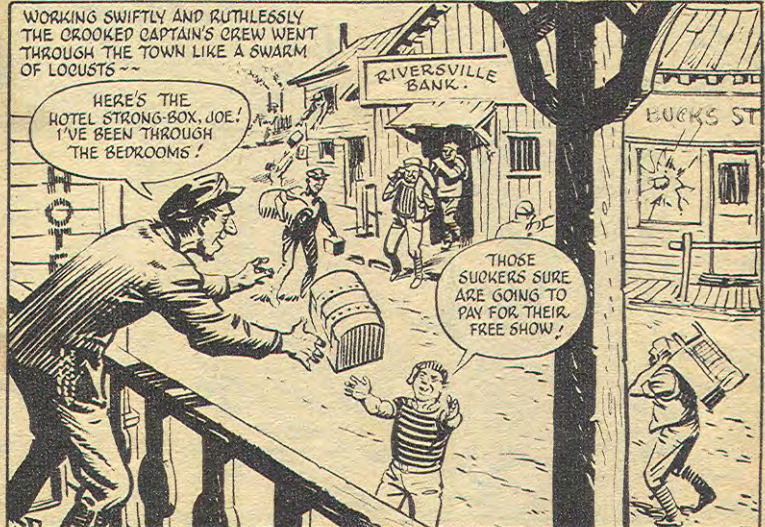
NOT A SOUL WILL LEAVE UNTIL THE FINAL CURTAIN COMES DOWN! O.K. YOU LUBBERS, GET ASHORE AND GRAB ALL THE VALUABLES YOU CAN LAY YOUR HANDS ON!

AVE, AVE, CAP'N!

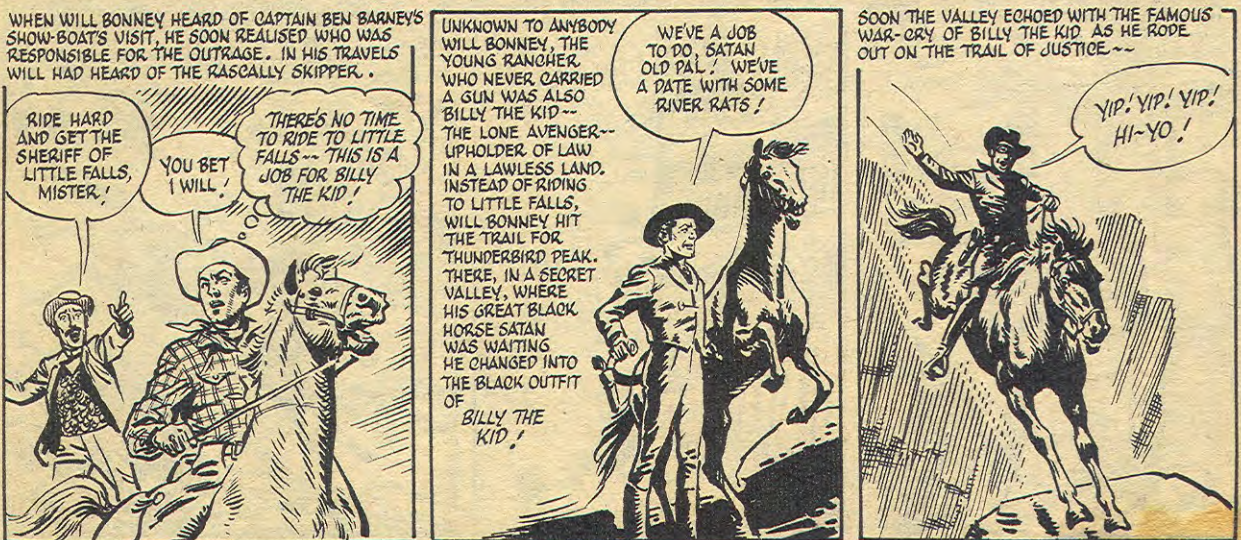
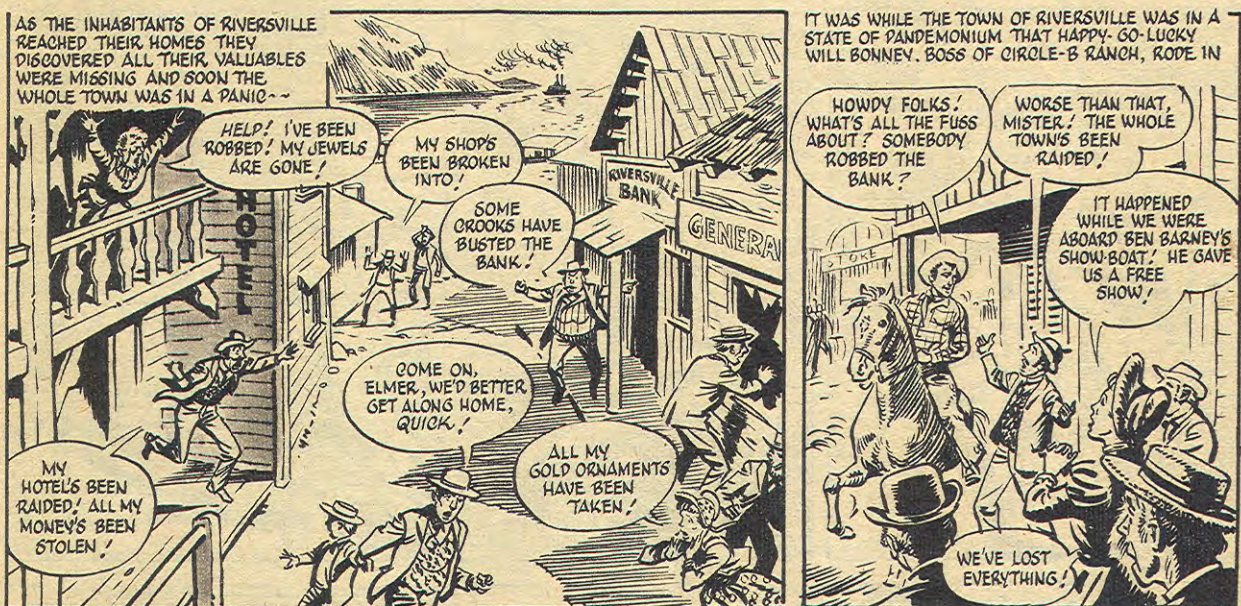
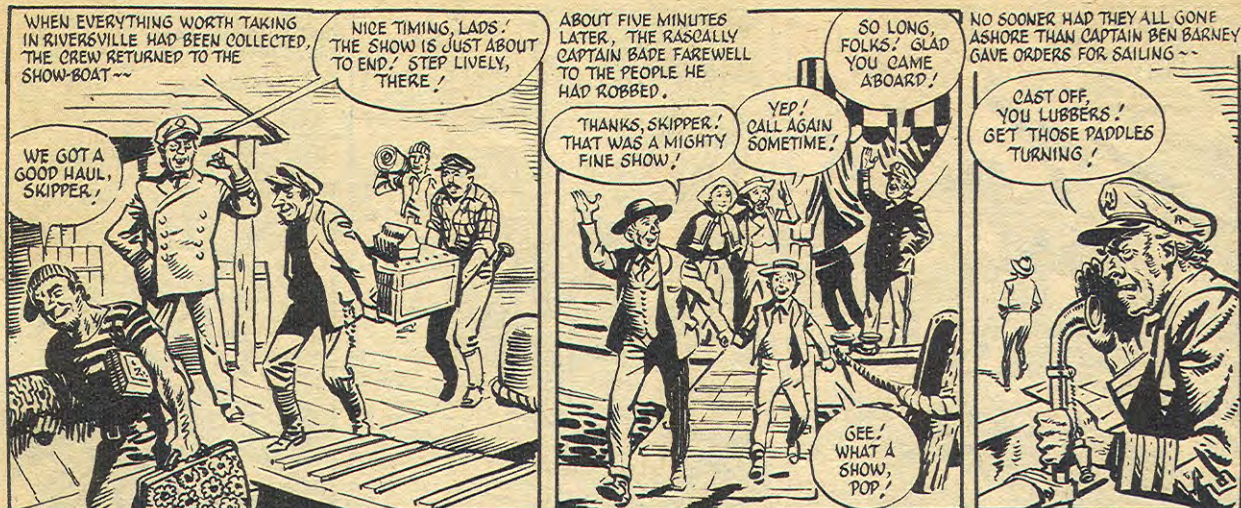


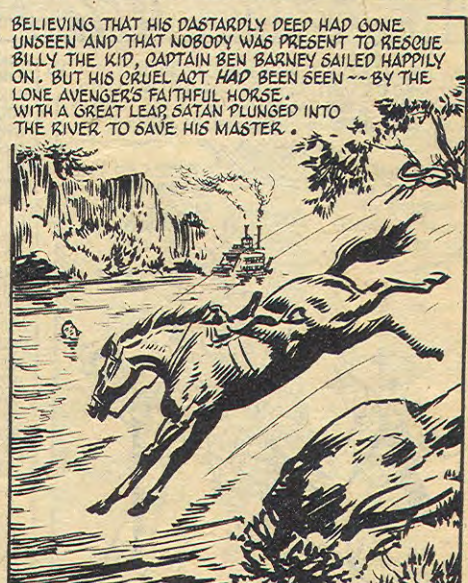
WORKING SWIFTLY AND RUTHLESSLY THE CROOKED CAPTAIN'S CREW WENT THROUGH THE TOWN LIKE A SWARM OF LOCUSTS --

HERE'S THE HOTEL STRONG-BOX, JOE! I'VE BEEN THROUGH THE BEDROOMS!

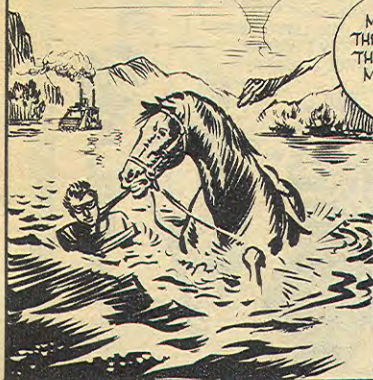


THOSE SUCKERS SURE ARE GOING TO PAY FOR THEIR FREE SHOW!





GRASPING BILLY'S NECKERCHIEF BETWEEN HIS STRONG TEETH, THE GREAT HORSE DRAGGED HIS MASTER ASHORE ~



WHEN BILLY GATHERED HIS SENSES HE DISCOVERED THAT HIS BONDS HAD BEEN NIBBLED THROUGH BY SATAN ~

GOSH! THOSE RIVER RATS MUST HAVE SLUGGED ME AND THROWN ME BOUND INTO THE RIVER. THANKS, SATAN OLD PAL, YOU MUST HAVE SAVED ME. IT'S A GOOD JOB YOU WERE AROUND ~

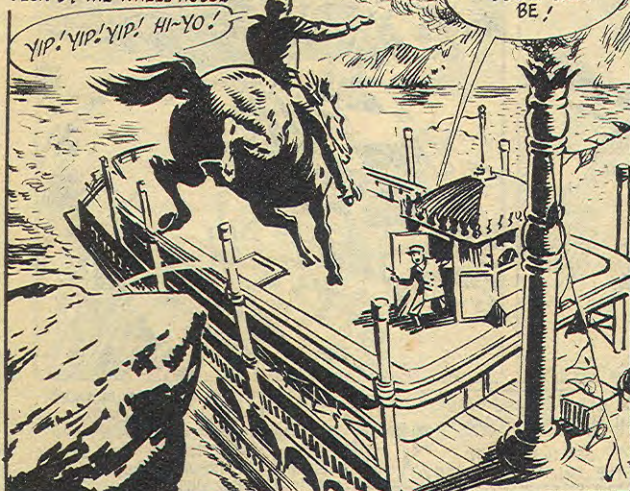


SOON THE LONE AVENGER WAS ON THE TRAIL OF THE MEN WHO HAD TRIED TO DROWN HIM ~

GET GOING, BOY! WE'LL SHOW THOSE GUNGS THAT THEY CAN'T PUT AN END TO BILLY THE KID!

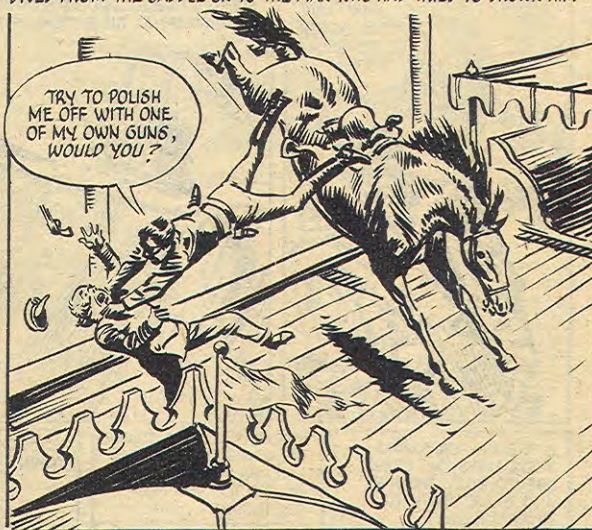


FURTHER DOWN THE RIVER BILLY THE KID CAUGHT UP WITH THE GREAT SHOWBOAT AND WITH A FLYING LEAP FROM THE ROCKS ABOVE JUMPED TOWARDS THE FLAT DECK BY THE WHEEL-HOUSE ~



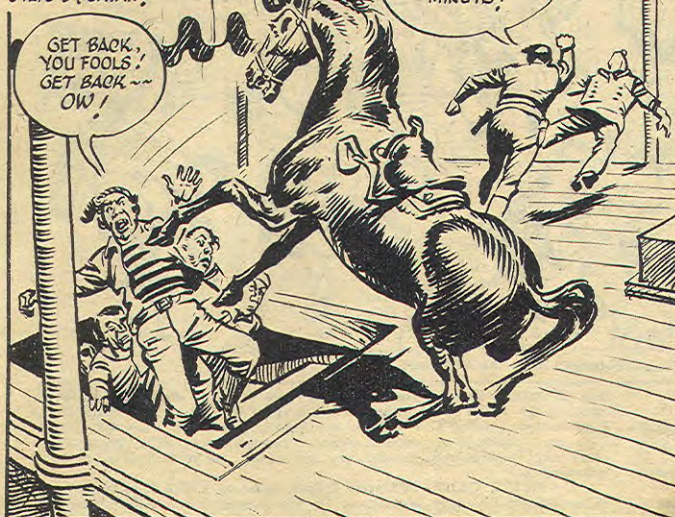
GOSH! LOOKS LIKE BILLY THE KID ~ BUT IT CAN'T BE!

EVEN BEFORE SATAN'S HOOF'S STRUCK THE DECK, BILLY THE KID HAD DIVED FROM THE SADDLE ON TO THE MAN WHO HAD TRIED TO DROWN HIM ~



TRY TO POLISH ME OFF WITH ONE OF MY OWN GUNS, WOULD YOU?

THE REST OF THE CREW RUSHED UP TO AID THEIR SKIPPER, ONLY TO BE MET AT THE TOP OF THE STEPS BY SATAN!



NICE WORK, SATAN! I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE!

GET BACK, YOU FOOLS! GET BACK ~ OW!

AS SOON AS HE HAD GRABBED HIS GUNS FROM THE BATTERED BEN BARNEY, BILLY THE KID FACED UP TO THE CREW AS THEY GROVELLED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STEPS.



O.K., YOU RATS! GET BELOW! I'M YOUR SKIPPER NOW! THE FIRST ONE TO PLANT HIS FOOT ON THE UPPER DECK ~ I'LL DROP!

O.K., MISTER! STOP SHOOTING! WE'LL GIVE IN!

KNOWING THAT HE'D HAVE NO MORE TROUBLE FROM THE COWARDLY CREW, BILLY THE KID TURNED TO THE WHEELHOUSE. SUDDENLY A TERRIFIC ROARING NOISE SOUNDED IN HIS EARS AND AS HE LOOKED AHEAD--



BY HOKEY!
THE FALLS!

ABOVE THE DIN OF THE CRASHING WATER A CRAZY LAUGH CAME FROM THE WHEELHOUSE. ALTHOUGH STUNNED BY THE BLOWS FROM BILLY THE KID-- BEN BARNEY HAD DRAGGED HIMSELF TO THE WHEEL.



HA! HA! YOU WON'T BE SKIPPER FOR LONG! I'VE SWUNG THE BOAT OUT OF THE MAIN STREAM! WE'RE ALL GOING OVER! HAW! HAW!

NOT IF I KNOW IT!

IN A FLASH THE GUNS OF BILLY THE KID SHOT THROUGH THE SPOKES OF THE WHEEL CAUSING BEN BARNEY TO LET GO--



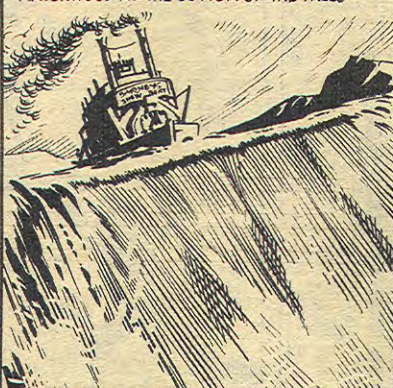
LET GO OF THE WHEEL, YOU LOCO COYOTE! YOU WON'T ESCAPE JUSTICE SO EASILY!

SWIFTLY BILLY THE KID SPUN THE GREAT WHEEL ROUND--

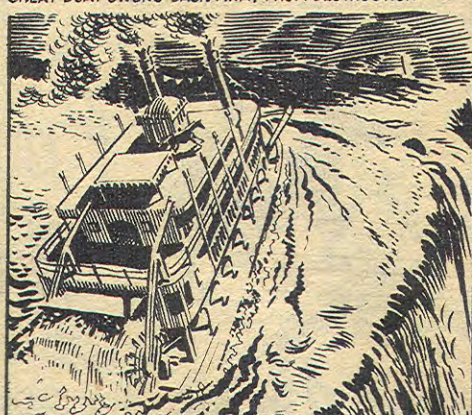


HAW! HAW! YOU'LL NEVER DO IT! WE'RE DOOMED!

SLOWLY THE GREAT BOAT RESPONDED TO THE WHEEL-- BUT IT STILL LOOKED AS IF THE SPLENDID VESSEL WOULD SOON BE SMASHED TO MATCHWOOD AT THE BOTTOM OF THE FALLS--



THE STRAIN ON THE WHEEL WAS TREMENDOUS BUT BILLY THE KID MANAGED TO HOLD IT AND AT THE LAST MINUTE THE GREAT BOAT SWUNG BACK AWAY FROM DESTRUCTION--



GRATEFUL FOR SAVING THEIR LIVES THE CREW OBEYED BILLY THE KID AND SAILED BACK TO RIVERSVILLE--



SAY-- AIN'T THAT THE SARAH JANE?

YEAH! AND SHE'S HEADED THIS WAY! WE'LL GIVE 'EM A SHOW THIS TIME THEY WON'T FORGET! GET YOUR GUNS, BOYS!

BEFORE THE IRATE TOWNSFOLK HAD TIME TO OPEN FIRE BILLY THE KID CALLED TO THEM FROM THE BRIDGE--



HOLD YOUR FIRE, BOYS! THIS SHOW-BOAT'S UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT! I'LL GIVE YOU A SHOW IN A MINUTE THAT'LL LIVE IN YOUR MEMORY FOR YEARS TO COME!

IT'S BILLY THE KID!

NO SOONER WAS THE GANG-PLANK DOWN THAN THE SHOW BEGAN--



GET DANCING TO THE JAIL, YOU COYOTES! THE FIRST ONE OUT OF STEP HAD BETTER WATCH OUT!

HAVING MADE THE CROOKED CAPTAIN TRANSFER THE OWNERSHIP OF THE SHOW-BOAT TO THE FOLKS OF RIVERSVILLE, BILLY THE KID RODE OUT OF TOWN TO THE TOOT OF THE SARAH JANE'S WHISTLE.



GOOD LUCK, BILLY!

YIP! YIP! YIP!
HI-YO!

Yip-yip-yip! Hi-Yo! Another thrilling full-length Billy the Kid story next week!

CAR SPOTTER'S CLUB

ANOTHER thousand presents waiting for you in the Club store, Spotters! If your Album number is one of those below it's your lucky week, and you may send up for a present--free!

All those with numbers between 39,000 and 39,500 inclusive and between 97,000 and 97,500 inclusive may claim.

Has your number come up? If so, here's what to do. First choose one of the following: Fountain-pen, "Tenni-gun," Pocket-knife, Big Jig-Saw,

Box of Paints, Purse, Binoculars, or Box of Wire Puzzles. Write its name in the space in your Album marked "For Official Use", and make sure that your name and address are entered on the Membership page. Also, on a postcard or piece of paper, write the name of the character or story you like most in SUN--and, in a few words, say why. Post Album and postcard to:

SUN C.S. CLUB, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.), to arrive by Tuesday, February 24, the closing date. Albums will be returned about a week later--with the presents.

WILD BILL HICKOK

LEAVES HIS GUNS
BEHIND

MARSHAL James Butler Hickok was known throughout the West for his fearlessness and bravery. Wherever he went he brought law and order with his lightning guns.

But a lot of shady characters used to say that Wild Bill was a mighty brave fellow only because he always did his talking behind a gun. That, of course, was not true, and this story shows that Wild Bill Hickok was just as brave without his guns.

Wild Bill had been marshal of Abilene for several months, and he had successfully cleaned up this rip-roaring cowtown. Bad-men had been rounded up and either run out of town, or clapped in jail.

The marshal made a law that no guns should be fired in the street, or drawn in any building. His own Colts had roared into action many times those first weeks when he was given the task of bringing law and order to Abilene. And because he had the reputation of being the fastest gunman in the West, the town soon tamed down.

The marshal was pleased with his efforts. Abilene was settling down into a peaceful town. And then "Mangler" Dolan, a vicious gunman, and two of his men arrived in Abilene.

Mangler Dolan had just been released from prison after serving a ten year sentence. His one thought during those ten years had been to get even with the marshal as soon as he got out, for Wild Bill had been the man responsible for sending him to jail.

Dolan and his two men, who knew little about their leader as they had only recently joined forces, laid low for a few days and kept out of the marshal's way while the gunman made his plans.

Now Wild Bill was very particular over his guns. Each day he cleaned them with loving care, and once a week he took them to the town gunsmith for an expert check-up.

One morning, several days after the arrival of Mangler Dolan, the marshal handed over his silver and ivory butted Colts to the gunsmith.

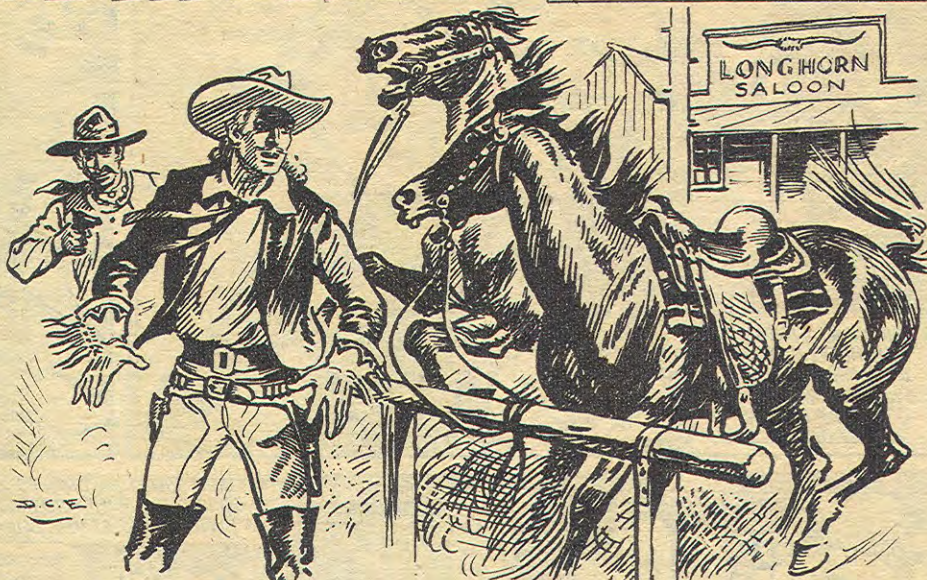
"Take a look at my Colts, Tom," said Hickok with his pleasing smile. "I think the trigger springs need replacing, they seem rather weak."

"Reckon they are weak with all the practice you give 'em, marshal," returned the gunsmith as he tested the triggers. "Yep, they need new springs all right. Leave 'em with me. It will take about half an hour to replace 'em."

"Fine. I'll go and have a shave while I'm waiting. Guess the town will stay peaceful for half an hour!" chuckled Wild Bill as he sauntered out of the shop.

The marshal had no sooner left than one of Dolan's henchmen stepped from behind a screen where he had been hiding, and slipped his six-shooter back in its holster.

"Now wasn't that lucky for you that the marshal found somethin' wrong with his guns? Saved you makin' up some excuse as to why he should leave 'em here. If he hadn't left 'em, it would have been just too bad for you, old timer, just too bad," and with a raucous laugh, the badman



"Reach for it, Marshal!" From this thrilling complete Western yarn by BARRY FORD

left the shop.

With shaking hands the elderly gunsmith started to remove the trigger springs from Hickok's Colts. Dolan's man had threatened to shoot him in the back if he could not persuade Wild Bill to leave his guns in his shop. He wanted desperately to warn the marshal, but as he did not want a bullet in his back, he obeyed the gunman's orders.

The marshal crossed the dusty street. As he passed the hitching rail in front of the saloon, a cold voice from behind him snapped out a curt command.

"Reach for it, marshal!"

Wild Bill froze in his steps and his hands automatically hovered over his holsters. And then a look of horror shone momentarily in his steely blue eyes as he realised he was gunless. A sharp prod in the back from the muzzle of a gun made him hastily raise his hands above his head.

"Keep walkin', marshal," rasped the man with the gun. "We're goin' to the Longhorn Saloon, Mangler Dolan wants to bump you off himself, personally."

"Mangler Dolan!" muttered Wild Bill as he walked over to the saloon.

A gasp of astonished surprise went round the saloon as men looked up and saw the gunless marshal, his hands reaching skyward, being marched over to Mangler Dolan's table.

"Wild Bill Hickok—held up by Dolan's man!"

"Look—Wild Bill's not packing his Colts!"

"This will make history—the famous frontier Marshal Hickok is gunless!"

Hickok stopped at the table where the grinning, ugly-faced Mangler Dolan was sitting. The gunman's six-shooters were spread on the table in front of him within easy reach of his huge, hairy hands.

The saloon became suddenly silent as the interested spectators saw Wild

Bill calmly lower his hands. He showed utter contempt for the gunman covering him.

"Dolan, there's a law in this town forbidding the drawing of guns in a saloon, or any other building," said Hickok quietly.

"Yeah—so what?" snarled Dolan. "I don't take no notice of no laws, see? And you ain't exactly in a position to tell me what ter do, Mr. Fancy-dressed Marshal, not with a gun proddin' you in the back and these two pointed at yer heart." And Mangler picked up his six-guns and aimed them at Wild Bill.

But still with the same complete disregard of the danger facing him, Wild Bill laid his hands on the table and bent over the gunman.

"Mangler Dolan, you're coming with me to my office. No one breaks the laws I make," and the marshal's voice held a note of deadly coldness.

The gunman spluttered in rage at Wild Bill's calmness. But before he could speak, the marshal bent lower and whispered a few words in Dolan's ear.

The change that came over the gunman was truly remarkable. He swallowed hard, turned a sickly white, and wet his lips nervously with his tongue. And then to the further astonishment of everybody in the saloon, Mangler Dolan shoved his guns back in his holsters and stood up.

"You win, Hickok," he muttered thickly. And looking at his henchman he added: "Put that gun away, Butch, and go find Hank. I'll meet you both later at the hotel."

"But, boss," protested the dumb-founded henchman. "Ain't you gonna kill him like we planned?"

"Shut up!" roared Dolan. "And git goin'!" Mangler Dolan, who had suddenly become a changed man, meekly followed the marshal out of the saloon, leaving behind a hubbub of amazed

voices.

A few hours later the people of Abilene saw Mangler Dolan and his two men ride out of town. His henchmen's faces were black with anger, but Dolan's looked strangely subdued.

Back in his office the marshal, his Colts once more resting in their holsters, was putting two hundred dollars in an envelope and addressing it to a local orphanage.

"That takes care of Dolan's fine for drawing his gun in the saloon," he chuckled. "The orphanage can make better use of it than Dolan can!"

At that moment an excited crowd gathered outside his office and called to the marshal to come out.

As he stood in the doorway and faced the smiling crowd, one man spoke up.

"Marshal, we've come to congratulate you on your courageous conduct. We're proud of you. But what we all want to know is, what did you say to Dolan to make him change so suddenly?"

A wide grin creased the marshal's mouth and his eyes twinkled merrily as he replied:

"I merely asked Mangler Dolan if he would like me to tell his new henchmen how he got his nickname. I knew he'd either give in, or shoot me. But I had to take that chance. I was pretty sure he'd give in because he's the cowardly bully type who can't stand a blow to his vanity."

"And how did he get his nickname, marshal? We imagined it was because he was so tough and had done so much fighting."

"That's what he wants people to think," returned Wild Bill. "But actually he got the name of 'Mangler' years ago when he used to work in a laundry! You can see now, why he didn't want me to let on!" And the marshal gave a deep-throated chuckle. Tell your chums about Wild Bill the Fighting Marshal who rides the adventure trail in SUN every Monday!

The PRISONER of ZENDA

BUT AS HENTZAU AND HIS COMPANIONS DASHED OUT OF THE SUMMER-HOUSE, RASSENDYLL LEAPED OFF THE ROOF.



RUDOLF RASSENDYLL WAS ON THE ROOF OF A SUMMER-HOUSE, FIGHTING HIS WAY OUT OF A TRAP SET BY RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

OUTSIDE, MEN. SHOOT HIM OFF THE ROOF!



THERE HE IS!

HENTZAU'S BULLET JUST MISSED RASSENDYLL AS HE JUMPED LIGHTLY TO THE GROUND AND DIVED INTO THE BUSHES WHERE FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM WAS BUSILY FIRING AT HENTZAU AND HIS TWO COMPANIONS.



RUN, RUDOLF! I'LL HOLD 'EM OFF!

WE'LL BOTH RUN. COME ON, FRITZ!



RASSENDYLL AND FRITZ REACHED THE WALL SURROUNDING THE GARDEN AND MANAGED TO SCALE IT SAFELY, ALTHOUGH BULLETS WERE FLYING ALL ROUND THEM.

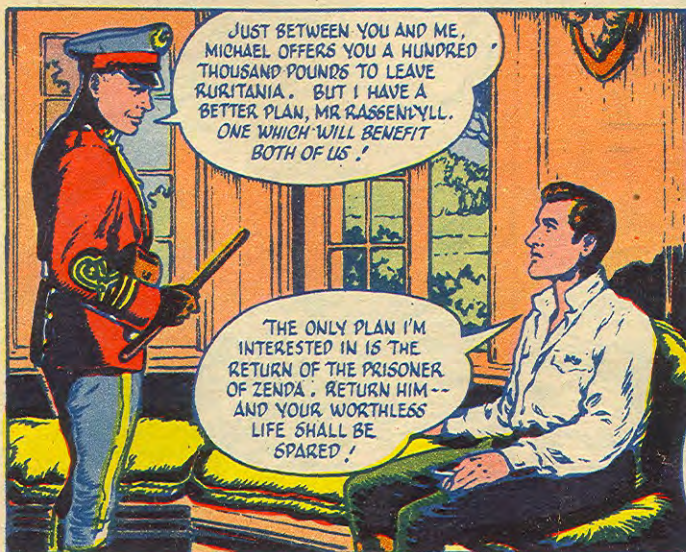
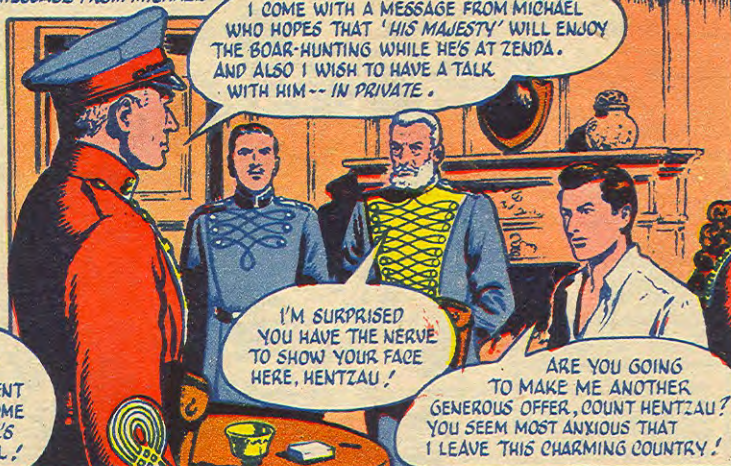


I MUST SAY MY VISIT TO THE SUMMER-HOUSE PROVED EXCITING!

THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE STILL ALIVE! DID YOU LEARN ANYTHING ABOUT THE KING?



AND SO RASSENDYLL, FRITZ, COLONEL ZAPT, AND A SCORE OF THE KING'S LOYAL FRIENDS WENT TO THE KING'S HUNTING LODGE AT ZENDA ON THE PRETENCE OF BOAR-HUNTING. THEY HAD NOT BEEN THERE LONG BEFORE RUPERT OF HENTZAU ARRIVED WITH A MESSAGE FROM MICHAEL.



LORD of SHERWOOD

RIDING TO THE FREEDOM OF SHERWOOD FOREST, THE OUTLAWS HAVE BEEN OVERTAKEN BY SIR GUY OF GISBORNE AND HIS MEN. ROBIN HOOD HAS FALLEN AND WRENCHED HIS ANKLE WHILE CROSSING A TREACHEROUS STREAM. HE DRAWS HIS SWORD AND AWAIT'S GISBORNE'S ATTACK.

CLA-A-N6~~~

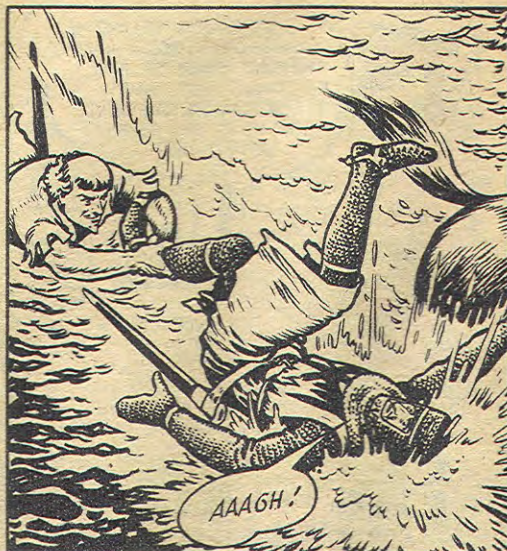
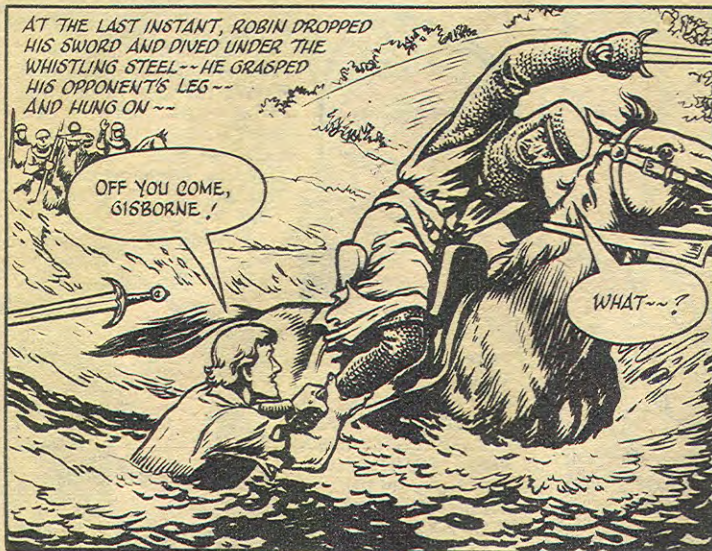
ROBIN PARRIED THE FIRST TERRIBLE BLOW, BUT ITS FORCE SENT HIM SPINNING~~~



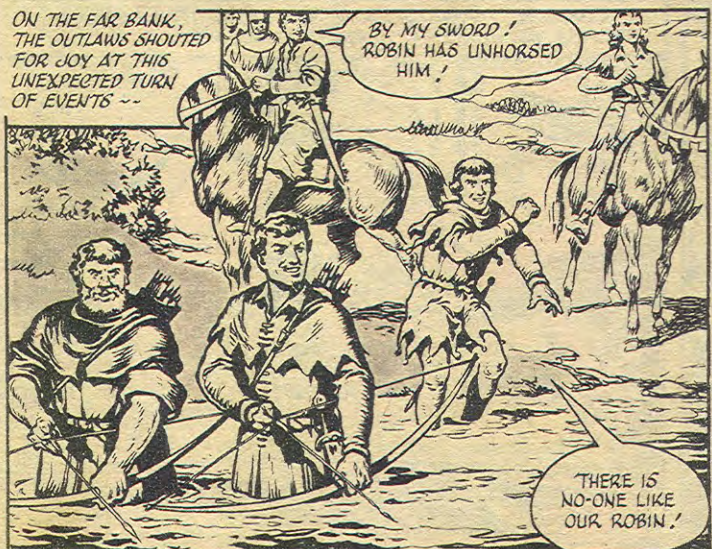
CONFIDENT OF VICTORY, GISBORNE TURNED AND CHARGED AGAIN~~~



AT THE LAST INSTANT, ROBIN DROPPED HIS SWORD AND DIVED UNDER THE WHISTLING STEEL~~ HE GRASPED HIS OPPONENT'S LEG~~ AND HUNG ON~~



ON THE FAR BANK, THE OUTLAWS SHOUTED FOR JOY AT THIS UNEXPECTED TURN OF EVENTS~~



THE TWO FIGHTERS SPLASHED TO THEIR FEET~~ GISBORNE DREW HIS DAGGER!

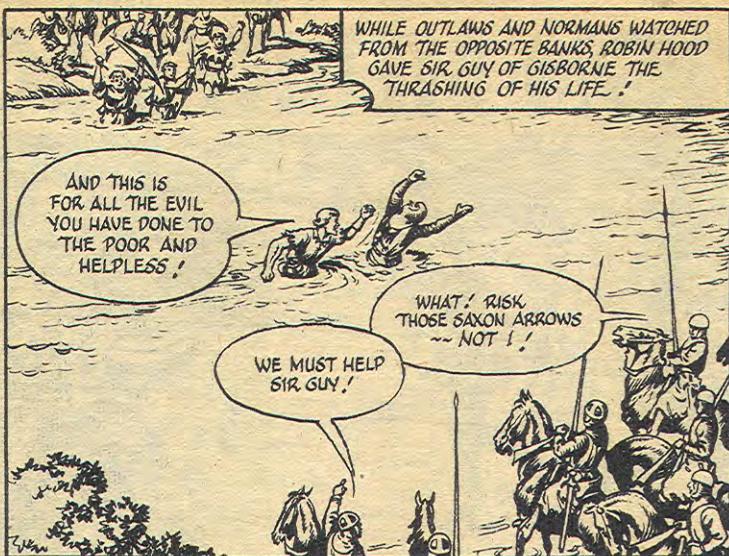




THAT, GISBORNE, IS FOR IMPRISONING IVANHOE!

UGH!

GISBORNE LUNGED-- EVADING THE BLOW, ROBIN DASHED IN WITH A TERRIFIC RIGHT-HAND PUNCH.



WHILE OUTLAWS AND NORMANS WATCHED FROM THE OPPOSITE BANKS, ROBIN HOOD GAVE SIR GUY OF GISBORNE THE THRASHING OF HIS LIFE!

AND THIS IS FOR ALL THE EVIL YOU HAVE DONE TO THE POOR AND HELPLESS!

WHAT! RISK THOSE SAXON ARROWS-- NOT!!

WE MUST HELP SIR GUY!

LEAVING GISBORNE, TO BE PICKED UP BY HIS HENCHMEN, ROBIN LIMPED ASHORE--



WELL FOUGHT, ROBIN!

WE CAN RIDE ON-- THEY WILL FOLLOW US NO FURTHER--

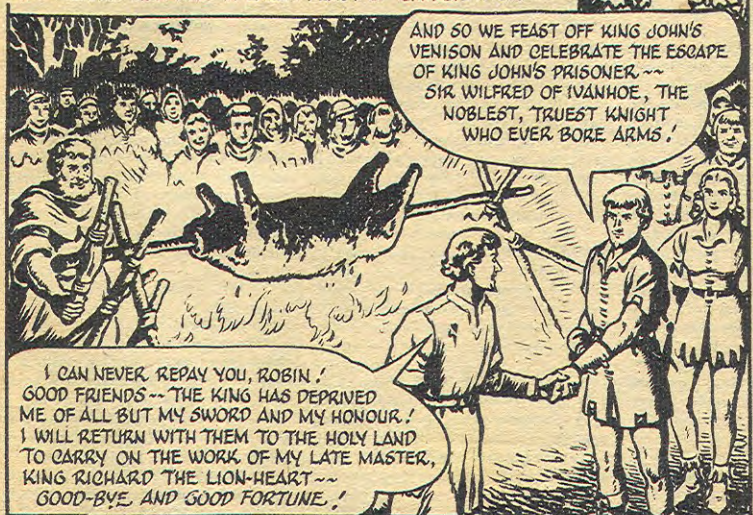
THE OUTLAWS TOOK TO THE ROAD AGAIN-- LATE THAT NIGHT THE FRIENDLY GLADES OF SHERWOOD FOREST CLOSED ABOUT THEM--



SHERWOOD! 'TIS LIKE COMING HOME!

IT HAS BEEN SO LONG, ROBIN!

IN THEIR OLD ENCAMPMENT BENEATH THE GREAT OAK TREE, THE MERRIE MEN HELD A GREAT FEAST OF CELEBRATION--



AND SO WE FEAST OFF KING JOHN'S VENISON AND CELEBRATE THE ESCAPE OF KING JOHN'S PRISONER-- SIR WILFRED OF IVANHOE, THE NOBLEST, TRUEST KNIGHT WHO EVER BORE ARMS!

I CAN NEVER REPAY YOU, ROBIN! GOOD FRIENDS-- THE KING HAS DEPRIVED ME OF ALL BUT MY SWORD AND MY HONOUR! I WILL RETURN WITH THEM TO THE HOLY LAND TO CARRY ON THE WORK OF MY LATE MASTER, KING RICHARD THE LION-HEART-- GOOD-BYE, AND GOOD FORTUNE!

AFTER THEY HAD BIDDEN IVANHOE A SAD FAREWELL, ROBIN DREW HIS SHINING BLADE--



MEN! WE ARE ONCE AGAIN THE OUTLAWS OF SHERWOOD FOREST. WE SWEAR TO STAND TOGETHER AND OPPOSE THE TYRANT JOHN. TO AID THE POOR AND THE WEAK AND ALL TRUE ENGLISHMEN-- TO THE DEATH!

AYE! AYE! AYE! FOR SHERWOOD AND LIBERTY!

The End

Once again Robin Hood is the "Lord of Sherwood" and King John had better look out! Make sure of reading next week the first instalment of a splendid new picture story--"ROBIN HOOD'S QUEST!"

TOM MERRY'S SCHOOL DAYS.



The School House juniors drew back in the shadows. "It must be a poacher!" breathed D'Arcy.

This week: MORE TROUBLE!

A JOYFUL SURPRISE FOR D'ARCY

WHAT'S the time, D'Arcy?" Arthur Augustus D'Arcy looked round with a slightly bored expression. The chums of the Fourth Form at St. Jim's—Blake, Herries, Digby, and D'Arcy—were standing on the steps of the School House, evidently waiting for something or somebody. It was a keen October afternoon, and the juniors—three of them, at least—were tapping with their heels on the stone to keep their feet warm. But Arthur Augustus D'Arcy leaned in a graceful attitude against the stone balustrade.

The dandy of St. Jim's pulled out his handsome gold watch and cast a languid eye upon it.

"It's a quarter to six," he said. "The postman is late, and he may be here any minute now."

"Good!" "Yes; good," said Digby dubiously, "if D'Arcy's letter comes; but—"

"It's bound to come. My Mother told me in her letter last week that there would be a great and pleasant surprise for me in her letter this week, and, of course, that statement can only have one meaning."

Jack Blake nodded thoughtfully. "I suppose so," he assented. "It must mean a postal order, and a decent one."

"That's wight!" "Still, you never know," said Digby, who seemed to be afflicted with doubts. "I have an uncle who promised me a treat one Christmas and sent me a dictionary."

"My hat! If I had an uncle like that I'd—I'd invite him into Study 6, lock the door, and get Herries to play the trumpet to him," laughed Blake.

"Pack it up!" said Herries, turning

pink. He was rather sensitive about his trumpet.

"Here's the postman!" exclaimed Digby suddenly.

"Yes, here he is," said D'Arcy. "Now the suspense will soon be over."

"Well, I hope it will be some money, that's all," said Digby, who seemed determined to be dismal.

"Oh, that's all wight, Dig. I tell you my mother is bound to turn up twumps. She said distinctly that there was a joyful surprise for me coming in her next letter. It can't be less than a pound, and it may be a fiver."

The postman plodded up to the School House. The juniors descended the steps to meet him.

"Anything for us?" asked Blake. "That is to say, anything for D'Arcy? Never mind the others! D'Arcy's letter is the important one this time."

"Yes; there is one for Master D'Arcy," replied Postman Blagg.

"Registered, I suppose?" asked Arthur Augustus.

Blagg, the postman shook his head. "No; I haven't any registered letters this morning, Master D'Arcy."

The School House swell's face fell for a moment. Digby nodded, as much as to say that he had said so. Blagg groped in his bag for D'Arcy's letter.

"Oh, it's all wight," said Arthur Augustus, looking round. "Ladies always forget to register letters, you know. I knew one once who sent a wing by post without registering it, you know. It's their way."

"Well, I don't see what she would want to register a wing for," said Herries. "What kind of a wing was it—cold chicken?"

"It was a diamond wing."

"The ass means a ring," grinned Blake. "Is that D'Arcy's letter, Blaggy?"

"That's it, sir."

"There you are, Gussy. Open it quick!" Blake slit the envelope with a penknife. "There, now, buck up! You can take all my letters into the house, Blagg! Be extra careful with those

containing gold and banknotes!"

The postman grinned, and went on. Arthur Augustus drew forth his mother's letter, and unfolded it. There was nothing inside and D'Arcy's face grew longer.

"Well," said Blake pleasantly, "hand over the banknote!"

"There doesn't seem to be any banknote."

"Then chuck out the postal orders!" "I'm afraid there are no postal orders."

"What did I tell you?" asked Digby, addressing no one in particular.

D'Arcy read his mother's letter the chums of study No. 6 watching him the while. An expression of amazement came to D'Arcy's face. He whispered "By Jove!" twice, and whistled once.

"Well, what's the surprise?" demanded Blake. "Is your father coming to visit you?"

"No, that's not it."

"Well, what's the news, then? I suppose there's some news?"

"Yes, there's some news all wight!" Arthur Augustus looked worried.

And Blake's manner, as soon as he saw the troubled look on his chum's face, changed at once.

"I say, nothing wrong at home, is there, old chap?" he asked.

"Oh, no. I am afraid there's going to be somethin' wrong here, though."

"What's the matter?"

"My young brother is coming to St. Jim's."

"Your young brother?"

"Yes; my young bwother Wally."

"And that's the joyful surprise?"

"Er—yes!"

"Er—yes!"

"I suppose you couldn't wire your

mother to send a fiver instead?"

"Well, no, I am afraid that would be impossible," said D'Arcy. "Of course, you know, I'm glad to have young Wally here."

"Yes; you look glad," agreed Blake.

"It's—it's wather a shock to me," explained D'Arcy. "You see, my young bwother Wally has never weally tweated me with the respect due to his elder bwother."

"Is he much younger than you?" asked Blake curiously. "Will he be in the Fourth?"

D'Arcy shook his head.

"No, he'll be in a lower Form—the Third, I suppose. Now, as a matter of fact, it's a fearful twouble to a fellow to have a younger bwother in a lower Form."

"Ha, ha! He'll make you do all his exercises for him."

"Yes, I've no doubt he will twy."

"And he'll get chipped to death by the Third Form fags if he talks like you do and of course he will! It runs in the family."

D'Arcy glared at Blake and went on. "Mother asks me to look after him," he said. "Of course, I want to please her, though she has vewy funny ideas about joyful surprises. I shall do my best for young Wally. But suppose he fails to tweat me with pwoper respect before the other fellows? It will be awkward."

"Very awkward," said Blake.

"Still, he will probably come with a lot of money and you can borrow some. So the most important question really is, when will D'Arcy minor arrive?"

"I could never bowwow of a Third-Former."

"By Jove, I forgot that! He can come when he likes, then!"

"He is coming tonight," said D'Arcy. "As a matter of fact, he is coming by the half-past six twain at Rylcombe. Mother wants me to go down to the station and meet him."

"Well, that would only be a brotherly thing to do!"

"Mother suggests that my fwiends would like to come down to the station with me, so as to give Wally a warm welcome and make him feel at home at once."

"So we will!" said Digby. "We'll go and meet him."

"Well, if the train's coming in at half-past six, we'd better get a move on as we've got to walk," said Blake.

"Remarkable oversight of your mother's not to enclose a five-pound note in that letter. I can't say I think your father's playing the game, either! While we're in Rylcombe, we ought to wire somebody for some money!"

"Your father, Blake?" Digby suggested.

Jack Blake shook his head.

"It's no good. He's made a rule on that subject, ever since I wired to him last time for some cash. He wrote that he'll never send any money in answer to a telegram, but will deduct the amount of money I waste on telegrams from my next allowance."

"Suddenly Gussy's eyes lit up.

"I've got an idea," he said excitedly.

"I'll wire to Mother for some cash to meet the expenses of seeing young

Wally comfortably placed in the school. Of course, it will be very expensive, and I don't see how I am to meet it out of my own resources—especially as I haven't any resources at the present time!"

Jack Blake clapped the swell of the School House on the shoulder with a force that made him stagger.

"Ripping! And we'll all look after young Wally, and regard him as the apple of our eye!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy rubbed his shoulder.

"Vewy well, Blake; but I weally wish you would not dislocate my backbone, you know! Have you got a shilling?"

"No!"

"Have you Dig?"

"Not the ghost of one, but I dare say Tom Merry has a shilling or two. Let's go and see and then we shall have to buzz off to Rylcombe without wasting time!"

"Wight-ho! Let's go and see Tom Mewwy!"

The chums of the Fourth made their way to the Shell passage in the School House, and Blake kicked at Tom Merry's door. The door flew open with a jerk, and there was an angry yell from Manners.

The chums of the Shell were at home.

"Tom, have you a shilling?" asked Blake.

"Lots!" said Tom Merry cheerfully. "I've had a postal order from my Aunt Priscilla by the post that just came in. It's not cashed yet!"

"Then we'll cash it for you; we're going to the village!"

"Good! It's for a pound, and you can take the shilling and bring me the change."

"If it's all the same to you, we'll take the change and bring you the shilling," said Jack. "We're in want of cash for a most important purpose. D'Arcy's brother is going to honour the Third Form at St. Jim's by entering it today!"

There was a general movement of interest in the study.

"Good heavens!" said Monty Lowther. "Are there any more at home like you, Gussy?"

"I wewget to say that Wally does not weseemble me vewy much at pwesent, but I have hopes of him. He may impwove as he gwows older."

"Then he's more likely to get on in the Third Form," said Tom Merry, laughing.

"Where's that postal-order?" said Blake.

"Here you are. You can have half of it till Saturday, if you like."

"Thanks; I will! We're going down to meet young D'Arcy, and we want to get a lift of some sort back. We were thinking of standing him a feed, to celebrate his coming."

"If you fellows like," said Blake, "I'll tell you what—your study is bigger than ours and we'll have the feed here, and you can join in!"

"Well, that's not a bad idea!" said Tom Merry thoughtfully. "But won't it be making too much of a Third Form kid? It would be bad for him to get swelled head—and it rather runs in the family, you know!"

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

"Well, we could give him a licking tomorrow, if necessary, to take him down a peg," said Blake.

"Good! I'll get in the things at the tuckshop while you're gone, and you

might bring in some extras from Mother Murphy's in the village."

"Right you are!"

And Jack Blake put the postal-order in his pocket, and the Fourth-Formers left the study. Monty Lowther broke into a chuckle when the door closed.

"My hat," he said, "I'm curious to see young D'Arcy minor! If he's anything like Gussy, the Third Form will rag him to death!"

POACHERS!

"H A, ha! It's a lark!"

It was Gore of the Shell who spoke, and Jack Blake heard the words as he came out of Tom Merry's study. Gore and Mellish were chuckling over some little joke in a group, and Jack Blake looked at them curiously. That it was something ill-natured he was certain, or it would not have amused Gore and Mellish so much.

"What's up?" asked Blake, as he came along the passage. The juniors looked round, and Gore gave him a grin.

"Such a lark!" he chuckled.

"What's a lark?"

"It's Mary, the housemaid. Haven't you noticed her?"

"No!" said Blake.

"It's a regular romance," said Gore. "You've heard of that young chap, Lynn? There was a lot of talk about him a few weeks ago."

"I remember," said Blake. "He was an under-keeper on Sir Neville Boyle's estate, and he showed us a lot of places for fishing in the Rhyll, last summer. He was a decent sort, and that yarn about his being mixed up with poachers was all nonsense, in my opinion."

"I suppose you didn't know that he was engaged to Mary, the housemaid?" grinned Gore.

"No; I don't take such an interest in other people's affairs as you do, Gore."

"Well, it was a fact, anyway," said Gore, "and since he's got the sack from Sir Neville, Mary has been going about looking like a ghost. Stand here, and you'll see her coming along in a minute."

"Well, you rotten pig," said Blake, with great frankness. "do you see anything funny in that?"

"Well, yes, rather; it's a good joke, I think. You see—"

"And you're waiting here to see her, because she looks down in the mouth?" asked Blake, with a gleam in his eyes.

"You mind your own business, Blake."

"I make this my business on the spot," said Blake. "This is where we clear the passage. Follow your uncle, my lads!"

"Look here—"

"Hands off—"

Blake, Herries, and Digby charged as if they were charging down a football field. Gore and Mellish went reeling away, and a series of powerful kicks helped them towards the stairs, down which they bundled at topspeed.

Suddenly, there was a light step in the passage and D'Arcy turned round to see Mary, the housemaid. D'Arcy, when he came in contact with her, had always treated her with a great politeness. He nodded kindly to her now, and the girl, seeing that he wished to speak, stopped.

"I am awfully sorry to hear that you are in twouble, Mawwy!" said D'Arcy.

"Is it twue that young Lynn has had the order of the boot—I mean, that he has been discharged by Sir Neville Boyle?"

Mary's eyes filled with tears. There was no doubt that she was taking the matter very much to heart.

"Yes, Master D'Arcy, and it's not true that he had anything to do with the poachers. He was as honest as any young man in the country-side. It's not true."

"Don't cwy, Mawwy," said D'Arcy. "I am sure that he couldn't have had any dealings with any wascally poachers. I believe Sir Neville is a wather unweasonable old gentleman, but pewpaws the matter can be explained. I'll look into it for you. I believe the case was not pwoved, was it?"

"No, but Sir Neville's head-keeper was against William from the first," said Mary, crying softly, "and he told wicked stories about him."

"That must be looked into!" said D'Arcy. "Now, don't cwy, Mawwy, and I'll look into the matter, and set it wight."

And the swell of St. Jim's walked on after his chums.

"Are you weady?" asked D'Arcy.

"Yes, come on!"

And the chums of the Fourth lost no time in getting down to the gates, and were soon striding through the gathering dusk towards Rylcombe. Suddenly a couple of shots rang out!

Crack! Crack!

Jack Blake started, and glanced at the dark woods that bordered the lane. The sounds of the gunshots came eerily through the thickening dusk of the February evening.

"Heavens! That sudden wow threw me into quite a flutter!" said Arthur Augustus. "I suppose that is some poacher at work."

"Shouldn't wonder," said Digby. "There has been a lot of poaching in this part of the country lately, and they're making a lot of fuss about the matter, too. Hallo, who's that?"

A tall figure in coat and gaiters suddenly appeared from the shadows of the trees, and looked out into the road. The man was a burly fellow, and he carried a gun in the hollow of his arm. The juniors halted instinctively at the sight of him, and Blake signed to his comrades to be silent. Where the chums had stopped a tree threw its dark shadow over the lane, and it was plain that the man looking out of the wood did not see them.

"By Jove," murmured D'Arcy, "is it a poacher?"

"No," muttered Blake, "I know that chap's face. It's Barberry, Sir Neville Boyle's head-keeper. I wonder what he's up to, he looks very furtive about something."

"I don't like the look of him," said Digby, "I'm sure he's up to no good!"

The keeper looked up and down the lane, as if expecting to see someone. It was a lonely way after dark and Blake wondered whom the head-keeper expected. But as it was no poacher, there was no reason for the juniors to keep out of sight. The keeper gave a start as they came out of the shadow of the big tree and came into view in the dusk of the lane.

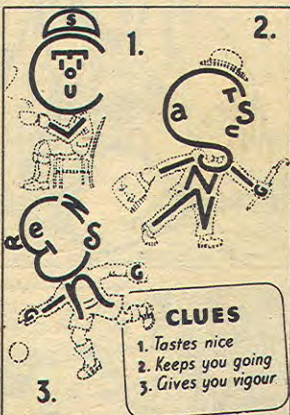
Little do Jack Blake and Co. know at this stage how big a part D'Arcy junior is going to play in the mystery surrounding young Lynn, the game-keeper.

The
Ovaltiney's
OWN
COLUMN OF AMUSEMENT



What words do these figures represent?

Each of these intriguing figures is made up of hidden letters to form a word that represents an outstanding virtue of delicious 'Ovaltine'. Study the clues and see if you can find the missing word in each case.



Turn this upside down to find the correct answers

(1) Delicious (2) Sustaining (3) Energetic

OVALTINEYS are among the brightest and happiest of children. They know that 'Ovaltine' is a delicious, appetizing drink and make it a golden rule to drink this nourishing beverage every day. It is delightful with any meal and is a favourite bedtime drink with thousands of Ovaltineys. It helps to keep them strong and full of energy.

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Members of the League of Ovaltineys have great fun with the secret high-signs, signals and code. You can join the League and obtain your badge and the Official Rule Book (which also contains the words and music of the Ovaltiney songs), by sending a label from a tin of 'Ovaltine' with your full name, address and age to: THE CHIEF OVALTINEY (Dept. 52), 42 Upper Grosvenor Street, London, W.1.

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DICK TURPIN

AND

The PHANTOM HIGHWAYMAN



Dick and Moll have run the Phantom Highwayman to earth in his hidden lair in "The House of Secrets"... Suddenly the floor gives way beneath the two comrades and they fall into a pit....

The noise of their fall did not disturb the mysterious figure in the strange bed above....

QUICKLY, MOLL!... ON MY SHOULDER!... ONE OF US AT LEAST MUST GET OUT OF HERE, FOR ACCORDING TO JASPER DOOM, THE PHANTOM AWAKENS AT NIGHTFALL!...

IT MUST BE NIGHTFALL ALREADY...



Moll's fingers just reached the edge of the pit....

GOT IT

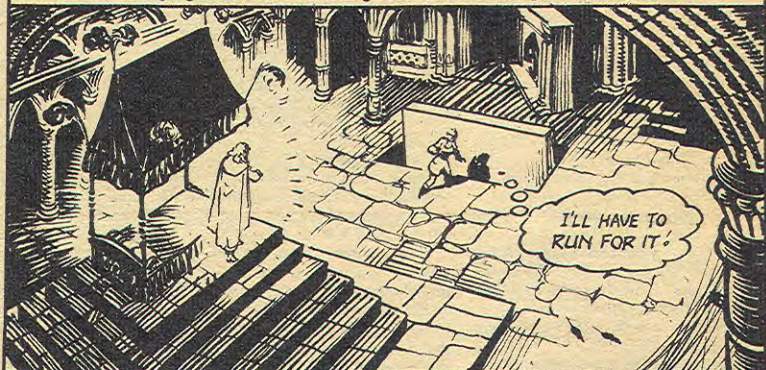


She pulled herself up... suddenly, a slight sound made her look up with a start...!

AAH! THE PHANTOM! HE HAS AWAKENED!



The menacing figure of the Phantom glared down at the girl highwayman...!



I'LL HAVE TO RUN FOR IT!

AT LEAST I'LL LEAD HIM AWAY FROM DICK!



Moll raced up the gloomy spiral staircase... with the Phantom close on her heels!

THAT DOOR MAY LEAD ME TO SAFETY!



The door was locked!



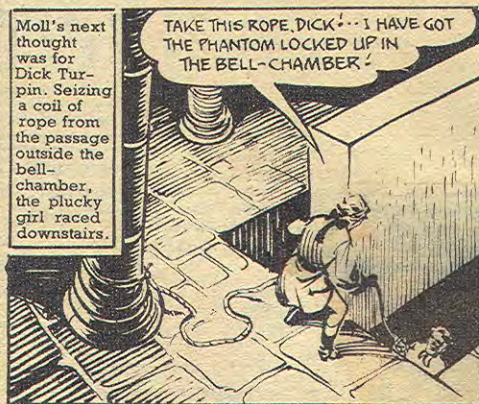
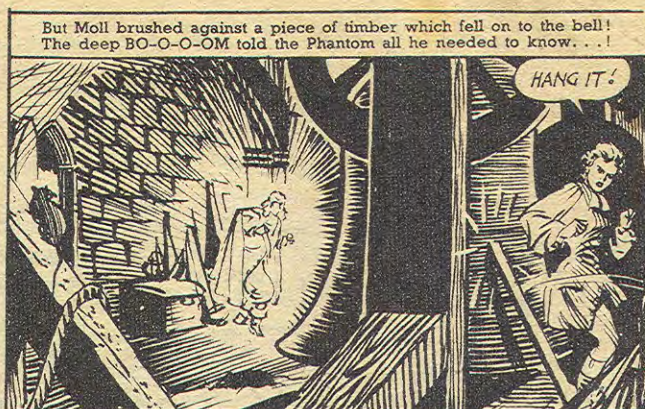
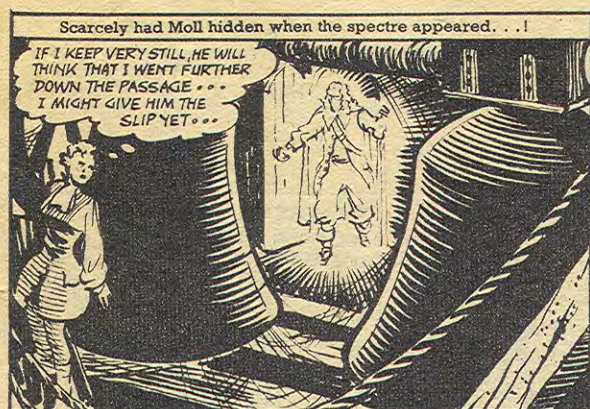
Moll raced on again and presently reached the top of the staircase.

THERE MUST BE SOMEWHERE TO HIDE IN ONE OF THESE ROOMS!



I'LL HIDE BEHIND ONE OF THOSE GREAT BELLS...





Who is locked in the room on the stair . . . and what is happening to the Phantom in the bell-chamber? See next week!

THE JOKER'S FUN PAGE

This week's prize-winning jokes from readers! The First Prize is 1s. 6d., the remainder receives 5s. How about a joke from you? Send it to The Joker, 5 Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4. The Editor's decision is final.

