

135 Gyps

TRIUMPH 2^d
Every Tuesday

FOUR THRILLERS INSIDE

TRIUMPH



A CROSS-COUNTRY RUN ENDS IN AN EXCITING ADVENTURE FOR TOM MERRY & CO.

IT'S

ST. JIM'S

AGAIN!

By MARTIN CLIFFORD



THE JAM IS MYSTERIOUS

GEORGE FIGGINS of the New House at St. Jim's hurried along a passage towards the study of Koumi Rao, the Indian lad who also belonged to the Fourth Form and the New House at St. Jim's.

Figgins was looking worried. As a rule, his Indian pal was quiet, self-possessed, impassive, but of late Koumi Rao had been very moody and strange in his behaviour.

There was a cross-country run that afternoon, and Figgy was determined that Koumi Rao should take part in it. He had spoken to the Indian chap about it yesterday, and Rao had tried to get out of it.

He had said he had a previous engagement, but Figgy did not intend to take "No" for an answer.

Koumi Rao, the "Jam" of Bundelpore, was a prince in his own country, and when he had first come to St. Jim's he had brought many lofty and princely ideas with him.

This had led to his being ragged a great deal.

Figgy, however, had been attracted to the new boy from the day of his arrival, and had chipped in to prevent some of the raggings, being repaid by almost overwhelming gratitude and devotion from Koumi Rao.

That had started a friendship that had grown stronger with almost every passing day.

Figgy was not given to much deep thinking, and he did not pretend to understand Koumi Rao; he regarded him as rather a queer foreign sort of beggar, as he would have expressed it, but he liked him, and treated him as a pal in his rough-and-ready manner.

There could hardly have been a greater contrast than that between the deep, subtle Oriental and the honest, frank, simple-minded Figgins, but they pulled together well.

When Koumi Rao sulked—as he often did, for some fancied offence or neglect—Figgins "gave him his head," so to speak, and the wayward Indian would come round sooner or later with tears of repentance for having offended his friend, when Figgins would give him a staggering slap on the back, and tell him it was all serene.

Koumi Rao had a study to himself, partly because of his religion. There were all kinds of weird things in his study, and a couple of bronze statuettes of marvellous workmanship which stood on his mantelpiece were popularly supposed to be his gods.

A young Third Former declared that, looking into Koumi Rao's study one day, he had actually seen the Jam bowing down and worshipping these gods, but it turned out that the Indian was merely looking for a collar-stud on that occasion.

THIS WEEK: KOUMI RAO'S SECRET.

Figgins pushed open the door of the study. It was so quiet that for a moment Figgy thought it was empty. But Koumi Rao was there, deep in an armchair, gazing steadfastly at nothing.

"Snap into it, Jammy!" said Figgins. "Jammy" was Figgins' variation of Koumi's title.

"I do not understand—'snap'?" replied the Indian lad.

"You remember I told you yesterday of the cross-country run being held this afternoon. You'd better turn out for it. It will do you more good than sitting here alone."

"It is in keeping with the thoughts of the Prince of Bundelpore that he sits here alone," said Koumi Rao in his flowery Oriental style, which always made Figgins chuckle.

"Rubbish!" answered Figgins. "Come along with me, kid!"

"Leave Koumi Rao to himself," persisted the Jam. "His thoughts are of war and bloodshed, and he is not fit for the company of Sahib Figgins."

Figgy had got used to the Jam calling him "Sahib Figgins," and did not bat an eyelid.

"Thinking about the war?" he echoed, puzzled. "Yes, I remember reading in the papers that your chaps from Bundelpore are going to France. That's jolly fine of them, Jammy!"

The Jam laughed—a hollow, sardonic laugh that made Figgins start. He began to realise that the Jam was not indulging in an ordinary sulk.

"Dash it all, don't cackle like that, Jammy!" he said. "You set my blessed nerves on edge! What's the matter with you?"

"Go back to the other sahibs," said Koumi Rao. "Leave me to my destiny."

"Don't talk such rot! You're always such a giddy, high-flown bouncer!" said Figgins. "Come along!"

"No! Leave me!"

"Look here, I'm not going to leave you! Don't play the giddy ox! The fellows are waiting!" exclaimed Figgins. "For goodness' sake, don't be a sulky ass! Has somebody been chipping you?"

"Bah! That would be nothing!"

"Well, come along! When we come back from the run you can tell me about the Bundelpore Cavalry," urged Figgins. "I believe they're leaving India soon."

"Perhaps they will never leave."

"Eh?"

"When they go to the battle it may be among the nullahs of Bundelpore."

"My hat!"

The Jam rose to his feet, came towards Figgins, and seized him by the arm. Figgins stared at him blankly. He began to fear that the queer youth had suddenly gone "off his rocker."

"I say, Jammy—"

"The sahibs will not give my kingdom independence!" said the Jam in a low, hissing voice, evidently under the stress of great emotion. "The flag of Bundelpore must still fly beneath the Union Jack! The freedom of Bundelpore is refused us still."

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Figgins, hardly knowing what to say in reply to this outburst. "Under British rule, you know, you don't have whacking big famines, and you're not in danger of being attacked by other States. You're really glad you're under British protection. You've told me so at times, you know."

"Those were other times. Now—"

Koumi Rao paused.

Figgins peered at him and saw the dusky face work wildly.

"Well, what now, Jammy, old chap?" he asked helplessly.

"Now it is war," said the Jam. "A great Power attacks the British Raj by land and air and sea. What if the war shall spread to my native land—if the troops of Hitler's ally, Russia, shall march upon Bombay and Calcutta?"

"The Russians can't fight!" exclaimed Figgins disdainfully. "They're getting it in the neck a bit too thick from the Finns for them ever to be a real threat to India!"

"They tell me—"

"Who tells you?"

The Jam was silent.

"Do you mean to say that some silly ass has been putting all this rot into your head?" exclaimed Figgins excitedly.

"The war rages by land and air and sea," said the Jam. "What if the troops of Bundelpore, instead of embarking for Europe, should attack the British Raj on Indian soil, as they would do if their prince were there to lead them? Is it the place of a prince of Bundelpore to dally here in a school when the freedom of his kingdom might be won with the help of German and Russian allies?"

"Well, my word!" exclaimed Figgins. "Jammy, old man, you'd better get that rot out of your head as fast as you can. Suppose the Nazis and Russians did help you. Do you think they'd give you as much freedom as England has done? How long would they let you keep your little kingdom? Why, they'd simply crush you down once they'd got a footing. Look here, who's been putting all this nonsense into your head?"

"The Prince of Bundelpore does not betray secrets."

HARES AND HOUNDS

"I was right, then!" Figgins exclaimed. "Somebody has been talking all this rot to you, and that's what you've been brooding about and thinking over, you silly young ass!"

"While the stars shine and the rivers flow, Koumi Rao will always be the friend of Figgins, who may say what he pleases. But in Bundelpore it would be death to utter such words."

"But we're not in Bundelpore," said Figgins. "Blessed if I can make you out. Somebody has put that nonsense into your head, and nobody but a Nazi would want to; and there ain't any Nazis about here that I know of. Have you had a letter from some Nazi skunk?"

The Jam did not answer the question.

"The heart of Koumi Rao is torn," he said gloomily. "I have eaten the salt of the sahibs, and— But leave me, my friend, leave me."

"I'm jolly well not going to leave you!" declared Figgins. "You're going to chuck thinking such silly rot. If I didn't know you

IT was a clear, cold afternoon—just the weather for a run across country—and a crowd of fellows from both Houses had joined in the arrangement for a paperchase.

Enormous quantities of paper had been torn up—old newspapers, old impots, all sorts and conditions of things.

A poem on the war which Arthur Augustus had composed, was recklessly sacrificed by his study-mates.

Great scientific calculations made by Skimpole of the Shell, which covered sheets and sheets of paper, were cheerfully reduced to fragments by Gore, who shared Skimpole's study.

From one source or another a good supply was procured—enough to cram two large bags almost to bursting.

Jack Blake and Kerr were selected as the hares to represent both Houses, and after dinner a great crowd of chaps turned out, most of them in their running clothes.

"We're all ready!" remarked Tom Merry. "Where's Figgins? Hasn't he turned out?"

The Jam shook his head, and Fatty shrugged.

"Weady?" asked Arthur Augustus again. "Five minutes start for the hares, deah boys. Go!"

Blake and Kerr—one School House and one New House fellow—started off. The hounds waited five minutes. The Jam looked about him restlessly, but Figgins kept hold of his arm.

"Time!" said Arthur Augustus. "Off you go, deah boys, and I wish you a wippin' wun!"

The pack streamed away towards the gates. Koumi Rao ran with Figgins—he couldn't help it, with Figgy holding his arm. At the gates, however, he strove to stop.

"Leave go my arm, Figgins!" he muttered. "No fear!" exclaimed Figgy. "Buck up—they're leaving us behind!"

"Will you let me go?"

"No. Come on!"

"I will strike you, Figgins—"

"If you punch me, old scout, I'll mop up the road with you, and make you come along all the same," answered Figgins cheerfully.

The Jam clenched his hands, then unclenched them again. With a sullen face he broke into a run, and they rejoined the pack.

The hares laid a pretty trail. Up hill and down dale the hounds followed it.

They threaded their way at last through Rylcombe Wood, the hounds gradually but surely seeming to be catching up on the hares.

As the pack of hounds broke out of the woods, Tom Merry & Co. were in the lead, with Digby and Herries and Kangaroo of the Shell.

Fast after them came Clifton Dane and Bernard Glyn, Lumley-Lumley, Reilly, Keruish, Redfern, Owen, Lawrence, and Fatty Wynn.

Behind, in the wood, other breathless hounds were following on the trail, still hoping to be in at the death.

The long-legged Figgins, generally well to the fore on an occasion like this, was nowhere near the front.

It was seldom that George Figgins was left behind in a run of any kind, but on this occasion he was hopelessly in the rear, and for a few minutes, in fact, did not follow the trail at all.

He was standing under the trees, an exasperated expression on his rugged face, shouting:

"Jammy! Koumi Rao! Jammy!"

But only the echo of Figgins' voice and the distant shouts of the pack answered him.

Figgins glared round at the encircling wood with enraged eyes.

Koumi Rao had dodged him suddenly. On several occasions earlier the Jam had renewed his efforts to get away, but Figgins had kept a grasp upon his arm, and the Indian junior had seemed to resign himself to his fate.

But he had only been "playing possum," and in the thickness of the wood he had suddenly jerked his arm free and disappeared into a particularly dense piece of thicket.

Figgy had darted after him, while the rest of the pack had swept on; but Figgy had looked for the Jam in vain.

"Jammy! Come back, you rotter! Don't be a perishin' cad! I won't go on without you, you know, and they're leaving me behind. Jammy, old chap! Jammy, you outsider!"

Figgins panted with rage. He was pretty sure that the Jam was still within hearing, but that the dusky junior did not choose to answer.

"Oh, the rotter!" groaned Figgins, as the shouts of the pack grew fainter in the distance. "The rank outsider! I shall be the last man home! I'll have nothing more to do with him, the black image! Jammy, old chap! Jam—Jam—Jammy!"

Echo answered "Jammy," and that was all. The Jam was lying low. Searching for him in the thickets proved a hopeless task.

Figgins at last realised that there was nothing doing, and hurried on after the pack. His long legs moved like lightning, and he gradually overtook his comrades.

Soon after he had gone there was a rustle in a thicket near by, and a dusky face looked out. It was the Jam.



Figgins at last realised that searching for the Jam in the thickets was a hopeless task, and ran on. As he did so the Indian boy emerged from his hiding place.

were a good chap, Jammy, only a bit potty, I'd mop up the floor with you! Some disgusting Nazi has been getting at you. Who is it?"

The Jam was silent.

"I don't believe you got that idea into your head all on your own," said Figgy. "Anyway, you're going to drop it, do you hear? Come along!"

"I will not come."

"You're going to take part in the cross-country run."

"Leave me."

"Will you come?" demanded Figgins.

"No."

"You will! I'll jolly well carry you out!" And the sturdy Figgins picked up the slim Indian as if he had been a child, and forthwith carried him out of the study under his arm.

The Jam struggled for a moment, but he was helpless in Figgins' powerful grasp, and the Fourth Former rushed him along the passage and out of New House.

"Looking for Koumi Rao, I suppose," said Kerr.

Kerr and Blake, looking very fit and well in their running-clothes, had their bags of paper slung over their shoulders, all ready for the start.

They stood waiting for Figgins, and a roar of cheering rose when he appeared, carrying the Jam.

That roar made Koumi Rao realise how undignified he must look tucked under Figgy's arm.

"Release me. I will come," he pleaded of Figgy.

"O.K.! Come on, then!"

Figgy lowered the Indian junior to his feet, and, since there was no help for it, Koumi Rao walked across the quadrangle with Figgins towards where the hounds and hares were waiting to start, and were getting decidedly impatient.

"Heah we are, deah boys. Weady?" asked Arthur Augustus.

"Isn't Jammy going to get into his running things?" inquired Fatty Wynn.

He emerged from his hiding-place and started off on the shortest way back to St. Jim's. He did not hurry; the hounds had gone off in the opposite direction, and the Indian youth strolled slowly along.

He was alone with his thoughts again. Or, at any rate, he was alone. His thoughts were miles away—in Bundelpore, in India.

BOLTED

"HERE they come!"

Jack Blake gasped the words. The two hares were coming down the lane at a run, breathing hard. Blake and Kerr were close to home now. Back in the road four of the hounds had loomed up through a hedge, and were running hard in pursuit. The chase was by sight now.

Blake, looking back, recognised Tom Merry and Figgins, Talbot and Harry Noble. Talbot of the Shell and the Cornstalk, having fallen back at one point, had won their way to the front again, but the rest of the pack was nowhere.

"Pile on a bit more speed!" gasped Kerr. The hares ran harder, but they were very nearly spent.

It had been a tremendous run across rough country, and it was no wonder that the pack had tailed off.

Blake looked back again as the grey tower of St. Jim's came in sight over the trees.

Kangaroo had caught his foot on a stone and stumbled; he limped on courageously, but far behind. Tom Merry and Talbot and Figgins came dashing on. Figgins was now in the lead.

"Blessed if I can keep it up!" panted Kerr. "Put your beef into it!" said Blake.

But the pace was slackening, in spite of their efforts. Figgins drew ahead of the rest of the hounds. Tom Merry and Talbot came on well, but the long-legged chief of the New House chaps kept his lead.

Round the gates of St. Jim's had gathered a crowd of the members of the pack who had taken short cuts home. Prominent among them was Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. He waved his eyeglass excitedly at Blake as the panting hares came in sight.

"Buck up, deah boy! Wun like anythin'!" shouted Arthur Augustus. "Tea's weady in the studdy. Make your final effort, deah boy!"

Blake made the effort gallantly. Kerr did his best, but the long-legged Figgins came on as if he had seven-leagued boots.

Tap! Figgins' hand came down on Kerr's shoulder in passing. Kerr slacked down. He was caught.

Figgins grinned and passed on like the wind.

He was only six yards behind Jack Blake now, and both of them were doing their best.

Another dozen yards and Figgins was only six feet behind, but the gates of St. Jim's were within six yards now.

"Buck up, Blake!"

"Pile in, School House!"

"Wun like anythin', deah boy! That chappie is just behind you!"

Blake made a supreme effort and bounded on to the gate.

Arthur Augustus, in his excitement, stepped out of the gateway, waving his eyeglass with one hand, and his hat with the other. Blake bumped into him, of course.

The next moment Figgy's heavy hand was on his shoulder.

"How's that?" panted Figgins.

"Well caught!" shouted Redfern.

"The pack wins!" said Tom Merry, coming up breathlessly.

"Bai Jove! Weally, Blake, anothah foot would have done it!"

"You—you—your image!" gasped Blake, glaring at his noble chum. "You frabjous aah, what did you get in the way for?"

"Weally, Blake—"

"If you hadn't bumped in the way, I should have done it!"

"But you didn't do it!" chuckled Figgins.

"My hat! I'm fagged."

And Figgins tramped on into the quadrangle in great satisfaction.

Blake, with what little breath he had left,

told Arthur Augustus what he thought of him as they crossed the quadrangle.

Arthur Augustus listened with great patience. He could make allowances for a chap who had been caught at the last moment.

Then Blake went to the dormitory for a much-needed rub-down and a change. The stragglers of the pack came in one by one, tired and muddy.

In Study No. 6 Arthur Augustus had a big fire going, and the table laid with a festive spread. The hungry chaps gathered there with great satisfaction, Figgins and Kerr joining the School House chums. Fatty Wynn had not come in yet.

They piled in to the tea with great good humour.

"What did you do with Jammy, Figgins?" asked Herries presently.

"He broke away from me in the woods," replied Figgins ruefully. "Goodness only knows where he is now!"

"He came back to school half an hour ago," declared Kerr. "I guessed then he had given you the slip somehow or other."

Figgy looked surprised at the news that Koumi Rao had already returned to the school.

He had feared that the Indian lad had broken away from him so that he could keep

an appointment with whoever was filling him with ideas of using Britain's preoccupation in a war with Hitler to try to win back complete independence for Bundelpore.

Figgins hesitated. He had vowed in the woods that he would have nothing more to do with Koumi Rao; but, nevertheless, his inclinations at that moment were to go and rout out the Indian fellow.

Fatty Wynn had come into the study a few seconds earlier. He had heard the conversation between Herries, Figgins, and Kerr, but now he stood just inside the study door with his eyes glued upon the tea-table—as if struck spellbound with delight.

Figgins gave him a chair, and the fat Fourth Former dropped into it, with a grunt.

He did not speak for some ten minutes. His jaws were too busy for conversation.

Then he remarked, with his mouth full:

"I've got something to tell you, Figgy. Pass the cake, Blake, old man. This is a jolly good cake! Koumi Rao's gone out again."

Figgins grasped his fat chum by the shoulders and whirled him away from the table. Fatty Wynn grabbed biscuits in both hands as he went. Figgins jammed him against the wall of the study.

"Where's Koumi Rao gone?" he demanded.

DERICKSON DENE

SYNOPSIS.

Derickson Dene, inventor, is marooned on an unknown planet. With him is his mechanic, Rolf.

The people of a rebel city have captured Dene's rocket-flying-boat, but with the help of some fugitives with whom they have made friends, Dene and Rolf get into the drome where the flying-boat is kept.

Dene disconnects some vital parts from the flying-boat; he needs them to make a rocket-submarine. He has just finished his task when rebel guards appear on the scene and, aiming their rifles at him, pursue him along the top of the flying-boat.



(Continued on next page)

"Tell me before you take another mouthful, you porpoise!"

The other chaps looked at Figgy in amazement. They, of course, could not know what was in Figgy's mind—that Koumi Rao had gone at last to meet the Nazi spy who was poisoning his mind against England.

How could they know? Figgy had told no one what Koumi Rao had confessed to him.

"I say, Figgy, I'm hungry!"

"Tell me, you fat duffer!"

"Wait till I've finished these biscuits, then."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fatty Wynn finished the biscuits at a great rate, and cast a longing glance towards the table. But Figgins was in the way.

"Not another bite until you've told me, you fathead!"

"Oh, all right! I don't know!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Figgy looked at him in exasperation. But one glance was sufficient to tell him that Fatty had spoken the truth—he did not know where Koumi Rao had gone.

But someone else in the school must know. If the Indian lad had left the school grounds, someone would have seen him go.

A sudden fear of what Koumi Rao might do made Figgins suddenly decide to tell his chums of the Indian junior's confession to him.

While they watched him in surprise, he crossed to the study door and closed it, then stood in front of it, facing them.

"Listen, chaps!" he said.

Then he told them—told them of Jammy's confession, and what he feared Jammy might be doing now—going to meet a cunning enemy schemer.

"He'll probably be persuaded into doing something foolish," Figgins ended. "Run away from school, and let them smuggle him back to India, via Holland and Germany, there to lead the soldiers of Bundelpore against England."

There were murmurs of anger as well as surprise.

"It sounds as if Jammy's a rotten traitor," went on Figgins, "but he's not really. We all know that at heart he's a good sort, and if we went after him—"

"Hear, hear!" said Tom Merry. "Figgy's right. Jammy's a good sort, and I for one will do my best to help Figgy find him, and stop him doing anything foolish. Anyone else with us?"

"Yes. I—"

"I—"

"Me, too! Wathab, you know!"

"Count me in as well!"

In a few seconds there was a general exodus from the study. Only Fatty Wynn

was left behind for an instant, while he stuffed a few cakes into his pockets.

In the school grounds news was soon picked up about Koumi Rao. He had been seen passing through the school gates, and he had turned in the direction of Wayland.

"Then we know what to do," said Tom Merry. "Get our bikes out, and we'll scoot over to Wayland. Koumi Rao set off on foot, so we might be able to get there before him. We can watch out for him to enter Wayland and stop him."

"Better still, follow him to where he goes," said Blake. "Then we can tackle the rotter who's been pumping Nazi propaganda lies into him."

"Hear, hear!"

"Good idea!"

"Locking up soon," remarked Herries.

"Have to risk that."

No more was said. Although they were pretty well tired out with the hard run of the afternoon, the chaps did not think of hesitating.

The dusky junior was to be saved from his own folly, and the Nazi schemer was to be exposed.

They hurried along to the cycle-shed, and wheeled out their machines. In a few minutes the whole party were mounted, and riding for Wayland.

"Supposing he's not gone to Wayland, but has turned off on the way in some other direction? We may miss him if we go by road, and he cuts across country—as he will, having gone on foot," said Herries.

"We must chance that," declared Tom Merry.

But Blake's suggestion that they might arrive at Wayland before the Jam was well founded.

It was a long walk to Wayland; but on bicycles the juniors covered the ground, of course, in a sixth part of the time.

They were all good riders, and they did not spare themselves.

In the falling winter dusk they pedalled away as if their lives depended upon it. While the Jam was probably tramping by one of the footpaths, they had to go round a little longer way by the road, but the machines fairly flew.

They kept their eyes open for signs of the Indian lad on the way; but the chums of St. Jim's had never done the distance in so short a time before. As for locking up at school, that, as it could not be helped, had to be chanced.

In a red-faced, hard-breathing bunch the cyclists came swooping into the High Street of Wayland. Dusk was falling thickly on the old market town as they stopped a short distance down the road.

Figgins took charge now.

"There's only two ways of getting into Wayland from the direction of St. Jim's," he said. "By the towpath, or by the footpath that joins the road just outside the town. Let's divide up into two parties, and watch both ways."

Blake and Herries, and Digby and Manners, and Arthur Augustus returned up the street towards the road from St. Jim's.

Figgins & Co. and Tom Merry, and Monty Lowther and Talbot went along to the towing-path.

They hadn't long to wait, but it seemed like ages as they wondered whether Koumi Rao had set out for Wayland, after all.

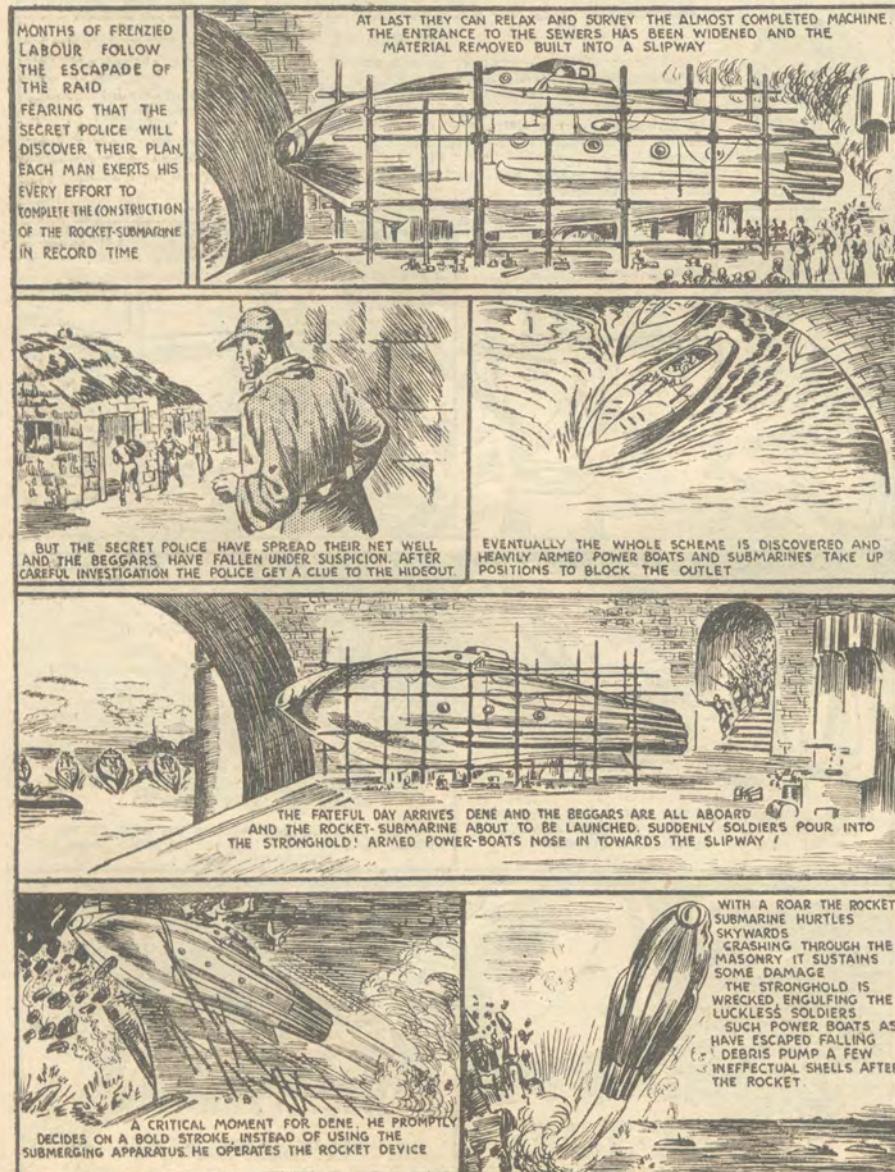
It suddenly seemed far more probable to them that the Nazi schemer would have arranged a meeting in some more lonely place than a town—one of the many deserted huts on the moor, perhaps.

But suddenly there was a step on the towing-path—a figure flitted in the darkness for a moment, and a gate leading to a garden that backed on the towing-path creaked.

Figgins, who was nearest to the spot, ran forward.

In the darkness he caught sight of a moving shadow in the garden. He knew that it was the figure of a boy, but it vanished in the shrubberies.

Figgins was about to call out "Jammy!" but checked himself. Instead, he stepped



(Continued opposite)

back quietly to the others, and drew them together with a whisper.

"He's come," he muttered.

"Where is he?"

"Gone into a garden just along there. Let's go after him. Come on."

Figgins led the way.

They passed quietly into a long garden, and Figgins led the way up to the house. The windows at the back of the building were all in darkness.

Where was the Jam?

Suddenly from the darkness a light gleamed—the lights had been switched on in a back room.

The french windows were open, and in the light the fellows saw clearly two figures in the room—Koumi Rao of the Fourth Form of St. Jim's, and the fat, stumpy figure of a foreign-looking man.

"It is good!" said the man facing Koumi Rao. "You have come—your Highness has decided?"

He spoke with a foreign accent, and there was a smile of satisfaction on his face.

The words were quite audible to the chaps in the garden.

They wanted to rush forward, but they held themselves in check. They were anxious to hear Koumi Rao's reply, for upon his answer to the man they were sure was a Nazi depended whether the Jam of Bundelpore was a traitor or whether he was true.

Figgins almost trembled as he waited.

"Yes, I have decided," they heard Koumi Rao say.

"Good!" The Nazi rubbed his hands. "You will go? You will leave that English school, and in Bundelpore?"

"I have decided!" repeated the Jam. "That is what I have come to tell you. I cannot betray those whose bread I have eaten. I have a friend who trusts me, and I cannot break faith with him. That is what I have to tell you."

The Nazi's face became convulsed with rage and disappointment.

In the dark garden, Figgins drew a deep breath of relief.

TO THE RESCUE

IT was only for a moment or two that the Nazi's fat face betrayed the fury in his heart. Then he calmed himself with an effort.

"Listen to me," he said in a silky voice. "You have not decided wisely—you will think again, your Highness."

"I have thought enough. I was mad to listen to you even for one moment—mad!" said the Jam in a husky voice. "Figgins despises me for having listened to you, but he shall never despise me as a traitor. That is my answer to you!"

"You have come here to tell me this?" muttered the German, grinding his teeth as he read the inflexible determination in the dusky face before him.

"Yes; that is all."

"That is not all!"

The Jam, who had made a movement to go, found that the stout form of the Nazi barred his way.

"One moment," said the spy softly. "I have tried, as I was ordered, to persuade you. But do you think that there was no second plan, if the first should fail? Fool! If persuasion failed to move you, the orders were to send you to Germany by any means that offered. To kidnap you. And, fool that you are, by coming here now you have placed yourself in my hands. You will not leave so easily. Once in Berlin, my prince, you will listen to reason or you will never again see the light of day!"

The Jam laughed contemptuously.

"Send me to Germany? Oh, you are mad! How will you do it?"

"I shall keep you here, your Highness—bound in a cellar," said the Nazi coolly. "You will be sent away, drugged, and packed in a box. That box will be shipped to Holland, and then to Berlin. You will not even recover your senses till the box is opened in the Kaiserplatz. There you will

hear reason and obey. If you should not, then you will disappear, and our agents in the East will let it be known to the people of Bundelpore that the British have made away with you."

And the Nazi laughed softly again.

The dusky junior stared at him.

"And you," he said, "are the supposed friend I have listened to—whom I have allowed to flatter and to influence me. That is the friendship of the Nazi leader that has been promised me. Yes, I have been mad—blind! But I do not fear you. Stand aside!"

The Jam sprang forward, but in a moment the Nazi's grasp was upon him and he was borne to the floor.

There was a grinding of feet outside, and Figgins came in with a bound. But for the presence of the St. Jim's chaps, matters would have gone hard with the Jam of Bundelpore. He was no match for the Nazi.

As it was, the struggle was interrupted almost as soon as it was started. Figgins seized the spy by the collar and dragged him away from the Jam. He went spinning into the arms of Tom Merry & Co., who promptly collared him.

Down went the Nazi upon the floor with a terrific bump, and Fatty Wynn sat on his chest and pinned him there.

Koumi Rao sprang to his feet, panting.

"Figgins!"

