

COMET

A HAPPY FAMILY COMIC 2nd



Old Scamp's the sort of happy tyke
That any of you kids would like.



But Scamp's young master was in bed,
With 'flu and nasty cold in head.



Mum brought him food, upon a tray,
To help him drive his cold away.



I WONDER WHAT SCAMP DASHED OUT FOR? I'LL GO AND SEE.



SNUFF!
SNUFF!

At once up shot old Scamp's right ear,
Which meant he'd got a good idea!



The pepper part of Scamp's wheeze
Was just to make him sneeze and sneeze!



Mum saw him, and she quickly thought,
That he his master's cold had caught!



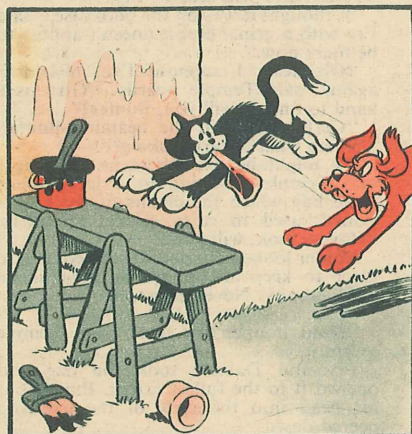
IT'S ONLY A SPRING COLD HE'S GOT. HE'LL SOON BE WELL.

Soon in his kennel, well tucked up,
And with posh grub, lay our sly pup!



SCAMP.

But peacefulness just didn't last,
For Pip the puss came strolling past!



For one short moment Pip did stop,
And took Scamp's Sunday-best pork chop!

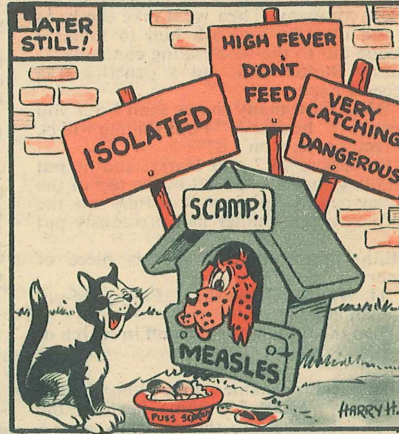


As pussy dashed away, full tilt,
A pot of blackish paint got spilt!

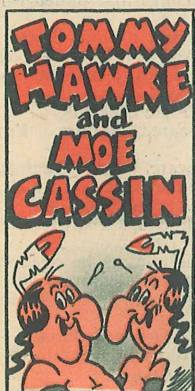


WORSE THAN I THOUGHT!
I'LL 'PHONE THE VET!

Now Mum thought Scamp was really ill—
With measles—not a simple chill!



You have to starve a fever out—
That's what made pussy laugh, no doubt!



FIVE DOLLARS FOR OLD TOTEM-POLE? WOW! YOU COME WITH US!



GEE—GUESS I'LL HAVE THEM UGLY ONE AT THE END—THE CROWS'LL DIE OF FRIGHT WHEN THEY SEE IT!



I THINK WE SCRAM!

THE MONEY-BOX

BILLY BUNTER unwrapped the parcel that the postman had delivered and gazed at the contents in satisfaction.

"Perhaps this will encourage the beasts to buy shares in the company," he muttered. "Though why anyone can't trust me is beyond my understanding!"

The parcel had contained a wooden box, strongly bound by iron bands. Bunter had had it made specially for him—promising to pay the carpenter in the village when he had delivered the order. The carpenter obviously had not known Bunter!

This was Bunter's latest attempt to prise money from the rest of the fellows at Greyfriars School. Billy had hit on the idea of forming a company, and all he wanted was one hundred fellows to subscribe a shilling each. With this money, Billy was going to order a huge load of eatables from a wholesale merchant—thereby getting a large reduction in price. Billy had assured everyone that the scheme was perfectly sound as he had an uncle in the wholesale business, who would be only too pleased to oblige.

The rest of the Remove had thought the scheme was a good one—they were always interested in getting their tuck cheaper—but what had put them off the idea was Bunter being the managing director of the company, and therefore in charge of the funds. The Greyfriars fellows *did* know Bunter!

Billy Bunter rolled out of his study with the box in his hand, and went in search of Harry Wharton. He found the captain of the Remove down by the football pitch.

"Hallo!" said Harry, as he caught sight of Bunter. "What have you got there?"

"It's a box to hold the funds of the company," Bunter said loftily. "It's not wise to trust too many people these days, so I've had a burglar-proof money-box made."

He held the box out for Wharton's inspection, and the captain saw that the only opening in the box was the slit where the money dropped through. The box rattled when it was moved.

"Is it a shilling in there?" asked Wharton. "Sounds like a nail or a key to me!"

"Oh, really, Wharton. Do you think I'm the type of chap to put a key in a money-box that can't be opened. Of course not, it happens to be the shilling I put in as the first shareholder of the company. Now, how about your bob?" Bunter finished hopefully.

"If you put money into it, you can't get it out again," Harry remarked dubiously.

"No," replied Bunter. "But when the five pounds has been subscribed the box will be broken open in the presence of the whole company. Then we'll take the bobs to old Quelch and ask him to make a cheque out to the wholesaling company."

Billy Bunter took out a pencil and a piece of paper.

"Now, how many shares shall I put you down for?" he asked. "Your shilling will be perfectly safe, won't it?"

"I suppose so," said Harry, and he put a shilling through the slit in the top of the money-box. It clinked cheerfully on the halfpenny that Bunter had previously put in.

Billy Bunter entered on his piece of paper:

"H. Wharton. One share. Fully paid-up. One shilling."

Then the fat junior rolled off in search of fresh subscribers.

THE unopenable money-box, and Harry Wharton's name heading the list of subscribers to the company, had a great effect. Now that their money seemed safe, shares were freely bought up by the juniors of the Remove.

The money-box grew quite heavy and the list of shareholders became very impressive. When everyone in the Remove had subscribed the juniors waited for some action from Bunter. But none came.

Two more days went by without Bunter mentioning anything about the supply of grub, and the chums of Study No. 1 decided to call on the managing director.

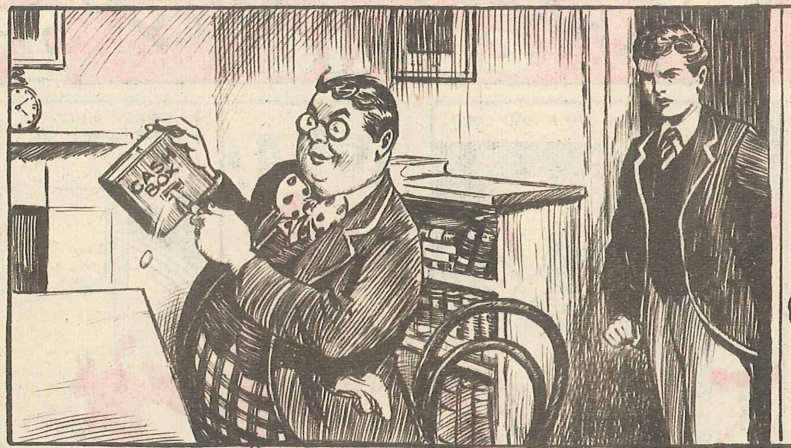
They were approaching Bunter's study when they heard: Clink! Clink!

"What on earth's that?" asked Frank Nugent. "Sounds like a miser counting his gold!"

Frank Wharton looked puzzled. Clink! Clink! Clink! The noise came again.

"It can't be Bunter counting up the funds of the company," remarked Harry Wharton. "It's all in the unopenable money-box and he can't get at it."

BILLY BUNTER LIMITED



Billy Bunter was trying to steal the funds of the company!

"It's certainly coming from in here," said Frank as he grasped the doorknob of Bunter's study. "Fatty's postal order must have arrived at last!"

He threw open the door of the study. He made some noise in doing so, but the fat junior in the study was too busy to notice it.

Billy Bunter was at the table. He had the wooden money-box in one hand and a flat tableknife in the other. He was inserting the blade of the knife into the slit in the money-box and then turning the box over.

Whenever he did so the coins inside rolled, clinking, to and fro. When a coin fell upon the blade of the knife Billy Bunter tried to make it slide along the blade, out of the slit.

Bunter was trying to steal the funds of the company!

Wharton strode forward and grasped Bunter by the shoulder. The fat junior gave a startled yell and dropped the money-box with a resounding crash upon the table.

"What were you doing with that box?" Wharton demanded angrily.

"I-I-I was trying an experiment," stammered Bunter.

"You were trying to get the money out, you fat fraud," roared Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent! I hope you don't think that I would touch the funds of the company?" replied Bunter, now fully recovered.

"We jolly well do think so!" said Wharton wrathfully.

"Look here, Wharton, I-I was trying an experiment. Young Smith minor told me that money could be got out of an unopenable money-box this way, and—and I told

him it couldn't. I was just trying to see if it could be done, as—as if the money isn't safe, I want to get another one."

"Oh, don't tell lies," said Harry. "This kind of thing will land you in prison some day!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! I don't think you should speak to me like that, just because I wanted to make sure that the money is safe," said Billy Bunter loftily. "And anyway, I'm expecting a postal order tomorrow and any money I might borrow from the company would be repaid then, without anyone knowing!"

"You young scoundrel!" roared Wharton. "Don't you know how serious it is to do a thing like that?"

"You chaps have no sense of business!" snapped Bunter. "Here, where are you taking that money-box?"

Wharton had scooped up the money-box and was now marching for the door.

"It'll be far safer in Study No. 1," he said over his shoulder.

"As managing director of the company—I will not allow—!" The door slammed as Frank Nugent followed the captain of the Remove.

IS the company working yet, Mr. Managing Director?"

Billy Bunter blinked at the group of juniors who asked the question together. It was a day or two later, and the juniors had begun to get very restive.

"Not yet," said Bunter. He took out his notebook and squinted at the pages. "We've only sold seventy shares so far—and that makes only three pounds ten."

"Well, we think it's about time the company started," said Lacy.

"The company starts with a capital of

five pounds," declared Bunter firmly. "It wouldn't be worth while to start with less."

"That means thirty more shares," said Ogilvy. "Everybody in the Remove has had as many as they can afford, so where are the other thirty shareholders?"

"You fellows can canvass for them," said Bunter casually. "The Upper Fourth might be persuaded to come in on the scheme."

"What a blessed cheek," Elliot put in wrathfully. "It's your business—not ours! If there's no grub by tomorrow, I want my money back!"

"So do I!" came the chorus from the rest of the juniors.

"You'd better have the grub tomorrow afternoon, or you'll get bumped!" exclaimed Morgan.

Billy Bunter rolled off in great distress. "Blighters!" he muttered. "I suppose I shall have to see the Upper Fourth chaps myself!" And he rolled in the direction of Temple's study.

Temple was talking cricket with Dabney and Fry when Bunter tapped and walked in on them.

"What do you want, porpoise?" Temple barked at the fat junior.

"As you may know," said Bunter importantly, "I am the managing director of a company that supplies tuck at cheap rates."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" roared the Upper Fourth Formers.

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at!" snapped Bunter irritably. "Anyway, I'm looking for some new shareholders, and I'm prepared to make you a very special offer. I'm going to let you have six shares for the price of five!"

"That's a jolly good offer," said Temple seriously.

"Ripping!" said Fry. "I've a good mind to have thirty bobs-worth of shares," continued Temple.

Billy Bunter's eyes gleamed. This was the sort of chap he liked to deal with!

"I say, Bunter, will you take a cheque?" Temple asked.

"A cheque?"

"Yes! You see, I don't keep large sums of ready money in the study."

"Well, I suppose it would be all right," consented Bunter.

"Thanks," replied Temple. "Oh, Dabney, have you seen my cheque book?"

Dabney looked puzzled for a second. He knew very well that Temple did not possess such a thing as a cheque book. A large wink from Temple made him realise that Bunter was being "rotted".

"Well, I have seen it around somewhere," said Dabney, "but I can't think where. Have you seen it, Fry?"

"I thought it was on the bookcase," said Fry with a grin. "But it doesn't appear to be there now."

"Oh dear, I suppose I've mislaid it again," said Temple wearily. "Give us a hand to find it, will you, Bunter?"

"Certainly," said the beaming Bunter. "Where shall I start looking?"

"It might be over there in that bag," said Temple, pointing to a large green baize bag which the chums of the Upper Fourth used to carry cricket things in.

"Have a look, will you?"

Bunter looked puzzled. It seemed an odd place to keep an important thing like a cheque book. Nevertheless, he peered into the bag.

"Hold it open for him," said Temple severely.

Fry and Dabney took the bag and opened it to the fullest extent. Bunter put his head into the neck of the bag and peered down.

Temple made a quick sign and Fry and Dabney whipped the bag over Bunter's head, pulling it as far as it would go, then tightened the draw-strings that pulled the neck of the bag together.

The bag closed tightly around Bunter, his head and shoulders being in the bag and his arms pinned down to his sides by the tightening of the cord.

"Knot it!" said Temple cheerfully.

"Lemme out!" roared Bunter. "I'm suffocating!"

"You won't suffocate," said Temple. "There are holes in the bag, you know. Have you found that cheque book yet?"

The Upper Fourth chaps roared with laughter.

"Outside!" said Temple, as he opened the door. "And let this be a lesson to you, Bunter. Coming here with your rotten Remove wheezes!"

"Yow! Lemme out!" groaned Bunter. Dabney and Fry pushed Bunter into the

(Continued on page 7)

SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL!

FROM NEXT WEEK ONWARD
THE COMET WILL APPEAR WEEKLY!
WE SHALL CELEBRATE!

TO MARK THIS GREAT OCCASION EVERY COPY
OF NEXT WEEK'S COMET WILL CONTAIN
A GRAND PICTURE SUPPLEMENT
CONTAINED IN FOUR EXTRA PAGES
AND MORE PICTURE STAMPS
FOR YOU TO COLLECT

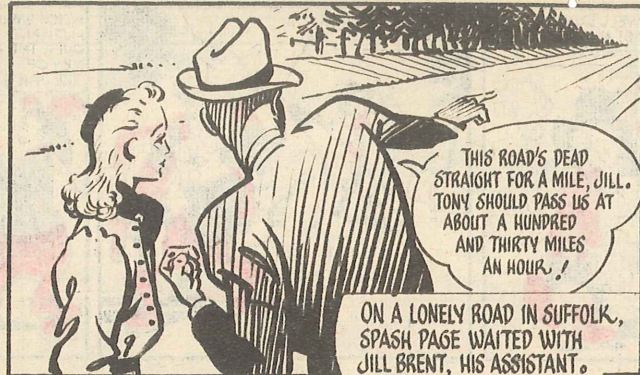
This time they will be pictures of a Wild West Rodeo—depicted in 24 thrill-packed picture-stamps.

SO ORDER COMET WEEKLY
beginning with our special issue dated May 20th and on
sale EVERY THURSDAY

NOTE: The SUN will be weekly, too.

SPLASH PAGE-REPORTER AND THE GREY ROCKET.

Splash Page, ace reporter of the 'Daily World', was on an interesting assignment. His friend, Tony Marsh, was doing a speed test on his new motor-cycle, 'The Grey Rocket', with which he hoped to win the famous T.T. races in the Isle of Man.



THIS ROAD'S DEAD STRAIGHT FOR A MILE, JILL. TONY SHOULD PASS US AT ABOUT A HUNDRED AND THIRTY MILES AN HOUR.

ON A LONELY ROAD IN SUFFOLK, SPLASH PAGE WAITED WITH JILL BRENT, HIS ASSISTANT.



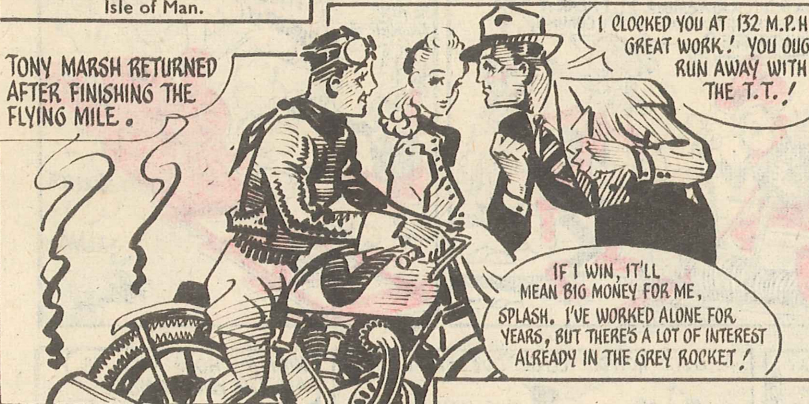
FAR DOWN THE ROAD, TONY WAS GAINING SPEED ON THE ROARING GREY ROCKET.



WHAT A BIKE! LISTEN TO THAT EXHAUST, JILL!

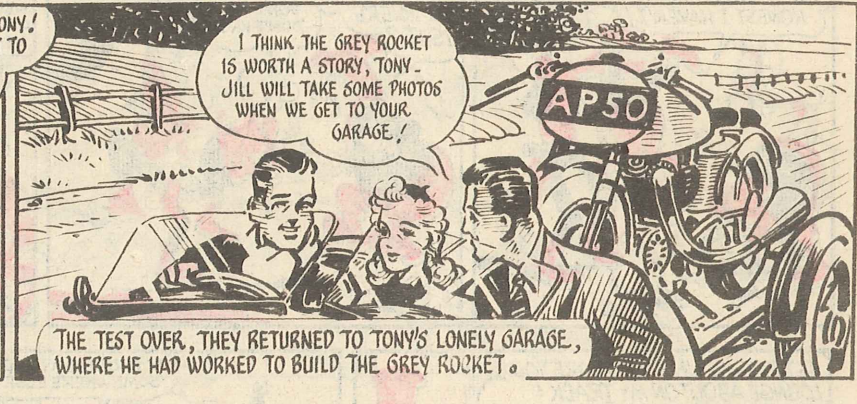
TONY'S GOT SOMETHING THERE!

TONY MARSH RETURNED AFTER FINISHING THE FLYING MILE.



I CLOCKED YOU AT 132 M.P.H., TONY! GREAT WORK! YOU OUGHT TO RUN AWAY WITH THE T.T.!

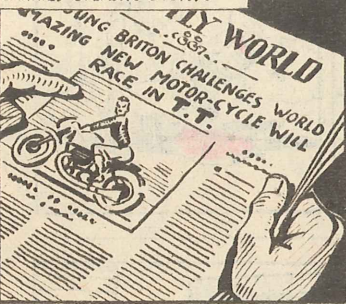
IF I WIN, IT'LL MEAN BIG MONEY FOR ME, SPLASH. I'VE WORKED ALONE FOR YEARS, BUT THERE'S A LOT OF INTEREST ALREADY IN THE GREY ROCKET!



I THINK THE GREY ROCKET IS WORTH A STORY, TONY - JILL WILL TAKE SOME PHOTOS WHEN WE GET TO YOUR GARAGE!

THE TEST OVER, THEY RETURNED TO TONY'S LONELY GARAGE, WHERE HE HAD WORKED TO BUILD THE GREY ROCKET.

NEXT MORNING, THE 'DAILY WORLD' CARRIED SPLASH'S STORY.



BUT ALTHOUGH ALL BRITAIN WISHED TONY MARSH LUCK, THERE WERE OTHERS SET ON DEFEATING HIM.

THE GREY ROCKET MUST NOT RACE IN THE T.T., JORDAN!

LOU MILLAN WAS A BIG-SCALE MOTOR-CYCLE MANUFACTURER.



IF THE GREY ROCKET WINS, EVERYBODY WILL WANT GREY ROCKETS - AND I SHALL BE RUINED. YOU MUST STOP HIM!

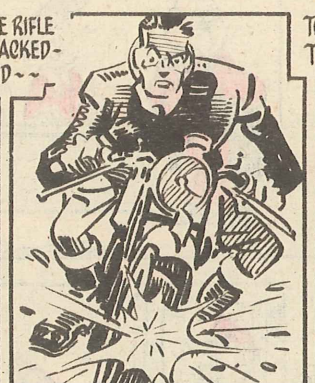


O.K., MILLAN! LEAVE IT TO ME! TONY MARSH WON'T RACE IN THE T.T.!

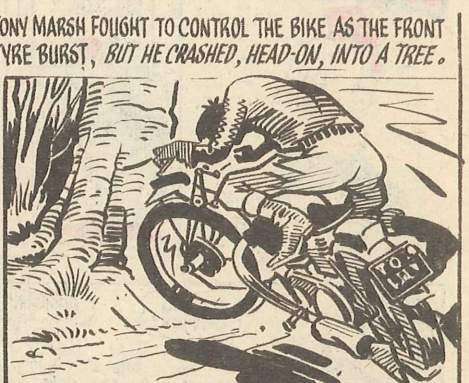


O.K., LEFTY, LET HIM HAVE IT. I DON'T CARE WHERE YOU HIT HIM - BUT YOU'VE GOT TO FINISH HIM!

NEXT DAY, AS TONY MARSH WAS RETURNING TO HIS GARAGE, ON AN OLD MACHINE, AFTER COLLECTING SPARES AT THE NEARBY TOWN -



THE RIFLE CRACKED - AND -



TONY MARSH FOUGHT TO CONTROL THE BIKE AS THE FRONT TYRE BURST, BUT HE CRASHED, HEAD-ON, INTO A TREE.



HALF-AN-HOUR LATER, A PATROLLING POLICEMAN FOUND TONY

GOING TOO FAST - LOST CONTROL, I SUPPOSE. LOOKS LIKE A HOSPITAL JOB!



SPLASH PAGE, AS TONY'S CLOSEST FRIEND, RACED TO THE HOSPITAL!

I'M PROPERLY CROCKED, SPLASH! NEVER BE ABLE TO RIDE IN THE T.T. NOW. FUNNY - I'M SURE I HEARD A RIFLE SHOT JUST BEFORE MY TYRE BURST!



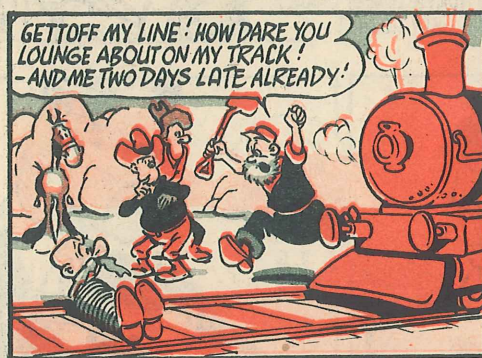
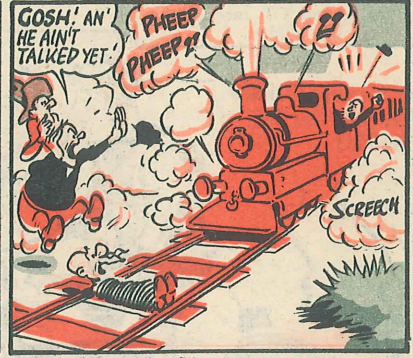
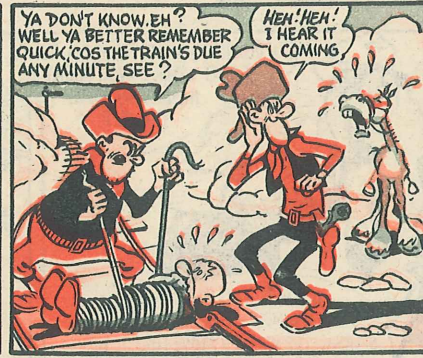
DON'T WORRY, TONY. I'VE RIDDEN A BIT MYSELF. SAY THE WORD AND I'LL RIDE THE GREY ROCKET IN THE T.T. FOR YOU!

SPLASH PAGE HAS TAKEN ON A TOUGH JOB! DON'T MISS THE THRILLS IN THE NEXT "COMET"

HAVE YOU SEEN "COWBOY COMICS" - 64 PICTURE-PACKED PAGES - PRICE 7d.? NOW ON SALE - 2 ISSUES EVERY MONTH

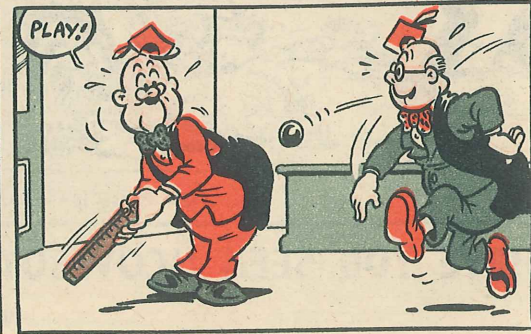
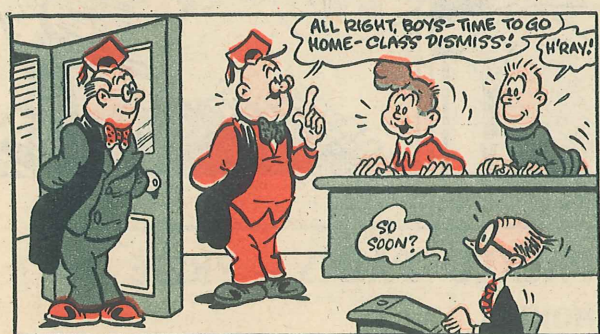
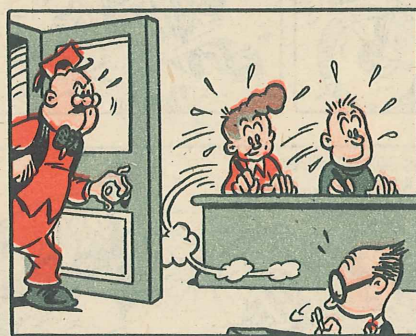
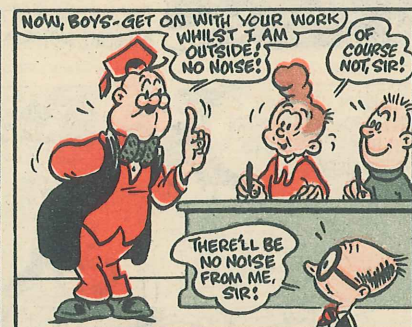
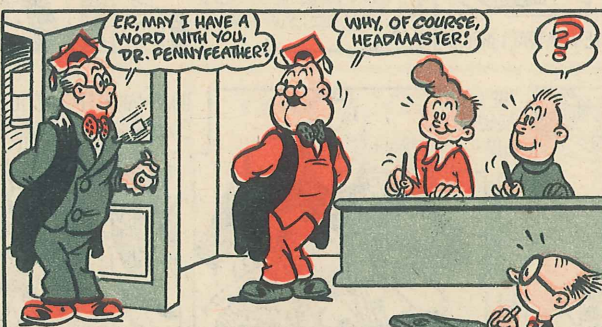
SHORTY

THE DEPUTY SHERIFF



DR. PENNYFEATHER

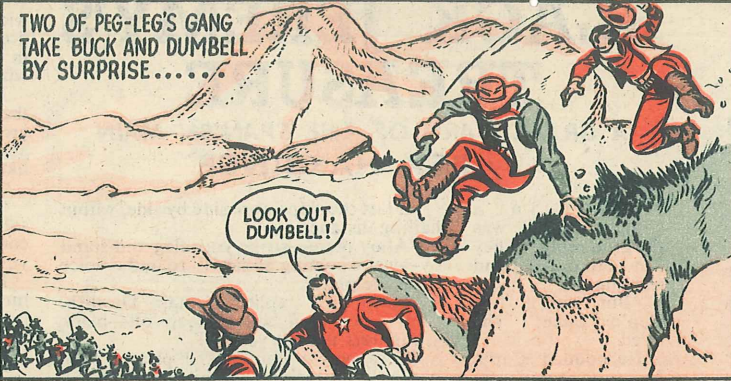
by Denis Gifford



Buck Jones

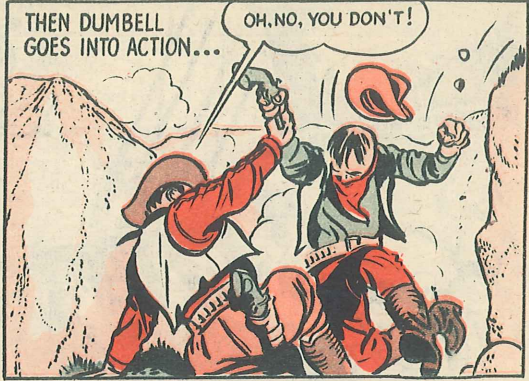
in the
SECRET of IRID CANYON

PEG-LEG, THE OUTLAW, AND HIS GANG, HAVE KIDNAPPED ALL THE MEN OF ALKALI CITY AND ARE TAKING THEM TO THE RED CANYON TO WORK AS SLAVES IN THE GOLD DIGGINGS THERE. BUCK JONES AND HIS DEPUTY, DUMBELL, ARE ON THEIR TRAIL, BUT



TWO OF PEG-LEG'S GANG TAKE BUCK AND DUMBELL BY SURPRISE.....

LOOK OUT, DUMBELL!

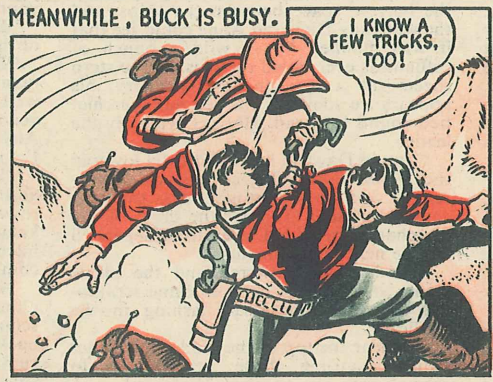


THEN DUMBELL GOES INTO ACTION...

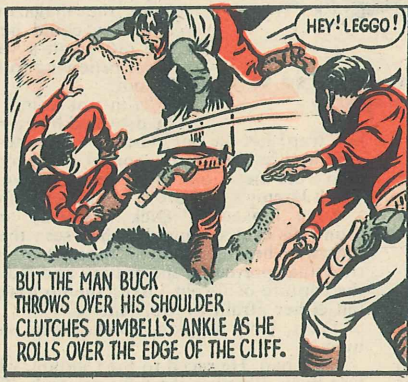
OH, NO, YOU DON'T!



FOR TWO PINS I'D THROW YOU DOWN TO JOIN YOUR PALS BELOW!



I KNOW A FEW TRICKS, TOO!



HEY! LEGGO!

BUT THE MAN BUCK THROWS OVER HIS SHOULDER CLUTCHES DUMBELL'S ANKLE AS HE ROLLS OVER THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF.



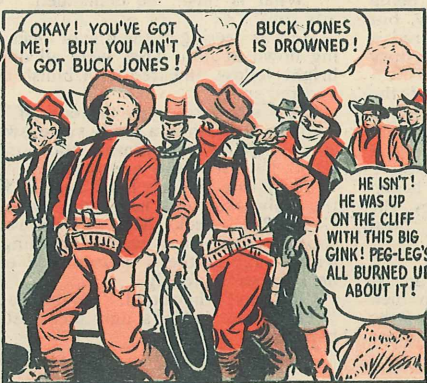
HECK! OF ALL THE BAD LUCK! THEY'VE DRAGGED DUMBELL WITH THEM!

LUCKILY A HEAP OF SAND AT THE FOOT OF THE CLIFF BREAKS DUMBELL'S FALL BUT THE SLAVERS CAPTURE HIM.



HEY, GIVE A FELLER A CHANCE! I CAN'T FIGHT WHILE I'M DIZZY!

YOU'RE GOIN' TO WORK-- NOT FIGHT. PUT HIM WITH THE OTHER SUCKERS.



OKAY! YOU'VE GOT ME! BUT YOU AIN'T GOT BUCK JONES!

BUCK JONES IS DROWNED!

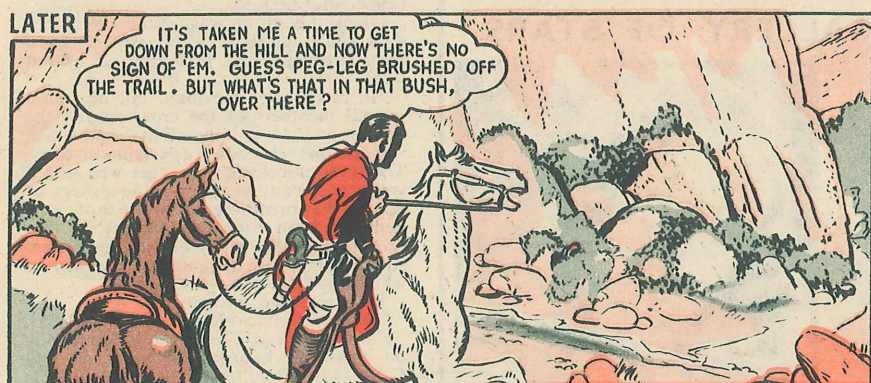
HE ISN'T! HE WAS UP ON THE CLIFF WITH THIS BIG GINK! PEG-LEG'S ALL BURNED UP ABOUT IT!



YOU CAN'T SHOVE ME AROUND! LAY OFF WILL YOU!

GET MOVING, BONEHEAD, OR YOU'LL TASTE THE WHIP!

MAKE THAT BIG PALOOKA HUSTLE. SOME OF YOU BRUSH OFF OUR TRAIL. WE DON'T WANT BUCK JONES FINDING THE ENTRANCE TO THE CANYON.

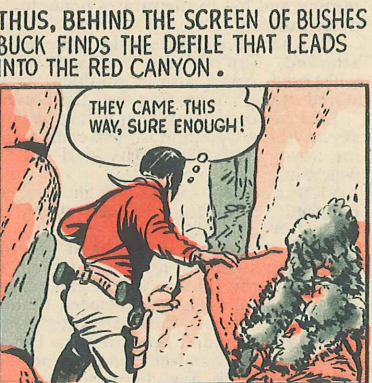


LATER

IT'S TAKEN ME A TIME TO GET DOWN FROM THE HILL AND NOW THERE'S NO SIGN OF 'EM. GUESS PEG-LEG BRUSHED OFF THE TRAIL. BUT WHAT'S THAT IN THAT BUSH, OVER THERE?

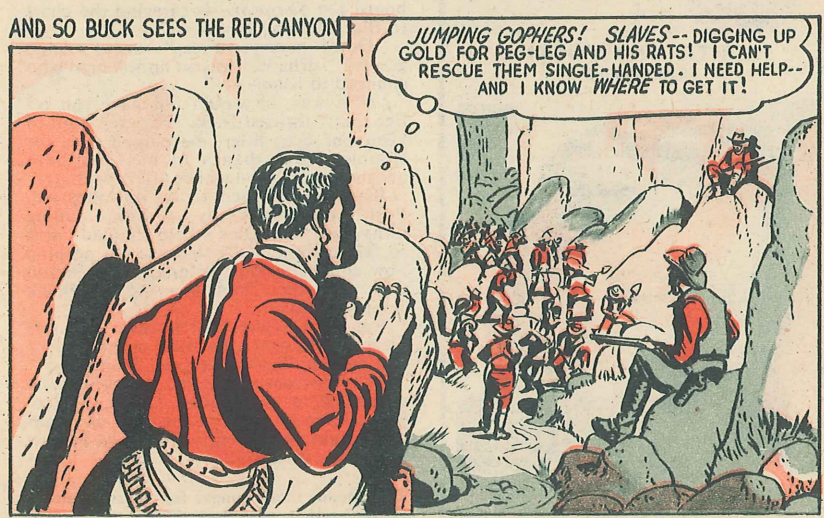


LOOKS LIKE THEY WENT THIS WAY. MAYBE DUMBELL IS PLUMB CLEVER AND DROPPED HIS HAT TO GUIDE ME. MAYBE HE AIN'T. BUT I'LL TAKE A LOOK-SEE!



THUS, BEHIND THE SCREEN OF BUSHES BUCK FINDS THE DEFILE THAT LEADS INTO THE RED CANYON.

THEY CAME THIS WAY, SURE ENOUGH!



AND SO BUCK SEES THE RED CANYON

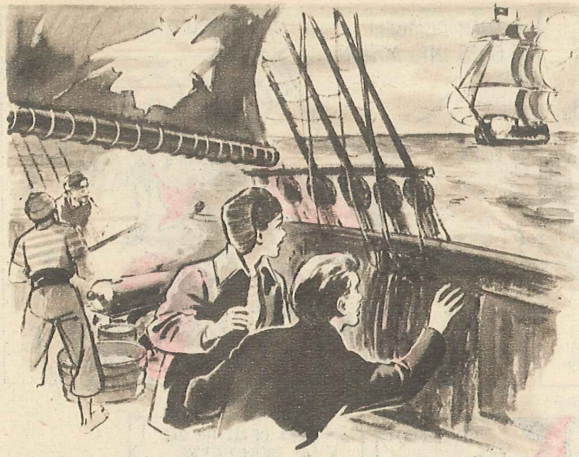
JUMPING GOPHERS! SLAVES-- DIGGING UP GOLD FOR PEG-LEG AND HIS RATS! I CAN'T RESCUE THEM SINGLE-HANDED. I NEED HELP-- AND I KNOW WHERE TO GET IT!



AND LATER, IN ALKALI CITY...

I FOUND 'EM LADIES, BUT IT'LL TAKE A BIG POSSE TO GET 'EM OUT. THERE AIN'T ANY MEN. ARE YOU GAME TO TAKE THE JOB ON?

WE CAN RIDE AND WE CAN SHOOT! LEAD US TO 'EM, BUCK!



BLACK JEREMY'S TREASURE

A GRAND YARN OF THE SPANISH MAIN

By REX HARDINGE

As the guns boomed the pirate flag fluttered to the masthead of the approaching ship

THE GREAT SCARE!

SAIL HO!" There was great excitement on the good ship *Devon Rose* when the look-out's cry rang out, for she was in the waters of the Spanish Main, where any sail seen might be a pirate.

Captain Dawlish climbed into the rigging to get a better view and put his telescope to his eye.

From the deck none watched more anxiously than the two youngsters who had signed on as cabin-boys far away in Plymouth. The crew knew them as brothers—Dick and Dan Burton—but Dan was really a girl, Anne Pennington, and she had desperate enemies after her, for hidden in her clothes was the chart that held the secret to Black Jeremy's treasure. Her father was at Port o' Prince. He had been searching for the treasure but was cornered by the pirates who called themselves the Brethren of the Coast, and had had to destroy his copy of the chart, so he had sent a message to Anne to bring him the original.

Cap'n Luke, one of the Brethren, knew of that message, however, and tried to stop Anne leaving England, but Dick Burton, an apprentice running away to sea, rescued her, and the two of them got away as cabin-boys on the *Devon Rose*.

Cap'n Luke and his crony, Stump—a one-legged man—showed up on board, however, as members of the crew, and only quick work by Dick and Anne prevented a mutiny and led to the pirates being locked away in irons.

"If that is a pirate ship and we are attacked, Cap'n Luke will get loose," whispered Anne with a shudder, as she stared at the sail coming over the horizon.

Dick nodded glumly, but before he could say anything Captain Dawlish came swinging down to the deck. His kind old face was grim.

"It's a pirate right enough," he announced, bellowing: "Clear decks for action! We'll fight!"

The approaching ship looked very fine as it came sweeping into full view on the calm blue tropical sea, with a great spread of canvas giving it a turn of speed that the sturdy old *Devon Rose*, weighted down with cargo, couldn't hope to beat. But the merchant ship was well gunned, and most of the crew were tough fighters. They knew the fate in store if they fell into the hands of pirates, and they were ready to battle to the last.

The decks were cleared and the guns run out, and men waited tensely at their posts, while Dick and Anne moved from one group to another with supplies of powder from the magazine.

"Boom!"

As a cannon-ball came hurtling across the water, a flag fluttered to the masthead of the approaching ship, and any remaining doubt was dispelled, for the flag was black and Anne could just make out the crude skull and crossbones stitched on it.

Captain Dawlish shouted an order, and the *Devon Rose* trembled like a live thing as the guns crashed out.

"Good shooting, lads!"

But Captain Dawlish was nearly thrown to the deck as the *Devon Rose* suddenly lurched, for the pirates replied with a salvo and several shots hit her. The battle had really started, but the worst was to come for the pirate was overhauling them fast and would soon be alongside.

Dick met Anne in the magazine, where both had gone for more ammunition.

"Dick, what's going to happen? Can we beat them?" she gasped.

"Not in a straight fight," was the grim reply. "They can both out-sail and out-gun us."

"But they'll free Cap'n Luke!" she cried.

He nodded. Cap'n Luke and Stump were imprisoned not far from the magazine, and they could hear the old pirate's vast voice bellowing to be let out.

"I'm not going to be drowned like a rat

in a trap! Let me out! There's a fortune in gold and jewels for any son of a sea-cook who frees me! Gold and jewels, I tell ye—Black Jeremy's treasure!" he was bellowing.

Anne looked at Dick anxiously and found his eyes shining. She had seen them that way before, when he thought of the trick that prevented the mutiny and led to the capture of Cap'n Luke. She no longer felt either afraid or worried.

"You have a plan, Dick," she said quietly.

Dick had. He raced to the Captain, who was busy directing the fight on deck. The old man was cross at first about being interrupted by his excited cabin-boy, but after he had listened a bit he uttered a bellow of joy that made even the busy gunners turn and look at him.

Then he spoke to the mate and the bosun, and with Dick and Anne, who had been listening to the unfolding of the plan, they all ran among the crew, explaining to them what was to be done. The men stared and scratched their heads, then they began to laugh as they jumped to obey the strangest orders they had ever been given.

THE pirate ship came hurrying up, as the fire from the merchantman died away almost to nothing, for the men on the *Devon Rose* were too busy to fire more than an occasional shot.

At last the ships were side by side, within hailing distance.

"Aho! there—strike your flag and stand by—we're coming aboard!" roared a voice from the pirate.

"Keep off!" replied Captain Dawlish. "For your own sakes, keep off—black scoundrels though you be!"

There was a pause. The pirates were obviously surprised by this reply. But a boat was lowered and came plunging across the narrow space between the ships, and the watching Dick and Anne could see that it was manned by as wild a bunch of ruffians as ever sailed the seas. In the stern sheets sat a man in tawdry finery, his appearance spoiled by the red handkerchief tied round his head. He was evidently the leader.

Captain Dawlish had obediently lowered the *Devon Rose's* flag as a token of surrender, and no shot was fired as the boat came alongside. Tensely the crew of the merchant ship waited. Everything depended on the next few moments.

A ladder was lowered and the pirate leader and some of his men came scrambling up, their cutlasses flashing in the sunlight.

But near the top of the ladder the leader paused, causing those behind him to cannon into one another. He stared.

"What is this?" he demanded. "What ails you?"

He was peering at the line of faces looking down at him. They were all of them bright yellow, smeared with bluish marks and red spots!

"It is why I told you to keep off," said Captain Dawlish in a sickly voice, swaying as though he was almost too weak to stand. "All my crew are sick."

The pirate leader's head appeared over the bulwarks, and he stared about the *Devon Rose's* decks. Men with yellow, red-spotted faces, leant against anything that would support them, or crouched on the deck, moaning feebly.

"Help us!" they cried. "It's the plague!" The pirate leader's ugly face distinctly blanched.

"You see how it is," explained Captain

Dawlish, following the direction of the wicked eyes. "The plague runs like wild-fire. There is no stopping it. It seems to be in the air all around us, striking all down with its gnawing pains—"

As though at a signal, those members of the crew near enough to hear what he said groaned wildly and clutched themselves, and Dick rolled about the deck, howling like a hurt dog.

"Plague!" gasped the pirate leader. "Plague," assented Captain Dawlish solemnly. "It has seized on this ship. But come aboard. You are welcome, even if you are a rascally pirate—"

But Captain Dawlish was talking to himself. With a wild cry of fear the pirate leader had tumbled down the ladder, sweeping his scared followers with him into the boat.

"Plague!" he bellowed. "It's a death ship! Pull away there, my hearties, for your lives!"

"But don't we loot her?" protested one of the men.

"Loot her!" gasped the leader. "Any man is welcome to go aboard and try, but wait till ye've seen what I've seen—the yellow faces—the men writhing in agony! Any man who boards that craft stays there! I'm not having plague brought to my ship!"

"Plague!" chorused the startled pirates; and then began to row as they had never rowed before, back to their ship, for they knew too well the horror that comes when infectious disease sweeps through a ship's company.

The leader didn't stop trembling, although he was one of the boldest scoundrels on the coast, until he had got back to his cabin and drunk half a jar of rum almost at a gulp. Then he had his ship turned about and fled over the skyline.

"Good lad! The neatest defeat of rascally villains that ever happened," chuckled Captain Dawlish, watching the enemy's topsails fade into the distance, and he was echoed by roars of joy as the "victims of the plague" went below to wash off the paint.

"It was grand, Dick," praised Anne, looking at him with frank admiration that made him blush, as they stood together over a bucket, scrubbing off the yellow and the spots.

"It worked a treat, Anne," he agreed. "I was scared stiff. For if the pirates had come aboard and searched us, and found that you are Anne Pennington, with your father's chart—"

The words died in his throat, for he heard a sound behind him, and he realised that he had made the fatal mistake of thinking that he and Anne were alone. But somebody had been listening and had heard what he said.

Quick though he was, all he saw was a dark figure scuttling away, and it was too dark between decks to make out who it was.

He raced after the man, but he found several members of the crew around the corner, and it was impossible to tell which was the one who now knew Anne's secret. The only clue Dick could get was that a very thin man, known to the others as Spider, was breathing heavily as though he had just been running. But against that was the fact that many of the others were still gasping with laughter at the way in which the pirates had been tricked.

Dick returned miserably to Anne.

"You ought to kick me," he declared. "I have given you away now. Somebody on this ship knows who you are, and Cap'n Luke told them all that Mistress Anne Pennington—who he thinks is on board the *Seaspray*—is carrying the chart to Black Jeremy's treasure."

"Don't worry, Dick," urged Anne gently. "Perhaps it was an honest man who chanced to listen—"

"If it was, he would not have run off like that," insisted Dick. "No, we've got to keep our eyes lifted more than ever for trouble. Now, thanks to me, you have another enemy who will be after the chart!"

But Anne refused to be downhearted. Port o' Prince was only a few days' sailing away, and with Dick's help she had come so far so successfully that she felt nothing now could prevent the longed-for reunion with her father. And then—ho, for Black Jeremy's treasure!

But, even as she went to sleep with this pleasant thought, the man called Spider was freeing Cap'n Luke and Stump.

"I've got news for you, shipmates," he whispered to the pirates. "That chart o' Black Jeremy's treasure you told us about—it's right here, on this ship! And I know just where it is, too!"

This means more danger for the two chums. Be sure not to miss their stirring adventures in the next "Comet"

THE "COMET" GALLERY OF STARS



59. REX HARRISON
(Columbia)



60. RITA HAYWORTH
(Columbia)



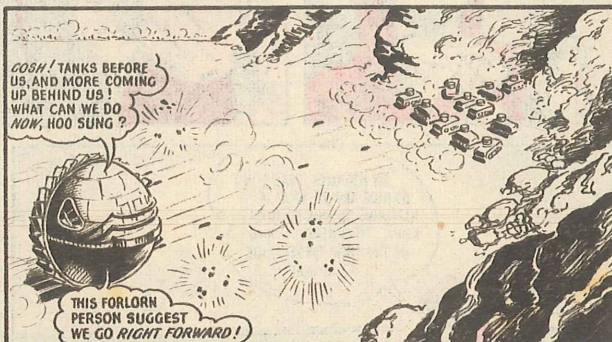
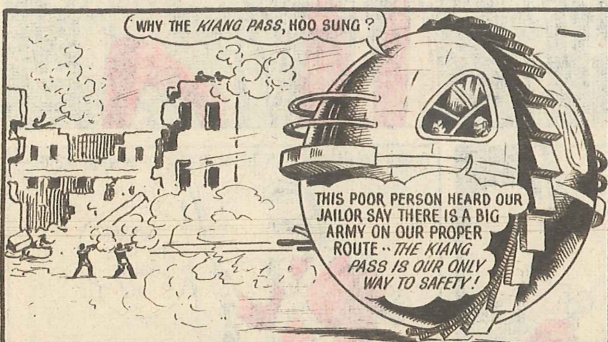
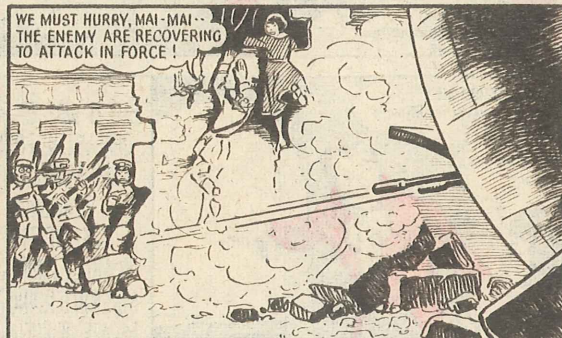
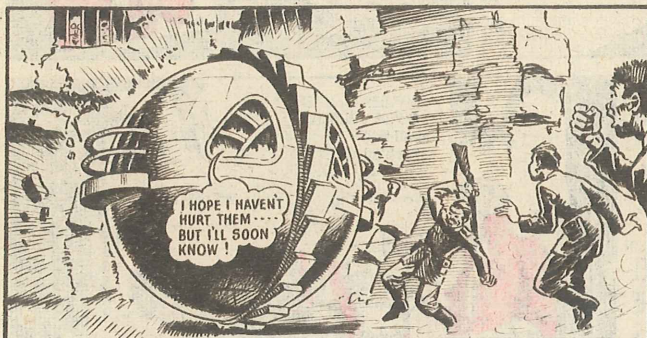
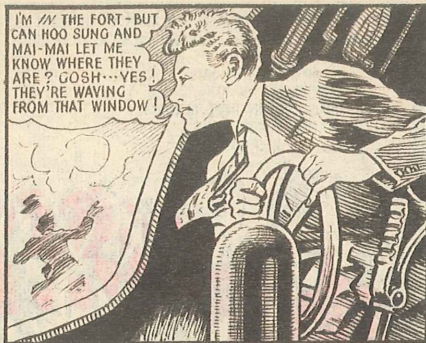
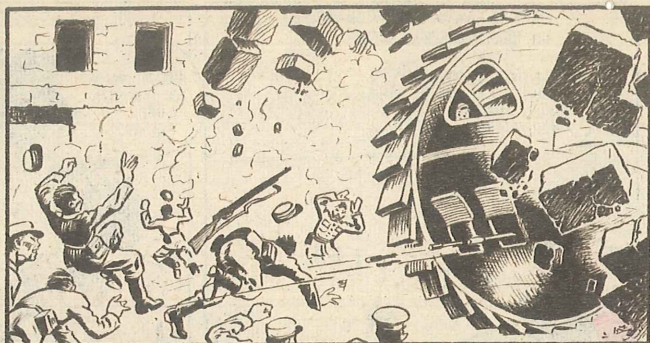
61. VAN JOHNSON
(M.G.M.)



62. DOROTHY LAMOUR
(Paramount)

Don Deeds

On their way to Kwung Chu with the great state diamond, Hoo Sung and Mai-Mai are captured by Chinese troops and imprisoned in a fortress. Don Deeds, in the Rolling Sphere, crashes through to the rescue.



CAN THE ROLLING SPHERE SMASH THROUGH THE TANKS? MORE THRILLS NEXT WEEK

BILLY BUNTER Ltd.

(Continued from page 2)

passage and slammed the study door on him.

Bunter was able to feel his way along the wall, though he could not raise his hands far enough to be able to untie the bag. He blundered back to the Remove passage in this fashion, but as he turned the corner he barged into someone and there was a yell.

"Ciel! Vat is zat?"
"Wow! Help!" roared Bunter.
Monsieur Charpentier, the French master at Greyfriars, stared at the amazing figure, too astonished to help. Bunter blundered on, leaving the French master still gasping. He stopped at the first study door he came to and stood there kicking it.

The door rattled and rang under Bunter's assault, and Bulstrode—whose study it happened to be—leaped up from his chair and tore the door open. He stag-

gered back in astonishment at the sight of Billy Bunter.

"Rescue!" howled Bunter. "Get me out of here!"

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" roared Bulstrode, as he recognised the occupant of the bag. "Not likely, Fatty—I'm not going to spoil a joke!"

The Remove passage was filling now, juniors being attracted from all sides by the din. The sight of Bunter with his head in a bag made them yell.

It was Harry Wharton who at last cut the string. Bunter dragged off the bag and revealed a face the colour of a well boiled beetroot. A fresh roar of laughter greeted its appearance.

"Who bagged you like that?" gasped Wharton in between fits of laughter.

"Yow! Temple, the beast! I offered them shares at a special rate—and they—yow—bagged me! I'm blessed if I can see anything to cackle at!" roared the wrathful Bunter.

"But we can!" howled Bob Cherry. And the Removites laughed till the passage rang with it.

IT was some time before Billy Bunter fully recovered from his bagging. When he was himself again, he turned over the affairs of the company in his mind. His latest attempt to raise capital had been a ghastly failure—and the time limit imposed by the juniors expired on the following day. There was only one thing to be done—he had to start the company on the three pounds ten that was in the money-box.

After prep, Bunter went along to Study No. 1 and took the money-box from the mantelpiece.

Wharton and Nugent looked at him at once.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked Harry.

"Break it open!" Bunter replied sulkily. "I shall have to start the company on three pounds ten—as the fellows are so impatient about it."

"Good!" said Nugent. "After all, it's a nice round sum."

Bunter put the money-box on the floor and picked up the poker. He crashed it down upon the box and it danced and

jingled—but it did not break. The box had been built to stand rough usage, and Bunter's blow had had no effect at all.

"It's jolly strong," remarked Bunter. "You'd better lend me your knife, Nugent, and I'll try to prise the lid off."

"Here you are," said Frank rather dubiously. "Use the large blade—and go careful with it."

Bunter tried to insert the blade under the lid, but in vain. Then he pushed it into the slot and tried to prise the lid up that way.

"Look out!" cried Nugent.

But it was too late. The blade of the pocket-knife had broken off short. Nugent glared at the fat junior.

"I'm sincerely sorry," said Bunter. "But how the dickens am I going to get this blessed box open? All through you silly chumps not trusting me!"

"Don't worry!" said Nugent, "We'll open that box—or perish in the attempt."

Will Billy Bunter really keep all his promises? Don't miss the fun in the next "Comet"

SAMMY SHUTEYE AND THE BEST IN THE BAG

MARS ARE BIGGER SIZE NOW!

● Get your Bigger Size Mars today ● Get most for your 2 points ● Marvellous as ever—5d.

THE ELUSIVE PIMPERNEL

BASED ON A POWELL-PRESSBURGER PRODUCTION FOR LONDON FILMS -- FROM A BOOK BY BARONESS ORZY.

CHAUVELIN, FRANCE'S CHIEF SPY, BELIEVED HE HAD TRAPPED THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL ON A FORTIFIED ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF FRANCE. TROOPS WERE MARCHING ACROSS THE CAUSEWAY FROM THE MAINLAND BUT ENGLISHMEN OF THE PIMPERNEL'S LEAGUE HAD SEIZED CONTROL OF THE GATES ---

AT THE GATE OF MONT ST MICHEL, THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL SAW HIS MEN WIN THEIR FIGHT AGAINST THE NATIONAL GUARD.

GOOD! HOLD THE GATE, GENTLEMEN! I'M GOING TO TELL CHAUVELIN WHY THOSE THOUSAND SOLDIERS OUTSIDE WON'T HELP HIM!



FROM THE RAMPARTS CHAUVELIN WATCHED HIS TROOPS MARCHING NEARER. ---

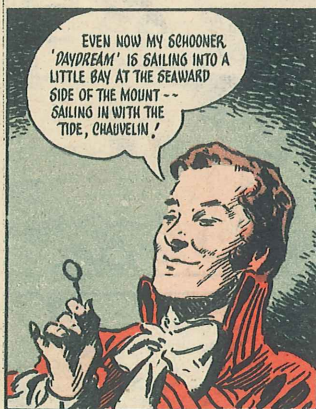
THE FINEST SOLDIERS IN FRANCE! THIS TIME THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL SHALL NOT ESCAPE!



A COOL, MOCKING GREETING MADE HIM TURN.

YOU? AND STILL SMILING? DON'T YOU KNOW YOU'RE TRAPPED?

ALL THE SOLDIERS IN FRANCE COULDN'T HELP YOU NOW, CHAUVELIN. MY MEN HOLD THE GATE --- AND THERE IS A FULL MOON TO-NIGHT!



EVEN NOW MY SCHOONER, 'DAVDREAM' IS SAILING INTO A LITTLE BAY AT THE SEAWARD SIDE OF THE MOUNT --- SAILING IN WITH THE TIDE, CHAUVELIN!



YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME? COME, YOU SHALL WATCH THE REFUGEES GOING TO SAFETY!
YOU'RE TRYING TO TRICK ME AGAIN!

BUT IT WAS NO TRICK. CHAUVELIN FOUND LADY MARGUERITE BLAKENEY --- WIFE OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL --- SUPERINTENDING THE ESCAPE OF REFUGEES FROM THE TERROR OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.



MARGUERITE, M'DEAR, MONSIEUR CHAUVELIN CANNOT BELIEVE WE ARE LEAVING AT NIGHTFALL!

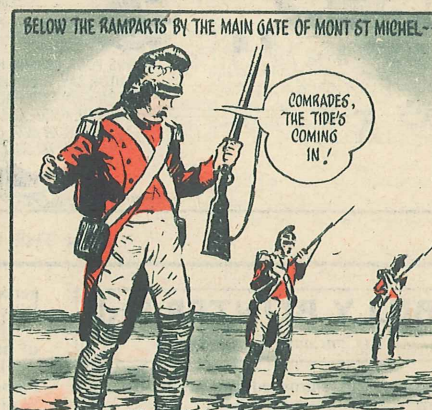
IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!



MY SCHOONER, CHAUVELIN! GO BACK AND SEE WHAT IS HAPPENING TO YOUR SOLDIERS NOW! THEY'D LEARN A THING OR TWO FROM THE PEASANTS ROUND HERE!



WITH A CRY OF ANGER CHAUVELIN HURRIED AWAY ---
GOOD-BYE, CHAUVELIN! I'M HAPPY TO SAY YOU'RE DUE FOR A MOST INFERNAL SHOCK!



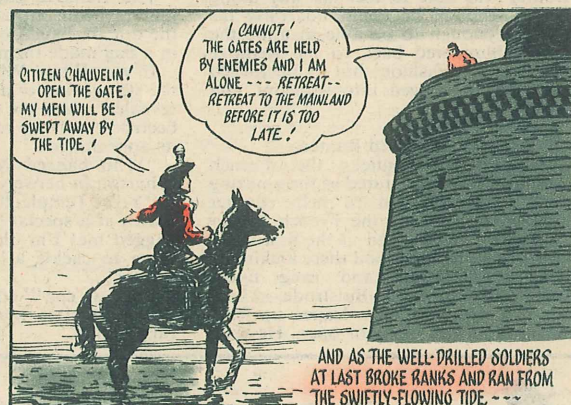
COMRADES, THE TIDE'S COMING IN!



AS CHAUVELIN LOOKED DOWN ---
THE FULL MOON! HIGH TIDE! NOW I KNOW WHY THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL SMILED!



IF WE DON'T GET THE ORDER TO MOVE SOON, WE'LL ALL BE DROWNED!



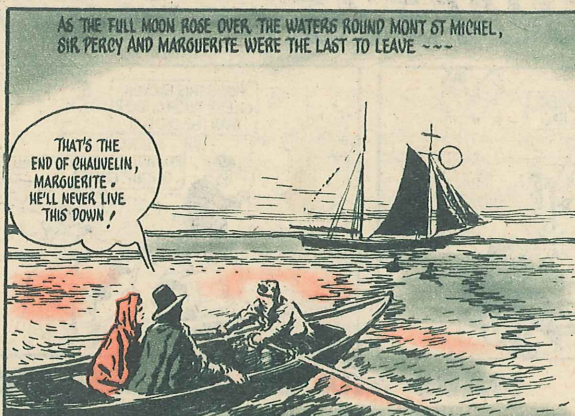
CITIZEN CHAUVELIN! OPEN THE GATE. MY MEN WILL BE SWEEPED AWAY BY THE TIDE!

I CANNOT! THE GATES ARE HELD BY ENEMIES AND I AM ALONE --- RETREAT --- RETREAT --- BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!

AND AS THE WELL-DRILLED SOLDIERS AT LAST BROKE RANKS AND RAN FROM THE SWIFTLY-FLOWING TIDE ---

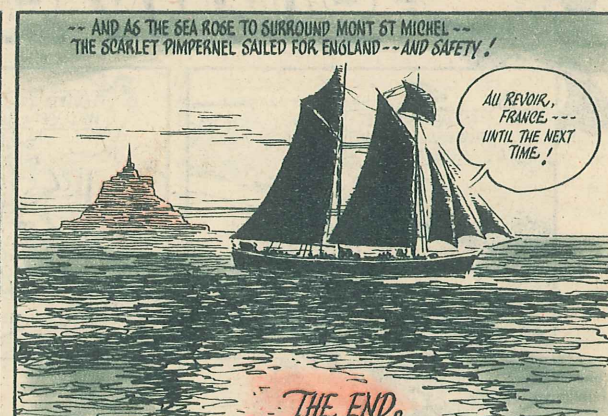


BEATEN! DISGRACED! THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL HAS SLIPPED THROUGH MY HANDS, AND I DARE NOT RETURN TO PARIS!



AS THE FULL MOON ROSE OVER THE WATERS ROUND MONT ST MICHEL, SIR PERCY AND MARGUERITE WERE THE LAST TO LEAVE ---

THAT'S THE END OF CHAUVELIN, MARGUERITE. HE'LL NEVER LIVE THIS DOWN!



--- AND AS THE SEA ROSE TO SURROUND MONT ST MICHEL --- THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL SAILED FOR ENGLAND --- AND SAFETY!

ALL REVIVE, FRANCE --- UNTIL THE NEXT TIME!

THE END.

STARTING IN THE NEXT COMET--A GRAND PICTURE-STORY OF BUFFALO BILL