

A GRAND FREE REAL ACTION PHOTO OF JACK COCK, OF CHELSEA,
GIVEN AWAY WITH THIS ISSUE!



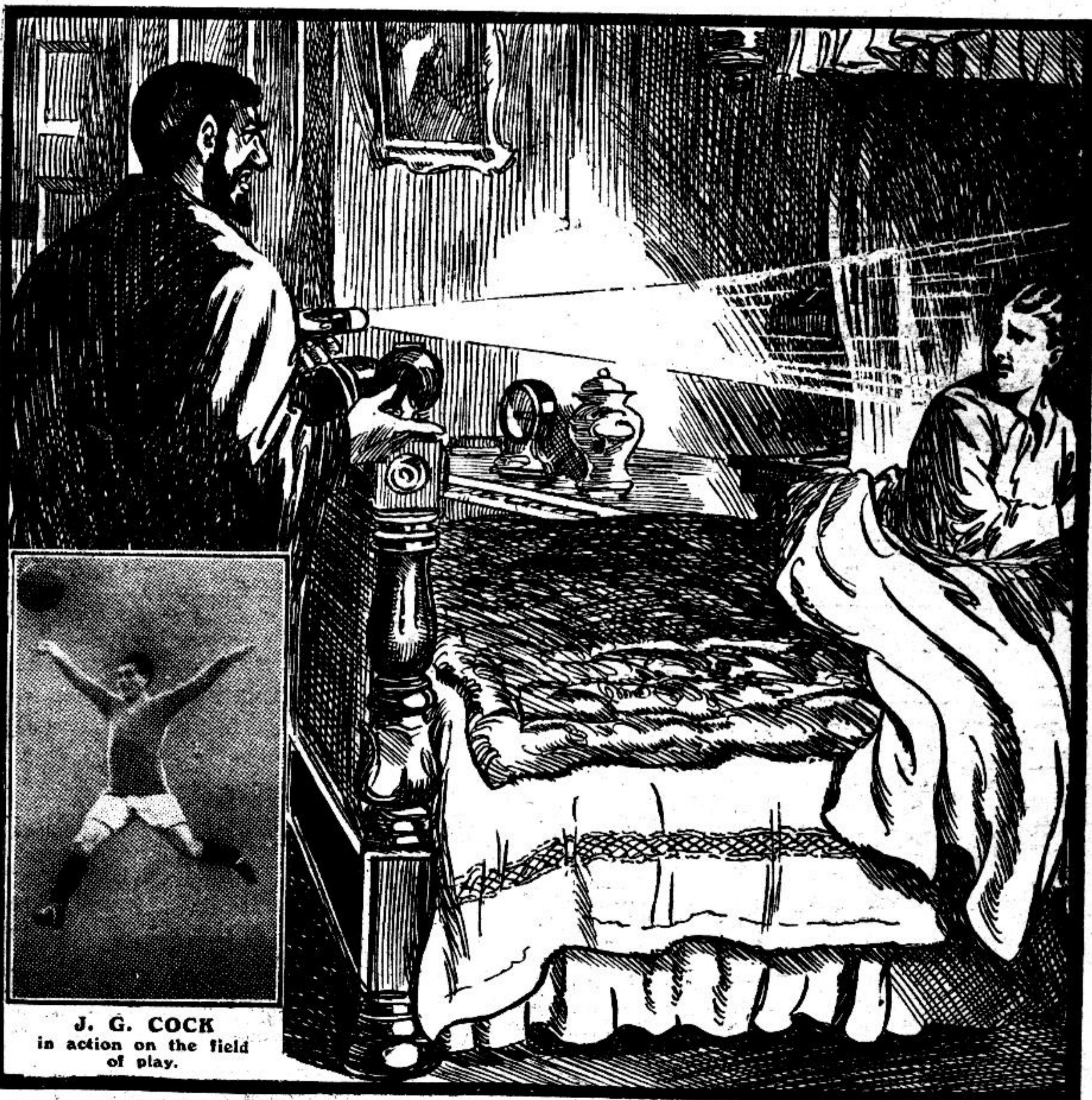
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Week ending August 5th, 1922.

The Magnet ¹/₂

Library

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."



J. G. COCK
in action on the field
of play.

THE SCHOOLBOY EARL TRAPPED BY HIS MYSTERIOUS ENEMY!

(A dramatic episode from the long complete tale inside.)



Address your letters to: The Editor, THE MAGNET LIBRARY, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. I am always pleased to hear from my chums.

PHOTOS AND PLATES FOR YOU!

THIS week the grand batch of periodicals known throughout the world as the Companion Papers will continue their wonderful FREE GIFTS to all readers. The enormous success of these magnificent photos and plates is apparent from the thousands of letters of appreciation from readers which have flooded into the editorial office.

So that it is with much pleasure that I announce the nature of this week's and next week's FREE REAL PHOTOS AND PLATES given away.

In this issue you will have received a SPLENDID REAL ACTION PHOTO of J. G. Cock, the famous International centre-forward of Chelsea, in action on the field of play. Next week you will find TWO REAL PHOTOS of George Harrison and Frank Reilly, two very fine footballers of Everton and Blackburn Rovers, who have so many admirers in the great football world. Don't miss these real photos, for they will make a ripping addition to your wonderful collection.

In the "Boys' Friend," which is now on sale at all newsagents, there is presented FREE a GRAND REAL PHOTO of Frank Goddard, the English boxer, who has made such a great name for himself lately. Next week in the same paper there will be another of the series of "Rising Boxing Stars."

To-morrow—Tuesday—the "Popular" will be giving away to all readers another GRAND COLOURED ENGINE PLATE depicting one of the latest-type locomotives of the Union of South Africa Railways. Next week this same paper will be presenting FREE another COLOURED PLATE of a Famous Engine of the great Commonwealth of Australia Railway. Keep a look-out for these two grand plates, and get them for your collection.

On Wednesday the "Gem" Library, our Grand Mid-week Companion Paper, will make its appearance, and in it you will find TWO REAL PHOTOS of J. Ewart, of Bradford City, and Tommy Boyle, of Burnley. Next week the "Gem" will be

presenting to all readers a SPLENDID REAL ACTION PHOTO of the famous footballer and all round sportsman, Max Woosnam, of Manchester City.

Now you know the nature of the grand real photos and plates which the Companion Papers will be giving away this week and next, and I strongly advise all my reader-chums to go to their newsagents and place an order for copies of the above-mentioned papers, so that they will make sure of participating in OUR WONDERFUL FREE GIFTS.

For Next Monday!

There will be another magnificent long complete story dealing with the adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. and Lord Maul-everer, of Greyfriars, under the title of

"THE SCHOOLBOY YACHTSMEN!"

By Frank Richards.

The chums of Greyfriars continue their yachting tour with Lord Maul-everer, in spite of the "warnings" from the mysterious Gideon Gaunt. But even at sea they find that they cannot get away from the black-mailer. The persecution continues, despite the precautions taken.

This is the most exciting story we have had from Mr. Richards for some time, and I am sure all my reader-chums will enjoy reading the adventures of

"THE SCHOOLBOY YACHTSMEN!"

THE SUPPLEMENT!

Next week's issue of the "Greyfriars Herald," which will be found as usual in the centre of the paper, will be something extra-special. Harry Wharton will again vacate the editorial chair, and Gosling, the Greyfriars porter, will step into his shoes for one week. That this number will be the funniest issue we have yet had, there

is little doubt. Gossy has his own ideas of running a paper, which are both weird and wonderful. If you want a laugh, don't miss next week's Special Number of our famous schoolboy journal.

"MAGNET" ALBUMS!

Readers desirous of obtaining albums for their free photos can do so by sending a postal order for sixpence or four three-halfpenny stamps to

The "Magnet" Album Office,
7-9, Pilgrim Street,
Ludgate Hill, E.C.

Don't forget to put your names and addresses on your letters of application! Albums will be dispatched as quickly as possible.

THE "HOLIDAY ANNUAL."

If you have not as yet filled up your engagement calendar for September, just as a favour to me, dab in one entry: "The 'Holiday Annual' comes out Sept. 1st." It would be a pity to overlook the circumstance, for there will be a rush, without a doubt, and orders should be placed right away, otherwise anybody wanting the book might get "left," as Fishy would put it. Anyway, it is better to be right than left, sure than sorry, and all that kind of thing applies with added force this year, since the new volume is the finest yet. Most of my chums of the "Magnet" know all about the "Annual," which is the close ally of the Companion Papers. I know the book will fascinate anybody who picks it up, and, supposing he does not happen to be a reader of the C.P.'s, that a perusal of the yarns will make him join the cheery circle. But the "Holiday Annual" belongs very specially to the Companion Papers, for it devotes a good-sized section to the interests of Greyfriars. Mr. Frank Richards has surpassed himself in the story he has written for the new edition, and Messrs. Martin Clifford and Owen Conquest, with their tales of St. Jim's and Rookwood, run him hard. The "Holiday Annual" is this year making a bigger feature than ever of hobbies and sports, while it does not neglect romance, nor omit something about Nature, and such subjects as the work being done on the frontiers of the Empire. In fixing the programme for the new volume I had in mind all the time the tastes of Magnetites, for I know what they think, and what they want in the way of brisk, breathless narratives, and articles replete with vim and pep.

Your Editor.

J. G. COCK, OF CHELSEA AND ENGLAND.

All about the famous footballer who forms the subject of our Free Real Action Photo.

THERE are several reasons why John G. Cock, the centre-forward of the Chelsea club, should be regarded among the notabilities of the football field. In the first place, he comes as near as any modern player to being the ideal athlete, for he is splendidly built, a fine specimen of a man, and a chivalrous and clever player of the dashing type. He is also included among the men who have been reported dead, for during the war, when Cock was doing service in France, there came news that he had been killed. Fortunately for football in general, and the Chelsea club in particular, this report was exaggerated, for Cock was only wounded. However, for his war efforts he is entitled to wear the Military Medal, and he afterwards became a sergeant-major in the Army, his special branch being physical instruction.

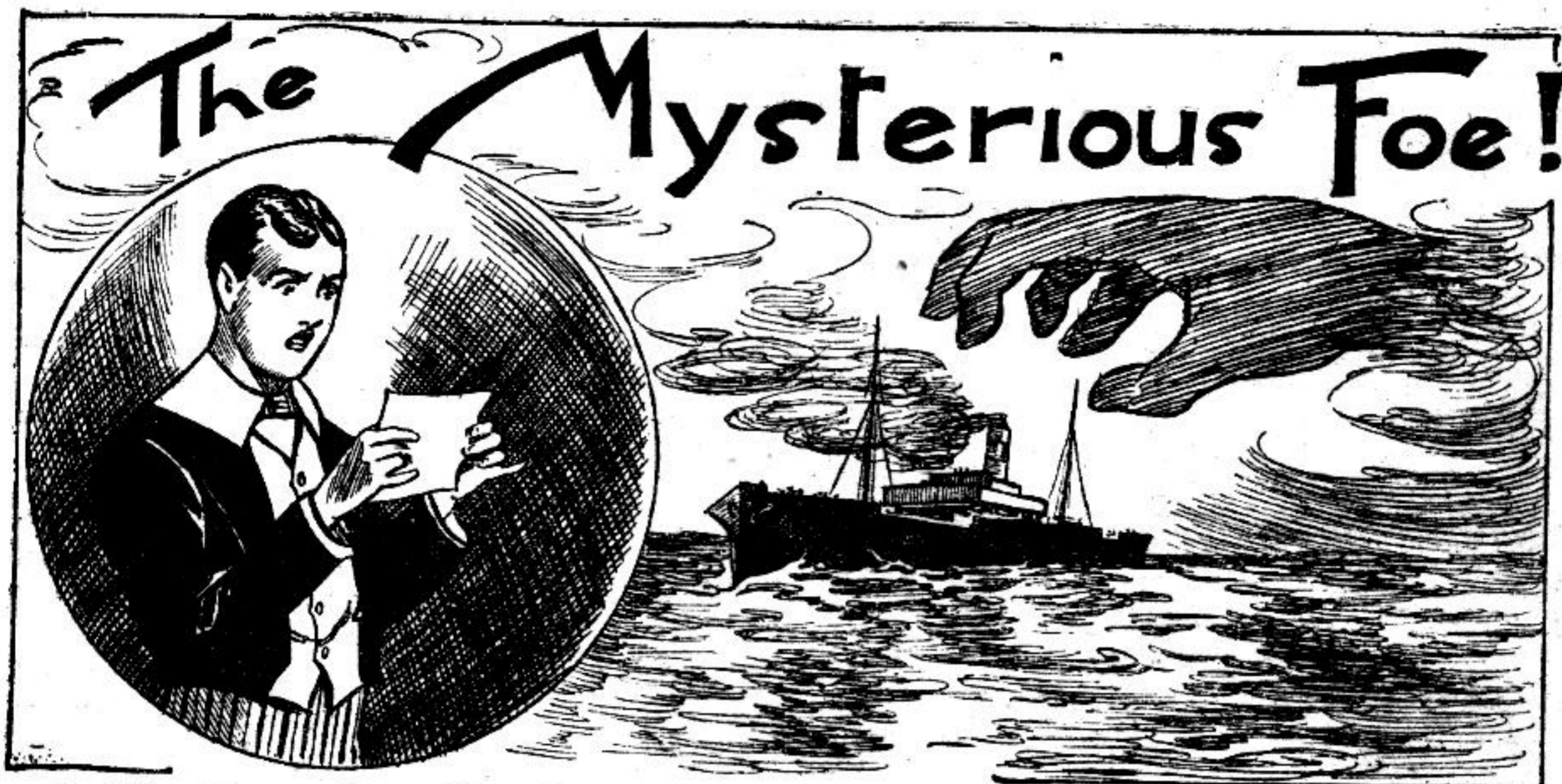
In addition to these claims to distinction, Cock is, so far as we know, the only professional footballer of to-day who regularly appears on the music-hall stage, for he has a fine voice, and has been quite successful with taking songs.

Turning to his football career strictly, it may be said that, to a certain extent, Cock was unlucky, for he was right at the top of his form while the war was on; and though he has done wonderful things since then, it is doubtful if he has ever played so well as he did for Brentford during the conflict. He helped that comparatively obscure side to win the championship of the London Combination, scoring goals profusely. A companion of his in the Brentford team at that time was White, the Arsenal player.

Previous to the war, Cock was an amateur player of the Old Kingstonians; but naturally his goal-scoring success during the conflict drew the attention of several big clubs to his possibilities, and he threw in his lot with Huddersfield Town. In October of 1919, however, the Huddersfield club was in low water financially, and Chelsea were badly in need of a good centre-forward. So a deal was done in which Cock and the two clubs were concerned, and the man who went to Stamford Bridge made a big difference to the results of Chelsea's League matches, so that they finished

that particular season in a high position in the table, Cock helping them with many goals.

Around that time, too, he was considered by the authorities as the best man in the country in his position, as witness the fact that he played against Scotland and Ireland in 1920, as well as in the Inter-League match against Scotland. He also played in more than one Victory International match. In the early part of last season Cock was not so successful as he had previously made a habit of being, and rumour said that he was not specially happy at Stamford Bridge. He once went so far as to ask to be put on the transfer list, and there was a possibility that he might move to the Arsenal. Fortunately for Chelsea, the negotiations fell through, for in the later weeks of last season Cock returned to his very best form; and if he starts the coming season where he left off last term it is more than likely that there are further honours in store for him, as he is still comparatively young. In front of goal, with the ball at his toe, he is very deadly, and makes a speciality of dashing through on his own.



A Magnificent, Long, Complete Story, dealing with the holiday adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., the famous Greyfriars chums, and of the series of "warnings" Lord Mauleverer receives from "The Mysterious Foe."

By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

(Author of the Famous Greyfriars Stories appearing in the "POPULAR.")

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Breaking Up at Greyfriars!

"DON'T come in!" Lord Mauleverer of the Remove called out hastily as a tap came at his study door.

It was Bob Cherry who tapped. And as he followed up the tap with a powerful kick on the door, his lordship's injunction came too late. The door flew open with a crash.

Bob stared into the study.

"Why am I not to come in?" he demanded.

"Busy!"

Lord Mauleverer's study looked as if he had been busy, but his lordship, who was stretched on the sofa, did not look very busy personally.

Greyfriars School was breaking up that day for the midsummer holidays. Thoughtful fellows had done a great deal of their packing over-night.

Lord Mauleverer had thought of it, but he had not done it.

His study looked a good deal as if a whirlwind had struck it.

Boxes and drawers were open, shirts and socks were scattered over them and over the table, there were shoes and boots on the mantelpiece and the bookcase, and neckties on the carpet—all sorts and conditions of things in all sorts of unexpected places.

Bob Cherry simply blinked at the scene of havoc.

"What on earth have you been up to, Mauly?" he demanded.

"Packin'!"

"Looks more like unpacking, to my mind. And what are you doing now?"

"Restin'."

"And how many hours, or days, or weeks is it going to take you to get all that lumber in order?" asked Bob.

Lord Mauleverer shook his head.

"Don't ask me!" he answered. "How

should I know? I've started packin'. I'm tired out! I've got all the things ready to pack. I dare say Vivian will lend a hand. Good-bye."

Bob Cherry grinned.

"Fathead! Get a move on!"

"Why don't you run away?" said his lordship plaintively. "I told you not to come in. Shouldn't butt in when a fellow's busy packin'!"

"I think we'd all better lend a hand with the giddy packing," said Bob Cherry. "But I came to tell you that somebody's asking to see you."

"I couldn't possibly see anybody!" said Lord Mauleverer. "How can I see fellows when I'm packin'?"

"It's not a fellow, ass! It's a visitor!"

"Not my merry uncle?" exclaimed Mauleverer.

"No—never seen the chap before."

"Tell him to go and eat coke, then," said Lord Mauleverer. "Fancy callin' on a fellow on breakin'-up day!"

"Trotter's shown him into the visitors'-room," said Bob. "I told Trotter I'd tip you the wink. Trotter's busy collecting tips from the fellows before they go."

"Well, now you've tipped me the wink, go and tell the man to travel!" said Lord Mauleverer, stretching his lazy limbs. "I've got a lot of packin' to do."

"Don't you want to know his name?" demanded Bob.

"Not at all. I'm not curious."

"He gave his name as Gideon Gaunt."

"Ye gods!" drawled Lord Mauleverer.

"What a name!"

"Don't you know it?" asked Bob.

"Never heard it before that I know of."

"Hadn't you better step down to the visitors'-room and see him?" asked Bob.

"He said it was very important."

"How can I step down to the visitors'-room when I'm up to my eyes in packin'?" demanded Lord Mauleverer.

"The car may be here any minute, and you can see there's lots to be done."

"Then I'm to tell the Gaunt-bird to go and eat coke?" grinned Bob.

"Yaas."

"Right-ho!" Bob Cherry turned in the doorway, to carry that message to Lord Mauleverer's unexpected and unwelcome visitor.

"Hold on a minute!" said Mauleverer. "Don't put it quite like that. Say that I'm honoured by his call, and that it would be a real pleasure to see him, only that being pressingly engaged at the present moment I find it impossible."

"My only hat!" said Bob.

"That's more polite," explained Mauleverer, "and it comes to the same thing. Shut the door after you, old fellow, in case any other silly ass comes buttin' in while I'm packin'."

"Fathead!" said Bob.

Bob Cherry departed from the study, shutting the door with a slam that rang along the Remove passage like thunder, and made Mauleverer jump.

"Oh gad!" murmured his lordship. And the slacker of the Remove settled down on the sofa again, to rest before he tackled the rather extensive task of packing his belongings.

Bob Cherry tramped cheerily along the Remove passage. Bob was in great spirits that morning. Breaking-up day was always a joyful occasion, and the midsummer holidays were going to be specially enjoyable this time. For the Famous Five of the Remove were booked for a holiday cruise with Lord Mauleverer and Sir Jimmy Vivian, on Mauly's uncle's yacht, the Silver Scud; and they were envied by half Greyfriars.

A life on the ocean wave—at midsummer, anyhow—was a joyous prospect, and the chums of the Remove looked forward to it keenly.

Harry Wharton came out of Study

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"If you don't clear out I shall call in the fellows to roll you along the passage," said Mauleverer. He made a movement towards the door. Then he gave a jump as the black-bearded man rose to his feet and raised his right hand. "Stand back!" he said quietly. (See Chapter 2.)

No. 1 as Bob tramped along to the stairs. He called to Bob.

"Come and lend a hand with this strap, Bob! This dashed trunk won't meet!"

"I've nearly done it!" came Frank Nugent's gasping voice from the study. "It only wants a good pull."

"I'll be back in a tick," said Bob. "There's a giddy visitor downstairs asking for Mauzy, and I'm going to tell him to go and eat coke."

"Buck up, then."

Harry turned back into the study to help Nugent deal with the refractory strap. Bob descended the stairs by way of the banisters, and he came down like a shell from a mortar. It was sheer ill-luck that his chums, Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh, were coming upstairs, and had just reached the middle landing when Bob Cherry shot off the angle of the banisters and landed.

Crash!

"Yooooop!" roared Johnny Bull. "You potty villain!"

"Wow!" spluttered the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Oh, my hat!"

Bob Cherry gathered himself up rather dazedly. He extracted his foot from Johnny Bull's neck, and his fist from Hurree Singh's eye.

"Sorry!" he gasped.

"You howling ass!" roared Johnny Bull. "I'll make you sorrier!"

"Collar the esteemed and ludicrous idiot!" gasped Hurree Singh.

But Bob Cherry was already sailing down the lower banisters. Fortunately, there was no one in the way in the lower hall, and Bob landed there without disaster.

He trotted away cheerily to the visitors' room, and put his head in at the door. A man who was seated by the window rose quickly to his feet and turned towards him.

"Lord Mauleverer—" Then he broke off angrily. "You! You are not Lord Mauleverer!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Surprise for Lord Mauleverer!

BOB CHERRY looked rather curiously at the visitor.

He was a striking-looking man. Few would have passed him without a second glance.

He was of medium size and strongly built. About his figure there was nothing remarkable. But his face was striking. His eyebrows were of the deepest black, and he wore a jet-black moustache, and a pointed, black beard, which gave him a rather foreign look. But his remarkable feature was his nose. It was a large, hooked nose, which looked at least two sizes too large for his face. It was so extremely large that it almost amounted to deformity; and Bob Cherry, though he had naturally good manners, could scarcely help giving that striking feature a second look. But he hurriedly averted his eyes from it. A man with a nose like that couldn't be pleased with it, Bob thought, and would not like it to be specially observed by strangers.

The man could not be called handsome; and he did not look good-tempered. His eyes had an unpleasant glint in them. He was evidently annoyed by the entrance of Bob Cherry in the place of the junior he wished to see.

He came several steps towards Bob, his black brows contracting.

"You are not Lord Mauleverer!" he exclaimed.

"Not the least little bit in the world!" admitted Bob Cherry. "I've got a message from him, though."

"I must see him."

"Can't be done, Mr. Gaunt."

"Why not?" snapped the black-bearded man.

Bob mentally rehearsed Lord Mauleverer's polite speech, and proceeded to recite it.

"Lord Mauleverer is honoured by your call—" he began.

"What?"

"It would be a real pleasure to him to see you—"

"Well?"

"But being pressingly engaged at the present moment he finds it impossible," concluded Bob.

The man eyed him unpleasantly.

"You will go back to Lord Mauleverer, and tell him that I must see him at once," he said.

Bob raised his eyebrows.

"Can't do anything of the sort," he answered. "I'm rather busy with my packing—and, besides, I have to be asked more civilly."

Mr. Gaunt's eyes glinted.

"Where is Lord Mauleverer?" he asked.

"In his study."

"Will you show me where that is?"

"Visitors aren't allowed in the studies, unless they're relations."

"It is very important." The man's angry manner dropped from him, and he addressed the Greyfriars junior with forced civility. "I have a very important message for him. He must hear it before he leaves Greyfriars."

"You see, it's breaking-up day," said Bob. "Mauzy's up to the neck in packing. But I dare say there's no harm in your going to his study. Mr. Quelch is in the hall, and you can ask him."

"Very good."

Bob Cherry looked out of the doorway. Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, was standing near at hand, saying good-bye to Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, who was starting. When he had finished Bob called to him:

"If you please, sir—"

"Well, Cherry, what is it?" asked Mr. Quelch genially.

The Remove master was always genial on breaking-up day; perhaps because he found comfort in the reflection that he would not see his hopeful pupils again for some weeks.

"This gentleman would like to speak to you, sir," said Bob; and he made his escape, to help Wharton and Nugent with the refractory trunk in Study No. 1.

Mr. Quelch glanced at the visitor. There was no sign in his face that he observed the gentleman's remarkable nose—though two or three thoughtless fags in the hall were exchanging grins and winks.

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked Mr. Quelch politely.

"I have called with a message for Lord Mauleverer, from his uncle, sir," said the visitor. "It is important that it should be delivered before he leaves the school."

"Very good," said Mr. Quelch. "Trotter! Where is Trotter?"

The school page had vanished. He was closing Mr. Prout's taxi door outside the School House in happy anticipation of at least half-a-crown.

"Dear me, Vernon-Smith, do you know where Lord Mauleverer is?"

"Packing in his study, sir!" said the Bouncer.

"Please go and tell him that a gentleman has called with a message from his uncle."

"Certainly, sir."

"Pray take a seat for a few minutes," said Mr. Quelch courteously; and he returned to his own study.

Mr. Gideon Gaunt did not take a seat. As soon as Mr. Quelch was gone, the man with the striking nose followed the Bouncer up the staircase.

Two or three fellows glanced after him, but no one offered to interfere. The black-bearded man kept Vernon-

Smith in sight and reached the Remove passage.

Smithy knocked at Mauleverer's door and opened it.

"Don't come in!" called out his lordship hastily.

"Man wants to see you——"

"Rats! Tell him to go and chop chips!"

"He says it's a message from your uncle."

"Oh, gad! Why couldn't he say that before? I say, Smithy, old chap, run down and ask him what the message is. I'm simply tired out."

"I am sorry to trouble your lordship," said a voice over the Bounder's shoulder at the door.

Vernon-Smith started, and looked round. He had not heard the black-bearded man come along the passage; Mr. Gaunt had a tread as stealthy as a cat's.

"Hallo, here he is!" said the Bounder, and he walked away, leaving Lord Mauleverer to his visitor.

The schoolboy earl detached himself from the sofa.

"Please come in," he said politely. "The fact is, I'm rather busy—packin', you know. What's the message?"

Gideon Gaunt entered the study, and closed the door behind him. Lord Mauleverer, a little puzzled, politely waved his hand to a seat. The black-bearded man sat down.

"I'm rather busy——" hinted Mauleverer.

"You are Lord Mauleverer?"

"Yaas."

"I have no message from your uncle. That was merely an excuse to gain admittance," said Mr. Gaunt.

"Great gad!"

"My business is entirely with your lordship."

Lord Mauleverer stared at his visitor. He was a very good-tempered and patient fellow; but he could not help feeling irritated.

"Dash it all!" he said. "What the thump do you mean? I'm busy packin', an' the school's breaking up to-day. What are you botherin' me for?"

"My business with your lordship is very important."

"Can't be important enough to tell a lie about it," said Lord Mauleverer. "Good-mornin'!"

"I am not going yet," said the black-bearded man calmly. "I shall not detain your lordship more than a few minutes."

"You won't detain me at all," said Lord Mauleverer sharply. "There's the door; and I want you to get on the other side of it!"

"Listen to me——"

"Are you goin'?" snapped Mauleverer.

"I am not going yet."

"If you don't clear, my man, I shall call in two or three of the fellows to roll you along the passage," said Lord Mauleverer.

The schoolboy earl made a movement towards the door. He gave a jump as the black-bearded man rose to his feet, and, placing his back against the door, raised his right hand. There was a glimmer of metal in that hand, and the dandy of the Remove, in blank and utter amazement, found himself looking into the barrel of a revolver.

"Stand back!" said the black-bearded man quietly.

"Oh, gad!"

Lord Mauleverer stood back hastily, and sat down on the sofa quite limply.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

An Amazing Attack!

"GREAT GAD!" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

He blinked at his amazing visitor.

His first and natural thought was that he had to do with some escaped lunatic. It seemed the only possible explanation. But a lunatic with a revolver, which might be loaded, required careful handling.

The man with the nose lowered the revolver as Mauleverer sat down.

"That's better!" he remarked.

"Would you mind puttin' that thing back in your pocket, dear man?" asked Lord Mauleverer politely. "It might go off!"

"I do not want to frighten you, Lord Mauleverer——"

"Dear man, you haven't frightened me," said his lordship equably. "But put it away. It's dangerous, you know."

Gideon Gaunt slipped the revolver into his pocket. He seemed a little puzzled by the schoolboy's coolness.

Lord Mauleverer was puzzled, too. The man did not look like a lunatic, though he seemed to act like one. But if he was sane his object in forcing himself into Mauleverer's study was a mystery. He could scarcely intend robbery in broad daylight in the midst of a swarm of fellows hurrying to and fro in the passages.

"Now, listen to me, Lord Mauleverer!" said Gideon Gaunt in low, level tones. "You need not fear violence so long as you do not call out and draw anybody to this room."

"Go ahead, old bean!" said his lordship. "It seems I'm booked for a conversazione. Dooce knows when my packin' will be done! But pile in, an' don't mind me!"

"I have only a few words to say, my lord," said Gaunt. "But you will find them to the purpose. You are an earl, I——"

"Oh, yaas!"

"And a millionaire?"

"Yaas!"

"I am neither one nor the other," said Gaunt.

"You don't look either," agreed his lordship. "Sorry! Wish you were, if it appeals to you! But we can't all be earls and millionaires, can we? There wouldn't be enough cash to go round, would there?"

"I am in need of money."

"Lots in that boat," said Lord Mauleverer sympathetically. "Five bob any good?"

"I am not here to jest, Lord Mauleverer."

"But I'm in earnest, dear man. I've got five bob absolutely at your service, if you'll only go away and let me get on with the packin'."

"I require ten thousand pounds."

"Eh?"

"Did I not speak plainly?" asked Gideon Gaunt.

Lord Mauleverer rubbed his nose. It came into his mind again that his visitor must be a lunatic.

"Yaas," he assented. "You—you want ten thousand pounds! I'm sure I hope you'll get it."

"I think you could spare that sum from your ample fortune, Lord Mauleverer."

"Well, I don't know about that," smiled Mauleverer. "Ten thousand pounds is a goodish lump sum. But I suppose you know that I'm a minor, and haven't control of my money till I come of age? Call on me the day after my twenty-first birthday, and we'll have a friendly talk."

"I do not expect you to be able to hand over the money," said Gaunt, unmoved. "Your guardian—Sir Reginald Brooke—has control of it."

"Exactly!"

"You are going on a summer cruise with your uncle, Sir Reginald, in his yacht this vacation."

"You seem to know my bizney as well as I know it myself," assented his lordship.



The stranger made a sudden spring at Mauly. Before the junior fairly knew what was happening, he was down on the floor of the study with a knee on his chest. As he opened his mouth to yell a pad was pressed over it. There was a sickly smell in the pad. (See Chapter 3.)

NEXT MONDAY! "THE SCHOOLBOY YACHTSMEN!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF HARRY WHARTON & CO.'S HOLIDAY ADVENTURES. By FRANK RICHARDS. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 756.

"You would like to return from that voyage alive, I suppose?"

"By gad! Yaas, I should prefer it, if possible!" assented Lord Mauleverer, with gentle sarcasm. "I'm not dashed particular; but I'd rather."

"This is not a jesting matter. I am here to give you the first warning," said Gaunt. "You will ransom your life with ten thousand pounds, or you will meet your death on the high seas."

"Great pip!"

"You understand me, Lord Mauleverer?"

"Yaas. Are you a lunatic or a black-mailer?" inquired his lordship pleasantly.

"I should be called a blackmailer," said Gaunt calmly. "But, whatever I am called, I mean business. Ten thousand pounds is the price of your life, Lord Mauleverer."

"You flatter me!" said the schoolboy earl cheerily. "I should hardly have fancied that it was worth so much. Now, my dear sir, if you've done jestin', will you retire an' let me get on packin'?"

The black-bearded man nodded.

"I will go now," he said. "I have given you warning. Your Uncle Brooke has already heard from me. Later you will both hear when and how the money is to be paid."

Lord Mauleverer laughed.

"Will you have it in gold or notes?" he asked.

"That is all—for the present!" said Gaunt.

"Just a minute!" smiled his lordship.

"I suppose you're a harmless lunatic, or some sort of a practical joker pullin' my leg. But if you're neither one nor the other, but a giddy blackmailer after my money, what's to prevent me from handin' you over to the police this merry minute?"

"This!"

With that word the black-bearded man made a sudden spring at Lord Mauleverer.

Before Mauly fairly knew what was happening he was down on the study carpet on his back, and a knee was planted on his chest.

The schoolboy earl opened his mouth for a yell, and as he did so a cloth pad was pressed over it.

Lord Mauleverer gasped and struggled.

There was a sickly smell in the pad, and he knew that it was impregnated with chloroform.

He struggled wildly, frantically, his eyes almost starting from his head; but he was held in a grip of iron, and the pad remained pressed immovably on his mouth and nose. In a few moments his senses were reeling. The dark, black-browed face over him seemed to float in a mist, the huge nose distended, grew larger, mistily, eerily. Lord Mauleverer's staring, startled eyes closed.

Then he knew no more.

A minute later Harry Wharton & Co., busy with their baggage in Study No. 1, observed the man with the big nose pass their open doorway. He walked on calmly and sedately to the stairs and disappeared.

"That's Mauly's merry visitor," said Bob Cherry.

"What a jolly boko!" murmured Johnny Bull.

"The boko-fulness is terrific," remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

The strange visitor's footsteps died away on the stairs. The chums of the Remove gave him no further thought, little dreaming of what he had left behind him in Study No. 12.

"I say, you fellows—"

Billy Bunter burst into the study, his fat face white, his eyes fairly bulging from his head, as if they would bulge through his big spectacles.

"Help!" he gasped.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What—"

"Mauly!" panted Bunter.

"Anything the matter with Mauly?" asked Wharton.

"Oh dear! He—he—he—"

"He's what?"

"Dead!" gasped Bunter. "Oh dear! M-Mauly's dead!"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

A Villain's Victim!

"DEAD!"

Five voices gasped out the word.

Bob Cherry grasped the Owl of the Remove by the shoulder and shook him angrily.

"You fat idiot!"

"Grooogh!"

"What do you mean?" roared Bob savagely. "I saw Mauly a quarter of an hour ago! What do you mean?"

"Grooogh! Leggo! He's dead!"

"You fat idiot!" snapped Wharton.

"He's dead!" gasped Bunter. "I—I went into his study—and he was stretched on the floor—white as chalk—dead as a doornail!"

"It's impossible!" exclaimed Wharton, his face growing pale. "But—come on, you fellows!"

He sprang out of the study and rushed up the passage. His chums followed him fast.

Billy Bunter did not follow. He rolled away to the stairs, to spread far and wide the startling news that Lord Mauleverer was dead! Never had Bunter had so startling an item of news to spread, and he fairly thrilled with excitement as he passed it on.

Harry Wharton reached Study No. 12 in about a second. He rushed in, hardly knowing what he expected to find there.

He stopped suddenly, almost stumbling over Lord Mauleverer.

The schoolboy earl lay on his back on the carpet, perfectly still, his face colourless and his eyes closed.

So white, so terribly still was he, that for a moment Wharton had a fearful dread at his heart that Bunter's news was true.

"Mauly!" he panted.

The captain of the Remove threw himself upon his knees on the carpet. Quickly he felt the schoolboy earl's heart. A throb of relief ran through him as he found that it was beating steadily, though faintly.

"What on earth's happened?" exclaimed Bob Cherry. Wharton's chums were in the study, only a moment behind him.

"He's not—not—" stammered Nugent.

"No!" Wharton breathed hard.

"He's not dead—fainted or something. But his heart's beating—he's breathing."

"Poor old Mauly!"

"Must be a faint!" said Harry. "Blessed if I thought Mauly was the fainting sort! The heat, perhaps. He's quite unconscious!"

"Mauly!" shouted Bob. "Mauly, old man!"

But no movement came from the insensible junior. It was obvious that he was utterly senseless.

"Better call Mr. Quelch!" said Johnny Bull. "A doctor will have to be sent for."

"Yes, rather! You fellows stay with him while I cut down," said the captain of the Remove.

"We'll put the poor chap on the sofa," said Bob. "Poor old Mauly!"

Harry Wharton hurried from the



"Last view of Bunter!" chuckled Bob Cherry, as the car passed the station. Billy Bunter blinked after the crowded car in a amazement. Harry Wharton & Co. waved their hands to him. The fat junior gave a jump into the road and raced after the car. "Stop! Wait for me!" he cried. (See Chapter 7.)

study. His comrades lifted Lord Mauleverer, tenderly enough, and laid him on the sofa, and Nugent removed his collar and tie to give him more freedom in breathing. A low, faint sound came from Mauleverer's lips, a sign of returning consciousness. But his eyes remained closed, his breathing faint and low.

Wharton was downstairs almost in a twinkling, and dashing to the Remove master's study. But Bunter's startling news had already spread; and a chorus of inquiring shouts greeted Wharton.

"What's happened to Mauly?"

"Is he ill?"

"Bunter says he's dead!"

"He's ill!" answered Wharton briefly, over his shoulder, as he knocked at Mr. Quelch's door. He entered the study without ceremony.

Dr. Locke was in the study, talking with the master of the Remove. Both the masters gave Wharton severe glances as he burst into the study.

"Wharton—" began Mr. Quelch sharply.

"Excuse me, sir!" gasped Wharton. "Mauleverer's ill—I think it's serious. He's insensible in his study."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head, startled.

Mr. Quelch rose quickly to his feet. "Insensible!" he repeated.

"Insensible on the floor, sir," said Harry. "I suppose the heat's too much for him; anyhow, he's fainted, and hasn't come to."

"That is very surprising," said Mr. Quelch. "He appeared in his normal health at breakfast-time this morning. If you will excuse me, sir, I will go to Mauleverer at once."

"I will accompany you," said the Head.

The two masters, with unaccustomed hurry, left the study and ascended the stairs to the Remove passage. Harry Wharton followed them. A crowd of the Remove had already gathered in the passage, and they made way respectfully for their Form-master and the Head.

There was a buzz of excitement in the passage. A good many of the Remove had already left the school; but of those that remained, nearly all had gathered on the spot on the news of Mauleverer's mishap. His lordship was a general favourite in the Remove; not by any means wholly on account of his worldly advantages. Even Skinner was sorry to hear that he was ill.

Vernon-Smith caught Wharton by the arm.

"What's the matter with Mauly?" he asked.

"Fainted, I think."

"Had that nosey man anything to do with it?"

"Wha-a-t?"

"He can't be ill," said the Bounder; "he was right as rain when I saw him ten minutes ago, when that fellow came to the study after me. Has that chap done anything to him?"

Wharton started.

For the first time it crossed his mind that there was foul play in the affair.

"My hat!" he muttered. "Why, the man had only left him a minute or two when Bunter found him; if Mauly was ill then, he would have told someone—and he didn't!"

"Looks like foul play!" said the Bounder.

Wharton nodded, and went on to the study. His comrades were still there, and the Head was leaning over Lord

"Better keep a safer distance!" said Nugent with an exaggerated expression of alarm. "Just a breath from the patient is likely to do the trick." The juniors backed away from the bed and held their handkerchiefs over their mouths. Billy Bunter blinked at the scene with wide-open eyes. (See Chapter 6.)



Mauleverer on the sofa. Mr. Quelch, with a strange expression on his face, was sniffing.

"This is not an ordinary faint," said Dr. Locke. "There is something very unusual the matter with this boy, Mr. Quelch."

The Remove master sniffed again.

"Do you notice a peculiar odour in the room, sir?" he asked.

"Now that you mention it, I do," said the Head, sniffing too. "Surely it cannot be—cannot be—"

"Chloroform!" said Mr. Quelch. "It certainly is!"

"Upon my word!"

The juniors exchanged startled glances. They had noticed the faint, lingering, sickly smell, though without heeding it in the excitement.

"Chloroform!" whispered Bob Cherry. "My only hat!"

Wingate of the Sixth appeared in the doorway.

"Can I do anything, sir?" he asked. "I hear that—"

"Yes, Wingate!" said the Head. "Mauleverer has had an accident; kindly telephone for Dr. Pillbury as quickly as possible. Tell him that a boy has somehow fallen under the influence of chloroform, and beg him to hasten here as rapidly as possible."

"Certainly, sir!"

The Sixth-former hurried away. Dr. Locke looked at the white, still face of Lord Mauleverer, and then glanced at the Famous Five.

"Do you juniors know anything about this?" he asked.

"Nothing, sir!" said Harry. "Bunter ran into our study saying that Mauly was dead, and we hurried here and found him insensible on the floor. That's all we know—unless—"

"Unless what?"

"A man was here speaking to him a few minutes before Bunter found him—"

"A man!" exclaimed the Head. "What man?"

"He gave his name to the page as Gideon Gaunt," said Bob Cherry. "A man with a black beard and a big boko—I mean nose, sir."

Mr. Quelch uttered an ejaculation.

"I saw the man, Dr. Locke," he said. "He stated that he had a message from Lord Mauleverer's uncle, and I requested Vernon-Smith—"

"The man followed me upstairs, sir," said the Bounder.

"He had no right to do so," said the Remove master, frowning. "I was not aware—"

"Well, he did, sir," said Vernon-Smith.

"I lost sight of him after speaking to him, sir," Mr. Quelch explained to the Head. "There were several relations of my boys in my study who had stopped to speak to me, and I was busy. I supposed that Mauleverer had been told to come down and see the man."

"You left this man with Mauleverer, Vernon-Smith?" asked the Head.

"Yes, sir. Mauleverer certainly wasn't ill then," answered Vernon-Smith. "I'm sure of that, though I only just looked in to tell him the man had come, as my father was waiting downstairs for me."

"This is most extraordinary!" said the Head. "Mauleverer is undoubtedly under the influence of chloroform, Mr. Quelch."

"It certainly appears so, sir."

"Can it be that this stranger—"

"Why should a stranger commit such an objectless outrage, sir?" said the Remove master. "It is more probable that the foolish boy has obtained some chemicals from the laboratory, without knowing their danger, and that this is the result."

"Yes, yes; that is possible."

There was a moan from the still figure on the sofa. Sir Jimmy Vivian, who

was kneeling beside him, uttered an exclamation.

"He's coming to, sir."

Dr. Locke turned quickly to Mauleverer.

"Mauleverer! My poor boy—"

Lord Mauleverer's eyes had opened. He cast a wild glance round him, evidently not quite himself.

"Keep him off!" he moaned.

"My boy—"

"He's mad—keep him off!" moaned Mauleverer.

And he relapsed into unconsciousness again. The Head met Mr. Quelch's startled glance.

"Mauleverer is the victim of an attack," he said quietly. "There is no further doubt about that, Mr. Quelch. The description of the man calling himself Gaunt must be sent to the police at once."

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Mysterious!

BREAKING-UP day at Greyfriars was always a day of excitement, especially the break-up for the midsummer vacation. But never in the history of the old school had so much excitement been crammed into one day, as on the present occasion.

Lord Mauleverer had been removed to his bed in his dormitory, which he had not expected to occupy again till the next term. But he was in no state to travel at present.

His uncle, Sir Reginald Brooke, was expected at the school in the family car to take him away, and startling news awaited him. The baronet had not been able to arrive early in the day for the speeches and other ceremonies—possibly the old gentleman did not enjoy such occasions, and Mauly was not a member of the prize list—but he was expected in the afternoon.

Dr. Pillbury, the school doctor, had arrived in haste, and was in attendance on the schoolboy earl—Mauly's young friends being excluded from the dormitory. Sir Jimmy Vivian haunted the dormitory passage with a white and almost tearful face, filled with anxiety for his noble relative. Harry Wharton & Co. wandered disconsolately in the quad.

Inspector Grimes had come over from Courtfield in response to an urgent telephone message from the Head. The Co. saw him enter the dormitory, where the doctor was with Mauly, and they concluded that the dandy of the Remove was now in a condition to give a description of the attack upon him. They watched the inspector when he left—his face was grave, and they could see that it was perplexed. After his interview with Mauleverer, Mr. Grimes had interviewed Mr. Quelch and the Bounder and Trotter, the page, for a complete description of Mauly's assailant. It was fairly obvious that the mysterious affair puzzled Mr. Grimes, as indeed it puzzled and perplexed all Greyfriars.

Many of the Greyfriars fellows lingered for a later train than the one they had intended to take, in order to hear the latest news of Mauly's state before they went; and they were comforted by the information that his lordship's condition was not serious. He had had a severe shock, but he would be able to travel later in the day.

As vehicle after vehicle departed, the old school grew more silent and deserted.

Most of the crowd were gone when a big car arrived with a white-whiskered

old gentleman sitting bolt upright in it; and the chums of the Remove recognised Mauleverer's guardian.

They capped him respectfully as the car passed, and Sir Reginald Brooke gave them a nod and a kind smile.

At the doorway he was met by Dr. Locke, who conducted him into the house, and doubtless explained to him what had happened to his nephew. The old gentleman was taken to the dormitory at once to see Mauleverer. The doctor was gone, and Sir Jimmy Vivian was installed by the bedside of his relative; but it was not yet allowed for the rest of Mauly's friends to come in.

As the last wheels rumbled on the gravel drive, and Gosling collected his last tip, Harry Wharton & Co. were left with the deserted school almost to themselves. The Head's departure had been delayed, but his car was waiting for him now. But there was another who lingered, and that was William George Bunter of the Remove. Bunter was prepared to be installed by Mauly's bedside, in the character of devoted friend and pal and nurse, to soothe the invalid's feverish pillow, and to whisper in his ear irrefragable reasons why he, Bunter, really must be included in the yachting-party. But for the present Mauly had to be left to his relatives, and the Owl of the Remove was turned away from the dormitory door.

A Reminder!

There will be **TWO REAL PHOTOS** of **Famous Footballers** presented **FREE** with next week's **Bumper Issue!**

Harry Wharton & Co. strolled in the deserted quadrangle, in a rather troubled frame of mind, in the late afternoon. They could not help feeling worried about "old Mauly," though they were relieved by the doctor's assurance that his lordship would soon be himself again.

Inspector Grimes had assured the Head that he would lose no time, and that he had little doubt about laying the black-bearded gentleman by the heels very shortly, if the rascal was still within the borders of the county.

Dr. Locke hoped to hear a message on the telephone, before he left, to the effect that the man calling himself Gideon Gaunt was under arrest; and Harry Wharton & Co. were very eager to hear that the ruffian was laid by the heels.

But there was no news of it so far.

The man, evidently a cool and determined scoundrel, had calmly walked out of Greyfriars after the outrage, and had not been seen again. Gosling, the porter, had exchanged a word or two with him at the gates, as it transpired, and it came out that Gosling had actually been speaking to the man at the very moment that Bunter made the startling discovery in Study No. 12. Yet, though discovery was so close behind him, the man had

chatted pleasantly with Gosling, and sauntered away up the road as if he had not a care in the world. He was, as Bob Cherry observed, a cool customer—there was no doubt on that point.

The man's appearance was so striking, with his black foreign beard and misshapen nose, that it seemed certain he would be observed, and that news of him would not be long in coming forward. But, so far from that being the case, Gideon Gaunt seemed to have sunk into the earth after leaving the school gates.

He had not been seen at any railway station within a radius of ten miles, no one had observed him on the roads or in the lanes, and Inspector Grimes was driven to the conclusion that he had had a fast closed car in waiting near at hand.

That was all the information Mr. Grimes was able to give the Head by telephone. It was little enough.

Harry Wharton & Co. were walking rather dismally in the quad when the Head's car left, and they "capped" their headmaster respectfully as he departed with his family. Mr. Quelch still remained; he was to see the last of the Remove off the premises before he went. The Famous Five strolled round the deserted playing-fields, and then roamed back into the quadrangle, waiting for word from their Form-master that they might see Mauleverer.

"Poor old Mauly!" said Bob Cherry for about the hundredth time. "Wouldn't I like to have that villain's big nose within reach just now!"

"I'd make it a size larger still!" growled Johnny Bull.

"It's dashed queer," said Harry Wharton, wrinkling his brows. "I should think the man must be mad."

"Method in his madness, then," said Nugent. "From what Mauly's said, the man was after a big sum of money. A filthy blackmailer!"

"But he must have known he couldn't get it from Mauly."

"Mauly will hear of him again!" said Frank quietly. "What he's done to-day is to scare Mauly and his guardian into shelling out. He's done it to show what he could do if he liked."

Harry Wharton nodded.

"Perhaps it's lucky that we're going on the vac with Mauly," he said. "We shall be able to look after him."

"Yes, rather!" agreed Bob.

"The ratherfulness is terrific!"

"The rotter couldn't get at Mauly on the yacht, though," said Bob. "That would be impossible."

"That's what he said, according to what Mauly's told the inspector."

"Gammon!" said Bob. "He was trying to scare Mauly. How could he get at him when we're at sea?"

"But if he doesn't, he seems to have taken all this trouble and risk for nothing," said the captain of the Remove thoughtfully. "He's an utterly unscrupulous ruffian—after Mauly's money, that's a cert. It looks to me as if we shall have more adventures than we expected this vac."

"I say, you fellows!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Are you still here, Bunter?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"What about your train, fatty?" asked Johnny Bull.

Billy Bunter blinked reproachfully at the Famous Five.

"Oh, really, you fellows, you don't think I would desert my old pal, Mauly, now he's down on his luck, do you? Some fellows might. Not me. By the way, have you fellows seen my box?" asked Bunter. "Has it been put on old Brooke's car along with your things?"

(Continued on page 13.)

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY—PRICE 2s

NEXT MONDAY! "THE SCHOOLBOY YACHTSMEN!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 756.

A SPLENDID TALE OF HARRY WHARTON & CO.'S HOLIDAY ADVENTURES. By FRANK RICHARDS.



The GREYFRIARS HERALD

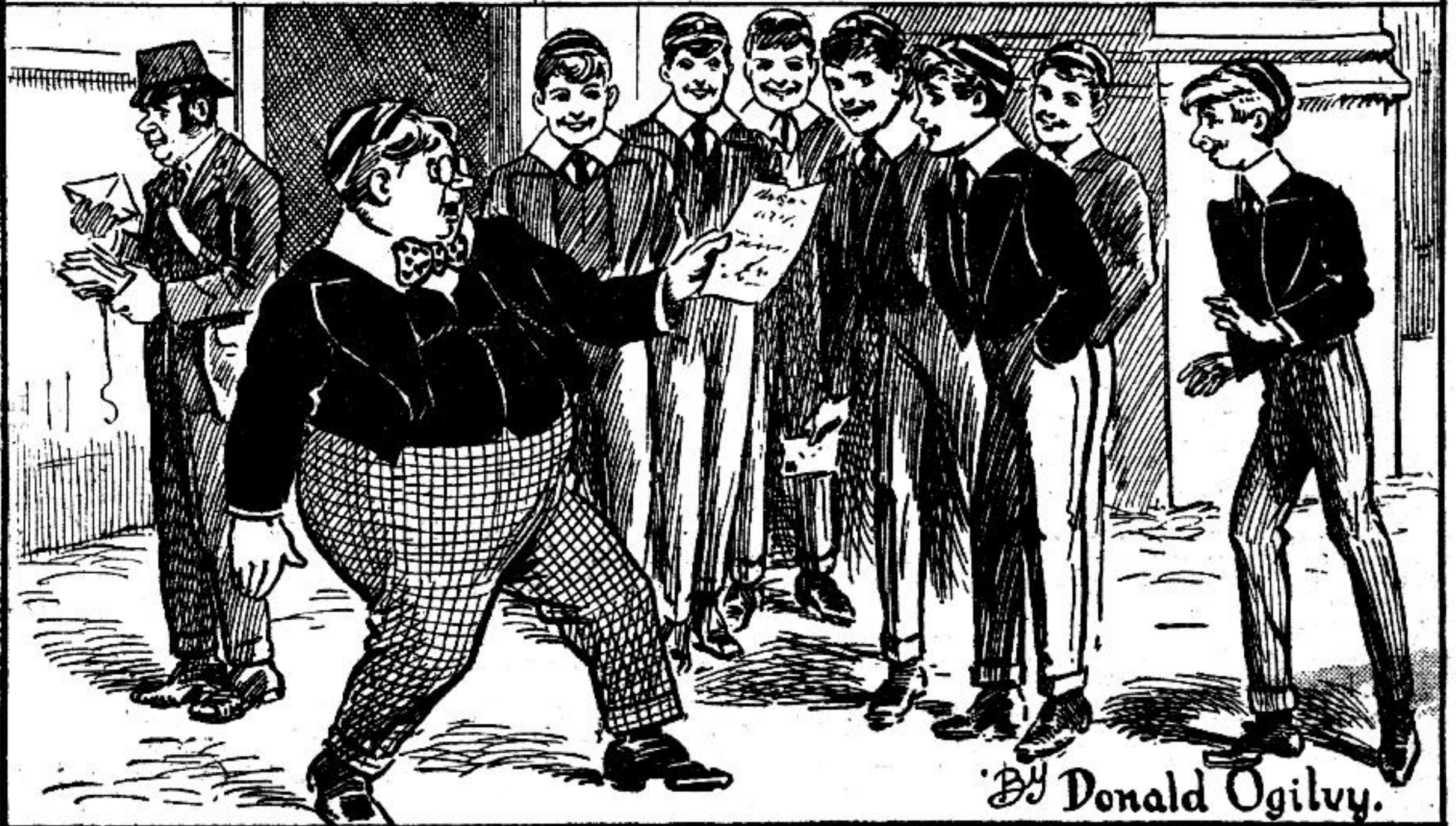
THE SCHOOL-HOUSE

Harry Wharton
Editor

Supplement No. 84.

Week Ending August 5th, 1922.

A DREAMER OF DREAMS!



A SHOCK FOR BUNTER! Billy Bunter hastily scribbled his signature on the slip of paper and grabbed the letter. The juniors crowded round him as he opened it. Then his jaw dropped. For there were no crisp banknotes in the envelope. No fifty pounds—only a bill!

BUCK up, Penfold! Rising-bell went ten minutes ago." Harry Wharton aroused the rhymer of the Remove by bawling loudly in his ear.

It was not often that Dick Penfold overslept, but he had done so on this occasion. He sat up in bed, and yawned sleepily. "I've been dreaming," he said.

Wharton nodded. "It was a pleasant dream, wasn't it?" he said. "You were smiling in your sleep."

"I dreamt that I came into a large sum of money," said Penfold. "Not what a fellow like Smithy or Mauly, would call a large sum; but it would be a fortune to me. I dreamt I received fifty pounds."

"Which means!" said Bob Cherry, "that you will receive six. Dreams go by contraries, you know."

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter, "supposing Pen's dream came true?"

"You'd fall on his neck, and swear eternal friendship!" said Johnny Bull. "But you can set your mind at rest. Pen's dream won't come true."

"I don't imagine for one moment that it will," said Dick Penfold.

And he proceeded with his toilet. When we went downstairs, a big sensation awaited us.

A registered packet had arrived for Dick Penfold. And all eyes were on Pen as he opened it.

Supplement i.]

"My only aunt!" ejaculated the bard of the Remove, looking utterly dazed. "Where's the merchant who said dreams didn't come true?"

"You—you don't mean to say—?" stammered Harry Wharton.

"I've won fifty pounds!"

"Great pip!"

There was no doubt about it. Dick Penfold produced from the envelope five crisp "tenners." He also produced a covering letter, which he handed round after reading it himself.

"The Editor of 'The Bookworm' has pleasure in enclosing notes to the value of Fifty Pounds, being the First Prize in our recent poetry competition.

"The Editor congratulates Master Penfold very heartily on his success."

In an instant Dick Penfold was bombarded with congratulations.

"Good old Pen!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Fancy pulling off the first prize! I knew you had some genius stowed away in that uapper of yours! Hearty congratulations, old scout!"

"The congratulation bestowed upon our esteemed and poetic chum is terrific!" said Hurree Singh.

Penfold smiled happily.

"Dreams don't always go by contraries, you see," he said. "I dreamt I received fifty pounds, and here it is."

Billy Bunter caught Penfold by the arm. "I say, Pen," he said breathlessly, "do you really think that dreams come true?"

"I shall begin to think so after this," was the reply.

"Then I'm going to try to dream that I've come into fifty quid!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You've got some hopes, Bunt!" chuckled Nugent.

"Well, I'm going to try my hardest to have a dream like that, anyway."

Billy Bunter went up to bed that evening in a state of great excitement. He was much impressed by Dick Penfold's good fortune. And he didn't see why he shouldn't follow in Pen's footsteps.

Whilst the fat junior was composing himself to slumber, he kept murmuring in drowsy tones:

"Fifty quid! Fifty quid!"

At length the murmuring died away, and Billy Bunter was sleeping the sleep of the unjust.

When the rising-bell rang out next morning, the Owl of the Remove sat up in bed, looking very crestfallen.

"Top of the morning, porpoise!" said Bob Cherry. "Did you dream sweet dreams?"

"No, I didn't!" growled Billy Bunter. "I dreamt that I dwelt—"

"In marble halls?" asked Squiff.

"No—in a dirty old barn, where rats were chasing each other over my body."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 756.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "To dream of rats," said Tom Brown, "means that Quelchy's going to be very ratty with you in class!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Better try again, Buntie," advised Peter Todd. "You may 'ave better luck to-night." On the second night, Billy Bunter again endeavoured to dream that he came into the sum of fifty pounds. But once again, when morning broke, he looked disappointed and dismayed.

"Any luck?" inquired Harry Wharton.
 "No!"
 "What did you dream about this time?"
 "I dreamt I was in an aeroplane, high above the clouds, and one of the wings fell off."

"That means," said Tom Brown, "that you will shortly have a nasty fall, and bruise your shin!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "I wish I could dream of getting that fifty quid," said Bunter, with a sigh. "How did you manage it, Penfold?"

"I really couldn't tell you," said Pen. "I don't believe it's possible for us to control our dreams, and to dream of any fixed subject."

But Billy Bunter, although deeply disappointed, did not despair.

On the third evening, Billy ate an enormous supper before going to bed—the proceeds of a raid on Coker's study.

It was morally certain that Bunter would dream, on top of salmon and cucumber. And it was more than possible that he would have nightmare.

The fat junior sank into a heavy slumber, and his snore boomed through the dormitory. "He'll start yelling out in his sleep, in a jiffy," said Vernon-Smith.

But Bunter didn't. A placid smile hovered over his features. His dreams appeared to be pleasant ones.

At rising-bell, Billy Bunter was in a fever of excitement.

"I say, you fellows, it's come at last!" he exclaimed.

"Meaning your postal-order?" queried Bob Cherry.

"No—the dream. I dreamt quite clearly last night that I came into possession of fifty quid! Isn't it great? Just you wait till the postman comes!"

"But you haven't been competing in a poetry competition!" protested Nugent.

"It doesn't matter. I dreamt that I got fifty quid, and I shall get it, like Penfold did."

Billy Bunter spoke with conviction. He was positive that his dream had been no idle fantasy. It would come true; the fat junior was convinced of that.

As a rule, Bunter took a long time to dress. But on this particular morning he raced through his toilet in record time.

Out of the dormitory he dashed, and down the stairs he plunged, falling down the last few in his eagerness.

The postman was dragging his weary way through the Close. Billy Bunter hailed him with a glad shout of anticipation.

"Any letters for me?"

"One, Master Bunter."

"Oh, good! Is it registered?"

The postman nodded.

"Which there's a receipt to sign," he said.

Billy Bunter hastily scribbled his signature on the slip of paper. Then he grabbed at the registered envelope.

Billy's schoolfellows had followed him downstairs, and they gathered around him.

Bunter opened the envelope with a great flourish. He was the observed of all observers.

Then his jaw dropped. For there were no crisp banknotes in the envelope. There was merely a letter. It was from the proprietor of the Elysian Cafe, in Courtfield, and it ran as follows:

"Sir,—With reference to the dinner you consumed at this restaurant on Wednesday last, and omitted to pay for, I wish to inform you that unless the amount due—ten shillings and sixpence—is paid within forty-eight hours, I shall communicate the facts to your headmaster.

"I am sending this letter by registered post, so that you will not be able to deny the receipt of the same."

Billy Bunter blinked at that letter in horrid dismay.

Only too well he remembered the feed in the Elysian Cafe. He had eaten a sumptuous

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 756.

meal, and he had not had the wherewithal to pay for it. The proprietor was now dunning him for the money.

"I—I say, you fellows—" stammered Bunter.

"Where are the merry banknotes?" inquired Nugent.

"They—they haven't come!"

"What?"

"Will you fellows lend me ten-and-six?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. laughed uproariously.

Instead of receiving, as he had fondly anticipated, the sum of fifty pounds, Billy Bunter was reduced to cadging for half-a-guinea.

When the juniors became aware of Billy's plight they had a whip-round on his behalf, in order to get him out of his fix. They also gave him a severe bumping for fraudulently obtaining a meal at the Elysian Cafe.

It was altogether an unhappy climax to the great expectations of the dreamer of dreams!

THE END.

EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

THE subject of dreams is a very fascinating one. Most of us dream at some time or other—more especially on top of a mid-night feast.

There are pleasant dreams and painful dreams; glorious dreams and gruesome dreams; happy dreams and horrid dreams. We shall deal with all the different varieties in this issue.

At Greyfriars we have a fellow who claims to be able to interpret dreams. Tom Brown is the fellow in question. Brown's article, "Dreams And Their Explanations," is bound to cause a thrill.

Speaking for myself, I must say that the majority of my dreams are pleasant ones. They seldom reach the nightmare stage.

Probably the worst dream I ever had was the night before the match with St. Jim's. I dreamt that I was going in to bat, and that the wickets were three times their normal size. My "bat" consisted of a small spade, such as a child uses on the sands. The "ball" was a huge lump of flintstone, and the bowler was very fast and deadly. I had no pads on, no batting-gloves, no means of protection. And the very first ball took a piece out of my shin. I am thankful to say that at this juncture I awoke!

Billy Bunter informs me that he has had some weird dreams in his time. I asked Billy to contribute an article to this issue, and he has obliged. But I notice he never asks me to contribute to the pages of his "Weekly."

I am making a very novel departure next week, so far as the editorship of the "Herald" is concerned.

Whom do you think is going to occupy the editorial chair? The Head? Wrong. Quelchy? Wrong again. Mr. Prout? Certainly not!

Our next "temporary editor" will be none other than William Gosling, the keeper of the gate!

I can promise you in advance that Gosling's Number is going to be one of the funniest we have ever had. It is one long scream from start to finish. Gosling's ideas of running a paper are both weird and wonderful. And next week's issue will be well worth keeping as a journalistic curiosity!

Take my tip, and order next week's issue of the MAGNET Library now!

HARRY WHARTON.

BILLY BUNTER'S DREAM!

By Dick Penfold.

Night, and the stars are gleaming
 O'er land and sea;
 Bunter's in bed a-dreaming,
 Grinning with glee.
 Dreaming of feeds delightful,
 Doughnuts and tarts and scones;
 Listen! His snores are frightful!
 Cherry sits up and groans.

How can I live without you?
 How can I let you go?
 Grub that I love so fondly
 Tuck that I worship so!

Night, and the wind is howling
 Through the tall trees;
 Bolsover major's scowling,
 His dreams don't please.
 But Billy Bunter's chuckling,
 Sweet is his dream
 Of plump and tasty duckling,
 Strawberries and cream.

How can I live without you?
 How can I give you up?
 Beautiful breakfasts I love so,
 Dainties on which I sup!

Night, and the moon shines brightly
 Into the dorm.
 Mosquitoes also nightly
 Come in a swarm.
 Bunter, from force of habit,
 Lies on his back,
 Dreams of delicious rabbit,
 Oh, what a snack!

How can I live without you?
 How can I say you nay?
 Grub that I fondly gobble,
 Tuck that I love for aye!

HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By Frank Nugent.



GEORGE POTTER

(Of the Fifth Form).

[Supplement ii.]



CANDID CONFESSIONS!

By Our Special Representative.

LORD MAULEVERER.

overslept! When seven o'clock came, of course, there was no alarm left to go off. So I slept on. And when I came down to brekker, twenty minutes late, Quelch ordered me to write out five hundred times, 'Somnolence is a vice.'

"What's somnolence?"

"Drowsiness, I suppose. An' if it's a vice to be drowsy, then I've got more vice in me than any other fellow at Greyfriars!"

"Why don't you pull yourself together?" I demanded sternly.

"Haven't the energy, dear boy!"

"You've got enough energy to answer a few questions, I suppose, for the benefit of 'Herald' readers?"

Lord Mauleverer yawned wearily.

"I'll try an' survive a brief catechism," he said. "Go ahead!"

"What is your aim in life?"

"To become Director of Slumber, at Whitehall."

"Indeed!"

"Or to become a sleepin' partner in some business. I don't mind which."

"What is your pet aversion?"

"Activity, in any shape or form."

"What is your favourite hobby?"

"Collectin' counterpanes."

"And your favourite sport?"

"Cricket—but only when I play it in my dreams!"

I jotted down Mauly's replies in my note-book.

"I should have thought your favourite game would have been 'nap'!" I said.

"Don't be funny, dear boy! It's painful when you start tryin' to make jokes."

"What is your favourite dinner?"

"Anythin' that can be swallowed without effort."

"You don't like fish?"

"No. Pickin' out the bones is too much like hard work!"

"What is your motto?"

"Always take things lyin' down."

"You lazy chump! What is your opinion of the GREYFRIARS HERALD?"

Snore!

"Great Scott! He's asleep! Wake up, Mauly! It's jolly rude to take forty winks when a newspaper representative's speaking to you."

Snore!

I closed my note-book with a snap, and gave it up! But I, at least, had the satisfaction of having wrung a few confessions out of the slacker and dandy of the Remove.

"GO away, my dear fellow—go away! I can't see anyone to-day. I'm ill, begad!"

Lord Mauleverer, the slacker of the Remove, waved me to the door. Deaf to his lordship's entreaties, I perched myself on the edge of the sofa, on which he was reclining.

"Yes, I'm aware that you're ill," I said. "You've been ill for quite a long time. Sleeping sickness, isn't it?"

"No, begad, it's insomnia!"

"My hat!"

"I had a very bad night," moaned his lordship. "Hardly slept a wink."

"How was that?"

"Listen, and I'll explain," said Lord Mauleverer wearily. "As you probably know, I find it very difficult to get up in the mornin'. Five times last week I was called over the coals for bein' late for brekker. So Bob Cherry hit on a wheeze for wakin' me up."

"Yes?"

"He went round the school borrowin' alarm-clocks—as many as he could lay his hands on. He collected thirty altogether, an' he arranged them around my bed."

"Great Scott!"

"They were set to go off at seven o'clock in the mornin'," explained Mauly. "I went to bed last night with the comfortable reflection that there would be no danger of oversleepin'."

"Well, and what happened?"

Lord Mauleverer gave a deep groan.

"It was at nine o'clock that I turned in," he said. "At half-past nine, one of the beastly alarms went off. I was just dreamin' of green fields an' babblin' brooks. I had to grope about on the floor until I found the offendin' alarm-clock, an' when I did find it, I throttled it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's no laughin' matter, I can assure you," said his lordship. "I composed myself to slumber again, an' at ten o'clock another of the pesterin' alarms went off. I felt homicidal, I can tell you! An' I could hear Bob Cherry chuckling under the bedclothes. The heartless beast!"

"What did you do then?"

"I had to get out of bed, an' go down on my hands an' knees an' grope till I found the clock that was makin' such a shindy. I chucked it out of the window. I believe it knocked the kitchen cat off its perch on the tiles."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Once again I settled down to slumber," continued his lordship, "but it was no use. Half an hour later I was roused again by another of the alarm-clocks goin' off. I began to think I was goin' off, too—off my rocker! After that, the alarms went off at intervals of half an hour. I hardly got a wink of sleep. By half-past six in the mornin', no less than twenty alarms had gone off. That still left ten clocks, and the whole jolly lot went off at the same time! You never heard such a din in your natural!"

"I didn't hear it," I said. "Matter of fact, I got up at five this morning and went for a bathe. That's what you ought to have done, you lazy beggar!"

"The saddest part of my story is yet to come," said Lord Mauleverer. "In spite of all the precautions that had been taken, I

Supplement iii.]

DREAMS AND DISAPPOINTMENTS!

By Billy Bunter.

I'M not going to dream any more. It isn't worth while.

A dream is a snare and a deloosion.

You dream that you are coming into a vast sum of munney; and when you wake up in the morning you find yourself in debt!

You dream that you make a sentury in a kricket match, and, lo and behold, you make a "duck"!

You dream that it's stake-and-kidney pie for dinner, and when you go into hall next day you find yourself confrunted with Chicago tinned beef!

You dream that your Form-master is parralised in his right arm, and in the morning you find that he lays on the cane harder than ever!

You dream— But why kontinew? Dreams are really the deloosions of a disordered brain. You dream things are going to happen, and they don't. You dream things are not going to happen, and they do!

I feel very sick and sore this week, and not without cause.

That fellow Dick Penfold goes and dreams that he comes into the sum of fifty quid, and his dream comes true. I go and dream the same thing, and the fifty quid doesn't turn up! It's enuff to make a fellow tear his hare!

I refuse to have any more dreams. I'm fed-up with them!

Dreams, I find, are the rezzult of eatin' a heavy supper overnite. I'm going to cut supper out of my programme. My last meal will be tea, taken at five o'clock in the afternoon. After that I won't be tempted to eat, not even if somebody comes along and offers me duck and green peeze!

Another thing that makes you dream is lying on your back. To-night, and on future nights, I shall lay on my right side, and get Bob Cherry to strap me in that position to the bed. Then I shall sink into a dreamless slumber.

I must say I have been most unfortunate in my dreams. Other fellows have all the luck.

Bolsover major dreamt that he nocked out Bulstrode, in the Jim, in four rounds. And he did!

Dick Russell dreamt that he had a hamper sent him from home. And he did!

My miner Sammy dreamt that his bed was on fire. And it was!

Mr. Quelch dreamt that he would have occasion to chastise me in the Form-room. And he did!

Dreams nearly always come true—when they are other people's! In the case of your own dreams, they come true if they are horrid ones, and they never come true if they are plezzant ones.

I often used to dream that I was a millyunaire. But on waking in the morning I found I was plain W. G. Bunter, of the Remove. On the other hand, I have often dreamt that I was hoisted on to Gosling's sholders, and being publicly flogged—and the beastly dream has come true!

Hence, idle dreams, I will have nothing more to do with you. In future I shall go supperless to bed, and I shall repose all night on my right side, to preclood all chances of dreaming.

I shall kontinue to snore, and to talk in my sleep; but I'm not going to dream any more. It isn't worth the candle!

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Go to your Newsagent's at once and order a copy of this Great Story Book

DREAMS AND THEIR EXPLANATION!

By PROFESSOR TOM BROWN.



FOR many years I have been a keen student of dreams. I suppose I am one of the finest dreamologists—if there is such a word—in the country. Many people regard dreams as being utterly meaningless. This is not the case. Everything in life has a meaning; and dreams are no exception to the rule.

Our worthy editor has placed a couple of columns at my disposal, so that I may explain the meanings of various dreams to which we are all subject. Here goes!

FALLING FROM A GREAT HEIGHT.

To dream that you are falling over the edge of a precipice, or a steep cliff, means that you will find yourself at the bottom of your class next day. Billy Bunter experienced this dream a few nights ago. Next morning, he had a terrible time in the Remove Form-room, and finished up at the foot of the class.

RAILWAY DISASTERS.

To dream that you are about to be run over by a sixty-miles-an-hour express means that you will shortly be very "cut up" about something! If you dream that you are being savagely attacked in a railway carriage, it means that you will fall into the hands of the school bully next day.

DROWNING.

To dream that you are in danger of drowning is an ominous sign that you will be aroused in the morning by a wet sponge, squeezed over your features by Bob Cherry!

WEALTH.

If you dream that you come into possession of vast treasure, or that some wealthy relation leaves you an enormous fortune, it means that you will pick up a penny in the Close on the following day.

BANQUETS.

To dream of feasting, and orgies, and study celebration is a sure indication that there is going to be a famine in the land, and that you will have to have tea in hall for the following fortnight, owing to lack of funds.

KNIGHTHOODS.

To dream that you are being knighted implies that somebody is going to give you a frightful crack on the napper with a cricket-stump!

DREAMS CONCERNING CRICKET.

Cricket is a subject which is commonly dreamed about. When you dream that you make a century, it is a sure sign that you are coming out for a "duck's egg." On the contrary, if you dream that you don't score a single run, you will make a record score in your next match. To dream that your stumps are uprooted indicates a visit to the dentist! If you dream that you are "caught out," it means that the next jape you play will be nipped in the bud. If "l.b.w." occurs in your dream, it has a sinister meaning. You are going to be "licked by Wingate"!

AILMENTS.

To dream that you are suffering from an attack of writer's cramp means that Quelch is going to give you a thousand lines! If you

dream that you are physically incapable of sitting down, it's a sure sign that you will undergo a public flogging. To dream of gout means that you will live to be ninety.

CHASED BY A MAD BULL.

Billy Bunter had this dream a few nights ago. "I was chased up hill and down dale by a mad bull, Brownie," he said. "What does it mean?"

"It means, porpoise," I said, "that you you have done something to incur Johnny Bull's displeasure."

Sure enough, it turned out that Bunter had "lifted" a plum-cake from Johnny Bull's study, and the infuriated Johnny chased him round the corridors with a cricket-stump!

FIRE.

To dream that your bed is on fire means that you will become a "gay old spark" before you are much older!

DUCK-PONDS, DITCHES, ETC.

A very significant dream, this! What does it portend? Why, that when you next have the gloves on you will be knocked out by Bolsover major in the first round!

COAL-CELLARS.

To dream that you are seized by a party of "raggers" and imprisoned in the coal-cellar means that the outlook will be distinctly "black" for some time to come!

BILLY BUNTER.

To dream of this notorious character means that you are going to have a very "thin" time!

HAVE YOU SEEN

THE SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

On Page 20? All about
the GREYFRIARS

"HOLIDAY ANNUAL!"

WHICH WILL BE
ON SALE SHORTLY.

H. W.

WHAT WAS YOUR WORST DREAM?

(We have asked this question of several Greyfriars celebrities, with the following results.)

BOB CHERRY: "I think the worst dream I ever had was that I was a jockey, and I had been selected to ride the Derby favourite. When the race was about to be run, I discovered that my steed had been transformed into a donkey! The beastly animal fell at the post, and I was mobbed by an infuriated crowd. No more dreams of that sort for this child, please! And no more salmon and cucumber overnight!"

LORD MAULEVERER: "I have had a good many bad dreams in my time, but I think the worst was when I dreamt I had a place in the Remove cricket eleven. We were called upon to play against Australia. Our opponents won the toss, and hit up the gigantic score of 5,125. For two whole days, under a broiling sun, I did nothing but chase the leather in the outfield. And when it came to my turn to bat, I was hit in the eye with my first ball! A dreadful dream that, dear boys. But, thank goodness, it was only a dream!"

DICKY NUGENT: "I once dreamt that I was bathing in the river sark and a sea-serpent suddenly loomed up out of the water and started attacking me. That was my worst dream, and it was the result of eating too many winkles before going to bed. Never again!"

S. Q. I. FIELD: "I never dream, for the simple reason that I never sleep. I have the misfortune to occupy the bed next to Bolsover major's, and his thunderous snores keep me awake all night! I consider that all fellows who snore should be compelled to sleep in a specially isolated dormitory."

BILLY BUNTER: "My worst dream was that I was living in Egypt during the Seven Lean Years, when there was a famine in the land, and I could get nothing to eat and drink. I have had some ugly dreams, but that one easily takes the biscuit."

MR. PROUT: "I think my worst dream was that I was big game shooting in India. A tiger sprang out at me from the jungle, and I cocked my Winchester repeater at it just as the brute sprang. But I had omitted to load the rifle! When I awoke I found myself trembling with fright, and my hair stood on end, 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine.' I had supped with Mr. Quelch overnight, and partaken of some of his Gorgonzola cheese. I shall give Gorgonzola a wide berth in future!"

DICK PENFOLD: "The ugliest dream I ever had was that I suddenly went mad. When I began to bite and scratch, they packed me off to Colney Hatch! Then I awoke, and felt quite sane, but vowed I'd never dream again!"

WILLIAM GOSLING: "Which I'm never guilty of dreaming—not even of day-dreaming. Wot I says is this 'ere—a hard-working chap like me never has no time to dream, and that's a fact!"

[Supplement iv.]

THE MYSTERIOUS FOE!

(Continued from page 8.)

Johnny Bull grinned.
 "You'll find it at the station," he said.
 "Eh! How can it be at the station?"
 "It went in the brake with Ogilvy and the other fellows."
 "How do you know?"
 "Because I shoved it on," answered Johnny Bull coolly. "I asked Ogilvy to see it dropped at the station for you."
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Why, you—you—you—" gasped Bunter, glaring at Johnny Bull, "you—you cheeky chump, I shall want my things on board the yacht, sha'n't I?"
 "I think not—as you won't be there."
 "Yah!"

Billy Bunter rolled away, apparently to seek an interview with Sir Reginald Brooke, leaving the Famous Five grinning. A few minutes later there was a hail from a window above. Harry Wharton & Co. looked up, to see Sir Jimmy Vivian at the window of the Remove dormitory.

"Come up, you fellows!" called out Sir Jimmy.

"Right-ho!"

And the Famous Five hurried into the School House.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.**Bunter is Alarmed!**

LORD MAULEVERER was sitting in bed when the chums of the Remove arrived in the dormitory. His face was still a little pale, but otherwise he looked his old self. He nodded and smiled to the juniors.

"Awf'ly sorry to muck up things in this way, you fellows," he said. "I've kept you hangin' about, I suppose?"

"That doesn't matter, fathead," answered Bob Cherry. "How do you feel now?"

"A bit limp," confessed Mauly. "I've never been under chloroform before. I don't want it again. It's worse than speeches."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nunky is no end cut up," continued Mauleverer. "Jolly queer bizney, isn't it, altogether? I feel in rather a moultin' state at present, but I shall be all serene when we get goin' in the car. I suppose they haven't nailed that fellow Gaunt yet—the fellow with the proboscis?"

"No," said Harry. "He seems to have vanished into thin air."

"It's no end queer," said Mauleverer. "The merry merchant must be off his rocker, I think. But he's a deep card. Nunky heard from him before he came to Greyfriars to-day. After he had started in the car, he unfolded his giddy 'Times' to read on the journey, and a note fell out of the newspaper, he's told me."

"My hat! Not a note from the man with the boko?"

"So it seems," answered Mauleverer. "Dashed queer, isn't it? The note said—what did it say, Jimmy? I've forgotten. Nunky read it to me."

"It said that Mauly would have news for Sir Reginald as soon as he reached the school," said Sir Jimmy Vivian, "and that Sir Reginald had better advise Mauly to do as G.G. had asked him."

"G.G. is Gideon Gaunt, of course," said Lord Mauleverer. "Now, isn't it thumpin' mysterious, what? How did

the man who called on me here get that note into nunky's newspaper this mornin'?"

"Goodness knows!" said Harry, utterly perplexed.

"How did he know nunky was in the habit of takin' his giddy 'Times' with him in the car?" continued Mauleverer. "What?"

"He must know something about the inside of your uncle's house, Mauly," said Wharton. "He's got a footing there, or he's in communication with somebody there."

Mauleverer nodded.

"Looks like it," he said, "or else he's a giddy wizard. And that's not all. When he came here to-day to see me, he must have known that nunky wasn't comin' down early for the prize-givin' and speechifyin'. If nunky had been here I should most likely have been with him, and the rotter couldn't have got at me, could he? Now, how did he know that?"

"Beats me hollow," said Harry. "But it shows he's a dangerous man. He seems to know as much about your affairs as you know yourself."

"The knowfulness is terrific," remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "The esteemed rotter means business, my worthy Mauly, and we shall have to keep the watchful and fatherly eye upon you in the holidays. A stitch in time saves the cracked pitcher from going to the well, as the English proverb says."

Lord Mauleverer grinned at the English proverb.

"I'm jolly glad you fellows are comin' with me," he confessed. "If the man's mad, he's dangerous; and if he's sane, he's a giddy desperate character and more dangerous still. In any case, he's after the cash, and he's not goin' to finger any of it!" The schoolboy earl's face set grimly for a moment. "I fancy he thinks he can frighten me and uncle into shellin' out the dibs, you know—that's his game. He could have polished me off in the study to-day if he'd liked; and now he's leavin' that giddy knowledge to sink in, till I hear from him again."

"You wouldn't think of buying the rascal off, Mauly!" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

"Not at sixpence-halfpenny," said

Lord Mauleverer quietly. "I'm goin' to let him see that it's not easy to scare me. Next time I hear from him I hope I shall have some pals handy who'll help me deal with him."

"Yes, rather!" said Bob Cherry.

The dormitory door opened and Billy Bunter blinked in. The Owl of the Remove had not succeeded in interviewing Sir Reginald Brooke. So he had come to the Remove dormitory to try the effect of a final burst of eloquence upon Mauleverer.

"Oh, gad!" murmured Mauly. "There's Bunter! I say, tell him I'm dead—ask him to the funeral—keep him away, anyhow!"

"I'll kick him out!" said Sir Jimmy Vivian, getting off the bedside.

"Hold on!" whispered Bob Cherry. "I've got a wheeze. Play up, you fellows!"

Billy Bunter stood in the doorway, blinking into the dormitory with a rather uncertain blink. He had hoped to find Mauleverer alone, and he discerned six juniors gathered round the bed. Whatever effect his eloquence might have had upon the soft-hearted Mauly, it was certain that it would produce no effect whatever upon Harry Wharton & Co. Bunter stood irresolute, and as he stood, wondering whether he had better postpone his visit, Bob Cherry's voice came clearly to his ears from along the dormitory.

"Diphtheria! Isn't it awful!"

"Wha-a-at?" stammered Nugent.

But Wharton caught on at once, and he answered, in grave tones, with a face of preternatural solemnity:

"Horrible! Poor old Mauly!"

Lord Mauleverer blinked at them for a moment in astonishment, and then he understood.

At the terrible word diphtheria Bunter stood rooted to the floor, blinking with a startled blink, and listening. He was under the impression that the group round the bed had not observed him, and that he was listening to a talk not intended for his ears. But he was wrong.

Lord Mauleverer played up cheerily.

"Yaas, it's fearful, you chaps! But—but it's barely possible that I may recover!"

"It's awfully dangerous!" said Bob Cherry.

"Dangerous for us to be here if it's diphtheria!" said Harry Wharton. "The doctor would kick up a fuss if he knew fellows were hanging round a diphtheria patient. It's so infectious."

"Better keep a safer distance," exclaimed Nugent with an exaggerated expression of alarm.

"Just a breath from the patient is likely to do the trick," said Wharton. "You don't mind if we're careful, Mauly?"

"My dear chap, I want you to be careful!" said Mauleverer. "Stand

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A SPLENDID TALE OF HARRY WHARTON & CO.'S HOLIDAY ADVENTURES. By FRANK RICHARDS. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 756.

farther back, and keep your handkerchiefs to your mouths."

"That's safer!"

The juniors backed away from the bed and held their handkerchiefs to their mouths.

Billy Bunter blinked at the scene with wide-open eyes.

He had been dubious, a minute before, whether he should advance into the dormitory or not. That doubt was settled now. Wild horses would not have dragged Bunter into the room if there was diphtheria there—dear old pal as Mauly was!

"Lord Mauleverer leaned back on his pillows and coughed. He thought that a diphtheric patient ought to cough a little.

"C-c-can you speak, Mauly?" asked Bob in a muffled voice through his handkerchief.

"Gug-gug-gug!"

"Poor old Mauly! He's choking!"

"Call the doctor!"

"Groogh! Gug-gug! Wooooooh! All serene now," gasped Lord Mauleverer. "Only a bit of a—a—a choke! All right again for a minute or two!"

"This is awfully hard lines," said Harry Wharton gravely. "Of course, a case of diphtheria knocks a holiday on the head. But you will have to have somebody with you, Mauly. A nurse is all very well; but you want a pal to look after you. I suggest Bunter!"

"Bunter's the bird!" said Bob Cherry. "Bunter's quite keen to go with Mauly! Besides, we won't mention to him that it's diphtheria!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he is!"

"I say, Bunter—"

Billy Bunter turned an alarmed blink on the Famous Five.

"You were rather keen on going home with Mauly," said Bob Cherry affably.

"Nothing of the kind!"

"Wha-at?"

"Mauleverer's omitted to ask me for the holidays," said Bunter, with a great deal of dignity. "I hope I'm not the kind of fellow to wedge in where I'm not wanted."

"My only hat!"

"The fact is, I couldn't have gone with Mauleverer, in any case, much as he wanted me to," said Bunter.

"But Mauly—" said Harry Wharton.

"I really can't help what Mauly wants," said Bunter. "I'm not at Mauly's beck and call, I suppose. I'm sorry, but it can't be done. I can't disappoint a whole crowd of wealthy and titled friends for Mauly's sake. It's not to be expected."

"Mauly isn't quite well," murmured Nugent.

"Sorry!" said Bunter coolly.

"If anything should happen to prevent us from going with him, you really ought to be at his side, Bunter," urged Wharton.

And all the Famous Five looked at Bunter very seriously.

"I say, Bunter—" began Mauly weakly.

"The fact is, I've too many engagements," said Bunter. "When a fellow's so sought after as I am, he can't please everybody. Even as it is, I've had to ration my friends—my time's so taken up this vac."

"Great pip!"

"I'm sorry!" said Bunter loftily, "but that's how it is. I had you on my list, Mauly, and I'd have done my best to give you a week or so, but I find it can't be done."

NEXT MONDAY! "THE SCHOOLBOY YACHTSMEN!"
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"Oh gad!"

"I think we had better keep Bunter in the dormitory to look after poor old Mauly," said Bob Cherry.

"Yes rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific, my esteemed Bunter."

"Come on, Bunter!" said Wharton.

"Collar him and keep him here!" said Bob.

"Good!"

The Famous Five came round one side of the dormitory towards Bunter. Billy Bunter retreated round the other side, towards the door.

"Stop!" shouted Wharton.

"Stop him—he's going to bolt!"

Bunter made a jump for the doorway. He was through it in a twinkling, and bolting down the Remove passage towards the stairs.

"After him!" roared Bob Cherry.

The Famous Five trampled in pursuit. They were very careful not to overtake Bunter—their idea was to keep the fat junior on the run. But the trampling footsteps behind him filled Bunter's fat mind with terror of immediate capture—to be followed by a forced visit to a diphtheric patient, and the

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danger of infection! Bunter fairly flew down the stairs.

"Collar him!" bawled Johnny Bull.

"Put it on!"

"Yaroooh!" gasped Bunter, as he lost his footing at the middle landing, and rolled over.

But he was up again with amazing activity, and fleeing down the lower staircase.

Billy Bunter was only too glad to go. His box was at the station already, owing to Johnny Bull's thoughtfulness; and Bunter only had to follow it. He grabbed his hat and bolted.

Whether there was a train ready for him at the station or not, he neither knew nor cared. But he knew that he wanted to get out of danger of infection as rapidly as he possibly could. He fairly bolted down to the gates, and—perhaps owing to his hurry—forgot to tip Gosling as he went. And he sprinted down the road for a good hundred yards before he dropped into a walk.

After all William George Bunter's machinations and manoeuvres to get his worthy self included in the yachting-party, he was breathlessly anxious to get as far as possible from that yachting-party in the shortest possible space of time!

Seven faces watched his flight from

the window of the Remove dormitory—and Lord Mauleverer and Sir Jimmy and the Famous Five roared with laughter as he fled.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Off for the Holidays!

"OFF at last!" said Bob Cherry. The big car glided away from the gates of Greyfriars; Gosling, hat in hand, bowing it off, as it were. Gosling's crusty face was irradiated with smiles—he had not counted his tips yet, but he knew that they were handsome—the whole party in the big car had "done" him well. Gosling, for the first time in his life, revised his opinion that all boys ought to be drowned at birth.

Lord Mauleverer settled back comfortably on the cushions.

It was a big car—in fact, what Bob called a whacking car—but it was fairly well filled. Sir Jimmy Vivian was seated beside the chauffeur; but the Famous Five were in the car, with Mauly and his uncle.

Sir Reginald Brooke sat stiffly upright, a somewhat stiff old gentleman, but his face was kind and good-natured, and had a smile for the merry school-boys.

Lord Mauleverer seemed almost to have forgotten the startling episode of breaking-up day. He was looking quite his old self now—indeed, shocking as the attack upon him had been, it had its consoling side—for while Mauly was recovering from it, his chums had done his packing for him. Being chloroformed was, true, worse than packing—but it was not very much worse, in Mauly's opinion.

The big car took the road through Friardale, at a good rate.

Sir Reginald Brooke's face was a little thoughtful; the mysterious foe who had molested his nephew troubled him, and the episode lingered in his mind. But Lord Mauleverer and his friends were thinking chiefly of the topping holiday that was to come. There was a ceaseless buzz of cheery chat as the car ran down the green lane and entered the old High Street of Friardale.

As it passed the railway-station, Bob Cherry burst into a chuckle.

"Last view of Bunter!" he said.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A fat figure adorned the station entrance; that of William George Bunter, waiting for his train. The Owl of the Remove had an hour to wait—and he was still waiting.

He blinked at the car in surprise.

He spotted Lord Mauleverer sitting cheerily among the chums of the Remove, and it amazed Bunter to see a victim of that deadly disease, diphtheria, looking so merry and bright. And it was amazing that an infectious patient should be sitting in a crowded car at all.

Bunter blinked and stared, and blinked again, as it dawned upon his fat mind that his leg had been pulled.

The Famous Five waved their caps to Bunter merrily, and Lord Mauleverer gently waved a glove. Sir Jimmy Vivian gave him a cat-call.

Billy Bunter made a jump into the roadway, and raced at the car as fast as his podgy legs could go.

"I say, you fellows!" he yelled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good-bye, Bunter!"

"Stop!" yelled Bunter.

"Dear me," said Sir Reginald Brooke,

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"who is that? Some friend of yours, Herbert?"

Lord Mauleverer promptly shook his head.

"No fear!" he answered. "It's the Bunter bird!"

"The—the what?"

"A very fat specimen of the Bunter species, sir," said Bob Cherry. "No use to anybody outside the Zoo."

"Dear me!" said the puzzled old gentleman.

"Stop for me!" roared Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter put on the biggest spurt of his life; but he dropped behind the car and was soon lost to sight. The last view of him showed him brandishing his fist furiously.

The big car rushed on, by road and lane, by hill and dale, and the chums of Greyfriars enjoyed the run immensely. It was, as Bob Cherry remarked, a distinct improvement on prep in the Remove studies.

The July sunset faded away in a blaze of crimson and gold, and the summer dusk fell, while the car still rushed on by dale and hill.

The party should have arrived at Mauleverer Towers for dinner at seven but for the untoward incidents at Greyfriars. Now it was certain that they would arrive late. Nobody cared—excepting perhaps the old baronet. But the old gentleman remained cheerful and good-humoured, though irregular meals were a more serious matter to a staid gentleman of sixty than to a merry schoolboy of fifteen.

Certainly, if Billy Bunter had been in the car there would have been at least one complaining voice. But fortunately William George Bunter was not in the car.

"Begad!" yawned Lord Mauleverer at length. "Here we are at last, dear men!"

In the deep dusk the juniors sighted great gates that opened at their approach. The car glided up a vast drive between rows of oaks and beeches.

"Home at last!" said Sir Reginald, with a smile.

"By gad, I shall be glad of a rest!" remarked Lord Mauleverer. "We're goin' to hang on here a couple of days before we go to sea, you fellows. You don't mind?"

"Dear man!" said Bob, with a grin. "It looks as if a chap could make himself quite comfy here."

"Yaas, I hope so. And you'll meet some of the johnnies we're goin' to sail with," said Lord Mauleverer. "Captain What's-his-name and—the other chap, Thingummy. They're stayin', uncle?"

"Yes," said the old baronet. "Captain Hawke and Mr. Poynings, the mate of the Silver Scud, are here, my boys. You will find them both very agreeable gentlemen—Mr. Poynings especially. He is an old public-school boy, and his people were once wealthy. He is an excellent sailor, I believe, and has very agreeable manners."

The car stopped at the great doorway of Mauleverer Towers.

A stout and stately gentleman, who ought to have been a duke at least, but was really a butler, met the party as they landed. Harry Wharton & Co. entered, and passed through an array of footmen with grave faces and splendid calves. They found themselves in a vast hall, with a double staircase, and adorned with pictures and statues. Lord Mauleverer took the juniors away to their rooms at once.

Harry Wharton & Co. did full justice to a magnificent supper, which, as Bob

declared, beat hollow the finest spread that had ever been laid in the Remove studies at Greyfriars.

And then the juniors went to bed—in beds much softer than those in the Remove dormitory—and slept soundly, and awakened in the morning with a joyous realisation of the fact that there was no rising-bell, and no "construe" in the Form-room to look forward to.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Warning!

"JOLLY, isn't it?"

"Tip-top!"

"The tip-topfulness is terrific!"

"Who wouldn't be a giddy belted earl and a merry millionaire?" said Bob Cherry, laughing.

"Lucky bargee, old Mauly!"

Harry Wharton & Co. were taking a stroll after breakfast, in the magnificent park of Mauleverer Towers.

Nobody would have judged from Lord Mauleverer's manner that he had a home on so tremendous a scale. But the realities of Mauleverer Towers exceeded the imaginary glories of Bunter Court!

Mauly did not join in the stroll. He was adorning a hammock. He remembered that he was no longer in the Remove at Greyfriars. Here his lordship was monarch of all he surveyed—or was to be when he came of age. So he was allowed to slack, Bob determining to move him to greater activity when they

were on board the Silver Scud. Lord Mauleverer therefore rested happily in the hammock, and Sir Jimmy Vivian found entertainment about the stables, while the Famous Five roamed far and wide to their heart's content.

At breakfast the juniors had met Captain Hawke, the skipper of the Silver Scud, a bluff old seaman whom they rather liked at once, though he was a man of few words. They had not yet met Mr. Poynings, the mate of the yacht, who was also a guest at the Towers. But as they strolled through the park they came in sight of a young man, whom they guessed to be Mr. Poynings.

He was a rather handsome young man, with well-cut features, and very penetrating eyes. He was strolling along a "ride" in the park, smoking a cigarette, when the juniors met him.

He glanced at them and stopped. "Lord Mauleverer's young friends, what?" he asked, with a pleasant smile.

"Yes," said Harry Wharton. "Then we are going to sail together to-morrow," said the young man.

"You are Mr. Poynings, then?" asked Harry.

"Edgar Poynings," said the mate of the Silver Scud, with a nod and a smile. "I hope we shall have a pleasant cruise together."

"The hopefulness of a pleasant cruise togetherfully is terrific, my esteemed sir," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh politely.

Poynings blinked at the nabob for a moment.

People who heard Hurree Singh's



Bob Cherry descended the stairs by way of the banisters, and he came down like a shell from a mortar. It was sheer ill luck that his chums, Johnny Bull and Inky were coming up the stairs, and had just reached the middle landing when he shot off the angle of the banisters and landed. Crash! "Yaroop! Ow! You mad ass!" (See Chapter 1.)

NEXT MONDAY:

"THE SCHOOLBOY YACHTSMEN!"

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variety of English, for the first time, often did blink.

Bob Cherry regarded the young man rather curiously.

"Haven't we met before somewhere, Mr. Poynings?" he asked.

"Possibly," said Poynings. "I don't seem to remember your face, however. But you may have seen me at Highcliffe; that is very near your school."

"Highcliffe!" repeated Bob.

"Of course, I was at Highcliffe long before you ever went to Greyfriars," said Poynings, with a smile. "I am an old Highcliffe boy. But, when I get the opportunity, I run down to my old school on festive occasions. I was there yesterday, as a matter of fact, for the break-up, and have only just returned here. I have a relative there—possibly you know him—a Fourth-Form boy named Ponsonby."

"Oh, Ponsonby!" said Bob.

As this cheery young gentleman was a relative of Ponsonby of Highcliffe, the juniors did not state the terms they were upon with Pon. Certainly he looked much more agreeable than his schoolboy relative, the cad of Highcliffe.

"Yes, we've met him sometimes," said Harry Wharton.

"A good many times," said Bob blandly, suppressing the fact that he had punched Pon's nose on the last occasion. "But I wasn't anywhere near Highcliffe yesterday, so I couldn't have met you there, Mr. Poynings. But I can't help thinking I've heard your voice before."

Poynings smiled.

"Voices are sometimes alike," he said carelessly. "If we have met, I do not remember your name, I am sorry to say."

"Bob Cherry," answered Bob. "As we're going to sail together, I'll perform the introductions. Harry Wharton, captain of the Remove, and no end of a big gun in the Lower Fourth at Greyfriars—"

"Fathead!" said Harry.

"The chap with the feet is Johnny Bull—"

"Look here—" began Johnny warmly.

"The bloke with the lily-and-rose complexion is Frank Nugent—"

"You silly ass—"

"And the gentleman with the snowy complexion is his Highness Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, Nabob of Bhanipur, and Lord High Lots-of Things."

"My esteemed fatheaded Bob—"

Poynings laughed.

"I am very happy to meet you young gentlemen!" he said. "I will do my best, so far as I can, to make your voyage an agreeable one."

And raising his cap slightly, the mate of the Silver Scud walked on. The juniors continued their walk.

"Looks a rather jolly fellow!" remarked Frank Nugent. "A bit of a dandy, I should say; but we shall get on with him."

"He wasn't slow to let us know that he was an old Public School chap," said Bob, with a grin. "But he must be a decent sort, or Mauly's uncle wouldn't have him here as a guest. Looks too jolly decent to be a relation of Ponsonby's, really. I rather like him; and I'm sure I've met him before somewhere, though I can't remember where."

The juniors arrived at the house, where they found Lord Mauleverer still stretched luxuriously in his hammock. His lordship sat up and nodded to them.

"Uncle out yet?" asked Harry.

"Here he comes now," said Lord Mauleverer; and tired as he was, the slacker of the Remove turned out of his hammock to greet Sir Reginald Brooke with polite respect.

The old baronet gave his nephew an affectionate smile, and greeted the juniors cordially. Bob Cherry wheeled forward a long cane chair for the old gentleman, and he sat down and opened his "Times."

A strip of cardboard fluttered from the leaves of the newspaper as he opened it.

Sir Reginald Brooke glanced at it in surprise.

"What—" he ejaculated.

Wharton picked up the card, and handed it to the baronet. Sir Reginald stared at it, and the colour wavered in his face. The juniors could not help regarding him curiously. Evidently the old gentleman was strangely startled by what was written on the card. Lord Mauleverer, who was settling his lazy

limbs into the hammock again, started towards his uncle.

"Not somethin' from that rotter, uncle?" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

"Good gad!"

The old baronet compressed his lips, and handed the card to Lord Mauleverer. All the juniors looked at it, with startled faces.

The writing on the card was in capital letters, evidently for the purpose of disguising the writer's hand. It ran:

"THIS IS THE SECOND WARNING.

"£10,000 is the price of Lord Mauleverer's life.

"GIDEON GAUNT."

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Enemy of the Night!

THERE was a dead silence in the party on the sunny terrace.

The chums of Greyfriars stared at the card blankly. Lord Mauleverer was startled out of his usual placidity. Sir Reginald Brooke's kind old face was quite pale.

An adder dropping from the leaves of his newspaper could not have startled the old gentleman more than that message from the unknown and mysterious blackmailer.

"Upon my word!" said the old baronet, at last, breaking the silence. "This—this impudence passes all bounds!"

"But how—how the dooce did it get there, uncle?" exclaimed Lord Mauleverer.

"I shall question the servants at once."

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another. Mauly still held the card in his hand.

"This beats me hollow, you fellows," he said. "That chap with the prize nose is a sticker—what?"

"Looks like it!" said Bob.

"The stickfulness is terrific!" remarked Hurree Singh. "But the howfulness is a deep mystery."

Mauleverer dropped into the hammock again.

"Of course, he's tipped one of the servants to play this trick," he said. "He can't have got into the house himself. But it's odd—very odd. So far as I know, all the servants have been here for years. Uncle wouldn't take any that weren't reliable. It's doocid odd—"

"You seem to have about three or four dozen," grinned Bob Cherry. "Might be a black sheep in such a big flock."

"The rotter means business," said Harry Wharton. "But he doesn't say how and when he wants the money to be paid. This is only intended to frighten."

"Begad! It's not so jolly easy to frighten a fellow!" yawned Lord Mauleverer. "Too warm to-day to be frightened! Waste of energy. Hallo! There's our merry captain and first lieutenant! Show them the card, and ask what they think!"

At that moment Captain Hawke and Poynings joined the group on the veranda, and the baronet explained the strange situation to them.

"It is evident," he concluded, "that a desperate and reckless criminal has made my nephew his mark, and I shall be relieved when we are on board the Silver Scud, where Herbert will be quite safe

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from any attempt on his part. Meanwhile, I shall communicate with Scotland Yard on the subject. No expense shall be spared in bringing this black-mailing scoundrel to justice!"

Captain Hawke nodded. "His lordship will be safe on the yacht, at least, sir," he said. "Not that I think this sea-lawyer, Gaunt, would be likely to go beyond threats."

Poynings shook his head thoughtfully. "He seems to have gone to action, on the occasion at the school," he said. "But Lord Mauleverer is safe here. But if it should prove that the scoundrel is able to reach him—"

"That is impossible, in this house," said the old baronet.

"I suppose so. Probably the man will do nothing further, on finding that his threats take no effect," said Poynings.

"I hope so; but at the same time, every effort shall be made to discover him and send him to prison," said Sir Reginald. "Such a character at large is a danger to society."

The old baronet glanced rather anxiously at his nephew when the latter came in to lunch with his friends.

"You are not feeling disturbed, my dear Herbert?" he asked.

"Yaas!" "Are you letting it trouble you?" "Can't help it," said Mauleverer.

"My dear boy, you must surely know that every means will be used to protect you from possible danger."

Lord Mauleverer opened his eyes. "Danger!" he repeated. "Is there any danger? What's happened?"

The old baronet blinked at him. "I was alluding to the threat of the blackmailer—"

"Oh," Lord Mauleverer chuckled. "I'd forgotten about that! I thought you were speaking of the way Bob Cherry has been makin' me chase about this mornin', exhaustin' me, you know, and wearin' me out."

Sir Reginald Brooke smiled, much relieved. It was obvious that the threats of the mysterious foe were not troubling the repose of Mauly's noble mind, after all.

During the afternoon there were other visitors at Mauleverer Towers, and Mauly and his school chums had plenty to think about, without worrying over the mysterious foe. That matter, indeed, passed from their minds, and when bed-time came they were thinking about anything but the man with the hooked nose. Lord Mauleverer had had what he called an "exhaustin'" day, and he was glad to lay his head that night upon a pillow of the softest down.

Mauly was a good sleeper; with good health and a clear conscience, he never found it necessary to woo slumber. As a rule, he hardly opened his eyes from bed-time till rising-bell. But on this special night he was not fated to rest undisturbed in the embrace of Morpheus.

What awakened him he did not know—perhaps it was a light touch. His eyes opened, and blinked into the darkness of the room.

Something moved in the darkness, and in an instant more the schoolboy earl was wide awake, every nerve tense. Somebody, or something, was in the darkness by his bedside; and steady and strong as Mauly's nerves were, they thrilled and quivered.

"What—who—" he muttered. "Silence!"

It was a whispered voice from the darkness, so close that it made Mauleverer start back.



As the old baronet opened his paper a piece of cardboard fell out. Wharton stooped and picked it up for him. "What—" ejaculated Sir Reginald. He compressed his lips as he read the card, then he handed it to Mauly. "Oh, gad! Something from that black-bearded rotter!" muttered the schoolboy earl. (See Chapter 8.)

"Oh gad!" he muttered.

"Silence! One call—and it will be your last!" said the low, hissing voice, strangely like the hissing of a serpent in the gloom.

Lord Mauleverer tried to still the hurried thumping of his heart.

"Who—what—who are you?" he stammered, trying to pierce the darkness with his eyes.

"I am Gideon Gaunt!" "Great gad!"

Lord Mauleverer shrank farther back, the beating of his heart almost stilled.

He knew the voice now: the sibilant tone in it was familiar to his ears. For the moment it seemed that his heart had ceased to beat, as he strained his eyes into the darkness. A shapeless, hovering shadow was all that he could see, till a sudden white gleam of light cut through the gloom. A tiny electric torch had been turned on close by the bedside of the schoolboy earl.

He started and blinked in the sudden glitter.

The torch moved, and then the light showed him the man who stood by his bedside.

The figure was hidden in a long, black garment, hardly distinguishable. But the face, with the light glittering upon it, was clear to Mauly's startled gaze.

It was the face of the man who had chloroformed him in his study at Greyfriars—the face of the blackmailer calling himself Gideon Gaunt. The black hair and eyebrows and beard, the huge misshapen nose—Mauly knew that hideous and threatening face at a glance.

The light went suddenly out and all was blackness again.

"You know me?" "I know you!" said Mauleverer, and, in spite of himself, his voice shook.

He knew that he was at the man's mercy. There was a bellpush and an electric-light switch close to the bed-head. But he had no chance to reach them with that threatening figure standing over him in the dark. Even if he

could have rung the bell, help could not have come in time to save him if violence was intended.

Lord Mauleverer thought of the iron grip that had been laid on him in the study at Greyfriars—of the noxious fumes of the chloroform—and shuddered.

"You remember me, Lord Mauleverer?"

"I remember you."

"Have you heeded my warnings?"

Mauleverer did not answer. He was trying to think how the ruffian could possibly have entered his room. His bed-room door, certainly, was never locked. But all outer doors and windows of Mauleverer Towers were secured at night. Was the ruffian a cunning and skilful cracksman, to whom bolts and bars meant nothing? Even so, how had he found his way in the dark to Lord Mauleverer's room? How did he know which of the almost innumerable rooms was occupied by Mauleverer?

It was a baffling mystery. It gave the unfortunate schoolboy a feeling that the man had some strange, unearthly power; that he came almost like a phantom of the night.

He wondered, indeed, in the silence that followed the black-bearded man's muttered words, whether he was not dreaming. Surely it was a dream! Surely there was no threatening figure leaning over his bed! But the low, sibilant voice brought him back to sharp reality.

"You have not heeded my warnings, Lord Mauleverer! I have told you that ten thousand pounds is the price of your life. Listen to me! Will you give your word of honour to persuade your guardian—"

"No."

"Silence! To induce your guardian to take the money on board the Silver Scud, and to hand it to the agent who shall get into touch with him at an agreed place—"

"No."

"Not to save your life?" came in a deep, menacing whisper.

"Not to save a hundred lives, if I had them," answered Lord Mauleverer steadily. "I don't know how you've got in here, you scoundrel, but care will be taken that you don't do it again. You can't scare me."

"Do you think that my words are only an idle threat?"

"Yaas."

Lord Mauleverer answered quietly and calmly; he was master of his nerves again now. Slacker the schoolboy earl might be, but his courage was unbounded.

"You shall see!" muttered Gideon Gaunt.

There was a movement in the darkness, and the sickly scent he knew so well came to Lord Mauleverer's nostrils. He knew that the chloroform pad was approaching his face, and he made a desperate spring to escape.

But the bedclothes tangled him, and before he could free himself the iron grasp was upon him and he was crushed down.

One loud cry escaped his lips, however, before he was overcome.

"Help!"

That cry rang through the lofty room and echoed and re-echoed. The next instant the pad was over the schoolboy's mouth and pressed there, and his senses were swimming.

He struggled, but feebly, and as he struggled, more and more feebly, consciousness left him, and he lay helpless and inert in the grasp of the man with the black beard.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

The Last Warning!

"HELP!"

Bob Cherry wondered for a moment whether he was dreaming as that startling cry came to his ears in the silence of the night.

But it was no dream.

Bob started up in bed, blinking round him. His hand caught the switch of the electric light and turned it on.

His spacious bed-room was flooded with light at once. Bob sat up in bed and stared round him.

He had heard a cry—a cry for help! He was certain of that. Whence had it come? And from whom?

The room next to his on one side was Lord Mauleverer's, he knew; on the other side Harry Wharton's—all opening upon the same corridor. Had one of his friends suddenly called?

"What the merry dickens!" muttered Bob, in bewilderment.

He was amazed, and, still half-sleepy, he listened for a repetition of the cry. But it was not repeated.

"Was I dreaming?" he muttered.

"Or—"

He jumped out of bed.

It was possible that that cry had been part of a dream. But Bob meant to know for certain whether anyone had called. It seemed impossible that anyone could be in danger—in need of help—in the well-guarded house. But the remembrance flashed into Bob's mind of the threats of the mysterious blackmailer. It seemed, even at that excited moment, wildly impossible that the ruffian could have penetrated into Mauleverer Towers in the dead of night, there to seek his victim. But the bare possibility was enough for Bob.

In his pyjamas, without stopping to throw on a single garment, Bob ran to his door and threw it open.

The broad corridor without was in black darkness.

The Greyfriars junior ran out into the deep gloom and hurried towards the door of Lord Mauleverer's room. He groped his way blindly along in the darkness.

Surely if it was Mauleverer, and he was in danger, he would call again! But no sound broke the stillness of the great house.

Bob groped along, and reached Mauleverer's door. Something dark and shadowy moved there; his hands, outstretched, touched something in the darkness.

"Mauly!" panted Bob.

Crash!

He went spinning as a savage, sudden blow reached him, and crashed on the floor. The impalpable shadow was gone in an instant without a sound.

Bob Cherry sprawled on the floor, dazed by the blow. He staggered unsteadily to his feet, shouting:

"Help! Help! Burglars! Help!"

Bob Cherry's voice was a powerful one; it rang along the corridor and echoed almost like thunder.

Dazed as he had been by the savage blow, and though he felt the blood trickling from a cut in his face, Bob did not pause a moment. He groped into

Mauleverer's room, still shouting, and groped for the light switch near the door, and turned it on.

"Mauly!" he exclaimed breathlessly.

He ran towards the bed. Other voices were calling now, lights flashed in the corridor. Bob reached Mauleverer's bed, and gave a cry. On the tangled bedclothes the schoolboy earl was stretched, insensible, and the sickly odour about him told the cause of his unconsciousness. But that was not all! Driven to the hilt in the pillow, where Mauleverer's head had pressed it in slumber, was a knife. The metal haft gleamed in the bright light.

"Mauly!" groaned Bob.

Harry Wharton appeared in the doorway.

"You, Bob! What—"

"Mauly! He's been attacked!" panted Bob.

"Good heavens!"

"What has happened? What—"

It was the startled voice of Sir Reginald Brooke. "My nephew! Good heavens! Herbert! Herbert!"

The old man hung over the boy, his face white as a sheet. The great house was in an uproar now. All the Greyfriars juniors crowded into the room, and a few moments later Captain Hawke appeared, with Poynings, both half-dressed. A crowd of startled servants brought up the rear.

"What has happened?" exclaimed Poynings. "Can I be of any assistance, Sir Reginald?"

"The telephone! A doctor!" groaned the old baronet.

"At once!" Poynings rushed for the stairs.

Sir Reginald Brooke, with a shaking hand, drew out the knife that was planted in the pillow, within a foot of the schoolboy earl's unconscious head. For the first few moments the dreadful thought was in his mind that the weapon had been intended for Mauleverer, and had only just missed him. But he observed a slip of paper attached to the haft of the knife.

Two words were written upon it in capitals, and two initials.

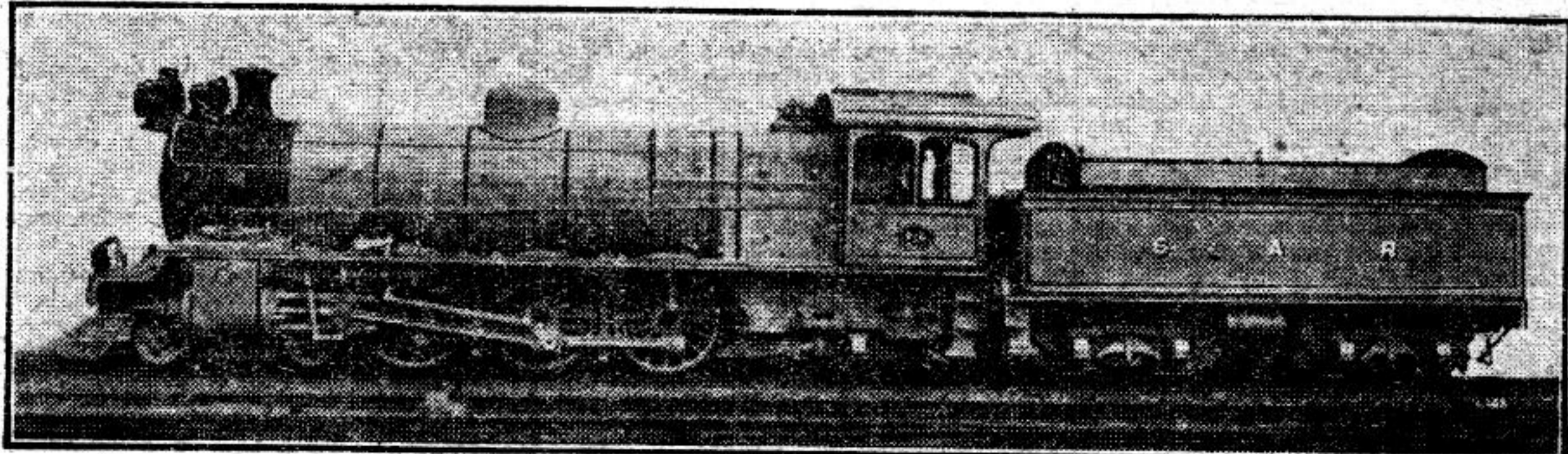
TAKE WARNING.

G.G.

It was a threat—the last and most terrible threat of the desperate scoundrel. Mauleverer had been at the ruffian's mercy—the knife that had been driven into the pillow might as easily have found his defenceless breast.

(Continued on page 20.)

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EDITOR'S NOTE.—All my readers who are Scouts, or who are interested in camping and in the "Great Out-Doors" generally, will find this little series of articles full of useful tips.—ED.

A CANVAS CANOE!

By Harry Wharton (Leader of the Lions).

"Give me of your bark, O Birch tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley;
I a light canoe will build me.
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That will float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like the yellow water-lily!
Lay aside your cloak, O Birch tree...
Thus aloud cried Hiawatha....
(Longfellow.)

Thus the birch canoe was built,
In the valley by the river,
In the bosom of the forest,
And the forest life was in it.
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews.

Then we find in many old records how the Ancient Britons fashioned their canoes from supple boughs of willows and animals' skins sewn together. This was a cumbersome craft, and seemingly waterlogged, but it was serviceable, and proved very strong. We still keep to the same principle in construction. But we have tools at our service to aid us in our task, and the wood for the framework of the canoe is prepared and seasoned for us. We use screws instead of roots of trees, and canvas takes the place of birch bark.

THE BUILDING OF OUR CANVAS CANOE!

By Tom Brown.

TO be quite candid, it is not an easy matter to build a canoe, but, on the other hand, it is not what you might describe as a difficult task. With care and forethought, and given a little time over the job, there is no real reason why the canoe should not turn out a success. In the building of the craft which conveyed us on our journey round the lake, we allowed ourselves a week in which to accomplish the work. And we were not very far wrong in our calculations. In Fig. 1. is depicted a 10-ft. canvas canoe, on the same style as that of our own, with a beam measurement of 24 ins. These proportions can be altered, but we based the building of the canoe on the following dimensions:

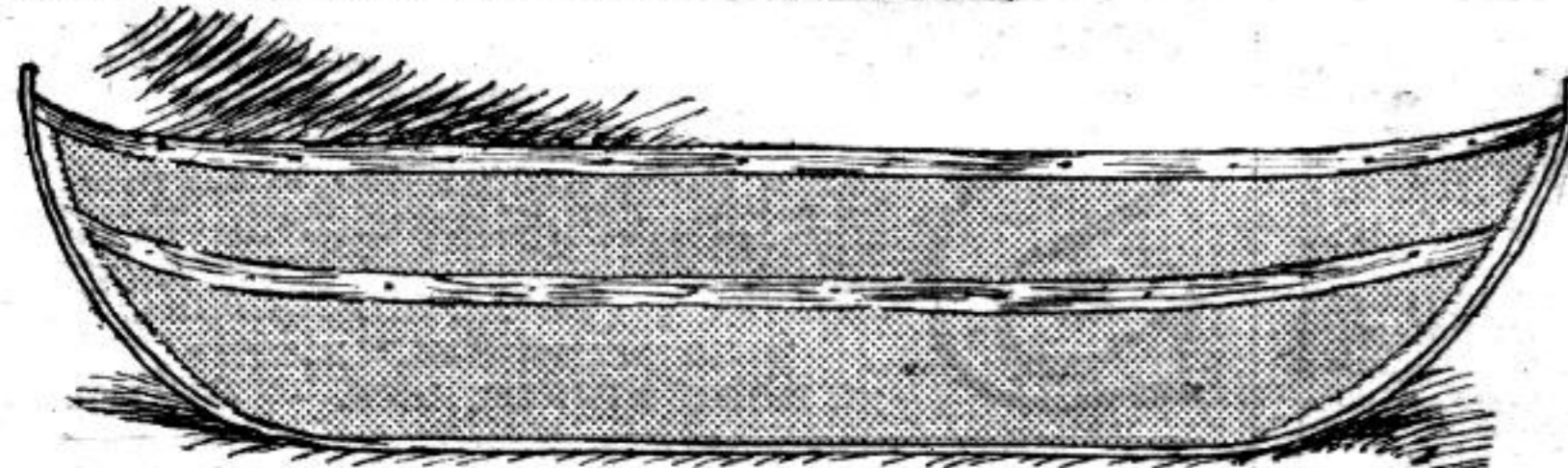


Fig. 1.

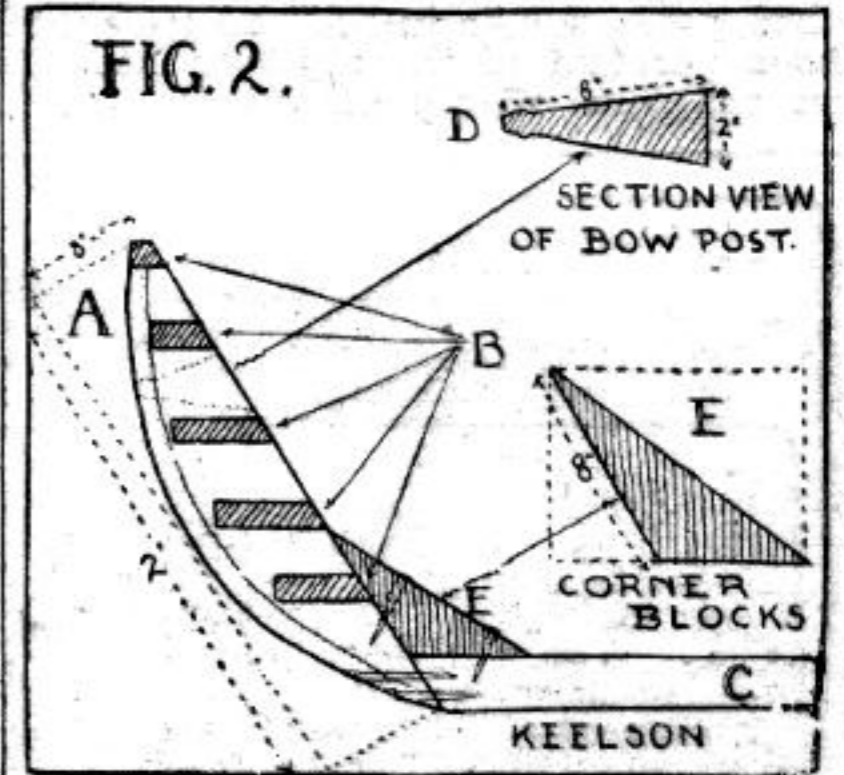
canoe with only the help of a hunting-knife. The framework consisted of young cedar boughs, bound together with the fibrous roots of the larch tree. Then the bark of the birch was sewn on in long strips. As a finishing touch, he decorated his craft with hedgehog quills, stained in the juice of berries and roots, which grew in abundance in the vicinity of his camp.

- One piece, 2 ins. x 2 ins., and 10 ft. in length, for the keelson.
- One piece, 2 ins. x 8 ins. x 5 ft. 6 ins., for the bow and stern posts, and the corner blocks.
- Eight lattice strips, 1/2 in. x 1 1/2 ins., and 12 ft. long, for the side ribs.
- Six pieces, 1/2 in. x 1 1/2 ins., and 6 ft. in

length, for the short ribs, of the same material as that of the side ribs.

- Two pieces, 1/2 in. x 2 ins. x 12 ft., for the gunwales.
- One piece, 1/2 in. x 1 ft. x 7 ft., for the short board bottom.
- 4 1/2 yds. of closely-woven calico, 48 ins. in width.
- 4 yds. of closely-woven calico, 30 ins. in width.
- 1/2 gal. of oil paint.
- 1 1/2 lbs. of alum, and 1 1/2 lbs. of soft soap, for waterproofing the calico.
- 1/2 gal. of tar.
- 2 1/2 lbs. of copper tacks.
- Box of 1/2 in. brass screws.
- Box of 3/4 in. brass screws.
- 1 doz. 3 in. brass screws.

The piece of wood for the keelson and the lattice strips can be obtained from any wood merchant or lumber-yard. For fixing



the framework together brass screws, and copper tacks for tacking down the canvas, are best used; they will not rust when coming into contact with the water.

The most important part of the construction, and that which required extremely careful fashioning, proved to be the bow and stern posts, shown as A. in Fig. 2. It all depends on the cutting of your bow and stern whether the canoe will take a good shape or not. We found it was necessary to spend more than a little time in cutting and shaping these two important parts.

The dimensions of these two pieces of wood are 2 ins. x 8 ins. x 2 ft. A., in Fig. 2, will give you an idea of the arc shaping of one edge of the bow, or stern, and the V-shape bevelling of the two sides. The end of the keelson, C., is bevelled off at an angle and the bow post screwed on, then being held firmer into position by the corner blocks, marked E.

The five grooves, marked as B. on the diagram, are cut to fit in the ends of the long side ribs and the gunwales. Do not cut these grooves right across the side of the bow posts, but allow an inch or two, as shown, from one edge. The depth of the grooves is the same thickness as that of the ribs, 1/2 in. The ribs are then screwed into place with the 3/4 in. brass screws. A diagram will appear in our next issue illustrating the correct method of doing this.

(Next week there will be the conclusion of this fine canoe-building article.)

HINTS ON TRAINING!

By Percy Longhurst.

FITNESS to win a race does not depend only on knowing just what running practice to take and how to take it, and the young athlete should not neglect the following hints:

- Don't smoke. Have plenty of sleep. Eat and drink sensibly.
- As to the first, I will say no more. It is too well known that smoking and training for athletics do not agree. At least eight hours sleep should be taken—an hour more if you can get it. And as you should be in bed by ten o'clock, the extra hour ought not to be impossible.
- Dieting by the fellow training for running is generally looked upon as an absolute

necessity. My own judgment is that the matter is not so important as old-time trainers would have had one believe. Certainly there is less need for special dieting in the case of the young athlete. So long as the food taken is well digested, it does not matter much what is eaten. Beyond that, simple common-sense is all that need be exercised.

Common-sense tells one that it is not well to eat or drink between meals; to take foods that are known to disagree. Experience tells us that a lot of sweets, pastry, cakes, heavy, solid puddings, gassy mineral-waters, ices, etc., are not good. Any kind of plain food is all right, if meals are taken regularly and the food is well chewed. In the last two words lies the secret of all dieting.

Unless food is thoroughly well chewed there cannot be proper digestion, and unless the best of food is well digested it cannot do a great deal of good, and it may do harm. Constipation is liable to follow, and this is one of the bugbears of training. An athlete

who suffers from constipation cannot be fit and run his best.

To help guard against constipation, let there be a fair quantity of green vegetables and ripe fruit taken daily. Oranges, apples, tomatoes, figs—all both raw and stewed—are particularly good. But bananas should be taken with discretion. Bananas are largely composed of starch, and too much starch in the stomach is bad.

The extra physical demands of the training work lead to the desire for an increased quantity of food, but this will not amount to much if thorough chewing takes place. Thus eaten, a smaller quantity of food satisfies the appetite than when it is eaten hastily.

It is a good plan to leave all drinking at meals until eating is finished. I advise, also, a glassful of cold water being taken immediately on getting up.

(More hints on training from our expert will be found in next week's issue.)

"Gideon Gaunt!" murmured the old baronet with trembling lips. "He has been here—here in this well-guarded house—here in my boy's room. Good heavens!" He turned quickly and shouted: "Search the house! Search from cellars to attics!"

It was a night of excitement at Mauleverer Towers.

Lord Mauleverer had recovered consciousness before the doctor arrived, and was able to tell what had happened. The local police were at the Towers very soon after the doctor.

But in spite of the rigorous search, no trace was found of the man with the black beard and the misshapen nose. That he had come was certain, and that he had gone; but he had left no trace. Like a phantom of the night he had come and gone, no one knew how.

The next morning there were grave faces in the Greyfriars party. Lord Mauleverer was pale, but he exerted himself to be calm and cheerful. But in spite of his nerve, it was obvious that the fearful experience of the night had told upon him.

That morning Captain Hawke and Poynings left the Towers to proceed to Southampton; but on the doctor's advice, Lord Mauleverer remained a couple of days longer at the Towers. It was arranged for Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry to share his room at night, and during the day he did not quit the house without the company of some of his chums.

What step the desperate blackmailer might next take could not be guessed, but that he was determined to gain his purpose could not be doubted. And Harry Wharton & Co. could not help

feeling, with a shudder, that he had the power, as it seemed, of carrying out his dastardly threats, and they looked forward anxiously to stepping aboard the Silver Scud, where the wide sea would roll between Lord Mauleverer and his mysterious foe. And when the day came at last, and the party went on board the yacht at Southampton, all the juniors breathed more freely, and Sir Reginald Brooke looked as if a load had fallen from his shoulders.

"All serene now!" said Bob Cherry, looking back at the widening waters of the Channel in the wake of the yacht. "All serene now, Mauly!"

Lord Mauleverer nodded, but he did not reply. There was a haunting thought in his mind that even on the yacht—even in the midst of the blue waters—he had not yet done with his mysterious foe.

THE END.



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