

**GIVEN AWAY FREE INSIDE! TWO REAL PHOTOS
OF FAMOUS FOOTBALLERS!**



F. REILLY,
of Blackburn Rovers.

Week Ending
August 12th, 1922.
**The
Magnet**
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No. 757. Vol. XXII.



G. HARRISON,
of Everton.



THE HAUNTED YACHT! BILLY BUNTER GIVES THE ALARM!
(See the extra-long complete story in this issue.)



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.

OUR COMPANION PAPERS.

"THE BOYS' FRIEND" Every Monday
 "THE MAGNET" Every Monday
 "THE POPULAR" Every Tuesday
 "THE GEM" Every Wednesday
 "CHUCKLES" Every Thursday
 "THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL" Published Yearly

THIS WEEK'S FREE GIFTS.

THIS week there are again many gifts for readers of the Companion Papers. In this issue you will have received two fine real photographs of famous footballers, Harrison, of Everton, and Reilly, of Blackburn Rovers.

The "Popular," which will be on sale at all newsagents to-morrow morning, Tuesday, will offer you another splendid coloured engine plate. The subject of this week's plate is one of the finest locomotives on the Commonwealth of Australia's magnificent railway.

The "Gem" Library, which appears on sale on Wednesday morning, will contain a special action photo of Max Woosnam, one of the most popular footballers of the day. As you know, "Max" plays for Manchester City, and your collection of photos of famous footballers will not be complete without one of this wonderful player.

Probably the most talked-of sport to-day is boxing. Our companion paper, the "Boys' Friend," is therefore offering you a splendid real photo of a boxer who is rapidly rising to the front rank—Bermondsey Billy Wells. In the opinion of men who should know, this young man is likely to bring back many of the long "lent" laurels of the ring to our country.

Every boy should make a point of getting all the above papers, for besides offering you

the photos and plate, they undoubtedly contain the finest stories ever penned. School, sport, and adventure—grand complete stories and serials, competitions and jokes. Order your copies of the "Gem" and the "Popular" now, and obtain the "Boys' Friend" at the same time. You won't be disappointed, I assure you.

NEXT WEEK'S STORY.

Now we come to write about our next grand, long, complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., at Greyfriars, which will appear in the MAGNET Library next Monday morning. The story is entitled:

"THE MYSTERY OF THE SILVER SCUD!"

By Frank Richards.

The Removites, as you know, are on board Lord Mauleverer's yacht, the Silver Scud, and they hoped they had heard and seen the last of the mysterious Gideon Gaunt, who has caused them so much trouble. Their hopes prove to be ill-founded, for the black-mailer, though he does not show himself, makes his presence felt in more ways than one. The whole thing is a great mystery, and the concern of the juniors grows more and more every day—and with their concern grows a resolution to defeat the blackmailer at all costs.

This is a thrilling story, written as only Mr. Frank Richards can write a story, and every boy and girl who reads it is going to write and tell me that even the great Mr. Richards has surpassed himself.

There is going to be a great rush for next week's MAGNET—make sure of your copy by ordering it in advance.

ANOTHER FINE SUPPLEMENT.

Next Monday will also see another special supplement, contributed by the Greyfriars juniors. Harry Wharton, the editor, has

called it a Special Kitchen Number, so you can guess the one and only William George Bunter has something to write about. That is a subject upon which even Harry Wharton will give way to Billy—for Billy knows more about kitchens than he does about arithmetic and spelling.

After the thrilling story of the Removites adventures aboard the Silver Scud, you will enjoy a hearty laugh by reading the supplement.

IT'LL SOON BE HERE NOW!

"Roll on, the First of September."

Quite a hundred thousand boys and girls are saying that to-day. Why?

Because the First of September will bring to them something to which they look forward for twelve long months. The "Holiday Annual" is in their minds—that wonderful volume of stories, jokes, plates, puzzles, pictures, articles, and poems so famous throughout the world as the finest Annual ever published.

This year's Annual is, without doubt, the best of the lot. I edited it myself, and I ought to know! Seriously, my chums, I am particularly proud of the Annual which will reach you on the First of September this year.

Last year, I remember, when I first had a finished copy from the printers I heaved a deep sigh and remarked:

"I'll never beat that! It's the best in the world!"

Now I'm kicking myself, for I made a big mistake. I have beaten even last year's wonderful Annual—the volume for which so many boys and girls wrote to me long, long after they were sold out.

I don't want you to write to me and tell me you can't obtain a copy. Nothing hurts me more than to hear from disappointed readers. So, with greater emphasis than ever, I advise every boy and girl reader of the Companion Papers to order a copy of the "Holiday Annual."

They don't take nearly so long to sell as they do to prepare, let me tell you. I could give you the names and addresses now of thousands and thousands of readers who will be more or less waiting on the newsagents' doorsteps on the First of September.

The First of September only comes round once a year. So does the "Holiday Annual."

Take to heart the Scouts' motto, and—BE PREPARED!

Your Editor.

Two Footballers in the Limelight! HARRISON and REILLY.

All about the famous footballers who form the subjects of our Free Real Action Photos.

GEORGE HARRISON. Outside-Left of Everton.

IT is a peculiar fact, and one not easy to explain, that for some little time past the English International selectors should have been worried by an abundance of talent for the outside-left position. Consequently, the compliment to the man chosen to play for England in that position is all the greater, and George Harrison, the outside-left of Everton, played for his country last season. He is a stockily built player—not tall, but weighing well over eleven stone, and able to carry that weight along the wing at a pretty good pace. Another strong point about his play is the ability to shoot hard and true while on the run, and ever since he joined the Toffees he has scored a few goals in each season. Harrison has not had what can be called a wide experience of first-class football, for Everton is only his second club. He was born at Church Gresley, and from the Gresley Rovers he advanced to the Leicester Fosse side, for which he rendered good service for two and a half seasons. During that period

he never missed a first team match in which the Fosse were engaged.

His sallies along the wing and his fine shooting attracted the attention of the Everton directors, and they secured his transfer from Leicester in time for him to start the 1913-14 season. Since that time he has been a most consistent performer, being able to baffle the back by speed and cleverness, and knowing most of the things there are to know about the art of centring the ball. Sprinting and cricket are used to keep him fit during the close season. By the way, he should not be confused with the player of the same name so long associated with Wolverhampton Wanderers and now with Manchester United.

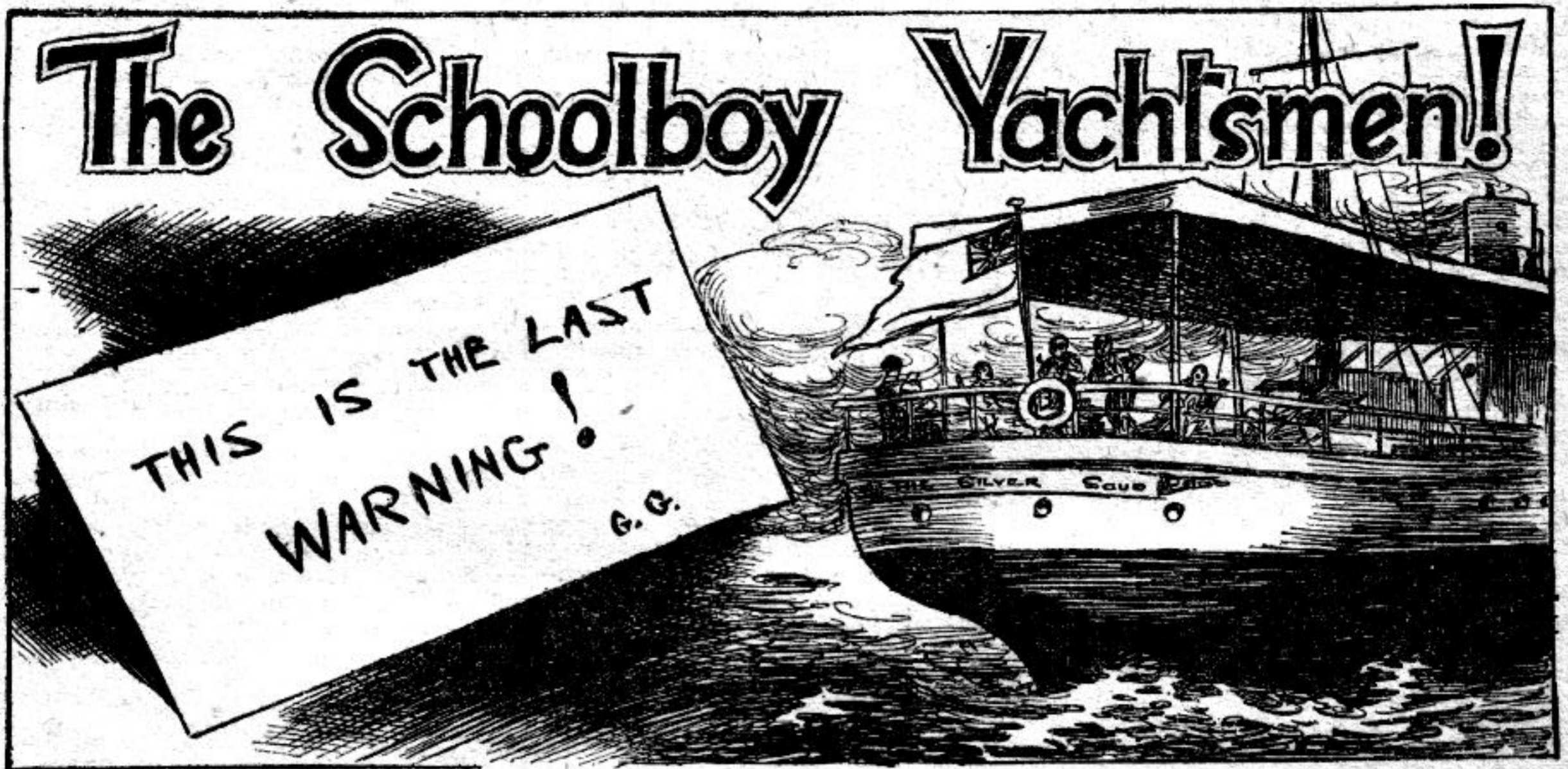
FRANK REILLY.

Centre-Half of Blackburn Rovers.

THERE are few steadier centre half-backs in the country than the pivot of the Blackburn Rovers team—Frank Reilly. In many respects he is a typical Scot, which means that he relies more on science than

dash, but centre-forwards as a class find him extremely difficult to get round, and the men in front of him receive many passes of just the right kind. Reilly owes his introduction to big football to a strange sort of accident. At the end of the 1912-13 season the Falkirk club went to Perth to play a benefit match against the St. Johnstone club, and there the manager noticed that the lad at left half-back, who was then only nineteen years of age, showed exceptional promise. After the match the lad consented to play a trial game for Falkirk, as the result of which he was signed on, and he played in 34 League games for Falkirk in his very first season. In that team he succeeded Tom Logan at centre-half—a player not unknown to the regular attenders at the home of the Chelsea club.

After the war, during which Reilly served his country faithfully and well, Falkirk transferred him to Blackburn Rovers, who have never had cause to regret the transaction, for Reilly is spoken of by the management as a model footballer, giving no trouble to anybody, and never playing a bad game.



A Magnificent Long Complete Story, dealing with the holiday adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. and Lord Mauleverer, the chums of Greyfriars, on board the Silver Scud. Even at sea they cannot get away from the mysterious blackmailer, Gideon Gaunt.

By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Sudden Alarm!

BOB CHERRY'S powerful voice rendered the following new version of an ancient song in stentorian tones that sounded from stem to stern of the yacht Silver Scud.

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep!
Where we don't have to behave,
And Mauly goes to sleep!"

Bob was in great spirits.

When Bob Cherry was in great spirits the fact was generally noticeable and audible.

Lord Mauleverer, taking his ease in a canvas deck-chair, with his elegant legs stretched out, and his hands behind his sleepy head, his Panama hat tilted over his nose, smiled drowsily.

It was a hot summer's day. There was a blaze of sun on the sea and on the white decks.

Harry Wharton & Co. were taking it easy, with the exception of Bob. Bob was naturally too strenuous to take things easy.

Wharton and Nugent and Johnny Bull leaned in a row on the deck-rail. Hurree Janset Ram Singh, his dusky face full of lazy delight, fairly basked in the sun, which reminded him of home. It was almost warm enough even for the dusky nabob.

The steam-yacht pulsed her way through the sunlit sea under an almost cloudless sky.

The chums of Greyfriars were enjoying their holiday. By general consent, it was ripping, and Mauly was no end of a brick to have brought them on his yacht. Mauly's guardian, Sir Reginald Brooke, pacing the deck with slow and sedate pace, glanced sometimes at the happy

group of schoolboys and smiled. The old baronet liked to see happy youthful faces round him.

Harry Wharton & Co. agreed that a yachting trip on the vacation was just "it"—that Mauly was a brick, and that everything was ripping, and that it was simply lovely that Billy Bunter wasn't there. That, indeed, was the best of all!

"Wake up, Mauly!" said Bob Cherry. "Like me to give you a shake, and liven you up a little?"

His lordship winced. "Begad! No, please! I'm not dozin'. Pretty hard for a fellow to doze when you're tootin' that megaphone."

"Eh? I haven't any megaphone," said Bob.

"Oh, gad! Was it just your voice?" asked Mauleverer.

"Why, you silly aas—" began Bob, while his comrades chuckled.

"The esteemed voice is terrific," remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "It beats the honourable megaphone hollow!"

"You fellows mustn't slack just because we're on a holiday," said Bob Cherry. "Where's young Vivian? We're all here excepting Vivian. Hasn't he turned up yet?"

"He was seasick last night," said Harry Wharton. "I think he's taking an extra spell in bed."

"Poor old Jimmy!" said Lord Mauleverer. "He hasn't got his sea-legs yet. Awful fag to be seasick. I told them not to disturb him this mornin'. He wants a rest. Nothin' like restin' thoroughly."

"You can have too much of a good thing," said Bob. "He's missed brekker."

"I fancy he won't want any brekker," said Harry Wharton. "He was looking yellow and green when he turned in. But

it won't do him any good slacking in his bunk."

"I'm goin' to give him a look-in," said Lord Mauleverer, with a deep yawn, "after I've rested a bit."

"Do you think you're equal to it?" asked Bob Cherry, with sarcasm. "You'd have to walk as far as the companion, you know, and go down the stairs, and that isn't all. You'd have to come up again! You must take care of your health, Mauly!"

The slacker of Greyfriars grinned feebly.

"I'll give him a look-in, if he's not up yet," said Bob. "Don't you over-exert yourself, old man."

"Don't wake him if he's asleep," said Mauleverer. "Sleepin' is a good thing when you feel queer, and I'm afraid poor old Jimmy's queer."

"I'll whisper in at his door as soft as a cooing dove," assured Bob, as he detached himself from the group.

"As soft as a cooin' elephant, more likely!" yawned Lord Mauleverer.

Bob Cherry went down the companion. He was too full of energy that sunny morning to keep still, if he could help it. In the saloon below he found Mr. Poynings, the mate of the Silver Scud. The young man gave him a nod and a cheery good-morning.

"You seem in great spirits this morning, Master Cherry," he remarked.

"Tiptop!" said Bob. "Seen anything of young Vivian?"

"Sir James Vivian? I think he's still in bed," said the mate. "Lord Mauleverer told the steward not to disturb him, I think."

"Time he was disturbed," said Bob cheerily. "Slacking in bed never did anybody any good."

He tramped along to the door of Sir

Jimmy's state-room, already having forgotten that he was to approach Vivian's quarters as softly as a cooing dove.

Bang!

Bob Cherry's knock on the door was heard by the fellows on the deck above, and they grinned.

There was no answer from the room.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" called out Bob Cherry as he slid back the door. "Are you awake, Vivian?"

"Oh, gad!" murmured Lord Mauleverer above. "If that's Bob's variety of a cooin' dove, I hope I shall never hear him understudym' a screamin' eagle!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob again. "Still snoozing, Vivian?"

If Sir Jimmy Vivian, of the Greyfriars Remove, was still snoozing after that stentorian hail, he had snoozing powers that excelled those of Billy Bunter himself.

But there came no reply.

"He must have got up and cleared," grunted Bob Cherry, but he stepped into the state-room to make sure.

Then his face became grave.

There was an occupant in the bunk; he could see that. But surely Sir Jimmy Vivian could not be asleep, after that powerful hail from the door. Jimmy had looked very queer the evening before, owing to the lack of sea-legs. The schoolboy baronet had not yet begun to enjoy his sea-trip. The thought occurred to Bob that the little fellow was really ill, and his manner became subdued at once.

He stepped quietly to the bunk and bent over Vivian.

"Jimmy, old kid," he said, softly enough.

There was no answer from Sir Jimmy Vivian.

But the face that was turned up from the pillow was white, set, seemingly lifeless. The eyes were closed, and the boy seemed hardly to breathe. Bob Cherry gave a violent start. It was not sleep. Sir Jimmy was deeply unconscious; but it was not healthy sleep, that was clear. What had happened to him?

In about two seconds Bob Cherry was out of the cabin, and his head rose into the sunlight at the top of the companion.

"You fellows—"

"What's up?" exclaimed Harry Wharton, startled by the expression on Bob's face.

"Something's happened. Vivian's ill. It looks serious!" panted Bob. "He's insensible!"

"My hat!"

"There's a smell in the cabin like chloroform," faltered Bob. "Like—like when Mauly was attacked by that ruffian at Greyfriars on breaking-up day."

"Oh, gad!" exclaimed Lord Mauleverer.

He leaped from the deck-chair as if electrified into action.

Sir Reginald Brooke pushed Bob Cherry aside hurriedly, and descended the stairs. Mr. Poynings met him at the foot of the companion with a startled face.

"There's something wrong with Vivian, sir. I've just looked—"

Sir Reginald Brooke nodded and hurried on to the state-room. His kind old face was almost contracted with anxiety—anxiety with which fear was mingled. On board the Silver Scud, with the blue sea rolling round them, the Greyfriars party had almost forgotten the mysterious foe who had dogged Lord Mauleverer on shore, who had threatened that even at sea Mauleverer would not be beyond his reach. It seemed impossible

that here, on the wide sea, with land out of sight, the blow had fallen. And yet—yet as he stepped into the state-room and saw the set, colourless face that stared from the bunk, the old baronet knew that the blow had fallen.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Unseen Hand!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. gathered in the saloon with grave and serious faces, speaking in hushed voices.

They were waiting.

The brightness of that sunny morning was gone for the chums of Greyfriars; their only feeling now was a fearful anxiety for Jimmy Vivian. Lord Mauleverer—every trace of slackness gone from him now—moved about restlessly, clenching his hands, wrinkling his brows, a prey to deep and torturing anxiety.

Captain Hawke had come down, Mr. Poynings taking his place on the bridge. The captain and Sir Reginald were in

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Vivian's room, tending him. For the present the juniors were excluded.

The chums of the Remove, looking at one another, read in each other's faces the fear and alarm that were in every heart.

"Poor old Jimmy!" said Frank Nugent softly.

"Oh, the rotter—the rotter!" muttered Lord Mauleverer. He was alluding to Jimmy Vivian's unknown assailant, for it was certain now that there had been an assailant. It was known Sir Jimmy Vivian was under the influence of chloroform, and it was clear that he had been attacked in his bunk during the night.

By whose hand?

That was a mystery—a mystery that baffled all speculation.

"It couldn't be the same man," said Bob Cherry in a low voice. "How could it be? It's impossible!"

"Impossible!" agreed Harry Wharton. "But who—"

Lord Mauleverer glanced at the Famous Five with a haggard look.

"It's the same man," he said. "The man who called himself Gideon Gaunt; the man with the black beard and the misshapen nose. I'm sure of it!"

"But how could he get on board the

yacht last night?" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "We were miles from land."

"I don't know. How did he get at me at Mauleverer Towers?" said Mauly between his teeth. "The house was locked up. There was no sign anywhere of an entrance being forced. But he got at me in the night, all the same, and treated me as he's treated Vivian now."

"But it's impossible!" said Bob. "He couldn't—"

"He has!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"Then he must have been hiding on the yacht ever since we left Southampton," said Harry Wharton.

"That's so, I suppose."

"Then he must be on board now!" exclaimed Bob.

"He must," said Lord Mauleverer. "Unless he jumped into the sea he must be on the yacht still." The schoolboy earl clenched his hands. "After Jimmy's been seen to he shall be searched for. And when I get face to face with him—" He gritted his teeth.

"We'll make him sorry for himself if we find him," said Bob Cherry. "But—"

He shook his head.

Unless the blackmailer was a madman, he would not have shut himself up in the yacht, from which there was no escape. Bob could not help feeling that. And the black-bearded man's actions had not been those of a madman, but of a particularly cool and determined criminal.

The mystery was utterly baffling. Indeed, it almost led the juniors to wonder whether Lord Mauleverer's enemy possessed some strange and supernatural powers beyond their comprehension. There was no man on the yacht who was not well known to Captain Hawke and Mr. Poynings. They were not likely to have included any doubtful characters among the crew. Besides, the appearance of Gideon Gaunt, with his great misshapen nose, was so striking that he would have been known at a glance anywhere. Certainly the juniors would have noticed him at once among the crew. And the idea of a stowaway was unconvincing; for if Gaunt had stowed himself away on the yacht he must have known that a rigid search would follow his attack on a member of the yachting party, a search that could only result in his discovery.

Yet if that was not the explanation of the mystery, what was the explanation? The Greyfriars juniors were utterly at a loss.

Sir Reginald Brooke came back to the saloon at last, and Harry Wharton & Co. looked at him eagerly. The old baronet's face was pale and troubled and worn.

"How's Jimmy, uncle?" asked Mauleverer eagerly.

"He has recovered consciousness," said the baronet. "But he will not be able to leave his bed. The same attack that was made upon you, Herbert, has been made on him. But poor Jimmy has not your stamina, and he has not stood it so well. He will be ill, I fear, and it will be necessary for him to go ashore."

The juniors realised now that the yacht's course had already been changed. They had hardly noticed it before.

"But has he spoken, sir?" asked Harry Wharton eagerly. "Has he told you—"

The old baronet nodded.

"Yes. He was awakened in the night by an attack. A chloroform pad was pressed over his nose and mouth, exactly as happened to Herbert at the Towers before we sailed."

"Did he see—"

"He saw enough," said Sir Reginald gravely. "He has told me that the man who attacked him had a black beard and a large, misshapen nose."

"Gideon Gaunt!" said Bob Cherry.

"Yes. The man made no attempt to keep his face hidden. He turned on an electric torch, and Jimmy saw him clearly. Only for a moment, but quite clearly," said Sir Reginald.

"Good gad!" muttered Lord Mauleverer.

"But if there was any doubt, this note removes it," said the old baronet, laying a card on the table.

The juniors gathered round and looked at it eagerly. A message was typewritten on the card. That it had been written before the Silver Scud put to sea was clear, for there was no typewriter on board the yacht. What had happened had been planned before the Silver Scud weighed anchor, and carried out with deadly precision. The note ran:

"Twice I have warned Lord Mauleverer that the price of his life was £10,000. The warnings have not been heeded. This is the third warning. If Lord Mauleverer does not value his own life, perhaps he values those of his friends. What has happened now will happen again if this warning is not heeded.

"If it is decided to pay the ransom, let the white ensign be flown half-mast for ten minutes on board the Silver Scud.—GIDEON GAUNT."

"That was written before we put to sea," said the old gentleman. "It is a proof that the villain hid himself on board the yacht to carry out this dastardly action. He must be still on board. The captain is about to order a search of the yacht. The rascal must be found, and he will be put in irons and taken ashore at once."

"You think he is on board, sir?" asked Harry.

"There is no alternative to that. He must be!"

Harry did not answer, but he doubted. It seemed impossible that the ruffian was on board after what had happened. And yet, was he mad enough to place himself within reach of easy capture—capture easy and certain?

"He couldn't have swum ashore," said Bob Cherry slowly. "We were too far off the land."

"Unless he was a jolly good swimmer, anyhow," said Nugent.

"That is scarcely possible," said Sir Reginald. "It is fairly certain the man is still on board, though where he is concealed is at present a mystery."

Mr. Poynings looked in from the companion-way.

"The search is beginning, sir!" he said.

"Very good. Two of you boys may sit in the cabin with Jimmy," said the old baronet. "Do not let him talk much, and fasten the door in case the rascal we are searching for should appear. Jimmy must not have another shock."

Lord Mauleverer and Frank Nugent went into Jimmy's room. The rest of the juniors intended to help the crew in the search now commencing. Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, joined in it eagerly and keenly—though in their minds was a lingering doubt of the possibility of success.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Baffling Mystery!

AHEAD of the Silver Scud, now steaming rapidly, the North Foreland rose against the horizon. While the yacht headed steadily for land, the search for the hidden ruffian began and went on, steadily, thoroughly, patiently.

The whole crew had been piped to the task, and while Captain Hawke remained on the bridge, the mate, Poynings, took charge of the search. The chums of the Remove helped actively, and even the old baronet joined in. The searchers had strict instructions to seize the rascal as soon as he was found, and not to hesitate to damage him if he showed the slightest

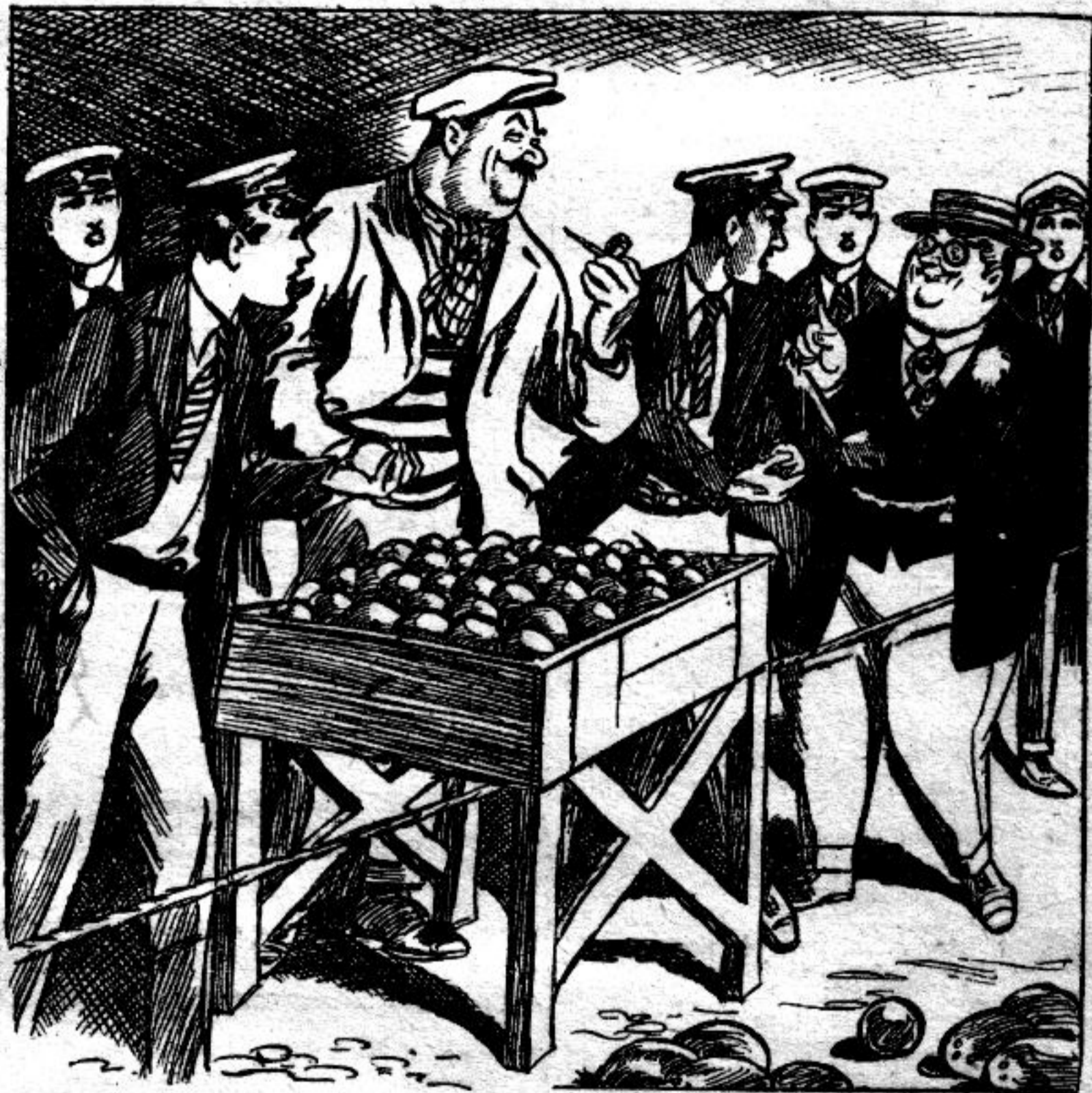
unless he had jumped overboard in the night and found a grave at the bottom of the North Sea. And that was a theory no one thought of entertaining. The cunning plotter had not plotted to throw away his own life. He was—he must be—on board the Silver Scud; and all through the protracted search they hoped to lay hands on him.

But it was not to be.

If there was any neglected recess where they had forgotten to look, they could not call it to mind. So far as the searchers could tell when they compared notes, they had scanned every nook and cranny of the ship.

And the result was—nothing!

There was no stranger on board the



Hurree Singh continued to send down the balls with deadly accuracy. "Bravo, dinky!" said several of the crowd. And then, to the astonishment of the chums of Greyfriars, a well-known voice squeaked: "Good old Inky! Topping! I say, you fellows, fancy meeting you here!" And Billy Bunter rolled up to Harry Wharton & Co. (See Chapter 4.)

sign of resistance. Some of the sailormen had bars or boat-stretchers ready for use; the juniors, who had their cricket outfit with them, had taken cricket-stumps in hand.

They searched thoroughly and scientifically from end to end of the Silver Scud. The engineer and his dusky assistants searched their own quarters, though there was little chance of a stow-away being hidden there. The cook's galley and the lazarette, every cabin and state-room were searched and scanned. Deep down in the hold the seamen and Mr. Poynings ransacked and peered, electric lamps blazing into every shadowy recess. The search was long and arduous.

To most of the searchers it seemed impossible that it should fail in unearthing Vivian's unknown assailant.

Somewhere on the ship he must be,

Silver Scud—that seemed to be indubitable fact, astounding as it was.

Mr. Poynings gave it up at last, and returned to the bridge to report the result to Captain Hawke. The skipper gnawed his old grey moustache as he listened. Sir Reginald Brooke joined them, with deep anxiety in his lined face.

"It beats me, sir," said the skipper. "The man was on board last night. That's certain. But now—"

"The search seems to have been thorough enough," said the old baronet despondently.

"I can answer for that," said Edgar Poynings.

The old gentleman bit his lip.

"Did the villain trust himself to the sea, then, after the attack on Vivian?" he said. "Was there a chance of his

reaching the shore by swimming, Captain Hawke?"

"A thin chance for a good swimmer," said the skipper. "A hundred to one against, I should say."

"There seems no other explanation."

"Ay, ay! But"—Captain Hawke wrinkled his brows—"you've got it in the note from the lubber—if you agree to pay the money he demands, fly the white ensign half-mast. That means that he would see the signal, if the man's sane and means anything. How would he see it ashore?"

"Perhaps he may guess that we should put ashore to get medical aid for Vivian—"

"He couldn't guess where we should put ashore."

"That is true. I am utterly mystified."

The old baronet glanced round him helplessly. He seemed to feel himself involved in a network of baffling mystery.

"Another vessel—" he hazarded. "Could he have another vessel at hand? He might have swum to it, and might now be watching this yacht with a powerful glass—"

The captain shook his head. It was a wild guess, obviously improbable.

There were several sails in sight on the wide waters—a barge hugging the coast, a pleasure-boat bound for Margate or Ramsgate—a big steamer far out to sea. There was no vessel that had the remotest appearance of dogging the Silver Scud.

"We changed our course more than an hour ago, to make the land," said Captain Hawke quietly. "No other vessel in sight changed its course to follow."

"That seems to settle it, sir!" remarked Poynings.

"It does settle it," said the skipper.

The old baronet nodded slowly. "Then what does it all mean?" he asked heavily.

"The man must have gone overboard in the night," said Captain Hawke. "He may have had a craft handy to pick him up."

"But the signal—the white ensign—if we agree—"

The skipper shook his grizzled head.

"I'm beaten!" he said. "There's no working it out. But it seems clear enough that the man isn't on board. If he isn't on board, he must have gone over the side in the night."

"I—I suppose so."

Harry Wharton & Co., as utterly puzzled and mystified as anyone else on board the Silver Scud, went below to see the invalid. They were tired and dusty from grubbing industriously in hidden corners and recesses, and angry with their failure.

Nugent let them into the state-room.

"How's Jimmy?" asked Harry.

"Better. He's taking some grub."

"Oh, good!"

Sir Jimmy Vivian gave the juniors a feeble grin. He was sitting up in his bunk, and his face was still pale, almost ghastly. The terrible experience he had been through had told on the schoolboy baronet. He had not the vigour and stamina of the other juniors, and it was clear that his fearful experience had left a deep effect.

"Feeling chippy—what?" asked Johnny Bull.

"I ain't!" said Sir Jimmy frankly. "I'm feeling pretty rotten, if you ask me. What with being seasick, and then—then that—" His voice faltered.

"Better not think about it, kid," said Lord Mauleverer softly.

"Can't help it," said Sir Jimmy. "My word! I can still feel that brute's fingers

on my throat! I'll dream of it to-night, I fancy. I—I feel awful bad."

Sir Jimmy took a spoonful of broth. But it was evident that he had no appetite; he was trying to eat to please the anxious Mauly. Plucky as the little fellow was, it was only too plain that he had been quite knocked out by the fearful experience of the night, and the lingering effects of the drug.

"You ain't found him?" he asked suddenly.

"He's not on the ship," said Bob.

"Must have jumped overboard, then," said Sir Jimmy. "Well, I sha'n't be sorry if he's gone to the bottom."

"No such luck, I'm afraid," said Bob. "By Jove! I'd like to have the villain in reach of my fist! You're quite sure it was the merchant with the big boko, Jimmy?"

Sir Jimmy nodded.

"Quite sure! I saw the light on his face. I sha'n't forget that ugly face in a hurry."

"Is it possible—" began Lord Mauleverer, coming out of a deep brown study.

"Is what possible, Mauly?"

"I can't imagine that the rotter's jumped overboard. If he's not hidden on the ship, is it possible—" Mauly

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paused. "He might have disguised himself somehow, and got among the crew by some trick. Made up to look different, you know."

"How could he?" said Harry. "He might shave off his beard, but how could he disguise his nose? You remember his nose—"

"Yaas, I'd forgotten that," said Mauleverer despondently. "He might disguise the rest, but he couldn't disguise that."

"The nosefulness was too terrific to be hidden," remarked Hurree Singh, with a shake of his dusky head.

"We're getting to land now," said Bob Cherry, glancing out of the port-hole. "That's the North Foreland away to the left. The skipper must be going to put in at Margate or Westgate, I think."

"Margate," said Jimmy, with a faint smile. "Guardian told me. I'm to go ashore at Margate. I'm sorry I sha'n't be able to come on the cruise, Mauly, old man; but—but I sha'n't be sorry to get ashore. I—I don't think I could close my eyes again on the Silver Scud. I—I should think—" He broke off, with a quiver in his voice.

Mauleverer nodded.

"We shall miss you, old kid," he said. "But it's better for you to be where you're safe."

"Safe enough here now the man's gone overboard!" said Johnny Bull.

Lord Mauleverer did not reply to that. But Jimmy spoke his lordship's unuttered thought.

"Has he gone overboard?" he asked.

"It seems beyond a doubt," said Wharton. "Certainly he is not on the ship now!"

"He ain't an ordinary man," said Sir Jimmy slowly. "Look at the way he got at Mauly at home! Every door locked and barred, but he got into Mauly's room. Now he's got at me here! It's uncanny! He's got some way of his own—" He broke off, shuddering.

"The anchor's going!" said Bob.

"I shall have to help you dress now, Jimmy," said Lord Mauleverer gently.

"Sooner the quicker, Mauly," said Sir Jimmy. "I hate to leave you fellows and give up the cruise, but I do want to put my foot ashore—safe, I do! I ain't a funk, but I couldn't stand another night on the Silver Scud."

Harry Wharton & Co. left the state-room with troubled minds. An hour later Sir Jimmy Vivian was ashore with his guardian, and the juniors were landed also, the old baronet judiciously deciding that a few hours in Margate would dispel from their minds the impression of what had happened in the night.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

In Merry Margate!

"JOLLY enough here!" said Bob Cherry.

"Looks like it!" agreed Harry Wharton. And Hurree Jamset Ram Singh remarked that Margate was terrifically jolly.

The chums of Greyfriars had lunched at a restaurant looking on the sea, and now they were strolling in a cheery crowd along the Margate front. The sands swarmed with bathers, the promenade swarmed still more thickly, thousands on thousands were coming and going, the buzz of cheerful voices mingled with the blare of more than one band, discoursing sweet music to the sauntering thousands.

Harry Wharton & Co. were recovering their spirits, dashed for the time by their concern for little Sir Jimmy.

Vivian had been taken in a car at once to a nursing home in Cliftonville, kept by an old acquaintance of his guardian's. There he was to remain, with every care and comfort, till his health was quite restored. It was only a matter of time before he would recover from the shock he had received; but in the meantime he required careful attention, and, above all, the assurance of safety and ease of mind. And it had been evident that, in spite of the rigorous search made on the yacht, Sir Jimmy had been by no means satisfied that the Silver Scud was free of the black-bearded man.

Indeed, the Co. were by no means satisfied of that. Every theory that was started to account for the ruffian's disappearance from the yacht was more or less unsatisfactory.

After pondering over the mystery till their heads almost ached, the chums of Greyfriars had to admit that it was still a mystery to them, that they could think of no certain clue.

But schoolboys' spirits are elastic, especially in holiday time. Satisfied that

Sir Jimmy was well cared for and in comfortable surroundings, where he felt secure and at his ease, the chums of Greyfriars ceased to worry.

As for any danger that might threaten themselves on board the Silver Scud, they did not give it a thought.

Only Lord Mauleverer remained in a thoughtful mood.

He had a problem to face

The unknown blackmailer, calling himself Gideon Gaunt, had demanded a "ransom" of ten thousand pounds. Neither Mauly nor his guardian dreamed of yielding to the lawless demand. On his own account Mauly would not have entertained for a moment the thought of yielding. Twice he had been attacked by the ruffian, and his firmness had not been shaken. But now the attack had fallen upon another, upon the member of the party least able to bear it.

But for the fact that Sir Jimmy was now in well-watched security on shore Mauleverer would have debated whether or not he should have yielded to the blackmailer's demand. What he would not have done on his own account he might have done for the sake of another. Upon that it was pretty clear the black-bearded man had calculated.

Sir Jimmy was safe now, even if the ruffian had some mysterious means of access to the yacht, or some remote and well-concealed hiding-place on board. That was a comfort to Mauleverer. But was it likely that the blow would fall next upon some other of his comrades? And what if the ruffian, finding it impossible to strike terror as he undoubtedly designed, what if he proceeded to greater lengths, even to the length of taking life? That he was dastard enough Mauleverer did not doubt for a moment.

And yet, how could he get at the party at sea? Was it possible, unless he had some strange, superhuman power beyond the powers of normal men?

Such thoughts in Mauleverer's mind kept a cloud upon his brow, though he smiled and answered cheerily when his comrades spoke to him. As for the Famous Five, they had thrown the worry aside, and were quite their old merry selves as they strolled along the front at Margate.

Finding themselves in Margate, they proceeded to "do" Margate with considerable thoroughness, and Lord Mauleverer went wherever his comrades went.

They "did" a concert on the pier for half an hour, they looked in at a cinema for a quarter of an hour, they strolled on the front, and they listened to the band, and they bathed. With such energetic youths that was not nearly sufficient to fill the afternoon; and they had plenty of time before them, as Mauly's guardian was not going on board the yacht again till sundown, and they were to go with him. Bob Cherry made the discovery that there was a jolly place where there were scenic railways and swing-boats, and even a coconut shy, and thitherward the chums of Greyfriars bent their steps.

They "did" the scenic railway twice, though its sudden ups and downs made Lord Mauleverer gasp. They swung their swing-boat higher than any other swing-boat, and they tried their luck with all sorts of contrivances for bagging prizes—or missing them. The way their money went was really marvellous, though only in threepences and sixpences and shillings at a time. And when they came to the coconut-shy Lord Mauleverer innocently tendered a five-pound note to the coconut merchant for

change. The coconut merchant blinked at him.

"Fathead!" remarked Bob Cherry. "Put that away! I've found another half-crown. Hand 'em out, old top!"

The "old top" handed out the wooden balls to the value of half-a-crown. There was a grin on Bob Cherry's face. He intended to surprise the merchant in coconuts, a rather stumpy gentleman, with a red-spotted neckerchief and a blue chin, and perspiring features apparently modelled on those of a bulldog.

"This is your stunt, Inky," said Bob. "Go in and show them some Greyfriars bowling."

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh smiled. He was the champion junior bowler at Greyfriars, and though the wooden balls were rather different from cricket-balls, the nabob knew that he could surprise the bulldog gentleman with the results.

"The bowl-fulness will be terrific, my esteemed Bob!" said the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Go it, Inky!" encouraged the juniors.

The dusky nabob went it.

He sent down the heavy balls coolly, scientifically, and with wonderful precision. Each ball knocked down a coconut, and the red-spotted gentleman opened his eyes wider and wider. His assistant was kept quite busy setting up new coconuts, and the pile of captured nuts grew quite large.

"Ere, this 'ere won't do!" said the red-spotted gentleman at last, after some very visible signs of impatience. "You must be a blooming professional!"

The nabob beamed on him.

"My most esteemed and ridiculous friend—" he began.

"Wot?"

"My excellent and esteemed friend, you may keep the coconuts," said Inky amiably. "This is only a harmless and necessary lark."

The red-spotted man's bulldog features cleared at once. He grinned the grin of amiability.

"Go a'ead, your 'Ighness, and keep it up as long as you like," he said heartily. "Ere, you coves, keep back, and leave room for the Injun gentleman!"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh grinned.

He continued to send down the balls with marvellous skill, and at every ball a coconut fell, and a crowd gathered round to watch that rather unusual exhibition. The red-spotted gentleman was quite entertained by his customer's success. As every shot was paid for, and the coconuts were not to change owners, it was quite a paying proposition for the gentleman in the spotted neckerchief, besides being an advertisement for his show, and drawing beholders from near and far.

"Bravo, darcy!" said several encouraging voices.

And then, to the astonishment of the chums of Greyfriars, a well-known voice squeaked:

"Good-old Inky! Topping! I say, you fellows, fancy meeting you here!"

And six astonished and dismayed juniors ejaculated:

"Bunter!"



The tall figure of Sir Reginald Brooke appeared in the offing, and Bunter coolly made a movement towards the boat. Poynings brought it close in, ready for the party to embark, and Billy Bunter cheerfully jumped in. It was only too clear that the Owl of the Remove meant to join the yachting party! (See Chapter 6.)

NEXT MONDAY!

"THE MYSTERY OF THE SILVER SCUD!"

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

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THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Bunter's Treat!

BILLY BUNTER rolled up to the chums of the Remove, his fat face beaming with satisfaction, blinking cheerily at them through his big spectacles. Evidently the Owl of Greyfriars was delighted with the unexpected meeting—a delight which was not shared by Harry Wharton & Co. They stared quite blankly at the fat junior.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Bunter!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Bunter!" groaned Lord Mauleverer.

"The ridiculous and disgusting Bunter!" exclaimed Hurree Singh, and he stopped his wonderful exhibition of bowling at once.

Dismay was in his dusky countenance.

"Fancy meeting you!" said Bunter, with a fat chuckle. "I say, you fellows, go ahead! I'll carry the coconuts for you. I say, where are you off to? Don't hurry away! Beasts!"

Harry Wharton & Co. were en route at a good pace. But the crowd was thick, and they could not run for it.

Billy Bunter rolled in hurried pursuit.

"I say, you fellows, hold on!" he roared. "Ain't you glad to see a Greyfriars chap again? Hold on, Mauly, old bird! Is this what you call manners?"

"Oh, gad!" groaned his lordship.

He weakly allowed Bunter to join him. Mauly hated hurting anybody's feelings, even Bunter's. Not that it was easy to get through the thick skin of William George Bunter. A rhinoceros was considerably more sensitive.

"I say, you fellows, you can get jolly good ices here," said Bunter, catching Mauleverer's arm and stopping, and dragging his lordship to a halt. "My treat, you know! Come in!"

"Look here—" began Bob Cherry.

"Dash it all, let's have a little talk, now we've met!" said Bunter. "I'm rather surprised at you, Cherry! You oughtn't to keep up your usual bad manners on a holiday. All very well in the Remove passage at Greyfriars."

"You fat owl—"

"Simply topping ices here," said Bunter. "Sit down at this table, and have some ices and watch the crowd. No end amusing! Awful lot of bounders here, you know."

"And we've got landed with the biggest of them!" said Nugent.

"Oh, really, Franky—"

The Greyfriars chums sat down, and Bunter ordered the ices with a flourish. Evidently the Owl of the Remove was glad of the meeting. Bunter was looking in great form. He had a straw hat on the back of his head; a necktie with more colours in it than Joseph's famous coat; a flower in his jacket; a prominent rolled gold watchchain, and a diamond pin. The diamond was of tremendous size, but evidently it had not tempted the pickpockets; it was only too obviously not the product of a diamond-mine. Certainly, there were plenty of "bounders," as Bunter said, in the buzzing crowd, but undoubtedly the most thorough-going bounder there was William George Bunter, the Owl of the Remove.

"Isn't this just luck?" he said, as he gobbled his ice. "Shouldn't have dreamed of meeting you fellows here! Shouldn't have seen you, most likely, only I came up to see who was knocking down the coconuts in such style."

Bob Cherry repented deeply of his playful joke on the coconut merchant.

"So you're having your holiday in Margate, Bunter," remarked Johnny Bull.

"Well, not exactly," said Bunter. "If you think I've come here on a cheap trip for the day, you're quite mistaken. Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at, Bob Cherry! I'm staying in the most expensive hotel in Cliftonville, you know. I'd ask you there to tea, only—"

"Only you're not staying there!" suggested Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull! I mean, I couldn't very well take a crowd of young bounders into such a high-class establishment!"

"What?"

"No offence, you know," said Bunter, blinking at them. "I'm a plain speaker—always was. I'll have another ice! They're good. But fancy you fellows turning up in Margate, after all. Of course, I knew it was all spoof about the yachting trip!"

"By gad!" ejaculated Mauleverer.

Bunter gave a fat wink.

"Can't take me in with your swank, you know," he said sagely. "Lots of fellows talk a lot of gas about the vac before school breaks up. Skinner was talking about Switzerland and the Tyrol, but I know jolly well that his people take him to Southend. I admit you fellows almost took me in with that yarn about a yachting trip, but not quite! He, he, he!"

"You fat rotter!" growled Johnny Bull.

"No need to call a fellow names, Bull, because he doesn't swallow your swank. Have another ice, Wharton?"

"No, thanks!"

"Well, I will," said Bunter. "I've had hardly a dozen to-day. Don't you fellows worry. I won't give you away at Greyfriars next term. He, he, he! Keep it up about the yachting trip, and I'll back you up. He, he!"

"Well, my hat!" said Bob Cherry. "Dear old Bunter doesn't change, does he? Always makes you feel that you want to punch his silly nose when you see him!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"That will be eight-and-six, please," interposed a waiter at this point.

Bunter ran his hands through his pockets.

"By Jove! I've got nothing smaller than a ten-pound note!" he said. "Settle this, will you, Mauly, old top, and I'll square when I change my tenner."

Lord Mauleverer silently passed a five-pound note to the waiter. It was Bunter's treat; but nobody expected Bunter to pay for the refreshments.

"Time we got along," said Bob Cherry, when Mauleverer had received his change.

"Oh, don't hurry!" said Bunter. "I was just thinking whether I could take you fellows on board my friend's yacht."

"Oh! You've got a friend here with a yacht?" said Bob.

"Certainly. A relation really—one of my titled relations that I've mentioned to you," said Bunter calmly.

"Oh, my hat!"

"And where's the giddy yacht?" asked Bob Cherry sarcastically. "Not where it can be seen, I suppose?"

"Certainly; it's anchored about half a mile from the pier," said Bunter calmly. "I can point it out to you, if you like—but I'm afraid, on the whole, that I sha'n't be able to take you on board."

The Famous Five looked at Bunter.

"What's the yacht's name?" asked Harry.

"Silver Scud!"

"Great Scott!"

"You've seen it there?" asked Bunter.

"Ha, ha! Yes."

"It's my second cousin's yacht, really," said Bunter. "Sir Cecil Bunter, you know—I think I've mentioned him to you."

"Great gad!" murmured Lord Mauleverer, staring at Billy Bunter in a kind of fascination. Bunter evidently had no suspicion that the Greyfriars party had landed at Margate from a yacht—above all, from the Silver Scud. Even Bunter would not have laid claim to that handsome vessel, if he had known.

Bunter detached himself from his chair with a grunt.

"Come along to the pier, and I'll point her out to you," he said cheerily. "I can't take you on board, because—"

"Because you wouldn't be allowed on board!" suggested Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"You fat chump!" said Harry Wharton, in measured tones. "That yacht, the Silver Scud, is Mauly's yacht—"

"Eh?"

"And we landed from her a few hours ago—"

"Wha-a-at?"

"And we're going aboard again in an hour or two. Now, you fat spoofer, what have you got to say for yourself?"

Billy Bunter had absolutely nothing to say for himself for a full minute. Even the Ananias of Greyfriars was taken aback. But at length he burst into a feeble giggle.

"He, he, he! Of—of course, I—I knew it was Mauly's yacht all the time, you know—I—I was just pulling your leg! He, he, he!"

"And now I'll pull yours!" said Bob Cherry grimly. And he hooked his foot in Bunter's fat leg, and jerked him, and the Owl of the Remove sat down with a bump and a roar.

By the time the fat junior was on his feet again, the chums of Greyfriars had disappeared in the crowd.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

And Bunter!

THE setting sun was turning the estuary of the Thames into a sheet of gold and crimson, when Harry Wharton & Co. came down to the landing-place. The boat from the Silver Scud was there, with Poynings in charge; but Sir Reginald Brooke had not yet appeared. But someone else had appeared, and was waiting.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Bunter!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

The fat junior greeted the Greyfriars party with a fat grin. They did not grin in response. They had been under the impression—evidently a mistaken one—that they had done with Bunter. They had kept a careful look-out for him during their final stroll about Margate, and they had not seen him.

"How the thump did you get here?" demanded Harry Wharton.

"Easy as falling off a form, old fellow," said Bunter cheerily. "After you missed me in the crowd—"

"Dodged you, you mean," said Johnny Bull.

"Hem! After you missed me—I'm not talking to you, Bull, but to my old pal, Mauly—after you missed me, Mauly, I remembered that you'd have to have a boat from the yacht, so I looked round, and spotted this boat when it came in. Rather cute, what?"

(Continued on page 13.)



The GREYFRIARS HERALD

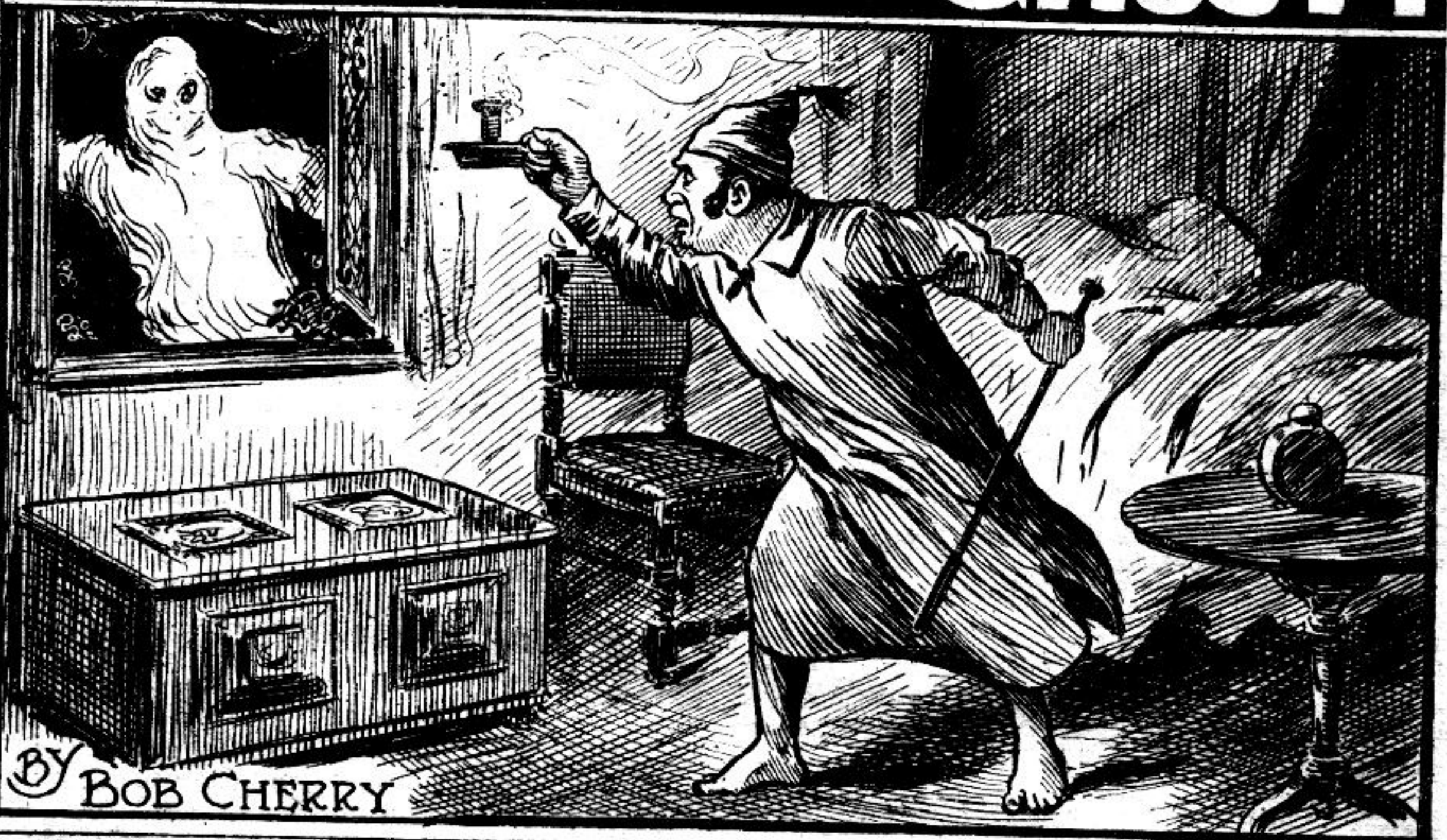
THE SCHOOL HOUSE

Supplement No. 85.

Harry Wharton
Editor

Week Ending August 12th, 1922.

GOSLING AND THE GHOST!



BY BOB CHERRY

THE GREYFRIARS GHOST APPEARS! Holding the lighted candle before him, Gosling crossed the room to the window. Then a gasp of horror escaped him. Outside, swaying in the night breeze, was a white apparition! It was illuminated by a pair of green eyes. "It's a gig-gig-gig-ghost!" stuttered the Greyfriars porter.

LATE again, Master Bunter!" said Gosling, peering through the bars of the school gates in the deepening dusk.

On the other side of the gates stood the fat and breathless figure of Billy Bunter.

"Oh, really, Gossy, it isn't my fault! I've got a corn on my foot, and it's taken me an hour and a half to walk in from Courtfield."

Gosling grunted.

"Corn or no corn," he growled, "I'll report yer!"

"But I've got a beastly bunion——"

"I don't care if you're covered with 'em from 'ead to foot!" said Gosling. "Wot I says is this 'ere—I'll report yer!"

"But Quelch will be awfully waxy——"

"Yes, an' I 'ope as 'ow he tans yer!" was Gosling's unsympathetic comment.

The school porter fumbled with his keys and unlocked the gates, and permitted Billy Bunter to enter.

It was long past locking-up time, and Bunter hadn't a late pass.

"You come along o' me," said Gosling.

"We'll go an' see Mr. Quelch now."

"Oh, really, Gossy——"

"You 'ear me?" growled Gosling. "Come along o' me!"

Poor old Bunter trembled like a table-jelly at the prospect of a licking.

"I say, Gossy," he said confidentially, "I'll give you half-a-crown if you'll let me off!"

Supplement i.]

Gosling hesitated.

"When?" he demanded.

"When—when my postal-order comes."

"That's never!" said Gosling contemptuously. "That there postal-order 'ave been arrivin' ever since the world began; but it ain't got 'ere yet!"

"Ahem! There's a delay in the post——"

"So there might be. But there ain't goin' to be no delay in takin' you before Mr. Quelch! This way!"

Gosling shuffled away through the gloom, in the direction of the school building. Billy Bunter rolled along in the rear, pleading vainly for mercy.

But Gosling was deaf to the voice of the charmer. He proceeded straight to Mr. Quelch's study, and tapped on the door and entered.

"Which Master Bunter 'ave only just arrove, sir," he announced.

Mr. Quelch frowned.

"Come in, wretched boy, and explain your conduct!" he commanded.

Billy Bunter squirmed his way into the study.

"I—I'm awfully sorry I'm late, sir! But as I explained to Gosling, I've got a bruise on my ankle——"

"Fust you said it was a corn, an' then a bunion, an' now it's a blinkin' bruise!" interjected Gosling.

"Ahem! I—I mean, I've got a wart on my hand, sir, and it took me an hour and a half to come in from Courtfield."

Mr. Quelch's expression grew very stormy.

"How could a wart on your hand possibly hinder your progress, Bunter?" he exclaimed.

"Besides—show me your hands—why, there is no sign of a wart on either of them!"

"Which he's a tellin' fibs, sir, like that woman Anna Nyas!" chimed in Gosling.

"That will do, Gosling! You may go. I will deal with this refractory boy."

Mr. Quelch then addressed Billy Bunter at some length—not with his tongue, but with his cane.

It was a severe swishing, and Billy Bunter crawled up to bed groaning with anguish. But the fat junior had no intention of going to sleep until he had taken ample revenge on Gosling the porter.

II.

WILLIAM GOSLING, arise!"

Gosling came out of the land of dreams with a start. He sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes.

A cuckoo clock downstairs chirruped the hour of midnight.

"Am I still dreamin'?" murmured Gosling.

"or did I 'ear a voice?"

"William Gosling, arise!"

"Ah, there it goes again!" muttered the porter, quaking with apprehension. "It ain't no dream; it's a fact!"

Gosling stepped out of bed, a weird figure in his tasselled nightcap. He lit a candle

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and peered around the room. He expected to find an intruder there, but there was no sign of one.

"Come to the window, thou scurvy knave, for I would fain hold converse with thee!"

Gosling gave a jump.

"My heye!" he ejaculated. "Sounds like a sperrit!"

Holding the lighted candle before him, he shuffled across to the window and looked out. Then a gasp of terror escaped him.

Outside, in his back garden, swaying in the night breeze, was a white apparition. It was illuminated by a pair of green eyes.

Gosling shuddered.

"It's a gig-gig-ghost!" he muttered.

"Silence, dog!" came a cry out of the darkness. "I have come hither, William Gosling, to visit calamity upon thee!"

"Elp!"

"Verily, I will strew the ancient flagstones with thy bones!"

Gosling shrank back, trembling from head to foot. He was utterly unnerved.

"Beware, wretch!" came the uncanny voice. "I am about to enter thy bed-chamber!"

That was too much for Gosling. He would have run a mile rather than come to close quarters with that horrible apparition.

There was a tattered old dressing-gown hanging behind the door. Gosling hastily donned it over his night-shirt, and drew the cord tightly around his middle. Then he slipped his feet into a pair of slippers, blew out the candle, and bolted from the bedroom.

"I am coming in pursuit of thee!" came a voice from the outer darkness.

"Ow!"

Gosling plunged recklessly down the stairs. It was a wonder he did not break his neck. Never had he gone down that flight of stairs so quickly before. It was a record.

Feverishly he unbolted his front door and opened it, and rushed out into the night. And again the relentless voice sounded out of the darkness.

"Take to thy heels, knave, or I will fasten my ghostly talons in thee!"

Gosling was not a sprinter, in the ordinary way. Nobody would have cared to back him to win an open handicap of a hundred yards. But he sprinted now. He ran as if all the furies of the underworld were in hot pursuit.

Ever and anon he glanced back fearfully over his shoulder. He could not discern the apparition which he believed to be pursuing him. At the same time, he did not slacken his speed.

On and on he rushed until he reached the woodshed. He scrambled inside and slammed the door.

"The—the thing won't be able to get in 'ere!" he panted. "The winder ain't big enough."

For some time Gosling waited and listened. But to his relief there were no sounds of pursuit.

The porter had no intention of returning to his lodge until daylight. Wild horses would not have dragged him there in the darkness.

The night had grown chilly, and the woodshed was not a comfortable refuge.

Gosling lay down on some sacks and tried to sleep. But he was haunted all the time by thoughts of that fearful apparition, and slumber was denied him.

It was a night of terror for William Gosling—by far the most unpleasant night he had ever spent.

At last the shades of darkness were dispersed, and dawn flushed up over the countryside.

Never had daybreak been so welcome to Gosling as now.

"I ain't afraid of spooks in broad daylight," he muttered. "I'll be gettin' back to my lodge now."

On returning to his quarters, Gosling went into the garden to investigate. And he beheld a sight which caused his brow to become dark with anger.

The "apparition" was still there. It was perched in the apple-tree, and it consisted of a broom-stick with a sheet thrown over it. On the sheet a couple of eyes had been painted with phosphorus.

Gosling's face was a study.

"Spoofer!" he muttered. "Oh, lor'!"

Even now, however, he could not account for the mysterious voice he had heard in the night. He did not know that Billy Bunter had been concealed in the garden.

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and that the fat junior had made use of his wonderful gift of ventriloquism.

Snorting with fury, Gosling clutched at the apparition, and tore it down. Then he stamped into his lodge, fuming.

"Which I've lost a night's sleep, thanks to one o' them young rips!" he growled savagely.

But, fortunately for Billy Bunter, Gosling never knew which particular "young rip" was responsible for the midnight jape!

EDITORIAL!

By William Gosling
(The Greyfriars Porter).

WHICH I confess that I'm no hand at this here writing game. What I says is this here—let the shoemaker stick to his last, and let the gate-porter stick to his lodge. You can't make an editor out of a gate-porter, any more than you can turn a plumber into a poet.

When I went to school, nigh on sixty years ago, I never received the education that you young gents of the present day get. I've taught myself how to spell correct and proper, but I'm still a bit shaky on grammar. I sometimes say "Who did it?" instead of "Who done it?" or "I am a fine chap" instead of "I is a fine chap." If you find any faults of this sort in my Editorial, you must make allowance for my youth and ignorance. Ho, ho, ho!

Master Wharton come a-tapping at the door of my lodge the other day, and he says to me, says he, "Gosling," he says, "I want you to edit a number of the GREYFRIARS HERALD."

"Me?" says I.

"Yes, you!" says he.

"But it can't be done," says I.

"Rats! It can be done, and it's going to be done!" says he. "For one week, Gossy, you must convert your lodge into an editorial sanctum, and you must publish a special number of the HERALD. Of course, I shall pay you for your trouble." And with that he slips a couple of half-crowns into my horny palm.

Well, of course, after that I couldn't very well refuse.

I don't hold with this here scribbling. It puts years on me. But I've done my best to carry out Master Wharton's destructions; and although this number ain't so stylish nor scholarly as them what Master Wharton edits, I'm willing to wager that it beats Master Bunter's "Weekly."

If it wasn't for the kindness of Master Field in coming to my rescue, I should never have been able to produce this number. Master Field, as you will read later on in this issue, came into my lodge one day and found me snowed up under a great pile of manuscripts. When he saw what a mess I was in, he just took off his jacket, and before you could have said "It's a nice day to-day for a swim in the Sark," he had sorted out them there destructions—or is it contributions. All the trash was put in a sack and burnt, and the rest, which was good stuff, as how Master Field said, was kept.

Which I'm very grateful to Master Field for his kind help.

Which I extends a fatherly hand of greeting to all my readers, and I wishes them every prosperity. That they may enjoy many a hearty laugh over this number is the sincere wish of its editor,

WILLIAM GOSLING.

THE ANCIENT BELL-RINGER!

By Dick Penfold.

When Gosling rings the rising bell
We shiver and we shake;
And some start up with dreadful yells,
While some are not awake.
It's like an awful solemn knell
When Gosling rings the rising-bell!

There's Mauly dreaming blissful dreams,
And Bunter's fast asleep;
But both arise with fearful screams,
And bedclothes in a heap.
Bob Cherry rouses them full well
When Gosling rings the rising-bell!

Another toilsome day begun,
And several hours too soon;
If only we could sleep till one,
Or lay in bed till noon!
Adieu to slumber's pleasant spell
When Gosling rings the rising-bell!

It's no so bad in summer-time,
Although we oft complain;
In winter-time, when there's frost and rime
Upon the window-pane,
We moan and groan, we shout and yell
When Gosling rings the rising-bell!

Old Gosling goes to bed at nine,
And snores and dreams and kicks;
And whether it be wet or fine,
He's always up at six.
And nothing can our fury quell
When Gosling rings the rising-bell!

HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

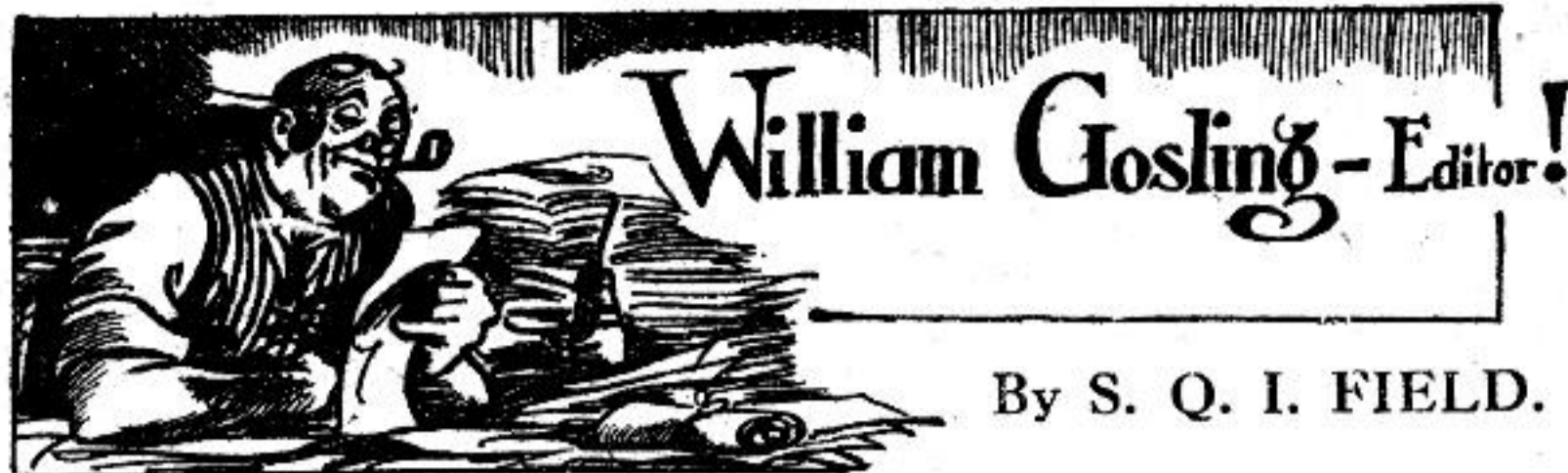
By Frank Nugent.



HARRY MANNERS.

(St. Jim's.)

[Supplement ii.]



By S. Q. I. FIELD.

"COME in, Master Field," said Gosling wearily. I stepped into the porter's parlour.

Poor old Gossy! Never had I seen him in such a pickle. He was working on the GREYFRIARS HERALD, and Gosling, as an editor, was indeed a comical spectacle.

Gosling's coat was off, and he was puffing at a pipe which had long since gone out. He seemed to be wading in a sea of manuscripts. There were papers everywhere—on the floor, in the fireplace, on the window-sill, and even in the coal-scuttle.

On Gosling's unshaven cheek were smears of blue-black ink. Behind his right ear was a quill-pen.

"Which dunno whether I'm on my 'ead or my 'eels, Master Field!" he groaned. "I wish I'd never undertook to take Master Wharton's job on for a week. It's bringin' down my grey hairs in sorrow to the grave—that's what it's a doin'."

"Cheer up, old sport!" I said encouragingly. "Look on the bright side of things, you know!"

"There ain't one," grunted Gosling.

"Rats! Have you written your editorial yet?"

"Yus. It nigh killed me, it did."

"Have you got a good story?"

"Yus. Master Cherry brought one along."

"Has Dick Penfold written you a poem?"

"E 'ave."

"Then what the merry dickens are you grumblin' about? You've got your issue all cut and dried, it seems to me."

Gosling waved his hands helplessly at the sea of manuscripts.

"Wot I says is this 'ere—wot am I goin' to do with all this lot?" he groaned.

"Make a bonfire of it—most of it, at any rate. Just let me go through it, and I'll tell you if there's anything worth publishing."

"You're werry kind, Master Field."

"Rats!"

I went down on my hands and knees, and burrowed among the manuscripts.

"What have we here?" I murmured.

"How to live on sixpence a week," by Donald Ogilvy. That title's all wrong. It ought to be 'How to starve on sixpence a week.' Get a sack, Gossy, and we'll bung all the rejected manuscripts into it."

Gosling shuffled out of the parlour, and returned shortly afterwards with a spacious sack, which he held open. Ogilvy's article was the first thing to be swallowed up in it.

I picked up another manuscript.

"The Komplete Kricketer," by W. G. Bunter. Open the sack wide, Gossy. Here's another inmate for it. What's this? 'How to Cure Kippers,' by Dicky Nugent. Wish somebody would cure young Nugent of writing such piffle! Here's another drivelling article. 'The Babyhood of Uncle Benjamin,' by Alonzo Todd. Nobody wants to read about Uncle Benjy's babyhood."

Into the sack they went—those, and a score of others.

There were one or two things worth retaining, particularly "The Diary of a Cricket Ball," by an unknown author. The handwriting looked rather like that of Vernon-Smith.

Gradually I began to restore order out of chaos in Gosling's parlour.

Gossy was awfully grateful. He came towards me once as if he intended to kiss me on the brow, out of sheer gratitude, and I shrank back like a startled fawn, as a novelist would say.

Presently all the litter was cleared up, and the sack was full.

"We will now adjourn to your back garden, Gossy," I said, "and have a merry old bonfire!"

Supplement iii.]

I don't know what the various contributors would have said, had they seen their stories and articles being fed to the flames. But they didn't see it, so that was all right!

"All you've got to do now, Gossy," I said, "is to glance through the manuscripts we've kept, to see if you consider them suitable—that's an editor's chief job, you know—and while you're doing it I'll relieve you of your porter's duties."

"Which you're a brick, Master Field!"

"Pardon me, I'm a schoolboy!"

I put on one of Gosling's old tunics, and settled down to the duties of porter.

Wingate of the Sixth came along, and wanted a packing-case conveyed to his study. I undertook the job, and when it was done I asked Wingate for a tip—and got it!

Old Wingate gave me a tanner, and I touched my forelock in the approved Gosling style, and toddled away.

Then I got a broom, and started sweeping up the leaves in the Close.

Harry Wharton & Co. came along, and they gaped at me in amazement.

"What's the little game, Squiff?" exclaimed Wharton.

"Get hout!" I growled, imitating Gosling's gruff tones. "All young rips oughter be drowned at birth!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"



"Get hout!" I growled, imitating Gosling's gruff tones. "All young rips oughter be drowned at birth!"

"Seriously, Squiff, what are you doing this for?" asked Nugent.

"I'm relieving Gosling," I said. "He's got the GREYFRIARS HERALD to see to."

"That's jolly sporting of you," said Wharton.

"Rats!"

"I hope Squiff continues to act as gate-porter," said Johnny Bull. "We'll come in about midnight to-night, and he won't report us!"

"Ha, ha, h.!"

But my duties soon came to an end. On popping into Gosling's parlour I found that he had completed his editorial duties.

"Which I've read all these 'ere littery distributions," said Gosling—he possibly meant "contributions"—"an' now I'm goin' to post 'em off to the printers."

"Good!" I said. "You've deserved well of your country, Gossy. I'm sure your number will be a great success."

And I honestly think it is, dear readers, don't you?

WOT I SAYS IS THIS 'ERE—

By William Gosling,

I AIN'T no hand at this here scribbling, or I should have become a clerk in a Government orfis long ago!

The parlour of my lodge looks very funny now that it's been turned into a editorial sanctum. There's manuscripts here, and manuscripts there, and stories and articles everywhere! I shall have to get myself a special pair of spectacles, so as I can read them all!

I must admit that the young gents in the Remove have rallied round fine, and given me a helping hand with this here edition. If I had been left to do it all myself I should have got brain-cramp and writer's fever—I mean, brain-fever and writer's cramp! Littery work was never intended for a sober and respectable man like me.

You young rips what reads this number needn't run away with the idea that William Gosling is a duffer. He ain't! He's what you might call a useful all-round man. He can chop wood, carry trunks and portmanteaus, light fires, ring the rising-bell, run errands, sweep up the leaves, beat the carpets, and do many other important jobs. Greyfriars without Gosling would be like a ship without a mast.

But I confess that when it comes to this here writing game I'm fair floored. I don't hold with journalism at all. The broom is mightier than the fountain-pen, in my opinion. I'd rather sweep up leaves any day than write a column like this. It fair makes my head ache. I must go and brew myself a strong cup of tea.

This is the first and last time that I shall edit the GREYFRIARS HERALD. I'm fed up, that's what I am. If Master Wharton asks me to publish another number, I shall say, "Not me! It ain't in my line. You must go an' ask Mimble, the gardener, or Trotter, the page, to take it on. I've 'ad enough, I 'ave!"

Getting out this issue has put me all behind with my regular work. The Head's been on to me for not sweeping out his study; and Mr. Prout tells me that my doorstep looks as if it ain't been swept nor whitewashed for a month! Why, I haven't even had time to feed the pig what I keeps in my backyard! Things can't go on like this, or I shall be getting into serious trouble.

I refuse to write any more. I be a very weary and exhausted old man, as ever was!

Don't Miss Our
SPECIAL KITCHEN NUMBER
Next Week! (H.W.)



CANDID CONFESSIONS!

By Our Special Representative.

WILLIAM GOSLING.

"Oh, Gossy, Gossy! Did you say your Christian name was William or Ananias?"

"Well, sir, to tell you the truth, I like a drop o' dry ginger ale occasionally."

"What is your favourite hobby?"

"Drinkin'."

"But, man alive, you said a moment ago that you didn't drink!"

"Ahem! I meant drinkin' at the fount of knowledge!"

"But you never read; so how can you do that?"

Gosling had no reply to that question. He was tied up in knots, as it were.

"Who is your favourite master at Greyfriars?" I asked.

"Mr. Prout."

"Why?"

"Because he's the only master on the staff who never forgets my birthday. 'Gosling,' he says to me, the other day, 'pray accept this ten-shillin' note as a mark of my esteem an' regard! An' I wish you many 'appy returns of the day!' he adds. Prout's the only master who comes up to the scratch on my birthday."

"Good old Prout!" I said heartily. "We're always chipping him and poking fun at him, but there's a warm heart beating beneath his sports coat. What is your favourite song?"

"The Song My Dear Old Mother Sang To Me."

"Is your mother alive, by the way?"

"Yessir! She's a hundred an' one come Michaelmas."

"By Jove! You're a long-lived family!"

"That's because we all lead a sober an' a temperate life, sir," said Gosling.

"Now, one more question, Bill. What are you going to be when you grow up?"

"When I grow up!" gasped Gosling. "Why, I'm old enough to be your grandfather already!"

"Are you going to remain a porter all your life?"

"Yessir! Once a porter, always a porter. You don't suppose I could get a job as an orris-boy, do you?"

"Hardly! Well, Bill, I've much enjoyed this little chat, and I'm sure the readers of the GREYFRIARS HERALD will be interested in these candid confessions of yours. Good-day, Bill!"

And I staggered out of the smoke-laden atmosphere of Gosling's parlour.

IF I WERE GOSLING!

By Tom Brown.

POR old Gosling is always complaining. He groans and grouses and grumbles from morning till night.

"Which it's a croll shame! I'm a porter, I am—not a beast of burden!" Such is the nature of Gossy's lamentation.

I quite believe old Gosling when he declares that he finds life a drudgery. But the dear old jossler has only himself to blame. If I were in his shoes, I should have an alteration somewhere. Several alterations, in fact.

To begin with, I should have a contraption fitted up whereby the school gates could be opened and shut, or locked and unlocked by merely pressing a button inside the porter's lodge. At present, Gosling has to shuffle out of his cosy parlour every night, armed with a bunch of keys and a lantern. Such an old-fashioned arrangement dates back to the days of the Druids. It's no joke, having to go out and brave the elements on a dark and stormy winter night.

In the second place, I should have a light railway running from the porter's lodge to the school building. This would obviate the carrying of luggage. All trunks, portmanteaux, etc., would simply be dumped into a truck and sent whizzing to their destination.

Further, I would arrange for the rising-bell to ring automatically at a fixed time each morning. I'd do it on the alarm-clock principle. What could be more out-of-date and annoying than having to get out of bed early in the morning and go and tug a bell-rope? I should arrange for the bell to ring without human persuasion.

I should never stoop to the menial task of sweeping up the leaves in the Close. I should have an automatic sweeper which went by clockwork. In fact, I should introduce such a lot of labour-saving devices that it wouldn't be necessary for the school porter to do any work at all. He would emulate the lilies of the field, and neither toil nor spin.

With regard to tips, I should have a box affixed to the school gates. No fellow would be allowed to pass out until he had dropped sixpence into the box. Similarly, no fellow would be permitted to come in again until he had dropped in another sixpence.

You must confess that this would be a really great stunt, and I should become a giddy Rothschild in next to no time.

Yes! If I had Gosling's job, life would be one grand, sweet song. There would be no drudgery, no back-aching toil. All the work would be done automatically, and I should lay and snooze on the sofa in the parlour.

I have brought these brilliant suggestions to Gosling's notice, and he complains that all these installations would cost a mint of money. True! But then the school governors ought to pay—not the impoverished porter.

If Gosling retires on a pension—which I suppose he will do when he's about a hundred and twenty—I shall apply for his job. And then things will hum at Greyfriars, I can tell you.

Thomas Brown, the school porter, will be the wealthiest man for many miles around. Here's to the happy day.

[Supplement iv.]

"**G**OOD-MORNING, Gossy!" I said cheerfully.

"A plague on yer!" growled Gosling. "A-worritin' me like this 'ere. Can't yer see I'm busy?"

"You're only sweeping the leaves," I said—"or, to be more correct, leaving the sweepings!"

"Wodyerwant?" snarled Gosling.

"A heart-to-heart talk with you, dear man! Lead the way into your private parlour!"

"Wot I says is this 'ere—"

"Cut it short! I'm not going to stand and argue with you on your doorstep! I've got my dignity to consider! Here's a shilling to buy some tobacco with. Will you step inside now?"

Gosling's manner changed at once. He pocketed the shilling, with a beaming smile.

"Which this will buy me a pint of the best-cut plug!" he said. "Thank 'ee kindly, sir!"

Gosling shuffled into his lodge, and I followed him, getting out my notebook in readiness.

The worthy porter offered me the armchair, and he himself stood leaning against the mantelpiece, puffing at his clay pipe.

"Do you wish to axe me anythin', sir?" he inquired.

"No; I'm not a giddy executioner. I just want to put to you a few simple questions. Let your answers be brief and to the point."

"Werry good, sir!"

"What is your name?"

"William Gosling."

"May I call you Bill?"

"Yessir, seein' as 'ow you give me a shillin'!"

"Well, Bill, and what is your occupation?"

"Porter, sir."

"Railway porter?"

"Only wish I was!" said Gosling, with a sigh. "Them there railway porters is always pickin' up tips! But I only gets a tip once in a blue moon. Besides, a railway porter draws a handsome salary, an' I don't even get a livin' wage!"

"Shame!" I murmured.

"Yes, it is a shame!" said Gosling. "I drank a werry poor breakfast this mornin', because I couldn't afford a decent meal."

"You drank your breakfast!" I exclaimed, in amazement. "What do you mean?"

Gosling turned red. He was giving himself away. I could see that he had breakfasted in a style which Mr. Pussyfoot would not have approved of.

"Ahem! That—that was jest a figger of speech!" he muttered.

"I see! Now, Bill, how old are you?"

"Sixty-eight years, as the crow flies!"

"But you are drawing an old-age pension!" I remonstrated.

Gosling winked at me very solemnly.

"As far as the Pension officials are concerned, I'm seventy-one!" he said.

"Oh!"

"I don't see why I shouldn't get the old-age pension," said Gosling. "Mimble, the gardener, gets it, an' he's only fifty!"

"Great Scott! We'll have Billy Bunter applying for the old-age pension soon! We now come to the next question, Bill. What is your favourite book?"

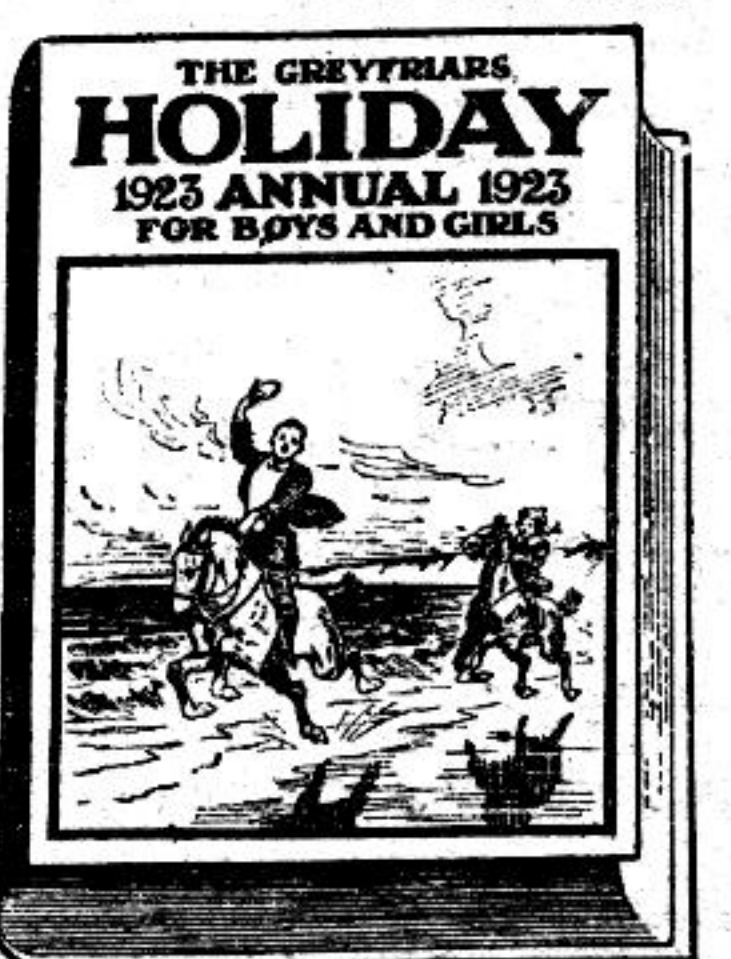
"I don't read."

"What is your favourite drink?"

"I don't drink."

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KEEP A LOOK-OUT FOR—



—ON SALE SHORTLY.

The Schoolboy Yachtsmen!

(Continued from page 8.)

"Oh, very!" said Lord Mauleverer dismally.

"The fact is," continued Bunter, "I've decided not to go back to my first-class hotel—"

"Oh, dear!"

"I've decided to accept Lord Mauleverer's invitation to his yacht."

"Great gad! Mine?"

"Yes, old chap," said Bunter affectionately.

His lordship gave a groan by way of answer.

"I've spoken to that chap in the boat," said Bunter, with a nod towards the mate, Poynings. "He says old Brooke is ashore—"

"Are you speaking of my uncle, Bunter?" asked Lord Mauleverer, with unaccustomed sternness in his tone.

"Yes, Mauly—"

"Then you'll speak of him more respectfully, unless you want to be soused in the water," said Mauly.

"My dear old chap, of course I will," said Bunter. "I mean Sir Reginald Brooke, of course. Now, I don't mind waiting for old—I mean, for Sir Reginald. Where's Jimmy Vivian? Didn't he come ashore?"

"Yaas."

"He's going back with us?"

"Us!" repeated Lord Mauleverer.

"Us!" assented Bunter firmly.

"He's not going back," said Mauleverer curtly. "He's givin' up the trip."

"Then I sha'n't be putting you to any inconvenience in dropping in," said Bunter brightly. "You can just give me Jimmy's cabin. You'll find me rather better company, what?"

Lord Mauleverer blinked at Bunter. It was settled in the fat junior's mind that he was going to be one of the yachting party. He had been successfully eluded on breaking-up day at Greyfriars. But he did not mean to be eluded again, if he could help it.

"Shall we run him away by his neck, and kick him along the pier, Mauly?" asked Johnny Bull.

"N-n-no!"

"Anything to oblige," said Bob. "If it was my party, Bunter would clear out on his neck, sharp. But it's yours, Mauly, and it's for you to give the word. We'll kick him out, bump him, or drown him, just as you prefer."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

Lord Mauleverer grinned feebly. The tall figure of Sir Reginald Brooke appeared in the offing, and Bunter coolly made a move towards the boat. Poynings brought it close in, ready for the party to embark, and Billy Bunter cheerfully jumped in. The juniors looked at Lord Mauleverer. It was not for Mauly's guests to dictate to his lordship; and it was only too clear that Mauly's easy-going facility was to be taken advantage of. Mauly simply couldn't make up his noble mind to tell the seamen to toss Bunter out of the boat—and clearly less emphatic measures would not have dislodged Bunter. Before Mauly could make up his mind, the old baronet was on the spot.

"I fear I am a little late," he said.

"But—"

"Left Jimmy all right, uncle?" asked Mauleverer.

"Quite. He will be very comfortable

and happy, I think," said the old gentleman. "Now let us go on board."

Sir Reginald did not observe Bunter until the party were seated in the boat and the seamen were pushing off. Then he glanced very curiously at the Owl of the Remove, whom he remembered having seen at Greyfriars.

"A friend of yours, Herbert?" he asked.

"A—a—Greyfriars chap, uncle," said Mauleverer.

Bunter chimed in cheerily.

"So glad to see you again, sir! You remember me? Bunter, sir—William George Bunter, Mauly's old school pal."

"I think I remember you, Bunter," said the old gentleman, not looking very much impressed or pleased.

"Mauly was kind enough to ask me to join his little party, sir," rattled on Bunter. "I wasn't able to be in at the start—pressing engagement with some particular friends—so I had to put it off till now. Meeting old Mauly in Margate, he was so pressing—"

"Oh gad!"

"I couldn't refuse," said Bunter.

"Is Bunter coming on board the yacht, Herbert?" asked the old baronet in rather a stately way.

"Looks like it, sir," mumbled Mauleverer.

"But I was not aware—"

"If you have any objection, uncle—" began Mauleverer, brightening up.

To his disappointment, Sir Reginald shook his head.

"Not at all, Herbert. You know best which of your school friends you desire to have with you on your holiday."

"Thank you, uncle," said Lord Mauleverer feebly.

It was not till they were on board the Silver Scud that Lord Mauleverer spoke again, and then he addressed Bob Cherry.

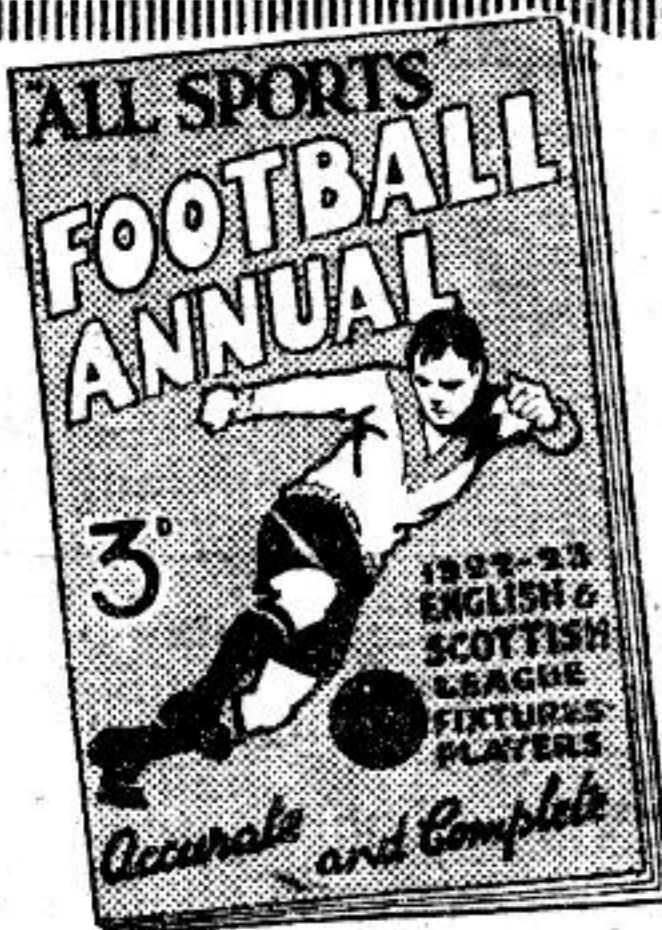
"Kick me!" he said pathetically.

"Eh? What for?" asked Bob.

"I feel I deserve it."

"You do!" agreed Bob. "You deserve it—hard! I'll give you a regular goal-kick that will linger in your giddy memory and remind you not to let Bunter spoof you next time. Stand steady!"

Bob drew back a heavy boot, and Lord Mauleverer, evidently changing his mind, dodged. Bob chuckled, and followed him



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down the companion to supper. At supper the fat face of William George Bunter beamed over the festive board. And Bunter did justice to the supper to such an extent that it was fairly certain there would be serious trouble with the inner Bunter as soon as the yacht was in motion. In which case there was likely to be a plentiful lack of sympathy for the sufferer.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Plotting a Plot!

"THE cheeky worm!"

"The cheeky wormfulness is terrific!"

"Bother him!" growled Harry Wharton.

It was on the following day, and the sun was sinking over a bright and curling sea. The schoolboy yachtsmen ought to have been looking cheerfulness itself. But the addition of William George Bunter to the party had wrought a change.

The chums of the Remove agreed that to take notice of Bunter's "rot" was far beneath their dignity. They were the Famous Five, the great chiefs of the most important Form in the finest school in the wide world, and Billy Bunter was a fat worm and a silly owl and a nobody and nothing. Therefore Bunter oughtn't to have had the power to exasperate them. Yet he did!

It really was annoying. Bunter had recovered from a spell of seasickness, and was his happy old self. Bunter had heard on all sides allusions to the mysterious apparition of the man with the misshapen nose, and he could no longer doubt that something had happened on board the yacht that eventful night. But the view Bunter took of what had happened was intensely exasperating.

Bunter's view was that Sir Jimmy Vivian had had a nightmare which had frightened him, and that the other fellows had taken it seriously because they were nervy and funky.

That being Bunter's considered view of the case, he did not trouble to keep it a secret. Rather he enjoyed impressing it upon the Greyfriars juniors at every opportunity, in season and out of season.

"Pity I wasn't here then," he remarked several times. "I'd have backed you up! One cool, collected fellow can do wonders with a frightened crowd!"

Harry Wharton & Co. being the frightened crowd alluded to, they did not like Bunter's view the very least little bit.

They agreed that it was up to them to ignore the opinion of so very insignificant a personage as Bunter.

But Bunter was not an easy fellow to ignore.

Bunter, in fact, couldn't be ignored. If he was ignored, he butted in; and whether fellows listened or not, Bunter had always plenty to say.

The rough-and-ready methods of the Remove passage at Greyfriars could not be applied on board the Silver Scud to any extent.

Under so many eyes, and as the guests of Lord Mauleverer and his grave and sedate uncle, the Famous Five felt that they couldn't very well "bump" Bunter for his cheek, or duck him in the bath, or even give him a dozen with a cricket stump.

Bunter, too, would state his exasperating views in the presence of the elders—of Poynings, or the skipper, or the old baronet, when drastic measures were not to be thought of.

And having observed how excessively annoying his remarks were to the Co., the fat junior persisted in them and amplified them, and gave the topic no rest.

This was, perhaps, Bunter's way of making himself agreeable. Bunter was convinced that he had a vein of caustic humour, and he gave that caustic vein plenty of exercise.

"The cheeky worm!" said Bob Cherry to his comrades on deck, Bunter being somewhere below just then, scouting for a meal between meals. "The fat, over-fed, blubbery blighter! Calling us funks—us! When the miserable snail is frightened at a shadow himself! I almost wish that beast with the boko was still on board, and would give Bunter a turn!"

"Jolly glad he isn't!" yawned Lord Mauleverer.

"The gladfulness is terrific!" remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "It is a delightful reflection that the esteemed villain must have gone to the excellent locker of Davy Jones. But a wheezy good idea has germinated in my brain-box, my esteemed chums." A glimmer of fun came into the nabob's dark eyes. "Suppose somebody dropped into the fat and disgusting Bunter's cabin to-night?"

"Ah!" said Bob Cherry, catching on at once.

"Good!" said Nugent.

"Hear, hear!" chortled Johnny Bull. "Give the fat rotter a scare, and make him shut up."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Not a bad idea," he said. "What do you think, Mauly?"

"Eh?" Lord Mauleverer started out of a doze. "Yes, certainly! I—I've heard all you fellows were saying."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's as easy as falling off a form," said Bob. "About midnight—that's eight bells, you fellows—"

"Go hon!"

"Well, about eight bells one of us turns out and trots into Bunter's room in the dark, and wakes the fat beast with a tap on the nose—"

"Oh, good!" said Mauleverer.

"And says in an awful voice, 'Be-ware!' or something to that effect."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now, who's going to do it?" asked Bob. "Not Mauly! He will be fast asleep. Too lazy to turn out!"

"N-n-not really," protested Mauleverer. "I'd do it like—like a shot. But can't rag my guest, you know. Guests can rag one another. See?"

"Leave it to me," said Nugent. "I'll tackle Bunter!"

"I don't mind," said Bob, "so long as the fat rotter is shut up somehow. Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he comes!"

Billy Bunter rolled up, grinning, and joined the group.

"Feeling nery now night's coming on?" he asked.

There was no reply to that polite question. Billy Bunter indulged in a fat chuckle.

"I say, you fellows, you must have made the crew chortle at you, giving way to your nerves like that! Don't you think so?"

"Oh, shut up!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Being rude isn't an answer," said Bunter. "The fact is, I'm rather ashamed of you fellows. What would the Remove chaps say at Greyfriars if they knew you'd all been frightened out of your wits by young Vivian having the nightmare?"

"We weren't frightened!" hissed Bob.

"He, he, he!"

"Mauly, do you mind if I squash that fat animal on your deck?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Any old thing!" yawned Mauleverer.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Roll away, you fat blot on the seascape."

"He, he, he! I can see you're getting a bit nery, now night's coming on," said Bunter. "Dash it all, if you're frightened, I'll let you sleep in my room, if you like, Bob. Then when you get scared in the night you can call out to me!"

Bob Cherry seemed to be choking.

"I know I shall slaughter him!" he gasped.

"He, he, he!"

Bob rose to his feet. He made a fierce grasp at the Owl of the Remove, and collared him. There was a roar from Bunter, as Bob tapped his head on the planks of the deck.

"Yarooooooop!"

"Cherry!" said a mild but slightly rebuking voice. Sir Reginald Brooke hovered over the group.

"Yaroooh! Make him leggo!" yelled Bunter.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob.

He released Bunter as if that exasperating youth had suddenly become red-hot. Bob's face was crimson as he looked at the old baronet. Sir Reginald Brooke, with a faint expression of disapproval, passed the juniors, and stood leaning on the deck-rail, looking away towards distant England.

Bunter scrambled up, grinning, and dropped into Bob's vacated chair.

"You ought to mend your manners a bit, old chap," he murmured. "You're not in the Remove passage now. Can't you behave a little less like a bear when you're in respectable society, old fellow? You ought to try."

Bob Cherry did not answer. He was quite aware that the Owl of the Remove was trying to provoke him into another outbreak, which would cause the old baronet to turn his head with a disapproving look. Bob bore William George Bunter in silence, but with suppressed fury.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Deed in the Dark!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. were in an anticipatory mood that evening, looking forward to the little jape that had been planned for the benefit of William George Bunter. Billy Bunter went to bed in blissful ignorance of what was intended for him.

Wharton and Nugent were playing chess when he went to bed, and the other fellows were watching the game; and Bunter paused by the table, not to say good-night, but to indulge in what he called his caustic vein of humour.

"Well, I'm off," he said. "If you fellows get scared in the night you can call me."

"Fathead! Roll off!" grunted Bob Cherry.

"If you have any nightmares, or see any giddy ghosts, you know," chuckled Bunter. "I'll come out and look after you! When you get frightened you need a cool, plucky fellow—"

"Buzz off!"

Bunter gave another fat chuckle, and rolled away. His snore was soon heard proceeding from the state-room that had been Sir Jimmy's.

The Co. went to bed soon afterwards. Sir Reginald Brooke did not approve of late hours for his youthful charges, and he expected them to keep near the usual school bed-time, which was half-past nine. So by ten o'clock the juniors were generally in bed, and the motion of the yacht on the North Sea did not disturb their healthy slumbers.

But on this especial night there was something "on."

Billy Bunter was to have his lesson, and it was arranged for Frank Nugent to turn out for the purpose.

It was at midnight that Nugent was to step across the alley-way to Bunter's state-room, and wake him up with a deep, deep voice, which was certain to throw him into a blue funk.

Nugent intended to turn out when the eight bells sounded; but, as a matter of fact, he did not wake promptly to time, as was only to be expected. But his task was on his mind, even as he slept, and he woke up soon afterwards.

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

It was pitch dark in his room, and he groped for his watch, and turned on the light of a little electric-torch to see the time.

"Quarter past twelve!" murmured Nugent, with a yawn. "I suppose I'd better turn out."

He rather wished he had left the task to Bob Cherry now. Turning out at midnight from his comfortable bunk was not attractive.

However, he was in for it, and he rolled out, and drew on his trousers and a loose jacket. That was enough clothing for the purpose. The yacht was throbbing along on an even keel. The sea was calm, and the summer night fine, though dark.

Nugent slid back his door, and stepped out.

Somewhat to his surprise, the passage outside was in darkness. An electric burner was generally kept turned on there throughout the night. Nugent groped his way.

He knew which was Bunter's room, and to reach it he had to pass Lord Mauleverer's door.

He was guided, in fact, by a deep and resonant snore that proceeded from Bunter's quarters. The Owl of the Remove was evidently deep in slumber, and his snore was going strong.

A sudden slight sound made Nugent start, as he was groping along in almost impenetrable gloom.

His bare feet made no sound on the polished planks, and he was breathing very softly. The sound did not come from himself. But he heard—he was sure that he heard—a sound like the brushing of clothing against the bulkhead, and a low, hurried breathing.

The junior was startled.

Someone as well as himself was in the dark alley-way; and for a moment Frank Nugent felt a strange thrill.

Whoever it was, he was moving with stealthy caution, and, as Nugent could now guess, he had turned off the electric light for concealment.

But in a moment it flashed into the junior's mind that it was one of his comrades. As they had heard no alarm from Bunter, and as it was past midnight, it was probable that one of them, awakening, had concluded that Nugent was still fast asleep, and had turned out to carry on the jape on Bunter.

As soon as Nugent thought of that, he felt certain of it, and he smiled in the darkness.

By a slight sound, and by a faint black shadow in the darkness, he made out that the other fellow was near Lord Mauleverer's door, which Nugent was about to pass.

Nugent was about to whisper, when he heard the faint sound of a door sliding back.

It was Lord Mauleverer's door; he knew that. Whoever it was that had taken his place for the jape was about to enter Mauly's cabin in mistake for Bunter's. So it appeared, at least.

Nugent made a quick step forward.

"Is that you, Bob?" he whispered.

He heard a quick, hurried, almost panting breath. Then there was dead silence.

"That's the wrong cabin," whispered Nugent, still under the impression that he was speaking to one of his comrades. "That's Mauly's cabin—"

He broke off with a startled gasp.

The figure in the doorway of the state-room—nothing but a black patch in the darkness to his eyes—moved rapidly, and a grip was laid on the junior.



Bob Cherry rose to his feet and made a fierce grasp at Bunter, and collared him. There was a roar from the Owl of the Remove as Bob tapped his head on the planks of the deck. "Cherry!" said a mild but slightly rebuking voice. Sir Reginald hovered over the group. "Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob. (See Chapter 7.)

Only that one startled gasp escaped Nugent.

Then the grip of cruel, ruthless fingers on his throat silenced him, and he was struggling feebly, ineffectually, in the grasp of a powerful man.

A feeling of horror chilled the startled junior to his very heart.

It was not one of his comrades, he knew that now; it was a man's grasp on him—a powerful grasp like an iron vice. He strove to cry out, but the grip on his throat was strangling him.

He struggled and kicked, trying to make some sound that would draw his comrades to the spot.

Close at hand—within a few yards of him—his chums were sleeping, any one of whom would have faced death to help him, and he could not call them—could not wake them. In the hideous grip of his unseen enemy he struggled hopelessly, while his comrades slept. Through it all there came still to his ears the steady snoring of Billy Bunter.

It was like a horrible dream to the junior.

Who was it—what was it—that had clutched him in the darkness—that had been interrupted in stealing into Lord Mauleverer's cabin in the dead of night?

Even as his brain reeled and his senses swam under the strangling grip, Nugent realised who it was—who it must be—the man with the misshapen nose—the black-mailer, Gideon Gaunt—the dastard who had attacked Sir Jimmy Vivian! He knew it—he realised it. The man—if

man he was—was still on board the Silver Scud, and he had stolen from his lurking-place, wherever it was, for this! It was Nugent who was in his grip instead of his intended victim, Lord Mauleverer, for Nugent had interrupted and alarmed him as he was about to carry out his design on the schoolboy earl.

Nugent's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth; his eyes seemed to be starting from their sockets. His struggles grew feebler.

Not for an instant did the grip on his throat relax.

The wretch, whoever he was, dared not let the junior utter a single cry. Overhead there was the sound of steadily pacing feet on the deck. Captain Hawke and four or five of the crew were within hearing of a single cry. Close at hand were the Greyfriars juniors, and at the end of the alley-way was the cabin of Edgar Poynings. One cry meant discovery for the ruffian.

Lights seemed to be dancing before Frank Nugent's eyes. And then came sudden darkness.

He knew nothing more; but as his senses fled, in the strangling grip of the unseen ruffian, he felt that he was sinking into the shadow of death—all the bitterness of a terrible death was crowded into that moment.

The hapless junior hung a dead weight upon the man who had choked him into insensibility. Alive or dead, Frank Nugent knew nothing more.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Brave Bunter !

"LAZYBONES!" grunted Bob Cherry.

Bob had awakened, and as he awakened he remembered the jape, which evidently had not come off. He struck a match and looked at his watch, feeling that it was long past midnight. It was a quarter to one, and Bob Cherry gave a grunt.

"Lazybones! Fast asleep, and Bunter not japed!" growled Bob. "Might as well have left it to me. I shall have to turn out, anyhow; and I'll jolly well yank Franky out of bed, too, bless him!"

Bob turned out of his bunk, and threw on a few things, and opened his door. No light greeted his eyes, but the snore from Bunter's room greeted his ears. He grunted again.

"That fat boulder hasn't been woke up yet!" he murmured. "I'll jolly soon wake him!"

He stepped softly to Billy Bunter's door. Then it occurred to him that the light might have been turned off by Nugent, if he had started out, and he paused and whispered:

"You up, Nugent?"

There was no answer.

Little did Bob dream that his chum lay within a few feet of him, outside Lord Mauleverer's door, still and senseless. The darkness hid him, and Bob had no suspicion.

"Still in bed," grunted Bob. "I'll jolly well go and yank him out, after I've done with Bunter!"

But Bunter came first. Bob opened the door, and the deep snore of the fat junior sounded more loudly.

With a grin on his face, Bob stepped into the state-room.

He groped his way to Bunter's bunk, and stopped within a foot of the snoring junior.

"Wake up!" said Bob, in a deep bass voice.

Snore!

Bunter did not wake easily.

"Wake!" repeated Bob, more loudly.

Snore!

Bob could not venture to turn on his powerful voice to its full extent at that hour of the night. He did not want to bring the captain off the bridge, or Mr. Poynings out of his cabin, or the old baronet from the land of Nod. So he stretched out his hand, and felt for Bunter's face, and gave the fat little nose a tweak.

That awakened Bunter.

The snore stopped, and there was a startled gasp from the bunk.

"Grooogh! Mmmmmmm! Something woke me up!" Bunter mumbled aloud, and Bob grinned in the darkness. "Some beastly wasp, I expect! Just like Mauly to have wasps on his yacht to wake a fellow up! Beast!"

"Beware!" said Bob, in a deep voice.

Bunter jumped.

"Beware! The avenger is at hand!" went on the deep tones, in the best style of a cinema sub-title.

"Good—good gracious!" gasped Bunter. "Wha-a-a-at's that? Who's there? Oh, crumbs!—Help!"

"Beware!"

"Yaroooooooh!" roared Bunter. "Keep off! I haven't done anything! Help! Yooop! Murder! Fire! Police! Yooooop!"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob, as Bunter's terrified howls rang through the yacht.

He backed quickly out of the room.

"Help!" yelled Bunter. "Murder! Fire! Help!"

In dire terror, the fat junior rolled out of his bunk. He believed in the black-bearded man now. All his mockery of the previous day was quite forgotten. The bare thought of danger at hand made the fat junior palpitate.

"Keep off!" he yelled, as he groped to the door. "Hands off! Help! Murder! Thieves! Fire!"

He bumped against furniture, and yelled away.

"Let go! Leggo! Yooop! Help!"

He rolled somehow out of the cabin, and, in a state of frantic panic, scudded for the companion stairs. In the darkness he bumped and rolled, but he reached the companion, and scuttled up the stairs, still yelling with terror.

His yells had alarmed the watch on deck, and Captain Hawke was starting down the companion as Bunter started up. The light that should have been burning was out, and all was darkness. They met midway, and the skipper uttered a sharp exclamation, and Bunter a shriek.

"Let go! Murder! Let go! Yooop! I'm not Lord Mauleverer! He's in the next cabin! Yaroooooh!"

The skipper grasped him.

"What's the matter?" he snapped.

"Help!"

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"Don't be afraid, you young lubber. It's me—Captain Hawke—"

"Help, help! Murder!" roared Bunter, who was not in a state to listen to the voice of reason.

He struggled frantically, and the captain let go, and he bolted out on deck in the starlight. He made rather a striking figure there, in his gorgeous pyjamas. Bunter had borrowed some of Mauly's things, and he had cheerfully selected a very handsome suit of silk pyjamas. Sideways they fitted him like a drum, but lengthwise they hung and flapped. He caught his feet as he scuttled on deck, and rolled over, and roared.

"What's the matter with the young fool?" muttered the captain testily. "Nightmare, I suppose. Hold your tongue, Master Bunter!"

"Yooop! Help!"

"What is it?" came the rather thin and agitated voice of Sir Reginald Brooke from below.

"Bunter—he seems to be frightened," answered the captain. "For goodness' sake hold your tongue, Bunter! You are not hurt."

"Yow-ow-ow! I've been attacked and murdered—I mean, nearly murdered! Yow-ow-ow!"

Captain Hawke stooped over him, and grasped him by a fat shoulder, and jerked him to his feet. Sir Reginald Brooke put his head out on deck.

"Captain Hawke, is it possible that—that—" He faltered.

"Something seems to have frightened the boy," grunted the captain. "But he's not hurt."

"But my nephew—I will go and see him, at all events."

The baronet stumbled down the steps again.

Captain Hawke shook the fat Removeite. Bunter was beginning to realise that there was no danger now, at all events, as he recognised the skipper, and caught sight of several grinning faces in the starlight.

"Now, what's happened?" snapped the captain. "Leave off yelling, and tell me what's the matter!"

"I've been murdered—"

He was interrupted by a loud cry from below.

"Captain Hawke! Help here!" It was the old baronet's voice. "Nugent has been attacked. I fear—I fear he is dead!"

Bunter went reeling as the captain threw him aside, and in two bounds the skipper of the Silver Scud was down the companion.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

The Mystery of the Night!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. came crowding out of their rooms, half-dressed, as the old baronet's cry rang out.

They found the old gentleman leaning on a bulkhead, white as death, and almost overcome with the horror of his discovery.

Sir Reginald Brooke had turned on the light as he came along towards his nephew's room, anxious for Mauleverer. And the sudden flooding of the electric-light had revealed what had been hidden from Bob Cherry in the dark—the figure of Frank Nugent, huddled on the floor, still, with a terrible stillness, and with the black marks of a cruel grip on his throat.

"Frank!" shouted Harry Wharton.

"Franky!" gasped Bob Cherry dazedly. "What—what's happened—"

Wharton was on his knees by his chum's side in a second. His own face was as white as Nugent's.

"Frank!" he panted.

Two staring eyes met his, without a sign of recognition or life. Nugent's head, as Wharton raised it, hung heavy on his hands. A sob of horror shook the captain of the Remove. His chum—his oldest and best chum—was he dead?

Lord Mauleverer hurried out of his state-room as Mr. Poynings arrived from one direction and Captain Hawke from another. A startled steward and two or three of the crew hovered behind. The alarm was general through the Silver Scud now.

"Herbert," exclaimed the old baronet, staring, "you are safe?"

"Yaas, uncle. But what—"

"Something's happened," breathed Johnny Bull. "Nugent—he's hurt! He's—he's— He can't be dead."

"Leave him to me!" said the captain's deep voice.

Wharton, almost fainting with the horror of the moment, relinquished his chum to the skipper. Bob Cherry caught his arm.

"Buck up, Harry!"

"Frank!" breathed Wharton.

The captain looked up grimly. "Nugent is not dead," he said quietly. "He is insensible. He has been choked. There are marks on his throat. Heaven knows what has happened!"

"Good heavens!" muttered Poynings. "Go on the bridge, Poynings!" said the captain, as he heard his voice. "I am wanted here."

"Yes, sir; but what is this?" Poynings stooped and picked up a card that lay by Nugent. He held it up to the captain.

A dozen pair of eyes read what was scrawled on the card in large capital letters.

"THIS IS THE LAST WARNING.—G. G."

A hush fell on the startled group. Poynings, handing the card to the captain, went quietly on deck.

"Gideon Gaunt!" said the old baronet faintly. "Captain Hawke, that man is still on board the Silver Scud!"

The captain stared at the card dumb-founded. That evidence that the man with the misshapen nose was on the yacht dazed him.

"Still on board!" breathed Lord Mauleverer, white and startled. "In Heaven's name, what does it mean?"

Captain Hawke pulled himself together in a moment.

"Never mind that now!" he said. "This boy is our first care. Make way, there!"

He raised the insensible junior in his strong arms, and carried him into his state-room, and laid him in the bunk. Harry Wharton turned on the light, and lingered.

"He will recover, my lad," said the captain kindly. "You need not be afraid of that. He was choked till he became insensible, but his life is not in danger."

"You—you are sure, sir?" faltered Wharton.

"Quite! You boys had better keep together in the saloon, till we have time to look into this."

"Very well, sir." But Wharton still lingered. A weight seemed to roll from his heart when Frank Nugent stirred, and moaned faintly. His eyes moved in a wild glance and rested on Wharton's face.

"Harry—"

"Frank, old man—" whispered Wharton.

"Is he—is he gone?"

"Who, Frank?"

"That man—that demon—" Nugent shuddered violently. "He—he collared me in the dark and choked me. I—I was going to Bunter's cabin, you know, and—and I came on him in the dark—" He broke off, shuddering from head to foot. "In Mauly's doorway. He was after Mauly—"

"You must not talk now, my lad," said Captain Hawke, making Wharton a sign to leave the cabin. "You are safe now—watched and safe. But you must keep quiet."

Wharton, with a last look at his chum, left the state-room. His brain was in a whirl. It was clear that Nugent, in going towards Bunter's room, had fallen in with the ruffian; and the spot where he had been found, just outside Mauleverer's door, indicated what the ruffian's purpose had been. Nugent had interrupted an intended attack on the schoolboy earl. It was clear; but it proved that Gideon Gaunt was on board the Silver Scud—and that was a dazing revelation. If he was there, where was he—where was he

hidden? There was no recess of the yacht that had not been searched and searched again—there was no remote corner that might have sheltered a rat that had not been scanned.

Was the man something more than earthly? Had the villain supernatural powers at his command? It almost seemed so.

The Greyfriars juniors finished dressing, and gathered in the saloon. Sir Reginald Brooke, looking very worn and old, sat huddled in a chair. Billy Bunter, with a dressing-gown over his pyjamas, remained with the rest—no longer full of swank and caustic humour! The knowledge that there was a mysterious hidden enemy on board the yacht was more than enough to take the bounce out of Bunter.

Captain Hawke came away from Nugent's cabin at last. His sunburnt face was very grim.

"The boy is sleeping now," he said, in answer to the old baronet's anxious look. "I have given him a sleeping draught, and a steward is watching over him now. He will be better in the morning. And now I want to know just what happened. Master Bunter—"

"I—I was woke up by—by a clutching hand—" began Bunter.

Bob Cherry coloured. "I think I'd better explain, sir," he said to the old baronet.

"You shut up, Cherry!" said Bunter peevishly. "You don't know anything about it. I was awakened—"

"It was I that woke you, you fat idiot!" grunted Bob.

"Wha-a-at?"

"What does this mean?" said the captain sternly. "I cannot imagine why Nugent was out of his cabin. If you

know anything about it, Master Cherry, you—"

"We know all about that, sir," said Harry Wharton. "Was it you that japed Bunter, after all, Bob?"

"Yes!" Bob proceeded to explain. "Of course, we hadn't the remotest idea that that nosey villain was still on the yacht. We meant to jape Bunter to take the silly swank out of him—"

"Beast!"

"It was arranged for Nugent to butt into his room at midnight, and give him a scare," explained Bob. "And I woke up at a quarter to one; and as there hadn't been any howling from Bunter, I thought Nugent was still fast asleep. So I turned out and went to Bunter's cabin, and woke the fool up—"

"Yah!"

"Did you see anything of Nugent?" asked the captain.

"No! I thought he was still asleep in his room."

"You saw nothing of his assailant?" asked the old baronet.

Bob Cherry shook his head.

"Nothing, sir! Hadn't the faintest idea that anything had happened, though poor Frank"—Bob's voice faltered—"poor Frank must have been lying there at that very minute."

"Then it was you, and nobody else, that frightened Bunter?" demanded the skipper.

"Yes," said Bob, with crimson cheeks.

"I—I jolly well wish now we hadn't thought of japing him. That was why Nugent was out of the room, of course."

Captain Hawke knitted his brows.

"I have learned from Nugent," he said, "that he found someone moving in Lord Mauleverer's doorway, and fancied



Wharton was on his knees by his chum's side in a second. "Frank!" he panted. Two staring eyes met his, without a sign of recognition or life. A sob of horror shook the captain of the Remove. "Franky!" gasped Bob Cherry, dazed. "What—what has happened?" (See Chapter 10.)

It was one of his friends. Then the man seized him and choked him into insensibility. It was very unfortunate for Nugent, but certainly he interrupted an attack upon Lord Mauleverer that was about to take place.

"Good gad!" murmured Mauleverer. "Poor old Nugent!"

"Nugent saw nothing of him in the dark," resumed the captain. "But the card that was found proves that it was the same man who attacked Sir James Vivian; besides, no one else could have any motive for doing so. He is still on board the Silver Scud."

"But where?" said the old baronet in a faint voice. "The ship was thoroughly searched."

Captain Hawke nodded.

"I cannot understand it," he said. "The attack, however, shows that the sea-lawyer is still on board, and he must be found—he shall be found! Until he is found every precaution must be taken against another attack. Nugent will be watched, and you boys had better keep together."

With that, the captain returned to the deck. There was a long silence, which was broken by Lord Mauleverer.

Lord Mauleverer stopped.

The chums of the Remove read his thoughts. To save his friends from danger, the schoolboy earl was willing to do what he would never have done to save himself. There was painful doubt and indecision in the old baronet's face.

But there was neither doubt nor indecision in the faces of Harry Wharton & Co.

"Never!" said Harry, his eyes flashing. "If you want to give in on your own account, Mauly, go ahead; but so far as we're concerned, we'd run any risk rather!"

"You bet!" said Johnny Bull emphatically.

"The neverfulness is terrific, my esteemed Mauly!" murmured the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Rot!" said Bob Cherry. "Utter rot! You've no right to give in to the scoundrel, Mauly."

"Nugent will say the same, too!" said Wharton.

There was a squeak from Billy Bunter.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"I don't agree!" howled Bunter. "I'm not going to be throttled by a beast in

There was little surprise when the search failed to unearth Gideon Gaunt, and some of the seamen were heard to mutter that the ship was haunted.

Morning found the Greyfriars juniors looking pale and tired. Frank Nugent was able to join his comrades at breakfast. His face was very white yet, and his eyes had a sunken look. The cruel finger-marks were clearly visible on his throat. He was very far from being himself yet; but he was on the way to recovery, and he was fully in agreement with his chums to see the matter through.

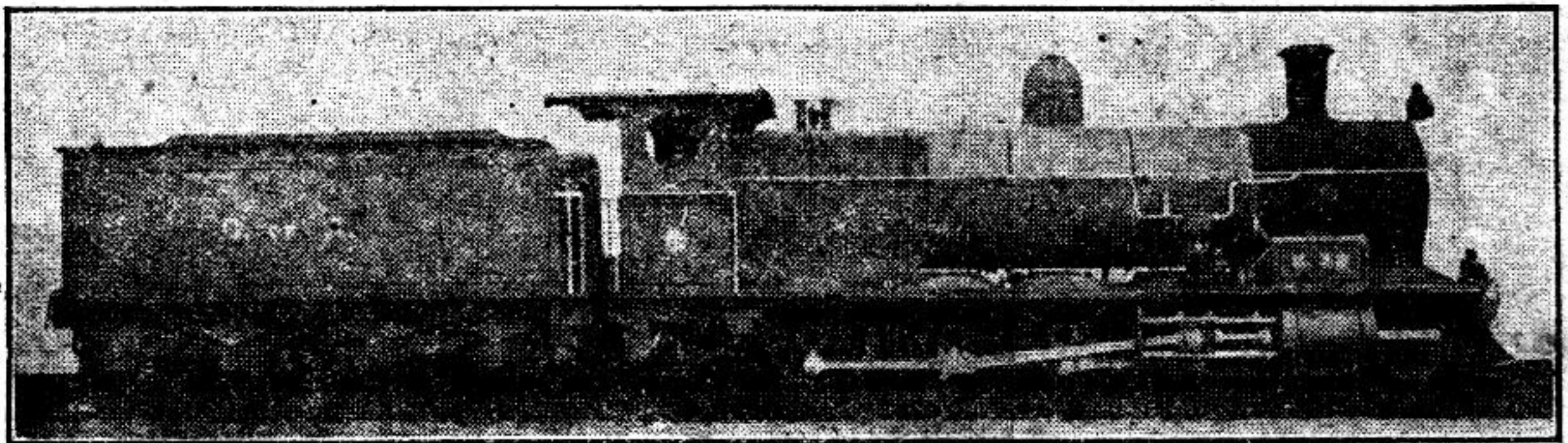
Lord Mauleverer was very thoughtful that morning. His lordship seemed to be thinking out a problem, and at last he unburdened himself.

"It's pretty rotten, you chaps, to have our holiday cruise mucked up in this way," he said. "That villain Gaunt is makin' a muck of it for us, an' no mistake. The whole crew have been searchin' for the beast, and they can't find him on board."

"He's vanished," agreed Harry Wharton.

"He vanished before, after goin' for poor little Vivian," said Lord Mauleverer quietly. "No good thinkin' that

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"If he's not found—"

"He must be found, Herbert," said the old baronet. "Heaven knows where he is hiding, but he cannot escape another search."

"I don't catch on to it, sir," said Mauleverer in a low tone. "It looks to me as if there's something uncanny in it—as if the villain is able to come and go like a phantom. Of course, that's impossible, but I do not believe he will be found."

The old baronet made a helpless gesture. Deep down in his heart he shared his nephew's belief. The man with the misshapen nose came and went as he listed, like the wind on the sea. He had been there, and it seemed impossible that he was not still on board; yet everyone present felt an inward conviction that he would not be discovered. It was impossible to believe in the supernatural, and yet it seemed still more impossible to disbelieve in it.

"If he's not found," resumed Lord Mauleverer, after a pause, "it's still open to us to accept his terms—to fly the white ensign half-mast as a signal that the ransom will be paid. I'm ready to give in, if my uncle approves—if you fellows think—"

the dark, I know that! If Mauly doesn't get rid of that blighter somehow, I shall jolly well go ashore, I tell you!"

"Good!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"Oh, really, Mauly—"

"I mean, we'll put you ashore as soon as it can be arranged, Bunter," said Mauleverer. "That's all right."

Even that did not seem to content William George Bunter, somehow. He grunted discontentedly.

"But perhaps the villain will be found and put in irons!" said the old baronet hopefully, after a pause.

And the juniors echoed his hope, though with little expectation that it would prove well-founded.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Mauly's Bodyguard!

THERE was no more sleep on board the Silver Scud that summer's night, excepting for Billy Bunter.

That fat youth, having fortified himself with an extra supper, dozed in a comfortable armchair, and his snore reverberated through the saloon and the lounge, and, indeed, farther. The electric light was on all over the vessel while the hidden foe was searched for.

he's jumped overboard, as we did then. He couldn't come back out of Davy Jones' locker whenever he liked. I don't profess to understand it, but that villain has some way of turnin' up in the Silver Scud whenever he chooses, and unless he's laid by the heels we're not safe from him."

"That's so," said Bob.

"Now, what I'm thinkin' is this: The rotter has made a mark of me to get hold of money," said Lord Mauleverer. "I've no right to drag you fellows into it."

"Rot!" interjected Johnny Bull.

"The rotfulness is terrific!"

"Nobody's safe from him on the Silver Scud, amazin' as it is," continued Lord Mauleverer. "So, if you fellows agree, I rather think we'd better put in at Dover instead of goin' around the French coast, as we intended, an'—an' chuck up the cruise. It's a rotten disappointment, but there you are!"

There was a brief silence.

"But if you go ashore the rascal will still be after you," said Harry Wharton. "He got at you at Greyfriars School—"

"Yaas."

(Continued on page 19.)



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.

THIS week Tom Brown continues his advice concerning the construction and building of a canvas canoe, similar to the craft which conveyed him on his exciting journey round a Westmorland lake.

As Brown said, it is not an easy task to build a canoe, yet it is not what you might call difficult. With care and time it can be accomplished successfully, and it is worth while to take a little care over such a thing. I don't know if any of my chums have ever set themselves to fashion a canvas canoe; but if you haven't, here's your chance to learn how it is done.

In last week's article we published a list of the necessary materials required, and Brown described the fashioning of the bow and stern post. This week we will deal with the building up of the framework of the canoe. Having overcome the little difficulties at this stage of the work, the rest of the building runs much easier.

Under Tom Brown's supervision a canoe was built on exactly the same lines as the one described below, and turned out, I am pleased to say, very successfully. The work ran quite smoothly, and hardly any trouble arose. The launching of the canoe was quite a ceremony, and all of the Greyfriars Scouts turned out to watch the gallant craft being run down the sloping raft into the water at the boathouse.

The two gunwales are cut from the lattice pieces, 1/2 in. in thickness. Fig. 3 indicates how they are screwed on to the bow and stern. If your gunwales ("F" in diagram) are curved evenly as shown, the rest of the framework will take its form correctly from it. Great care should be exercised in bending these two parts into an even curve, and fixing them securely into the top grooves which have been already cut in the bow and stern posts.

Find the centre of the keel by measuring five feet from one end, then screw on one of your six-foot short ribs (shown as "G" in Fig. 3). Bend the short rib upwards until the ends touch the side of the two gunwales, then screw the two ends into place with the small brass screws, and you have the foundations of the framework of the canoe.

After this building up the rest of the framework is not so difficult, as you have something to work upon.

It is a very good plan to soak the short ribs in water a few hours before screwing them into position. This, you will find, will help you tremendously in getting an even bend on them. The soaking is also a sure prevention against the wood splitting during the bending process.

Following on the adjustment of the gunwales and centre short rib, comes the fixing of the long side ribs. These are bent round

the gunwale. Having fixed the first rib to the bow and stern in this method, it is then necessary to mark off four points down the centre short rib, on to which the long ribs are screwed in turn—that is, with a gap of six inches between them.

As you proceed downwards, screwing on the long ribs, you cut them to a different length, getting smaller, by a few inches, in each one.

Having fixed the four ribs on to one side of the canoe, mark the places on the top of the keelson for the position of the six remaining short ribs. These are fastened down at equal distances from one another, with a gap measuring 1ft. 8in. between each rib. Cut each rib to six feet in length.

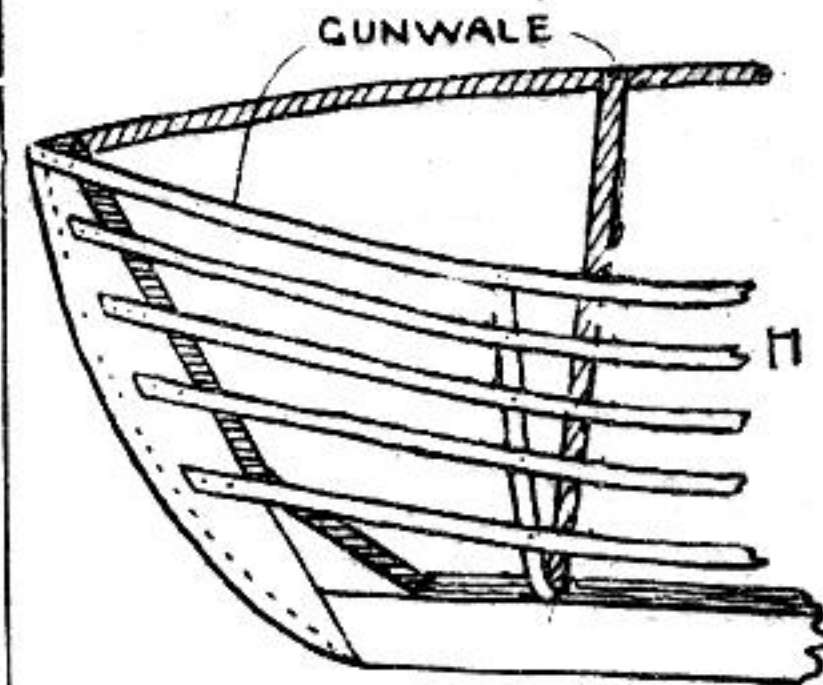


Fig. 4.

After soaking the lattice strips, screw them into position in the same way as the centre rib, bending them carefully upwards, and screwing the tops to the gunwale. Then, working downwards, screw each rib on to the long side ribs.

After this is done to one side, you will find that it is necessary to trim off the tops of the short ribs to make them come flush with the top side of the gunwale. This is soon satisfactorily accomplished with the help of a small hand-saw and a sheet of glass-paper.

That finishes off one side of the canoe. You then proceed to build up the framework on the other side by cutting off and screwing into place the four remaining long side ribs to the bow and stern, and, in turn, to the seven short ribs.

You have now arrived at the completion of the framework, and that is three-quarters of the building finished. At this stage it is advisable to give the whole of the framework a coat of paint.

(Conclusion of Canoe Article next week.)

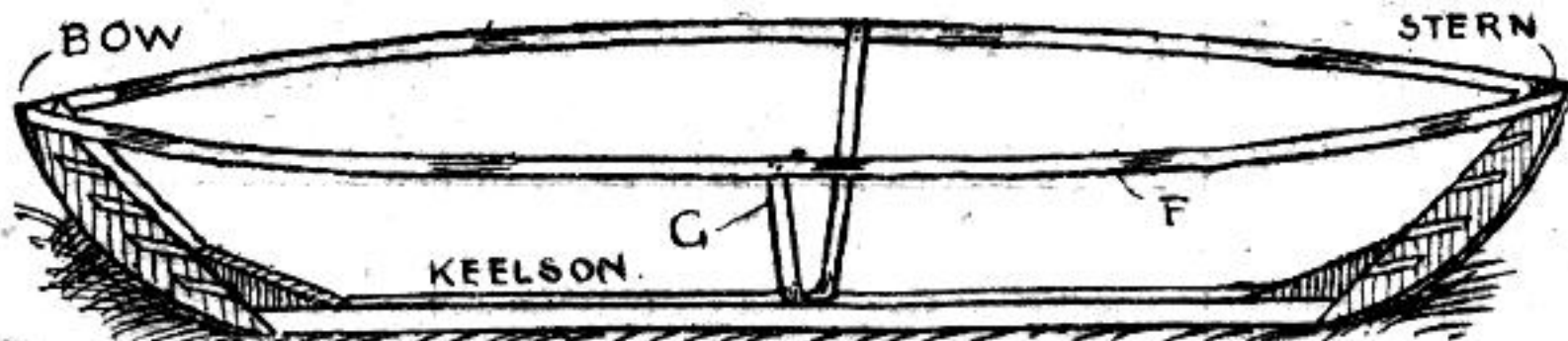


Fig. 3.

BUILDING A CANVAS CANOE.

By Tom Brown.

(Continued from last week.)

HAVING prepared the bow and stern to your satisfaction, as described in last week's article, the next job is fixing on the gunwales, and the centre short rib.

the length of the canoe in the same way as the gunwales, but vary in length according to their position. To ascertain the exact length of these long side ribs, it is best to lay the lattice strips temporarily into position, and mark off the length required before cutting.

"H" in Fig. 4 indicates the position of the first rib, and shows how it is screwed into the second groove in the bow, just underneath

The Schoolboy Yachtsmen!

(Continued from page 18.)

"And in your room at Mauleverer Towers."

"Yaas."

"Then you won't be any safer than on board; less so, in fact."

"Yaas. But—"

"But you want to get us out of danger, which will stick to you just the same?" said Harry.

Lord Mauleverer rubbed his noble nose.

"I don't exactly want to," he said, "but I think it's my duty. You fellows oughtn't to run my risks."

"Fathead!"

"I say, you fellows, I think Mauly's right," said Bunter.

"Shut up, Bunter!" Harry Wharton looked round at his comrades. "We're going to stick to Mauly till that black-mailing villain is bagged and put where he can't do any harm—what!"

"Hear, hear!" said the Co. heartily.

Lord Mauleverer's thoughtful face brightened.

"Well, I thought I ought to put it to you," he said. "But, of course, I should feel a bit rotten if you left me with that awful villain hanging about in the offing. It's a go, then."

"I say, you fellows—"

"All right for you, Bunter, you're goin'."

Billy Bunter glanced at the summer sea and the handsome yacht and the trim seamen, and thought of the magnificent lunch that was then preparing. In the daylight and sunshine the danger of the night seemed remote. Lunch seemed nearer and nearer, and dinner, too, in prospect. Billy Bunter, on the whole, did not want to go ashore. After all, he could lock his door, he could keep his light burning, he could take all sorts of precautions for his own precious safety. And Billy Bunter shook his head at last, and answered in heroic strain:

"Don't you worry, Mauly! I'm not deserting you!"

Billy Bunter blinked round at the chums of the Remove.

"You see," he remarked, "if there's

danger, what you scared fellows need is a cool, collected chap with no end of courage to pull you together and keep you from panic, and— Yarooooh!"

Bump!

The patience of the Greyfriars chums wore out quite suddenly. The very yacht seemed to quiver as Billy Bunter's tremendous weight smote the deck in a sounding bump.

THE END.

(There will be another magnificent long complete story, dealing with the holiday adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. and Lord Mauleverer on board the schoolboy earl's uncle's steam yacht, entitled "The Secret of the Silver Scud!" by Frank Richards, in next week's bumper issue. Meanwhile, go to your newsagents to-day and order a copy of the "Popular," our famous Tuesday companion paper, in which there will be a further splendid long complete story of the chums of Greyfriars, and many other grand stories.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 757.

Our Expert gives some more useful tips for young athletes!

HINTS ON TRAINING!

By Percy Longhurst.

FOR most of my readers, the only available time for training will be the evenings. This is well enough, provided the work does not begin shortly after a good meal. About an hour and a half's interval will be all right.

There may be the temptation to get up early of mornings and put in a white then. For those who can do so there is no harm in this, but it is not well to turn out on an empty stomach. A drink of milk and a couple of biscuits should be taken. The work should not be strenuous. A couple of $\frac{1}{2}$ mile trots, finishing with a 40 or 50 yds. sprint will be quite sufficient.

Sunday afternoons can be utilised in putting in a long walk. Walking, unless carried to the point of actual fatigue, is a splendid aid to training, no matter what the race intended.

Do not omit the regular daily exercise.

If you can get a chum to come and lend a hand in your preparation, by all means do so. His company, if he will pace you, will be of great assistance. Sometimes he can hold the watch and take your times. Now and again it will be a valuable aid to

you if he is willing to run with you and "pull you out." Especially is this good training for anything over the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Say you are running a $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, and want to work in an increase of pace towards the end. If he will join in the run when you have covered about 600 yds. you will find it a much easier job to find a bit of extra pace towards the finish than if you were running by yourself.

The following hints are worth considering.

Get as good a pair of shoes as possible—by that I mean, also, a well-fitting pair. You are less likely to suffer from foot trouble. Do not wear socks. Use instead soft washleather toecaps, to prevent chafing of the toes.

Always wear slips under your running-drawers, and do not let the drawers be tight fitting.

Do not stand about uncovered during your practice. Slip on a sweater, and a coat over that if a cold wind is blowing.

Corks are not a necessity, because in running it is not desirable the hands be tightly clenched.

In sprint running remember that the body should be leaning forward slightly. Do not throw back the head or carry the chin on the chest. Let your eyes be fixed on the ground about 20 yds. ahead of your feet.

Arm action is important in all distances. The arms must work evenly with the legs, or they will hinder progress. So do not allow arms to swing in front and across the body—a very common fault. In sprinting, the elbows may be bent.

Do not carry the heels up high behind; it is waste of strength.

Remember never to look round over your shoulder. Never pass a rival at a curve in the track, but do it in the straight. And on no account when passing shoot straight across his path so as to secure the position on the track—Before you attempt to do that you must be a clear two yards ahead of the fellow you have just passed. Otherwise there will be a collision, and you will be the one to blame.

One thing more. Never forget that no race is lost until it is won. There will be times when you feel your wind has failed you, that your legs are heavy as lead, that your feet won't come forward, that it is a sheer impossibility for you to keep going on until the tape—such an awful long way ahead!—is reached. There are rivals in front of you whom it is out of the question that you should catch up.

That is just the moment when you want to call upon every bit of resolution in your make-up—when you will continue to get over the ground by sheer will-power. Those fellows ahead whom you despair of catching are probably thinking much the same as yourself—of the impossibility of staying even a few seconds longer. The runners behind you are very likely thinking of you as you are of the leaders. Get an inspiration from such knowledge, and keep going on. It is the stayer to the finish who most frequently wins. And however bad you are feeling, do not forget that the other fellows left in the race are feeling just as bad as you are—perhaps worse.

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